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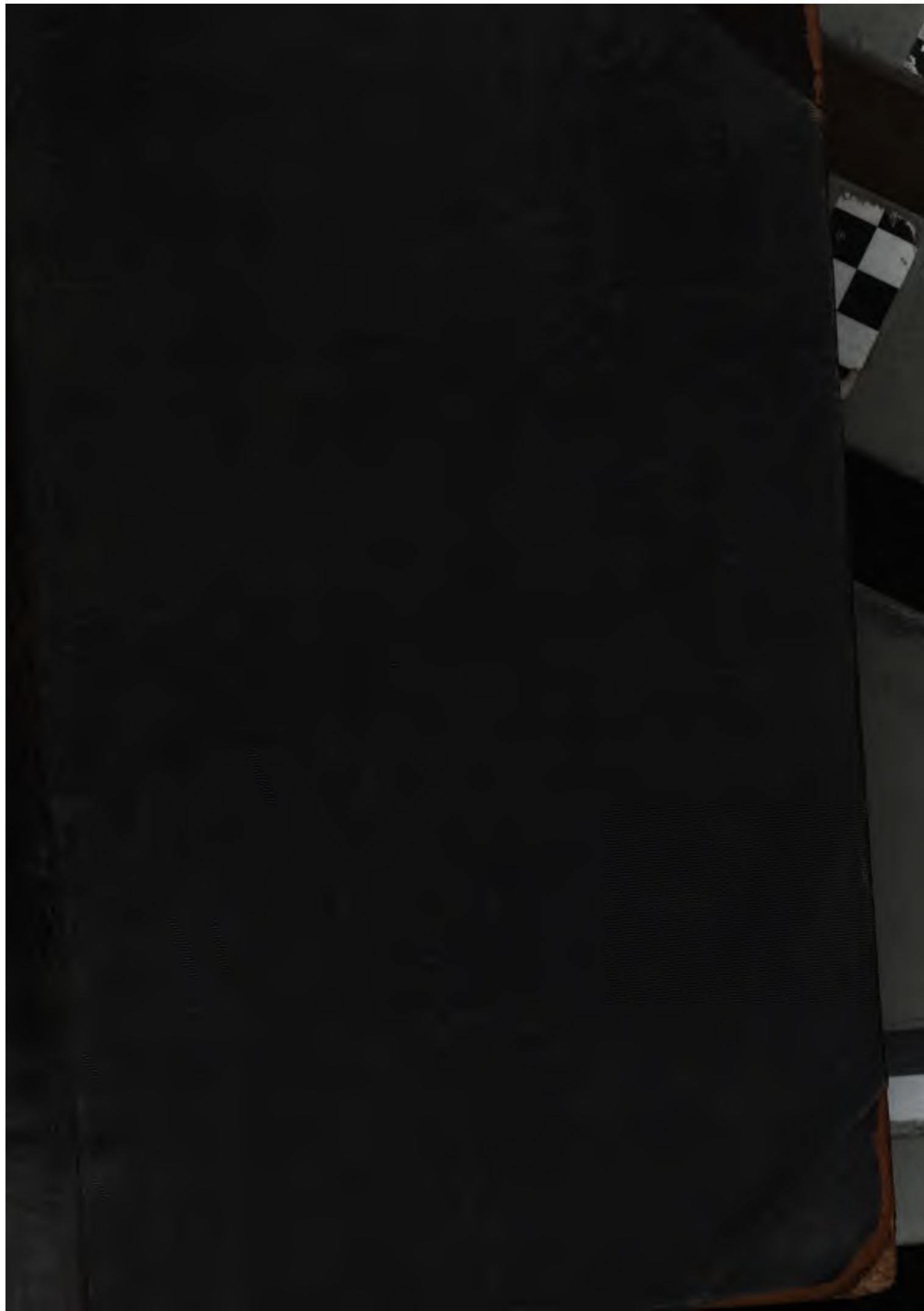
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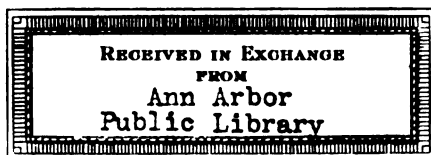
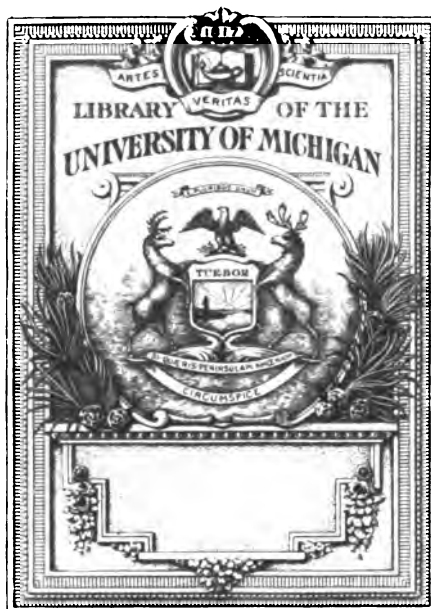
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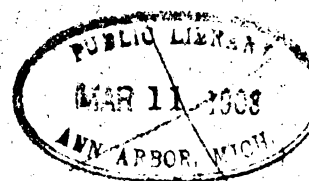
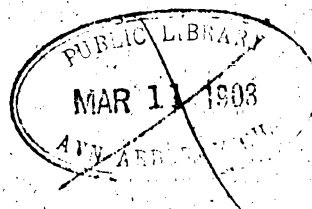
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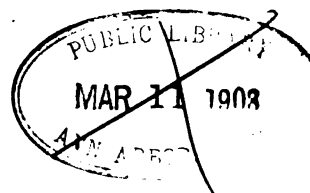
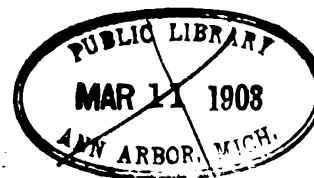
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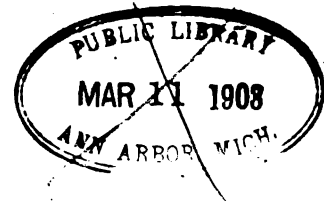




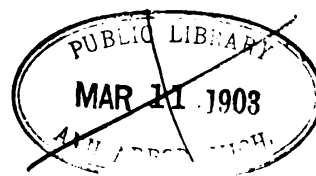
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No. 1



BEACON HILL AND STATEHOUSE, FROM THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

THE ENVIRONS OF BOSTON.

BY THE REV. PETER MACQUEEN.

City of nature and kin art allied,
On whom each laid the beauty-bearing hand!
Round thee their culture's lavished charms have vied
To set a cincture of our love and pride—
A cluster gem environed with a jeweled land.—*Henry O'Meara.*

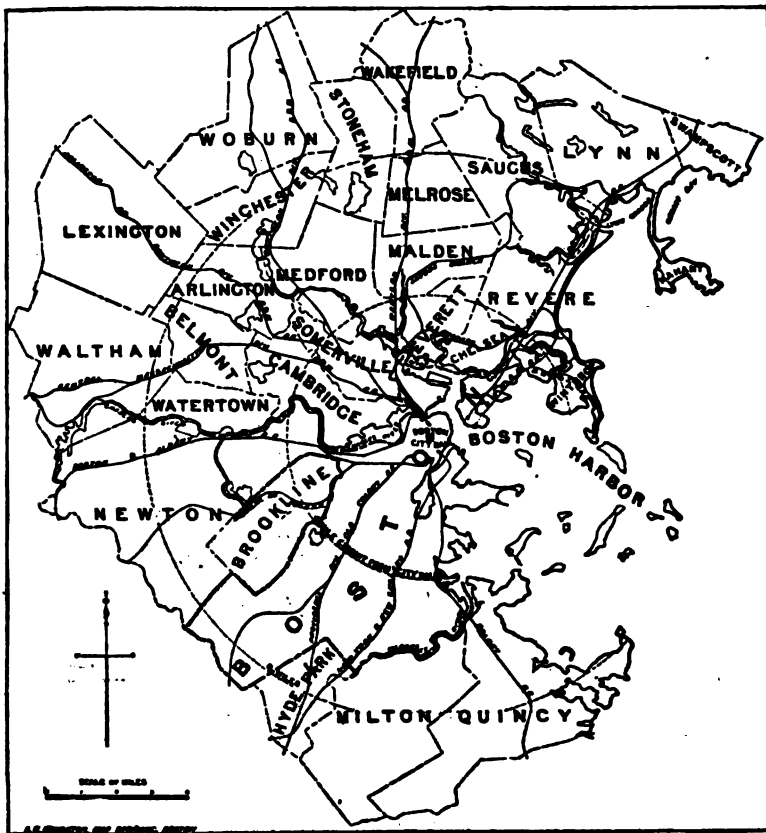
I.

THE DELECTABLE CITY.

A YOUNG woman—a Boston damsel—died and went to heaven. It seems that there she met a former acquaintance. The conversation drifted to

an exchange of views respecting their new abode. "How do you like heaven?" was one of the first questions her friend asked. "Oh, I like it rather well," she replied, "but it is not Boston, you know." This fable, unlike most of its ilk, has

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MAP OF THE ENVIRONS OF BOSTON.

moral, unless you might vaguely gather from it that if you live in Boston you are likely to come out all right when you die. Still, there is a deep vein of truth in this alleged answer. Heaven, no doubt, will be a most charming change to most of us; but it must be tearless and peerless indeed if with its beauty it can vie with the fair city which sleeps beside the Charles, the Mystic and the sea.

No pen, no tongue, can give a just description of all the delicious landscapes that lie around the metropolis of New England. Doubtless, the sainted woman of the fable had realized it all. As a child she must have seen the dome of the historic Statehouse. She had wandered through the Public Garden, which in summer time is as the borders of Ashkelon. Over the clear surface of the Frog Pond she had sailed ships at her own sweet will. Her nurse had flirted with policemen in the Common while she rambled with her little brothers among the grass. As she grew up she probably went to the Boston Latin School, and read about Emerson, Wendell Phillips and the Brook Farm. Later on she may have lived on Commonwealth Avenue, the most select street in the known world. Sometimes she took a Harvard Bridge car, at the imminent risk of death from

crowding or strangulation, and went to clap her little white hands in favor of Harvard while Yale or Princeton used the crimson team for a mop. Anon she drove out on a moonlit night around the Chestnut Hill Reservoir, with Charlie's arm around her. There they whispered sweet nothings which came to nothing. And the moon, that villainous old hypocrite, looked on and smiled. Then Charlie joined the marines, and she joined the Cantabrigia Club. Many a time she strolled into the pine fields between Cambridge and Arlington; many a time rode the light bicycle with a delicate grace along the boulevards and the pleasant highways that run through every one of the thirty-six towns which cluster around the old mother chicken, the "Hub." There are the drives through Belmont, the Newtons and Waverley. There are the walks in the Arnold Arboretum and Franklin Park; the rambles among the hills of Somerville, Medford and the Middlesex Fells; the superb views from Tufts College Hill, from Arlington Heights, or the Blue Hills. This Boston girl had seen all these under a more cerulean sky than that of Italy. She had even been to Chelsea and looked over at the Bunker Hill Monument. Copp's Graveyard had been searched for Revolutionary bullets, and the Old Powder House at West Somerville ransacked for legendary lore. Lynn and Melrose, with their woods and glens, had been visited. Malden, Stoneham and Wakefield had each contributed a part of themselves for her education and delight. Lexington and Concord had lent her some of their beauty and the halo of their romance. She probably went to Brookline, that wealthiest of all suburbs in the world, that amid its quietness and the fresh beauty of its tawny morns and dewy eves she might prepare to die.

Gentle reader, think not, however, that this fortunate woman lived without all care or pain or envy. No; that would be a fable indeed. Much of sorrow comes to the lives of the most gifted and happy. Charlie became a fast fellow after he went to the marines, for later on he

went to the dogs. Her next lover was a Swedish noble by the name of Baron Blasé. Blasé was very demonstrative in his attentions, and she would have married him, but she found out that he had already a spouse. This nearly broke the poor girl's heart. She was young when she met the baron. Just turned twenty, a festival of beauty in the festival of life, her mouth was like a pomegranate cut in two, her neck and chin were as the marble of Pentelicus, while her heart was warm and sweet-flowing as the streams of Bœotia. And when you saw the delicate Arab arch of her tiny foot you could believe anything after that. There was a grace about her that made you think of the nymphs of the German forests; lazulite in her eyes and a glimmer of gold in her hair. She had thought to tend love to a witherless rose; and lo! to her it was only a poisonous weed.

Then there was the Boston east wind. She felt that, and shivered amid her sealskins; though I have always thought wind was wind whether it came from north, south, east or west. I would not advise you to join in a tirade against wind because it's east. But there are worse things than the elements. There was the horse-car driver and car conductor, those terrible gorgons and harpies of the nineteenth century. In fancy I can see the mother of the twentieth century saying to her refractory babe: "Be a good boy, or the car man will get you." The heroine of our story grew gray in waiting for the Cambridge cars at Park Street Church. She took, in later life, perpetual pneumonia from the railway coaches being insufferably hot on warm days and intolerably cold on cold days. She contracted spinal meningitis from twisting around the tortuous streets in the business part of the "Hub." Finally, standing up during two-hour lectures at Music Hall, between a draughty door and a sweltering heater, gave the poor body heart disease and she passed away. Here endeth the legend of the beautiful Boston girl who died and went to heaven. It is long ago since I met her; but we often took walks together after the affair of Baron Blasé. She was a peremptory little

thing, but as good a heart as ever beat beneath a plaid. And she would stamp that pretty Arab-arched foot and flash that clear-blue eye, if things didn't go just right, till you would think the sky was coming to pieces. I learned a great deal about Boston in those saunterings of ours, and I will tell you some of them.

II.

THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY, A.D. 1630.

If you have ever visited Boston (and if you have not you really ought to) you must have noticed that the environs lie around it in the shape of a crescent. You would remark that it was a country of abounding variety. The harbor spattered with islands, the hills leaping and skipping back into the plains, the blue Mystic River loitering among its meadows, the bluer Charles bending through fields and groves, and everywhere, when you approach the horizon, presently you are stoutly opposed by a rim of hills. Indeed, from Lynn and Nahant, by the Middlesex Fells and Arlington Heights, on through the uplands of Brighton to the Blue Hills and Quincy, Boston is shut in between the mountains and the sea. The rocks are broken in places by deep transverse valleys, such



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN BOSTON.



"ROYAL HOUSE," MEDFORD.

as those of the Mystic, Malden and Saugus Rivers, but looking from the south they generally present a wall-like front.

The southern rock mass of the Blue Hills is carved into a dozen rounded peaks, rising from three hundred to more than six hundred feet above the sea level, and being the highest elevations so near the coast from Maine to Mexico. Between these stumps of ancient mountains—the Wellington Hills and the Blue Hills—lies a region fifteen miles wide, over which the sea has flowed and formed Boston Bay. The waters of the bay, however, do not break against rocks, except at the ocean fronts of Swampscott, Cohasset, Nahant, the outer islands and Squantum.

In the depressed region which forms Boston and her suburbs rocks seldom appear above the ground. Where they do they are of mixed kinds, such as the slates of Quincy, Cambridge, Somerville, and the great bosses of ledge which protrude in spots in Roxbury.

Scattered over the rock foundation of this district are various heaps of glacial rubbish, clay, gravel and stones. The largest ones of these heaps are conspicuous objects in the scenery, and make the rounded hills which are so numerous in the neighborhood of Chelsea and Boston harbor. Smaller mounds form narrow ridges, often inclosing bowl-like hollows such as Spy and Spot Ponds. The running water from the glaciers has made level fields, free from boulders, rich in agricultural strength, and giving the city such farm lands as the market gardens of Arlington and Waverley.

Seaward on a clear day, from almost any of the hill-tops of this district, may be seen the distant horizon, a long field of blue, spread across the whole fifteen miles from the Roaring Bull of Marblehead to the Black Rock of Cohasset. Ocean rocks guard the entrance to the bay. The rock island of Nahant has been gnawed by the surf until the coast of it is ragged and picturesque, but in return the sea has made out of the wasted land a white beach. Far-



OLD POWDER HOUSE, SOMERVILLE.



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.

ther inland the waters meet the first of those great hills of clay and stone bequeathed to the present by the Ice Age. Grover's Cliff, Winthrop Great Head, Great Brewster Island, Point Alderton and Strawberry Hill stand boldly out and front the ocean. From the feet of their deep scaurs the curving gray beaches built by the sea stretch away to unite themselves with the adjacent hills, or else to join in never-ending conflict with the tide, as at Shirley and Hull. Once inside of Point Shirley and Point Alderton, the now stilled waters play around numerous other hills.

Finally, behind the beaches, and in the stillest parts of the tidal regions, the

growth of grasses on the muddy flats has resulted in the building up of salt marshes, where the tides have only a few sinuous channels. Northward the marshes extend to the feet of the hills; westward the salt water of the Charles River reaches inland six miles from the State-house; to the south the estuaries of the Neponset and of Weymouth Fore and Back Rivers paint mingled pictures of land and water. This flowing of the sea about the half-sunken mounds has produced scenery which is wonderfully fine and varied.

Into this region of wondrously commingled waters, swamps, gravel banks and rocks came the English colonists of the seventeenth century. Every man among them had only praise for the scenery, from Miles Standish, of Plymouth, to Thomas Morton, of Merrymount. To

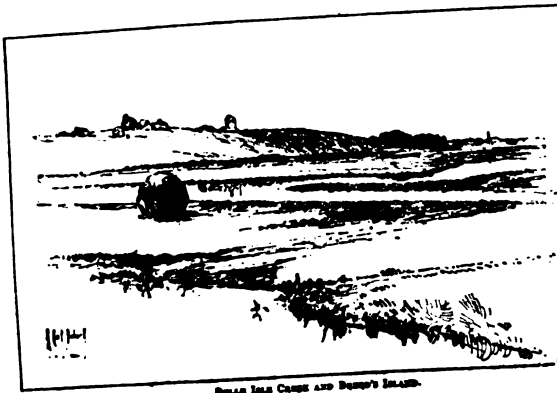
Miles, when he voyaged up the Mystic, the region seemed "the paradise of all these parts"; and to Morton, the educated sportsman, the blue waters, the salt meadows and the great woods composed a vast free hunting ground.



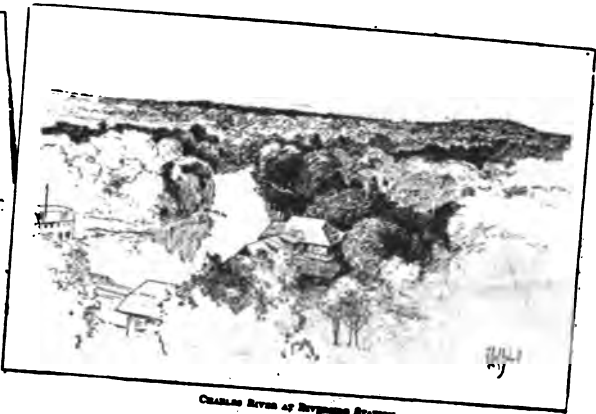
CRADOCK HOUSE, MEDFORD.

In 1628 the land designated as the Massachusetts Bay Colony was bought by people from Dorchester, England. A year later Charlestown was settled. The peninsula lying opposite Charlestown was then called Mushauwomuk ("living fountains") by the Indians. This afterward be-

education; upon the next peninsula, where Charlestown grew up, and where afterward the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, Thomas Walford, a blacksmith, lived with his family; while across the bay, on the very spot where the future city was to rise, William Blackstone, an Episcopal



SWAN ISLAND COVE AND SWAN'S ISLAND.



CHARLES RIVER AT RIVERWAY STATION.



ISLAND END COVE AND MYSTIC RIVER, EVERETT.



SWAN COVE, CHELSEA AND REVERE.



NEWPORT HARBOR AND THE DISTANT BLUE HILLS.

SUBURBAN SKETCHES.

came abbreviated to Shawmut, and survives in the name Shawmut Avenue. At this time nearly all the land forming modern Boston belonged to four men. On an island in the harbor was settled David Thomson, "Gent"; on Noddle's Island, now East Boston, was established Samuel Maverick, a young gentleman of property and

minister, had laid out a farm, and built him a house whence he could see the sun set across the windings of the Charles, and over the brown sear margins through which it wended. It is a curious fact that all four of these men, who first settled what was in time to be the most Puritan of all Puritan towns, were members of the Church of

England and adherents of the court party. When Endicott's colonists settled Charlestown, in 1629, they named the place where Boston proper now stands "Trimountaine," from the fact that the peninsula as seen from Charlestown appeared to consist of three hills. In later times these hills were called Beacon, Copp's and Fort Hills respectively. The term Trimountaine is perpetuated in Tremont Street.

It seems that in June, 1630, Winthrop and his associates landed at Salem and cast about for a good place to fix the capital of their plantation. Salem did not suit them, and several of them favoring Charlestown, early in July removal was first made to that settlement. Sickness soon fell upon the people for lack of good water; "the want of provisions brought the miseries of famine"; when Blackstone, "a courteous recluse, devoted to study, came and acquainted the Governor of an excellent spring on Trimountaine, withal inviting him and soliciting him thither."

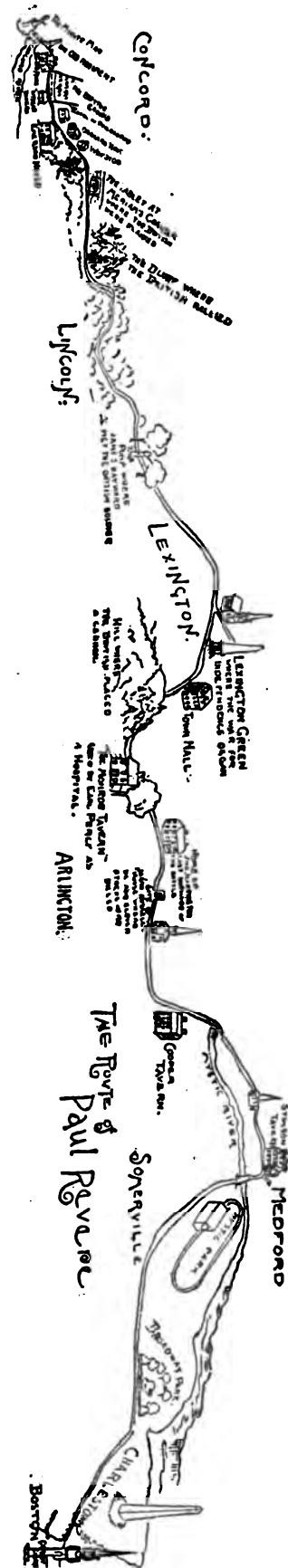
"Whereupon, after the death of Mr. Johnson and divers others, the Governor and Mr. Wilson (the minister) and the greatest part of the church moved thither." Meantime the Court of Assistants, sitting in the "Great House" which the settlers of Charlestown had built for their chief men, directed "that Trimountaine shall be called Boston." The town was named in honor of the colonists from old Boston, in Lincolnshire, England, especially Isaac Johnson, "the greatest furtherer of the plantation." The word Boston is a contraction of Botolph's Town, in honor of St. Botolph, a Saxon monk of the seventh century.

Blackstone soon tired of the Puritans, and sold them his title to the whole peninsula except six acres for thirty pounds. There was a touch of Matthew Arnold in this old recluse. He retired to Study Hill, on the Blackstone River. He was another of those mysterious characters that excite our interest now, but which would prove commonplace enough, no doubt, if we could ever obtain a nearer view. In his solitary retreat he lived to be eighty years of age; his diaries were burned by the Indians, and the mystery of his life perished.

A romping girl named Ann Pollard is said to have been the first white woman to have landed in Boston. The section thus bought from Blackstone contained 783 acres, including the six acres reserved. This territory was a pear-shaped peninsula, connected with the mainland by a narrow neck a mile long, and so low that it was sometimes submerged by the tides. It was two miles long and one broad, the narrowest part being near the junction of the present Dover and Washington Streets. On the west of the Neck were long reaches of flats, covered by the tides at high water, and known to the inhabitants of Boston for more than two centuries as the Back Bay. Beyond the flats was the Charles River; to the east the peninsula came boldly down into the harbor, and as one followed its line to the south the Neck was reached once more, with marshes between it and the deep water.

Modern energy has diked and filled all these flats, and covered them with houses. The Back Bay is now the West End of the city, where wealth and fashion have gone to dwell on gravel and asphalt spread over space once claimed by the tides and inhabited only by the sea gull and the muskrat.

The three hills fell away toward the harbor in gentle slopes. Here the settlers built their houses, sheltered from the cold winds of the north and west, and looking out upon the ocean. Here in the wilds the rock maple reared its verdant masses, the beech its glistening





SOMERVILLE PUBLIC LIBRARY—A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTION.

included only themselves. But let us be kind. People were warned by the ringing of public bells when to go to bed, when to rise, when to eat, when to put out their fires. A high official was reprimanded for having a wainscot in his house; a clergyman was reproved for the vanity of painting his house on the outside; a man kissing his wife on the public streets was regarded as a criminal. The Puritan government punished those who failed in attending church, it regulated what men and women should wear: but it threw

leaves; and behind, tall and sombre, rose the balsam and the fir. There in the tortuous channel the wild duck swam; the plashing muskrat lived beneath the alders, or among the matty roots of thirsty water willows.* Aloft the white pine towered above a sea of verdure.

John Winthrop was elected first Governor. Then was established a severe and sombre theocracy the like of which the world has never elsewhere seen. Church and [state were not united—the church *was* the state. On the one side was an absolute democracy—no taxation without representation; on the other, a free-school system, the finest in the world at the time. And right between these two was planted a religious intolerance unmitigated in its bendless bigotry. Its three chief requirements were: (1) Believe as I do, (2) or get out of the colony, (3) or be damned. It is not within the present scope to trace the history of the persecutions that followed, the hanging of Quakers on the Common, Ann Hutchinson's heresy and Roger Williams's proud protest. In defense of the Puritans be it here said that they had a right to do most of the things they did, and that the Quakers who were murdered were a lawless set, very far removed from men like Penn and Whittier. The Puritans thought that they had better be dead and damned right off.

Let us be truthful; let us be kind. Our fathers were not true unto themselves. They were not great enough to appreciate the grandeur of the principles for which they dared all dangers and crossed all stormy seas. Liberty of conscience

* The woods were alive with wild fowl. There the settlers hunted "Chetowaik the plover, Mahng the loon, the wild goose Wawa, the blue heron the Shuh-shuh-gah."



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NORTH AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE. A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND COLONIAL CHURCH, WITH STEEPLE DESIGNED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.



OLD GATES OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

open the doors of the schoolhouse to every child, and even when it was weakest dared to defy the boldest oppressor of Europe, Charles II., when he wished to impose taxation without representation.

Thus Boston town was founded. The Old Beacon was erected in 1634, to give the country an alarm in case of invasion. It stood near the present Statehouse, was a tall mast from which, at the height of five and sixty feet, an iron skillet was suspended, in which were placed combustibles. When fired this could be seen a great distance inland. It gave the name to Beacon Hill. This became the fashionable part of the future city; and even to-day no true Bostonian ever thinks of mentioning the words "Beacon Street" or "Commonwealth Avenue" except with bated breath. Near Beacon Hill was Fort Hill, which has disappeared. Beyond rose Copp's Hill, so called from a peaceful shoemaker who plied his last near by.

This was the town that made history for America. It was ever a thorn in the side of tyranny. It defied Charles, but it sent regiment after regiment to fight the French. It

taxed the ungodly, but it never imposed an unjust law, according to its conscience. Its courage flowered and fruited into the concentrated heroism of a century at Concord Bridge and Charlestown. It made democracy possible. A Puritan would not kiss his wife before he was married; but if there was a battle to be fought with Xerxes or the devil I guess your Puritan was the man for it. He sniggled psalms, but he never counted on the odds against him in battle. He never opened the shutters in the window of his soul; his nature had no southern slope, but he walked undisturbed the solitary heights of duty and of everlasting service to the race. The chaste and graceful language of



THE OLD WAYSIDE INN, SUDBURY.

one of his most distinguished descendants may best express the homage he deserves from us. It was George William Curtis, who said at the unveiling of the statue of "The Puritan" in Central Park: "There let him stand, the soldier of a free church calmly defying the hierarchy; the builder of a free state serenely confronting the continent which he shall settle and subdue. The unspeaking lips shall chide our unworthiness; the lofty mien exalt our littleness; the unblenching eye invigorate our weakness; and the whole poised and firmly planted form reveal the unconquerable moral energy, the master force of American civilization."

III.

BOSTON UP TO DATE.

HARDLY a vestige of the town as it appeared to the early settlers now remains. With the exception of the three oldest burial grounds, a few old buildings and some streets in the North End, nothing of Boston in its first century is preserved. The face of the country has been entirely transformed; the three hills have been reduced, and one of them, Fort Hill, entirely removed.

All the coves and marshes have been filled in; more than a thousand acres once covered by the tide are now occupied by warehouses and dwellings. The Neck has been widened until it is as broad as the broadest part of the original town. In place of 783 acres, with estuaries, coves and bays, the peninsula has now 1,820 acres of solid land. By the addition of contiguous territory the city limits have extended to 23,661 acres, or more than thirty times the original area. East Boston, South Boston, Roxbury, Dorchester, Charlestown, West Roxbury, Brighton, Breed's Island and Deer Island have all been annexed to the city.

In the building of the modern city much attention has been given to parks, squares and breathing places. Charles Bank, on the river front, between Craigie's and West Boston bridges, is the first completed part of a recently projected system of public parks. This consists of a broad promenade, 2,200 feet long by 200 feet wide, and contains about 10 acres. It is bordered by trees, shrubs and shaded seats. There are gymnasiums for men and women, and an ideal children's playground.

But the delight and pride of the Boston of the future is going to be the magnificent chain of parks and parkways which, beginning with the Common and the Public Garden, runs through Commonwealth Avenue and the Back Bay Fens, and will ultimately surround the city like a beautiful zone gemmed with emeralds. At the en-

trance to the Back Bay Fens stands the bronze statue of Leif Ericsson, the Norse discoverer of America. The inscription reads: "Leif the Discoverer, son of Erik, who sailed from Iceland, and landed on this continent, A.D. 1000."

The statue is the work of Miss Anne Whitney. This supple, beardless youth, with flowing Saxon hair, gazing out upon a continent, suggests some things. In the first place, now that the Fair is over, and that that saintly marauder Columbus has had his stint of earthly laudation, it may be in order, parenthetically, to say that honors are easy between Christopher and certain other respectable gentlemen in the matter of dragging this continent out of the dark. Strangely enough, the colder nations of the North followed in the wake of the hardy Norsemen in their settlements; while the nations of sunny Southern Europe followed the course of the great navigator. The Norsemen had a settlement which they called Vineland at the place where Watertown now stands. Professor Horsford has made a close study of their location, and has erected a tower in their honor, called the Norembega Tower, near Waltham, beside the Charles River.

The area included in the Fens covers about 100 acres, and has been treated with great skill and taste. Pretty bridges span the water way, connecting the Old Basin—all that is left of the Back Bay—with the river. The parkway passes from the Fens through Longwood and Brookline, along the "Muddy River," where it is called "Riverdale," into Jamaica Plain, and by the side of Jamaica Pond, here becoming "Jamaica Way," through picturesque parts of West Roxbury and the Arnold Arboretum to Franklin Park; thence by the shores of Dorchester Bay, here called "Old Harbor Parkway," to the Marine Park and Pleasure Bay at City Point, South Boston. The total area embraced in the several parks and the parkways connecting them is nearly 1,400 acres. Included also in the system are several parks of a local character—in East Boston and in the Charlestown and Dorchester districts. The work was begun in 1877, and it has been since steadily pursued, under the direction of the Board of Park Commissioners created for the purpose. The system has cost over \$11,000,000, and will give when completed a continuous drive thirty-four miles long.

This park system of Boston is, perhaps, unequaled in all the world. Starting beside a wide and historic river, running through a country of exquisite variety, and concluding in a bay, island-dotted like the Ægean, it lies amid a luxurious environment of city, sea and country. It combines the soft splendors of the Bay of Naples

with the dewy sweetness of the "island valley of Avilion." And it lies

"Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

IV.

GREATER BOSTON.

BOSTON became a city in 1822. At that time it had over 50,000 inhabitants, with a valuation of real and personal property amounting to about \$44,000,000. In 1893 the population was 480,000, and the valuation \$1,093,145,989. These are the figures of Boston as now municipally defined. But the real Boston is the great metropolitan community comprising the city and the suburbs which are most intimately connected with it in business and social relations. What it has become the custom to call "Greater Boston," a district within a radius of ten miles from the City Hall, had a population in 1893 of something near 1,000,000 souls, and a valuation of \$1,500,000,000. This metropolitan community is now recognized in the Postal District of Boston, a division made by the National Government, which includes four cities and two towns; in the Boston Metropolitan Sewerage District, comprising nine cities and seven towns; and in the Metropolitan Parks District, which embraces twelve cities and twenty-four towns, having forty per cent. of the population of Massachusetts. The twelve cities are Boston, Cambridge, Chelsea, Everett, Lynn, Malden, Medford, Newton, Quincy, Somerville, Waltham, Woburn; and the twenty-four towns are Arlington, Belmont, Braintree, Brookline, Canton, Dedham, Hingham, Hull, Hyde Park, Melrose, Milton, Nahant, Needham, Revere, Saugus, Stoneham, Swampscott, Wakefield, Watertown, Wellesley, Weston, Weymouth, Winchester and Winthrop.

In one of these cities, Cambridge, we note the greatest institution of learning in America—Harvard College. "After all, Cambridge delighteth my heart," wrote the gentle Longfellow. Cambridge was first called Newtown, and its earliest settlers arrived in 1631. On October 28th, 1636, the General Court of Massachusetts Bay voted "to give £400 toward a schoole or colledge." The next year the college was ordered established at Newtown and the name changed to Cambridge in honor of Rev. John Harvard, who died in Charlestown and left to the young institution 260 volumes and 780 pounds sterling. John Harvard came from Cambridge, in old England. This beginning of legacies which John Harvard did has followed the great college all through her history. A rich New Englander would have a hard time

getting through the ivory gates if he did not leave a legacy to this university.

To-day Harvard points with pride to the roll of her mighty-brained sons. No marvel that the undergraduate should keep his eye on the stars a good deal. It may be pride of ancestry that does it; it may be a confounded high collar—God knows. But look not with disdain on that limp fellow, filled with the vanities of red ribbons and Greek-letter pins. You know not what he may become. Look here! in Stoughton Hall lived Oliver Wendell Holmes, room No. 31; Edward Everett, No. 23; Edward Everett Hale, No. 22; Charles Sumner, No. 12; Caleb Cushing, No. 26. "Tread softly, bow the head—in reverent silence bow!"

Or enter Hollis Hall. Here was the home of the early clubs. One famous club, the Medical Faculty, or "Med. Fac.," held mock lectures in room No. 13, and sent one of its degrees to the Emperor of Russia, who gave in return a case of handsome instruments. Among the children of genius and song who tabernacled in this hall were W. H. Prescott, Nos. 20 and 24; Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nos. 5, 15 and 20; Wendell Phillips, Nos. 11, 16 and 18; Henry D. Thoreau, Nos. 20, 23, 31 and 32. The stories and legends that gather about such a place as Harvard give it a halo. One feels, among its walks, before its gates, under its roofs, beneath its trees, that one is here truly in the company of the uncrowned kings whose dust is powerful still. To go to such a college even if you loaf half of your four years is a privilege of worth. Perhaps that idea was what made Dr. Patton, of Princeton University, say of colleges in general:

"'Tis better to have come and loafed
Than never to have come at all."

No doubt weaknesses and foibles strayed into the virtues of these heroic men of the past. The greatest walk in shadow, and faults and failures mingle with the lives of all.

Architecturally we cannot extol Harvard. Yet the Old and New Gates are certainly interesting; and Memorial Hall is regarded by some as a great building. Better to me are the fine old trees and the shaded walks of the college yard. And when Class Day comes, oh, those flower-beauteous maidens from all over the country—fairest of all where all are fair! If you would witness a whirlwind of beauty, wealth and culture, a human meadow bestarred with sweet flower-faces, visit the Class-day Tree Exercises at a Harvard Commencement.

Near Harvard College we walk amidst many sacred places. Opposite the Shepard Memorial



MODERN "COLONIAL" RESIDENCE.

Church stands the Washington Elm, under which the famous general first took charge of the American Army. The inscription upon it was written by Longfellow. The Harvard Annex for young women, last year made Radcliffe College, is not far away. The gilt cockerel on the spire of Dr. McKenzie's church is a very old rooster indeed, and had been placed on the New Brick Church, Boston, in 1721. He still looks defiance at the east wind and shows no signs of catarrh. By a white-lilac hedge on Craigie Street is the home of Longfellow. Still living in the house is the

poet's daughter, Miss Alice Longfellow, eldest of the three "blue-eyed banditti," as she told the writer. Inside the large and tranquil mansion the study of the seer is still preserved. His three quill pens in a tumbler, an inkstand of Tom Moore's and one of Coleridge's are on his table.

Here is the daughter of a pure and lofty poet, herself a noble lady, showing you with gracious courtesy the dear mementos of that good man who wrote the "Psalm of Life." The Craigie House belonged to one Vassal, a Tory. Washington held it during a winter. It fell into the possession of Craigie, and Longfellow came here as a young professor to board, when Mrs. Craigie, then a widow, was in reduced

circumstances. Finally Longfellow purchased the house, and here were written the poems that our race has learned to love. I was shown the chair given the poet by the children of Cambridge, made from the chestnut tree which grew beside the "Village Smithy." Laurels like roses wither, but he who gains the homage of the heart has, indeed, an immortelle. Children loved the gray-haired sage. The daughter told me, when I asked about the characters in the "Evening Hour," "Father was a genial man; I am sure we romping children gave him a good deal of trouble."



MODERN "COLONIAL" INTERIOR.

Westward from Craigie House is Mount Auburn Cemetery—the most famous mausoleum of Boston. On the way thither we pass the tranquil Elmwood House, the home of James Russell Lowell. After a short-walk amid the graves we straightway come to Catalpa Path and stand before a sarcophagus bearing the single name “Longfellow.” Beneath the ridge lies James Russell Lowell. A red stone sarcophagus in another part of the cemetery holds the dust of Rufus Choate. Charles Sumner, Professor Agassiz, Jared Sparks, N. P. Willis, Worcester the lexicographer, Margaret Fuller the critic,

beseech you, try to take a car from Park Street Church to Harvard Square over Harvard Bridge. You will probably never survive the shock if you do. You will have to wait beside the Old Granary Burying Ground till you will envy the fate of the fortunate who sleep beneath its turf. Rapid transit is as much of a problem in Boston as in New York. A new subway system of rapid transit, to cost \$5,000,000, is being projected.

One of the most interesting places in the environs of Greater Boston is Middlesex Fells. This is a territory of 4,000 acres, situated partly in



NANTASKET AND COHASSET.

William Ellery Channing, Edward Everett, and many whose voices were sweet as the songs that reapers sing when they bring home the gathered sheaves, rest in this cemetery. The garnered philosophy of their life and death is written above the entrance. He who runs may read: “Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.” The grounds contain 135 acres, and form the oldest garden cemetery in the United States, having been opened in 1831.

Cambridge and Mount Auburn are on the lines of the steam and electric cars. Do not, I

each of the towns of Melrose, Malden, Medford, Winchester and Stoneham. The name of Middlesex Fells was first applied to this region, in 1879, by Mr. Sylvester Baxter, of the *Boston Herald*. It is being preserved by the various local governments, and will, no doubt, be part of the park system in the Great Boston that is to be. Middlesex Fells has a marvelous variety of scenic attractiveness. Numberless charms of hill and woodland tempt the tireless feet hither and thither, amid delightful and enchanting views.

The Rambler wanders on, heedless of time, climbing now some rugged hill, basking now in

some pleasant nook, gazing now over pensive landscapes, following the windings of a flower-tressed pathway, through swamp and dell and scented way, forgetting the busy world as much as if he were in Alaska.

A local orator once said of these Fells that they were "one-third swamp and two-thirds rock." Rock and swamp may be pleasureless words, but to the tender heart who loves the good old Mother they may have measureless meaning, and come into the thought wreathed about with Memory's immortelles. Here are rocky heights, rising and falling like the billows of the sea, within whose hollow troughs lie ponds, cascades and gulleys set with ferns, wild fens and fragrant groves.

In the colonial time this whole region was covered with a dense forest and inhabited by wild beasts. It was the frontier of the settlement for years. Wolves, bears and wild cats terrified the settlers near at hand. Wandering through the Fells, you will frequently come upon traces of early abodes. Old orchards, ruins of cellars, clumps of familiar garden flowers linger lovingly around the mossy, crumbling walls. It is as you can sometimes trace remnants of gentility in the very poor; the faded manner of the millionaire beneath the rough coat of toil. The meadows are sprinkled with golden-rod and starry asters; the fringed gentian, flower of heaven, blooms, and the shy *parnassia* half conceals his loveliness in the blades of grass. Splendid clumps of purple *sarracenia* and wonderful pitchers half filled with nectar for the insect gods. The Twin Sentinel Rocks, between which tumbles a cascade, stand guard over the entrance on the Melrose side, and beyond lies the great wilderness. Already this is famous ground for a pleasure drive or a holiday.

In the locality of the Middlesex Fells lie several towns, famous in the early history of the country. Somerville, the third of the suburban cities in population, is in unbroken continuity with Cambridge. It embraces Prospect Hill and Winter Hill, where breastworks and a redoubt were constructed by the Americans in 1775; and in the Old Powder House of West Somerville it has one of the most interesting relics of colonial times. Somerville has a fine public library, typical of New England culture, and its schools are the second best in America, Quincy being said to have the best. Here also is the original school-house of the Mary whose "little lamb" has become historical.

Medford is the seat of Tufts College, whose buildings spread over College Hill. In its numerous fine old houses it still preserves something of the character of a dignified colonial town. In the Cradock House it possesses the oldest build-

ing in New England. The "Royal House" has slave quarters still standing. Here also is made the well-known Medford rum. I do not know that Medford is celebrated for anything else, except that Washington is said to have washed his hands there after digging trenches. The Mystic Meadows lie about the town, and swallows make love among the reeds.

Of Tufts College Hill Charles Dickens said that there was but one other hill in the world from which could be seen such a combination of natural beauty and such an accumulation of wealth and culture.

It was here that I first realized how fitting is the figure which the poet O'Meara uses in the lines at the opening of this article. For, looking over the towns that line the valley and cluster about the hills, I could think of no description so appropriate as that. Here nature and art had truly vied to set a cincture of their love and pride about the favored city.

There has been much talk, of late, of annexing all the suburbs within a ten-mile radius from the City Hall. This cannot be done without a concurrent vote of Boston and the community to be annexed. Many of the towns object to annexation—some because they believe they can have better government by remaining as they are; others because they want to be certain, before they sanction annexation, that enough of the outlying population would be annexed to swamp the foreign vote in the city. Brookline, the richest suburb in the world, will probably oppose annexation in any case. It is almost surrounded by the city already, but it has again and again refused to be coaxed into the larger municipality. This spirited little town has a most excellent government in all departments.

Through Medford town rode Paul Revere on that eventful night, running a race with time and death to tell the news of invasion to the plain martyr folk of Lexington. The Lexington of to-day is not yet invaded by the impertinent dust and din of commerce. It has not suffered as most New England towns have from what Howells would call "unpicturesque prosperity."

It lies ten miles inland, just beyond the worst east wind. People with weak lungs are sent to Lexington. The ridges of Arlington Heights clip off the sea air. There is no water power in the village, only a clear rivulet wanders through the pastures unmolested by a mill wheel. The town has now about 3,500 inhabitants and is governed by three selectmen, one of them the descendant of a man who fought on the Green in 1775. I was told that their government is strictly economical and differs little now from what it

was a century ago. The atmosphere of Lexington must be healthy, for they say that the level of the village is as high as the top of Bunker Hill Monument. It was in May, with a certain May, that I first beheld this storied spot.

There was a half-scared, experimental verdure shivering in the beaten fields. The meadow lands were haggard with a ghastly hue, just as they are when the March winds blow the snow away. A few brave plants defied the May in a sort of battled bloom, and looked all the more restful because of their seared surroundings. But in the later summer the fine roads and well-kept villages all through this part of Massachusetts make the riding or driving a thing to be desired more than gold.

It was in one of those spring seasons that a party of us started for a ride. The dominie gave me his horse because it was so quiet and easy-going, he said. Scarcely had my feet touched stirrup when the minister's easy-going beast took the bit and dashed off with me, I did not know where. To tell the truth, I had ridden some in the Alps and on the plains. But this fellow gave me no show. We had just come in front of the historic Lexington Green when he turned one corner and I turned another. I was just on a line with where Pitcairn fired into the American farmers. Picking myself up, I said nothing, but did some quite tall thinking. This Lexington is a sinister place for any British-born subject—always was.

Relics of the Homeric days are treasured in the Cary Library—a building which is reading room and Townhall in one. On one side of the door is a gun carried by a Provincial during the fight, and which, being "brought back from Concord busted," was thriftily sawed off just short of the fracture and afterward used by his descendants; on the other side a musket taken from the body of a British soldier. In glass cases are smaller relics—a shot from Percy's cannon, the tongue of the bell that gave the alarm, the pistols with which Pitcairn fired the first bullet in a war that made the Anglo-Saxons two peoples, the hanger worn by the sexton when he went to light the signal lantern for Paul Revere.

The town to-day is inhabited by people of wealth and culture. April 19th is still a great day in Lexington, and this year a proposition was presented to the Legislature praying them to make Lexington Day, instead of Fast Day, the April legal holiday. The Green is still kept sacred, and on one side of it the Congregationalists have built them a church, the stones of whose walls belonged in the fences from behind which the Americans kept up such a dogged, deadly fire.

Many stories are told of the peaceful inexperience of those country people who defied a mighty empire. War was so little understood by them that some boys came to the common that morning as to a sort of muster, and only retired when the bullets whistled over their heads. But soon the whole countryside was up. The Minute Men from Acton and Concord, Menotomy, Lexington and Cambridge were joined by those of Woburn and of Billerica, and before noon Pitcairn was routed. In some houses the old and sick were bayoneted, for word had gone out that the Americans were scalping the English dead. No soldiers were found scalped; for it was not robbers that England was fighting, but the flower of her best manhood.

At different points from Cambridge to Concord stones have been set up to commemorate acts of reprisal committed by the soldiers. Here stood a house burned by the British; in another house three Americans were massacred; in another, twelve; and one inscription at Arlington is amusing despite the gravity of the facts. It states that "On this spot Samuel Whittimore, aged eighty-one, killed three British soldiers. He was shot, beaten, bayoneted and left for dead, but recovered and lived to be ninety-eight years old."

On beyond Lexington six or seven miles the soldiers of Pitcairn met the first solid armed resistance which the colonists offered to the King.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

On the bank of the quiet stream stands the statue of the Minute Man by the sculptor French.

Here in Concord, where the farmers broke shackles from the limbs of men, in happier days dwelt the brave men with the brave thoughts who struck the chains from every brain. Their names are loved the wide world over. Here Hawthorne and Emerson, Thoreau and the Alcotts wove deathless wreaths around the brow of American literature.

Boston has many other attractive suburbs—Nahant and Revere Beach, Nantasket Beach and the Jerusalem Road at Cohasset, bays, islands and the seacoast.

Amid all the beauty and culture of this city and its suburbs we are haunted by the noble dead who have left us this for a heritage. They were Saxon. You notice the type in the strong nose and flaxen hair as you ride in the trains or walk the streets. The beautiful Immortals are gathered to their fathers, and we are reaping the harvest they have sown.



RAVINE ROAD, MIDDLESEX FIELDS.

Concord is scarcely a suburb yet—rather a sleeping room. Several districts nearer the city claim a word of description and praise.

The West Roxbury District, in which is included Jamaica Plain, is the largest and most picturesque of the outlying parts of the city. Within its bounds are the greater parts of the public parks system—Jamaica Way, along the graceful shores of Jamaica Pond; the Arnold Arboretum; Franklin Park, the crowning feature of the system, and the beautiful Forest Hills Cemetery.

Chestnut Hill Reservoir is in the Brighton District, a fine lake covering 125 acres, and holding 8,000,000 gallons. The great boulevards from the Back Bay, Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street, extend out to it and join the splendid driveway which runs around it. The Boston people delight in good roadways, and have in the main excellent government. These Yankees have shrewd ideas, too. They are the pioneers of thought to-day. They are busily engaged in subsoiling the wide prairies of the human mind for the rich harvests of the golden twentieth century.

The true Bostonian also reveres the men who have been put in places of honor. A flippant

New Yorker comes along, heedless of the homage due to the rulers of his people, when suddenly his Boston friend will remind him that “there, sir, is the home of our ex-Governor”—this said with an air of proprietorship and pride. Think of a New Yorker doing that! Can you imagine the impossible?

In regard to their religious beliefs, the real Bostonians are very broad. I observed that in Boston they were more heterodox in belief and more severely orthodox in action than the people who inhabit the brilliant metropolis beside the Silent River. Yet the New Yorker is perhaps larger-hearted—looks at everything with a wider view. The New Yorker partakes of the character of his buildings and the great transactions of Wall Street. He is lavish in his expenditures, and his city being vast, above fear of rivalry, he has no prejudices. The Bostonian has undoubtedly cultivated art and literature more; but it may be questioned whether he is as enterprising in business as his brother south of the Harlem. But it is a fair thing to say that in Boston you are

almost everywhere welcomed for your intelligence, if you have any. Bostonians treat with excellent deference a man who enters a horse car with an armful of magazines and books. You will find far more women reading on a Cambridge car than you will on a Madison Avenue car. There can be no doubt that the bias in favor of Bostonian culture is a just one. The faces of the people are not so sweet and mild as the faces in New York. So much must be granted. They are severe, like those terrible wintry landscapes that have put the iron in their blood. But in Boston they would never tolerate the vulgarities of the *nouveaux riches*, which are rampant in some great American communities. No one need go there who cannot at least conjugate the verb “to be” in the vernacular. You must have taste and manners to be in good society in the “Hub.” Genius is the only witherless rose. It is respected; it is mighty; it prevails.

But this much must be said for New York as compared with Boston: New York is the only cosmopolitan metropolis west of the Atlantic. Chicago, Philadelphia and all others must ever be provincial. Look at the figures! In fifty years Boston will have, perhaps, three million inhabitants; New York will have from ten to fif-

teen million, and will be larger than London and a thousand times richer than Rome was when she had the gathered spoils of all the earth. Albany will be forty-five minutes from the Grand Central Depot, and Boston will be but an hour from Wall Street. Chicago will probably have annexed the Dakotas and Washington, and will contain several million souls. Philadelphia will almost be a lower ward of New York city. Already the bill for a Greater New York has been signed by the Governor.

As time advances—a few thousand years—our souls (if they ever come back to look over our old stamping grounds) may find strange things. It is quite on the cards that before the year 10,000 A.D. New York and Chicago may have annexed all of our North American Continent. Chicago will then extend from Detroit to Honolulu, taking in Mexico and British Columbia. New York will probably annex as far as New Orleans on the south and Hudson's Bay northward. Then it will be the United Cities of America, including New York and Chicago. Each city will very likely have four hundred million inhabitants. The market garden district of New York will be the central plateau of Africa, which will probably be a Socialist community; Chicago will have Brazil and all the rest of South America for her produce farm. England will undoubtedly be annexed by London; and London will then proceed to annex all the rest of the world that does not belong to New York and Chicago. Boston and her suburbs will be called "New Central Park." The Mediterranean will be an English lake. Inferior races will have disappeared. All the races that survive will fall into the language and habits of men who speak the idioms in which the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence were written.

Then will be peace throughout the world, and war will be remembered only as a remnant of

animalism. Then shall be fulfilled the saying which is written, "They shall not hurt nor destroy; they shall study the art of war no more." Boston, Edinburgh and Athens will, as of yore, give culture to the world. Nineveh, Carthage and Rome will be restored, and will give laws to men. Paris will be an outskirt of London; St. Petersburg, an English fort; Vienna, a New York brewery; Hong Kong will be one day from San Francisco, and Berlin one night from Alaska. Voyages of discovery and adventure will not be to Arctic or Antarctic regions; but men will say good-bye to wife and child and embark for the cold stark moon, the lonely hills of Jupiter or the sun-swept canals of Mars. They shall have no creeds, but much religion, every man having the right to his own opinion, no man daring to make him afraid. The sting will be taken from snakes and the teeth from venomous beasts. Men will subsist on fruits and meat pills. Women will no more sacrifice to the great god Fashion. Cats will not be guilty of nocturnal escapades. Dogs will no longer delight to bark and bite. Then shall be the day of the poor and needy, for the earth shall belong to the Lord, and not to the landlord. Old age will be honored and youth made sacred. Stainless love shall be the rule, and not the exception, and the white lily of innocence shall be the crown of maidens. A sixth sense, the psychic or spiritual, will be developed, and men will see and commune with the supernatural. Also the language of dumb brutes will be fully understood, and man shall talk with animals on one side and angels on the other. Every man, woman and child will be good and true and tender in eight thousand years. Famine, fever, war, deformity shall have disappeared; and the Hub of the Universe and centre of all created things in the year 10,000 A.D. will be the "New Central Park" hereinbefore noted.



THE TRIMOUNTAINE, IN 1630.

A BIRD OF PASSAGE.

BY BEATRICE HARRADEN, AUTHOR OF "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."



It was about four in the afternoon when a young girl came into the *salon* of the little hotel at C——, in Switzerland, and drew her chair up to the fire.

"You are soaked through," said an elderly lady, who was herself trying to get roasted. "You ought to lose no time in changing your clothes."

"I have not anything to change," said the young girl, laughing. "Oh, I shall soon be dry!"

"Have you lost all your luggage?" asked the lady, sympathetically.

"No," said the young girl, "I had none to lose."

And she smiled a little mischievously, as though she knew by instinct that her companion's sympathy would at once degenerate into suspicion.

"I don't mean to say that I have not a knapsack," she added, considerably. "I have walked a long distance—in fact from Z——."

"And where did you leave your companions?" asked the lady, with a touch of forgiveness in her voice.

"I am without companions, just as I am without luggage," laughed the girl.

And then she opened the piano and struck a few notes. There was something caressing in the way in which she touched the keys: whoever she was, she knew how to make sweet music—sad music, too, full of that undefinable longing, like the holding out of one's arms to one's friends in the hopeless distance.

The lady, bending over the fire, looked up at the little girl, and forgot that she had brought neither friends nor luggage with her. She hesitated for one moment, and then she took the childish face between her hands and kissed it.

"Thank you, dear, for your music," she said, gently.

"The piano is terribly out of tune," said the little girl, suddenly, and she ran out of the room and came back carrying her knapsack.

"What are you going to do?" asked her companion.

"I am going to tune the piano," the little girl said; and she took a tuning hammer out of her knapsack, and began her work in real earnest. She evidently knew what she was about, and pegged away at the notes as though her whole life depended on the result.

The lady by the fire was lost in amazement.

Who could she be? Without luggage and without friends, and with a tuning hammer!

Meanwhile one of the gentlemen had strolled into the *salon*; but hearing the sound of tuning, and being in secret possession of nerves, he fled, saying:

"The tuner, by Jove!"

A few minutes afterward Miss Blake, whose nerves were no secret possession, hastened into the *salon*, and in her usual imperious fashion demanded instant silence.

"I have just done," said the little girl. "The piano was so terribly out of tune; I could not resist the temptation."

Miss Blake, who never listened to what anyone said, took it for granted that the little girl was the tuner, for whom M. le Propriétaire had promised to send; and having bestowed on her a condescending nod, passed out into the garden, where she told some of the visitors that the piano had been tuned at last, and that the tuner was a young woman of rather eccentric appearance.

"Really it is quite abominable how women thrust themselves into every profession," she remarked, in her masculine voice. "It is so unfeminine, so unseemly."

There was nothing of the feminine about Miss Blake: her horse-cloth dress, her waistcoat and high collar and her billycock hat were of the masculine genus; even her nerves could not be called feminine, since we learn from two or three doctors (taken off their guard) that nerves are neither feminine nor masculine, but common.

"I should like to see this tuner," said one of the tennis players, leaning against a tree.

"Here she comes," said Miss Blake, as the little girl was seen sauntering into the garden.

The men put up their eyeglasses, and saw a little lady with a childish face and soft brown hair, of strictly feminine appearance and bearing. The goat came toward her and began nibbling at her frock. She seemed to understand the manner of goats, and played with him to his heart's content. One of the tennis players, Oswald Everard by name, strolled down to the bank where she was having her frolic.

"Good afternoon," he said, raising his cap. "I hope the goat is not worrying you. Poor little fellow! This is his last day of play. He is to be killed to-morrow for *table d'hôte*."

"What a shame!" she said. "Fancy to be killed, and then grumbled at!"

"That is precisely what we do here," he said,

laughing. "We grumble at everything we eat. And I own to being one of the grumpiest—though the lady in the horse-cloth dress yonder follows close upon my heels."

"She was the lady who was annoyed at me because I tuned the piano," the little girl said. "Still it had to be done. It was plainly my duty. I seemed to have come for that purpose."

"It has been confoundingly annoying having it out of tune," he said. "I've had to give up singing altogether. But what a strange profession you have chosen! Very unusual, isn't it?"

"Why, surely not," she answered, amused. "It seems to me that every other woman has taken to it. The wonder to me is that anyone ever scores a success. Nowadays, however, no one could amass a huge fortune out of it."

"No one, indeed!" replied Oswald Everard, laughing. "What on earth made you take to it?"

"It took to me," she said, simply. "It wrapt me round with enthusiasm. 'I could think of nothing else. I vowed that I would rise to the top of my profession. I worked day and night. But it means incessant toil for years if one wants to make any headway.'"

"Good gracious! I thought it was merely a matter of a few months," he said, smiling at the little girl.

"A few months!" she repeated, scornfully. "You are speaking the language of an amateur. No; one has to work faithfully year after year; to grasp the possibilities and pass on to greater possibilities. You imagine what it must feel like to touch the notes, and know that you are keeping the listeners spellbound; that you are taking them into a fairyland of sound, where petty personality is lost in vague longing and regret."

"I confess I had not thought of it in that way," he said, humbly. "I have only regarded it as a necessary everyday evil; and to be quite honest with you, I fail to see now how it can inspire enthusiasm. I wish I could see," he added, looking up at the engaging little figure before him.

"Never mind," she said, laughing at his distress; "I forgive you. And, after all, you are not the only person who looks upon it as a necessary evil. My poor old guardian abominated it. He made many sacrifices to come and listen to me. He knew I liked to see his kind old face, and that the presence of a real friend inspired me with confidence."

"I should not have thought it was nervous work," he said.

"Try it and see," she answered. "But surely you spoke of singing. Are you not nervous when you sing?"

"Sometimes," he replied, rather stiffly. "But that is slightly different." (He was very proud of his singing, and made a great fuss about it.) "Your profession, as I remarked before, is an unavoidable nuisance. When I think what I have suffered from the gentlemen of your profession I only wonder that I have any brains left. But I am uncourteous."

"Oh, no, no," she said. "Let me hear about your sufferings."

"Whenever I have specially wanted to be quiet—" he said, then he glanced at her childish little face, and he hesitated. "It seems so rude of me!" he added. He was the soul of courtesy, although he was an amateur tenor singer.

"Please tell me," the little girl said, in her winning way.

"Well," he said, gathering himself together, "it is the one subject on which I can be eloquent. Ever since I can remember I have been worried and tortured by those rascals. I have tried in every way to escape from them, but there is a cruel fate working against me. Yes; I believe that all the tuners in the universe are in league against me, and have marked me out for their special prey."

"All the what?" asked the little girl, with a jerk in her voice.

"All the tuners, of course," he replied, rather snappishly. "I know that we cannot do without them; but, good Heavens! they have no tact, no consideration, no mercy. Whenever I've wanted to write or read quietly that fatal knock has come at the door, and I've known by instinct that all chance of peace was over. Whenever I've been giving a luncheon party the tuner has arrived, with his abominable black bag, and his abominable card, which has to be signed at once. On one occasion I was just proposing to a girl in her father's library, when the tuner struck up in the drawing room. I left off suddenly, and fled from the house. But there is no escape from these fiends: I believe they are swarming about in the air like so many bacteria. And how, in the name of goodness, you should deliberately choose to be one of them, and should be so enthusiastic over your work, puzzles me beyond all words. Don't say that you carry a black bag, and present cards which have to be filled up at the most inconvenient time: don't—"

He stopped suddenly, for the little girl was convulsed with laughter. She laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks; and then she dried her eyes and laughed again.

"Excuse me," she said; "I can't help myself; it's so funny."

"It may be funny to you," he said, laughing in spite of himself; "but it is not funny to me."

"Of course it isn't," she replied, making a desperate effort to be serious. "Well, tell me something more about these tuners."

"Not another word," he said, gallantly. "I am ashamed of myself as it is. Come to the end of the garden, and let me show you the view down into the valley."

She had conquered her fit of merriment, but her face wore a settled look of mischief, and she was evidently the possessor of some secret joke. She seemed in capital health and spirits, and had so much to say that was bright and interesting, that Oswald Everard found himself becoming reconciled to the whole race of tuners. He was amazed to learn that she had walked all the way from Z——, and quite alone, too.

"Oh, I don't think anything of that," she said; "I had a splendid time, and I caught four rare butterflies. I would not have missed those for anything. As for the going about by myself, that is a second nature. Besides, I do not belong to anyone. That has its advantages, and I suppose its disadvantages; but at present I have only discovered the advantages. The disadvantages will discover themselves!"

"I believe you are what the novels call an advanced young woman," he said. "Perhaps you give lectures on Woman's Suffrage, or something of that sort?"

"I have very often mounted the platform," she answered. "In fact, I am never so happy as when addressing an immense audience. A most unfeminine thing to do, isn't it? What would the lady yonder in the horse-cloth dress and billy-cock hat say? Don't you think you ought to go and help her to drive away the goat? She looks so frightened! She interests me deeply. I wonder whether she has written an essay on the Feminine in Woman! I should like to read it: it would do me so much good."

"You are at least a true woman," he said, laughing, "for I see you can be spiteful. The tuning has not driven that away."

"Ah, I had forgotten about the tuning," she answered, brightly; "but now you remind me, I have been seized by a great idea."

"Won't you tell it to me?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "I keep my great ideas for myself, and work them out in secret. And this one is particularly amusing. What fun I shall have!"

"But why keep the fun to yourself?" he said. "We all want to be amused here; we all want to be stirred up: a little fun would be a charity."

"Very well; since you wish it you shall be

stirred up," she answered; "but you must give me time to work out my great idea. I do not hurry about things, not even about my professional duties. For I have a strong feeling that it is vulgar to be always amassing riches! As I have neither a husband nor a brother to support, I have chosen less wealth, and more leisure to enjoy all the loveliness of life! So you see I take my time about everything. And to-morrow I shall catch butterflies at my leisure, and lie amongst the dear old pines, and work at my great idea."

"I shall catch butterflies," said her companion. "And I, too, shall lie amongst the dear old pines."

"Just as you please," she said; and at that moment the *table d'hôte* bell rang.

The little girl hastened to the bureau and spoke rapidly in German to the cashier.

"Ach, Fräulein!" he said. "You are not really serious?"

"Yes, I am," she said. "I don't want them to know my name. It will only worry me. Say I am the young lady who tuned the piano."

She had scarcely given these directions and mounted to her room when Oswald Everard, who was unusually interested in his mysterious companion, came to the bureau and asked for the name of the little lady.

"Es ist das Fräulein welches das Piano gestimmt hat," answered the man, returning with unusual quickness to his account book.

* * * * *

No one spoke to the little girl at *table d'hôte*; but for all that she enjoyed her dinner, and gave her serious attention to all the courses. Being thus solidly occupied, she had not much leisure to bestow on the conversation of the other guests. Nor was it specially original: it treated of the shortcomings of the *chef*, the tastelessness of the soup, the toughness of the beef, and all the many failings which go to complete a mountain-hotel dinner. But suddenly, so it seemed to the little girl, this time-honored talk passed into another phase: she heard the word music mentioned, and she became at once interested to learn what these people had to say on a subject which was dearer to her than any other.

"For my own part," said a stern-looking old man, "I have no words to describe what a gracious comfort music has been to me all my life. It is the noblest language which man may understand and speak. And I sometimes think that those who know it, or know something of it, are able at rare moments to find an answer to life's perplexing problems."

The little girl looked up from her plate. Rob-

ert Browning's words rose to her lips, but she did not give them utterance :

"God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason, and welcome; 'tis we musicians know."

"I have lived through a long life," said another elderly man, "and have therefore had my share of trouble; but the grief of being obliged to give up music was the grief which held me longest, or which perhaps has never left me. I still crave for the gracious pleasure of touching once more the strings of a violoncello, and hearing the dear tender voice singing and throbbing and answering to even such poor skill as mine. I still yearn to take my part in concerted music, and be one of those privileged to play Beethoven's string quartets. But that will have to be in another incarnation, I think." He glanced at his shrunken arm, and then, as though ashamed of this allusion to his own personal infirmity, he added, hastily: "But when the first pang of such a pain is over there remains the comfort of being a listener. At first one does not think it a comfort; but as time goes on there is no resisting its magic influence. And Lowell said rightly 'that one of God's great charities is music.'"

"I did not know you were musical, Mr. Keith," said an English lady. "You have never before spoken of music."

"Perhaps not, madam," he answered. "One does not often speak of what one cares for most of all. But when I am in London I rarely miss hearing our best players."

At this point others joined in, and the various merits of eminent pianists were warmly discussed.

"What a wonderful name that little English lady has made for herself!" said the major, who was considered an authority on all subjects. "I would go anywhere to hear Miss Thyra Flowerdew. We all ought to be very proud of her. She has taken even the German musical world by storm, and they say her recitals at Paris have been brilliantly successful. I myself have heard her at New York, Leipsic, London, Berlin, and even Chicago."

The little girl stirred uneasily in her chair.

"I don't think Miss Flowerdew has ever been to Chicago," she said.

There was a dead silence. The admirer of Miss Thyra Flowerdew looked much annoyed, and twiddled his watch chain. He had meant to say Philadelphia, but he did not think it necessary to

own to his mistake.

"What impertinence!" said one of the ladies to Miss Blake.

"What can she know about it? Is she not the young person who tuned the piano?"

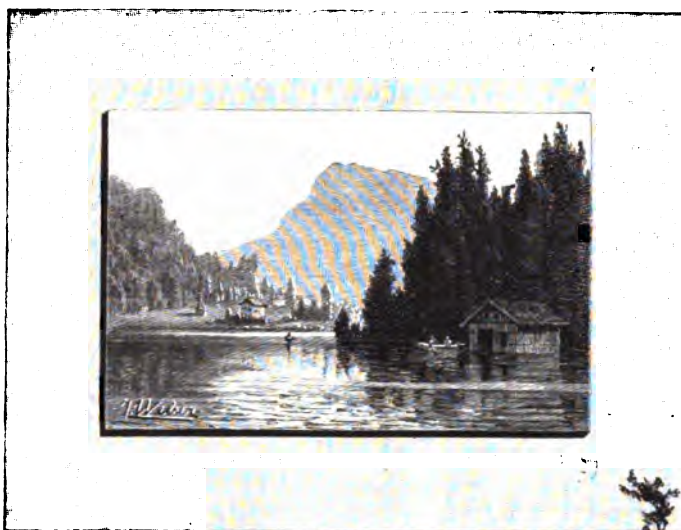
"Perhaps she tunes Miss Thyra Flowerdew's piano," said Miss Blake in a whisper.

"You are right, madam," said the little girl, quietly. "I have often tuned Miss Flowerdew's piano."

There was another embarrassing silence; and then a lovely old lady, whom everyone revered, came to the rescue.

"I think her playing is simply superb," she said. "Nothing that I ever hear satisfies me so entirely. She has all the tenderness of an angel's touch."

"Listening to her," said the major, who had now recovered from his annoyance at being interrupted, "one becomes unconscious of her presence, for she is *the music itself*. And that is rare. It is but seldom nowadays we are allowed to forget the personality of the player. And yet



her personality is an unusual one: having once seen her, it would not be easy to forget her. I should recognize her anywhere."

As he spoke he glanced at the little tuner, and could not help admiring her dignified composure under circumstances which might have been distressing to anyone; and when she rose with the others he followed her, and said, stiffly:

"I regret that I was the indirect cause of putting you in an awkward position."

"It is really of no consequence," she said, brightly. "If you think I was impertinent I ask your forgiveness. I did not mean to be officious. The words were spoken before I was aware of them."

She passed into the *salon*, where she found a quiet corner for herself, and read some of the newspapers. No one took the slightest notice of her. Not a word was spoken to her; but when she relieved the company of her presence her impertinence was commented on.

"I am sorry that she heard what I said," remarked Miss Blake. "But she did not seem to mind. These young women who go out into the world lose the edge of their sensitiveness and femininity. I have always observed that."

"How much they are spared, then!" answered some one.

* * * * *

Meanwhile the little girl slept soundly. She had merry dreams, and finally woke up laughing. She hurried over her breakfast, and then stood ready to go for a butterfly hunt. She looked thoroughly happy, and evidently had found, and was holding tightly, the key to life's enjoyment.

Oswald Everard was waiting on the balcony, and he reminded her that he intended to go with her.

"Come along, then," she answered; "we must not lose a moment."

They caught butterflies, they picked flowers, they ran; they lingered by the wayside, they sang; they climbed, and he marveled at her easy speed. Nothing seemed to tire her, and everything seemed to delight her—the flowers, the birds, the clouds, the grasses and the fragrance of the pine woods.

"Is it not good to live?" she cried. "Is it not splendid to take in this scented air? Draw in as many long breaths as you can. Isn't it good? Don't you feel now as though you were ready to move mountains? I do. What a dear old nurse Nature is! How she pets us and gives us the best of her treasures!"

Her happiness invaded Oswald Everard's soul, and he felt like a schoolboy once more, rejoicing in a fine day and his liberty; with nothing to

spoil the freshness of the air, and nothing to threaten the freedom of the moment.

"Is it not good to live?" he cried. "Yes, indeed it is, if we know how to enjoy."

They had come upon some haymakers, and the little girl hastened up to help them. There she was in the midst of them, heartily laughing and talking to the women, and helping them to pile up the hay on the shoulders of a broad-backed man, who then conveyed his burden to a pear-shaped stack. Oswald Everard watched his companion for a moment, and then, quite forgetting his dignity as an amateur tenor singer, he, too, lent his aid, and did not leave off until his companion sank exhausted on the ground.

"Oh," she laughed, "what delightful work for a very short time! Come along; let us go into that brown *chalet* yonder and ask for some milk. I am simply parched with thirst. Thank you, but I prefer to carry my own flowers."

"What an independent little lady you are!" he cried.

"It is quite necessary in our profession, I can assure you," she said, with a tone of mischief in her voice. "That reminds me that my profession is evidently not looked upon with any favor by the visitors of the hotel. I am heartbroken to think that I have not won the esteem of that lady in the billycock hat. What will she say to you for coming out with me? And what will she say of me for allowing you to come? I wonder whether she will say 'How unfeminine!' I wish I could hear her!"

"I don't suppose you care," he said. "You seem to be a wild little bird."

"I don't care what a person of that description says," replied his companion.

"What on earth made you contradict the major at dinner last night?" he asked. "I was not at the table, but some one told me of the incident; and I felt very sorry about it. What could you know of Miss Thyra Flowerdew?"

"Well, considering that she is in my profession, of course I know something about her," said the little girl.

"Confound it all!" he said, rather rudely. "Surely there is some difference between the bellows blower and the organist."

"Absolutely none," she answered—"merely a variation of the original theme!"

As she spoke she knocked at the door of the *chalet*, and asked the old dame to give them some milk. They sat in the *Stube*, and the little girl looked about, and admired the spinning wheel, and the quaint chairs, and the queer old jugs, and the pictures on the wall.

"Ah, but you shall see the other room," the

old peasant woman said, and she led them into a small apartment, which was evidently intended for a study. It bore evidences of unusual taste and care, and one could see that some loving hand had been trying to make it a real sanctum of refinement. There was even a small piano. A carved book rack was fastened to the wall.

The old dame did not speak at first; she gave her guests time to recover from the astonishment which she felt they must be experiencing; then she pointed proudly to the piano.

"I bought that for my daughters," she said, with a strange mixture of sadness and triumph. "I wanted to keep them at home with me, and I saved and saved and got enough money to buy the piano. They had always wanted to have one, and I thought they would then stay with me. They liked music and books, and I knew they would be glad to have a room of their own where they might read and play and study; and so I gave them this corner."

"Well, mother," asked the little girl, "and where are they this afternoon?"

"Ah," she answered, sadly, "they did not care to stay! But it was natural enough; and I was foolish to grieve. And besides, they come to see me——"

"And then they play to you?" asked the little girl, gently.

"They say the piano is out of tune," the old dame said. "I don't know. Perhaps you can tell."

The little girl sat down to the piano and struck a few chords.

"Yes," she said, "it is badly out of tune. Give me the tuning hammer. I am sorry," she added, smiling at Oswald Everard, "but I cannot neglect my duty. Don't wait for me."

"I will wait for you," he said, sullenly; and he went into the balcony and smoked his pipe, and tried to possess his soul in patience.

When she had faithfully done her work she played a few simple melodies, such as she knew the old woman would love and understand; and she turned away when she saw that the listener's eyes were moist.

"Play once again," the old woman whispered. "I am dreaming of beautiful things."

So the little tuner touched the keys again with all the tenderness of an angel.

"Tell your daughters," she said, as she rose to say good-by, "that the piano is now in good tune. Then they will play to you the next time they come."

"I shall always remember you, mademoiselle," the old woman said; and, almost unconsciously, she, too, took the childish face and kissed it.

Oswald Everard was waiting for his companion in the hay field; and when she apologized to him for this little professional intermezzo, as she called it, he recovered from his sulkiness and readjusted his nerves, which the noise of the tuning had somewhat disturbed.

"It was very good of you to tune the old dame's piano!" he said, looking at her with renewed interest.

Some one had to do it, of course," she answered, brightly, "and I am glad the chance fell to me. What a comfort it is to think that the next time those daughters come to see her they will play to her, and make her very happy—poor old dear!"

"You puzzle me greatly," he said. "I cannot for the life of me think what made you choose your calling. You must have many gifts—any one who talks with you must see that at once, and you play quite nicely, too."

"I am sorry that my profession sticks in your throat," she answered. "Do be thankful that I am nothing worse than a tuner. For I might be something worse—a snob, for instance."

And, so speaking, she dashed after a butterfly, and left him to recover from her words. He was conscious of having deserved a reproof; and when at last he overtook her he said as much, and asked for her kind indulgence.

"I forgive you," she said, laughing. "You and I are not looking at things from the same point of view; but we have had a splendid morning together, and I have enjoyed every minute of it. And to-morrow I go on my way."

"And to-morrow you go," he repeated. "Can it not be the day after to-morrow?"

"I am a bird of passage," she said, shaking her head. "You must not seek to detain me. I have taken my rest, and off I go to other climes."

* * * * *

They had arrived at the hotel, and Oswald Everard saw no more of his companion until the evening, when she came down rather late for *table d'hôte*. She hurried over her dinner and went into the *salon*. She closed the door and sat down to the piano, and lingered there without touching the keys: once or twice she raised her hands, and then she let them rest on the notes, and half unconsciously they began to move and make sweet music, and then they drifted into Schumann's "Abendlied," and then the little girl played some of his "Kinderscenen," and some of his "Fantasie Stücke," and some of his songs.

Her touch and feeling were exquisite, and her phrasing betrayed the true musician. The strains of music reached the dining room, and one by one the guests came creeping in, moved by the music and anxious to see the musician.

The little girl did not look up; she was in a Schumann "mood" that evening, and only the players of Schumann know what intralling possession he takes of their very spirit. All the passion and pathos and wildness and longing had found an inspired interpreter; and those who listened to her were held by the magic which was her own secret, and which had won for her such honor as comes only to the few. She understood Schumann's music, and was at her best with him.

Had she, perhaps, chosen to play his music this evening because she wished to be at her best? or was she merely being impelled by an overwhelming force within her? Perhaps it was something of both.

Was she wishing to humiliate these people who had received her so coldly? This little girl was only human; perhaps there was something of that feeling, too. Who can tell? But she played as she had never played in London, or Paris, or Berlin, or New York, or Philadelphia.

At last she arrived at the "Carnaval," and those who heard her declared afterward that they had never listened to a more magnificent rendering. The tenderness was so restrained; the vigor was so refined! When the last notes of that spirited "Marche des Davidsbündler contre les Philistins" had died away she glanced at Oswald Everard, who was standing near her, almost dazed.

"And now my favorite piece of all," she said, and she at once began the "Second Novellette," the finest of the eight, but seldom played in public.

What can one say of the wild rush of the leading theme, and the pathetic longing of the Intermezzo?—

"The murmuring dying notes
That fall as soft as snow on the sea;"
and
"The passionate strain that deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through."

What can one say of those vague aspirations and finest thoughts which possess the very dullest amongst us when such music as that which the

little girl had chosen catches us and keeps us, if only for a passing moment, but that moment of the rarest worth and loveliness in our unlovely lives?

What can one say of the highest music, except that, like death, it is the great leveler: it gathers us all to its tender keeping—and we rest.

The little girl ceased playing. There was not a sound to be heard; the magic was still holding her listeners. When at last they had freed themselves with a sigh they pressed forward to greet her.

"There is only one person who can play like that," cried the major, with sudden inspiration—"she is Miss Thyra Flowerdew!"

The little girl smiled.

"That is my name," she said, simply; and she slipped out of the room.

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The next morning, at an early hour, the Bird of Passage took her flight onward, but she was not destined to go off unobserved. Oswald Everard saw the little figure swinging along the road, and he overtook her.

"You little wild bird!" he said; "and so this was your great idea—to have your fun out of us all, and make us feel, I don't know how—and then to go!"

"You said the company wanted stirring up," she answered; "and I rather fancy I have stirred them up."

"And what do you suppose you have done for me?" he asked.

"I hope I have proved to you that the bellows blower and the organist are sometimes identical," she answered.

"Little wild bird," he said, "you have given me a great idea, and I will tell you what it is—to tame you. So good-by for the present."

"Good-by," she said. "But wild birds are not so easily tamed."

Then she waved her hand over her head, and went on her way singing.





OLD NELSON.

ATTACK ON A "PRAIRIE SCHOONER."

ROUGHRIDERS FROM FAR FRONTIERS.

BY EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

It was at the Wild West Show during the World's Fair. Together with a wandering artist I had strayed into the tepees of Peter Nelson, the old trapper. Here we found a motley company of cowboys, vaqueros, an Indian interpreter and a Cossack hetman who had learned his English in Afghanistan. Attracted by the cheerful glow of the camp fire, two shivering Arabs entered the tent at our heels, and wrapping themselves up in their burnouses, began rolling cigarettes.

Old Nelson, squatting on the floor like a red man, was telling a story of wild frontier life, which made the Cossack dreamily finger his sword hilt, while Nelson's half-breed son moved close to his father and seemed to drink in his words.

"You fellers," said Nelson, "who only came into the show over on the other side, think that Cody ain't nothing but a smart rider with long hair, who can bow and scrape to the ladies in the boxes. That's whar you are mistaken.

"Let me tell you a story," he continued, "that none of these book writers have quite caught on to. I mean Cody's great single-hand fight with



COLONEL WILLIAM F. CODY ("BUFFALO BILL").

Yellow Hand, the Cheyenne chief out at War Bonnet Creek, nearly twenty years ago. It was after the Custer massacre. I heard the story later from the Sioux, so I guess it's straight enough, for they ain't in the habit of praising white men.

"Bill was scout then with General Merritt, of the Fifth Cavalry. When the troops heard the news of Custer's death they went nearly wild with grief and rage, I reckon, for Custer was an officer no one could help liking. On the same night one of the scouts told General Merritt that eight hundred Cheyenne bucks had left the Red Cloud Agency to join Sitting Bull and the Sioux in the Big Horn country. General Merritt marched right off to stop the Cheyennes before they got there. The scouts met the Indian skirmishers at the creek, and got into a running fight in which half a dozen were killed on both sides. By this time the troopers reached the Divide, while the Indians on the war path came over the bluff on the other side.

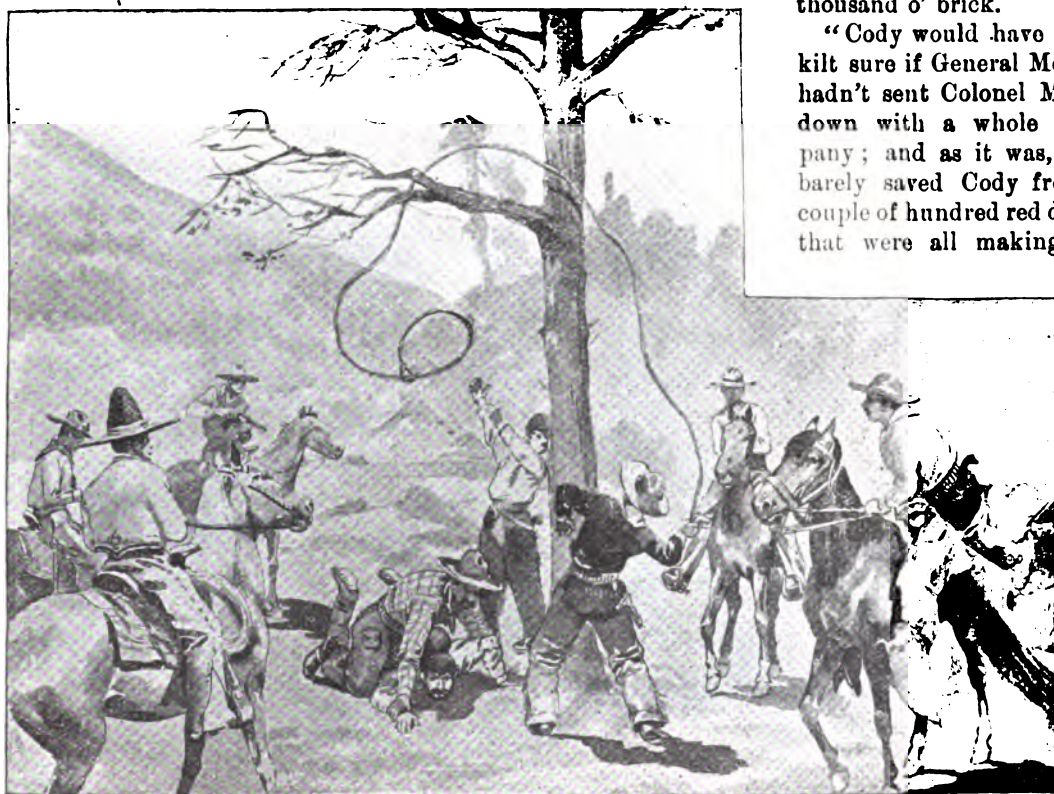
"Both armies faced each other, and the fight between the skirmishers stopped. Then—so the Sioux braves who were with the Cheyennes tell the story—Yellow Hand, one of the big chiefs of the Cheyennes, rode down the bluff with both hands up and challenged Pa-he-haska, the leader

with the long hair, to a single-handed fight. If Pa-he-haska came out ahead, he shouted, his own braves would go back to the agency from which they had come; but if Pa-he-haska should fall the soldiers were to let the red men go their way.

"Buffalo Bill at once rode to meet him, while the armies on the cliffs watched for the outcome of the fight. Both went for each other full tilt. When they were about thirty yards apart Cody raised his rifle and fired before the Cheyenne could throw up his gun. The Indian's pony went down, but Cody's horse at the same instant stepped into a gopher hole and threw Bill over his head right in front of the Indian. That was exciting business, I tell you. They both jumped up and fired at each other together. That's where Cody's sharpshooting came in handy. The Indian missed, but Cody's bullet went true to the mark. The Indian fell, and Cody pounced on him. Yellow Hand tried to hit him with his tomahawk, but Cody drew his bowie knife right into the chief's heart.

"Before the Cheyennes had time to set up a howl Cody yanked Yellow Hand's war bonnet off and scalped him then and there. That was the first scalp for Custer. Cody waved the war bonnet and the scalp up in the air, and the Cheyennes swooped down like a thousand o' brick.

"Cody would have been kilt sure if General Merritt hadn't sent Colonel Mason down with a whole company; and as it was, they barely saved Cody from a couple of hundred red devils that were all making for



LYNCHING A HORSE THIEF ON THE TEXAN FRONTIER.

him. No bowing and scraping to the ladies then, gentlemen. Nothing but square, bloody fighting. The whole regiment had to charge on them Indians, and then it took a running fight of two days to drive those Cheyennes back to Red Cloud.

"And that's why the Indians in this camp look up so to the colonel. They know that he not only can kill buffaloes like a bullfighter, but that he's also good for a square finish fight with any man, whether he be white, red or black."

"Tell us something about yourself, Nelson," coaxed one of the cowboys. The others murmured or nodded assent, while the boy drew nearer to his father's knee.

"There's too much to tell," objected the grizzly trapper, but there were impatient cries like "Go ahead, old man," and "Don't be so slow," so that he resumed, musingly: "One of the closest calls I ever had was when I was guiding the Mormons out to Utah, back in the forties. I used to ride ahead with the young men, and the tent wagons followed about a mile or less behind. One clear day, when we had been jogging along safely enough all morning on the western plains of Nebraska, and I had fallen back with the others to talk with the first driver, I suddenly heard a scream from one of the women, and in the same moment heard the yelling of a whole gang of Apaches galloping right down on us. I was so surprised that I just stood stock-still and watched the bullets fly. Those Indians rode around and around, and our men dropped behind their ponies and shot from under cover. They shot so well that the Indians galloped off with their dead and wounded men as suddenly as they had come; and there I still sat on my pony among our dead horses and two wounded Mormons, thanking my stars that none of the Indians had picked me off my horse in the thick of the fight."

"You can just bet that learned me to be more careful, and the next time there were Indians around I took a hand in the fight."

"The closest call I ever had," began a cowboy, "was in New Mexico, and it was two calls for one life."

"I had been riding up and down the Guadalupe Mountains, looking for some stray stock, and at last I got into an old Indian burial ground. I was about starting to build a fire when a bullet whistled near my head. I had just time to jump



APACHES.

on my pony and go kiting down the ravine with half a dozen redskins after me. I turned and gave them a taste of my six-shooter whenever I had a chance, but for awhile it was nip and tuck whether I'd be speared through from behind or spilt headforemost on the rocks. If I had not winged the Indian pony close behind me, and if my pony had not happened to be shod, I could never have got away."

"Per dios, señores—" began the vaquero. But the cowboy cut him short, saying, "Hold on; you haven't heard the end yet."

"When the Indians dropped behind I kept right on for an hour or so, because if you start to run you might as well put a safe distance between you. I did not ride far, though. While I was loping along, my pony all wet with sweat and foam, I suddenly heard somebody sing out in Spanish, and in the same minute I was jerked off my pony with a lasso, and three or four of the toughest-looking Mexicans piled onto me. One of them wanted to kill me at once, but the others held him back and dragged me off to the nearest tree. Then it came out that they took me for a horse thief whom they had been looking for over a week."

"I tried to beg off, and told them they would have to suffer for this by the time the boys from our ranch got after them; but they only swore and joked in Spanish, and then bound me hand and foot, and stood me up under the tree with a lasso around my neck. I tell you, pardas, I thought it was all over with me."

"Let the Norte Americano say his last prayer!" said the leader, who had been covering me with his gun all the while.

"I won't pray," said I, "because I'm not a praying man, God help me! But if you fellers don't believe that's my pony I just ask you to



SIOUX SPORTS.



A MEXICAN CABALLERO.

take off his saddle and bridle and let him run loose, and we'll see whether he don't come back to me. That'll show you I ain't a horse thief.'

"'Let the horse go,' said the chief, still pointing the muzzle of his gun at my eyes.

"They took off my pinto's saddle and bridle, and gave him a clip-over the shanks so that he lit out like a jack rabbit.

"I waited till he was three or four rods off, with the dust flying up behind, and then I let out a whistle that I knew would bring him up.

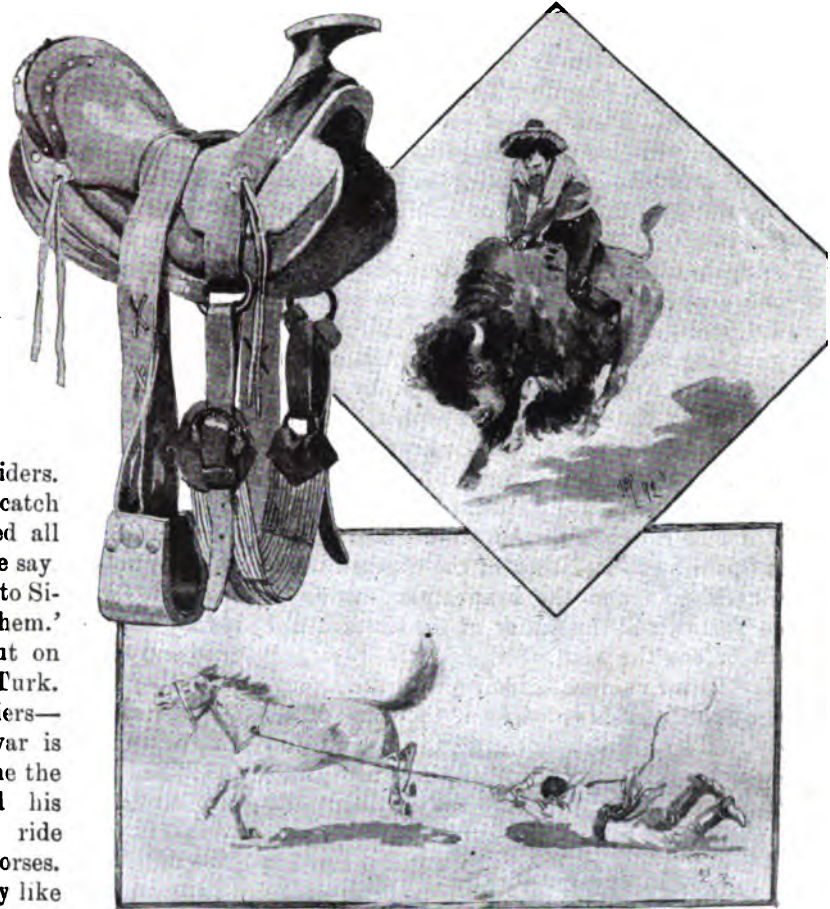
"You ought to have seen that pony turn and come galloping toward me with his ears pricked and his tail up in the air! If I hadn't been tied I could have hugged him.

"The big Mexican lowered his gun without a word, and you would have smiled to see the politeness and the scrap-

ing of those gentlemen as they untied me and gave me back my saddle and kit.

"No es verdad, señor!" exclaimed the cowboy, as he slapped the vaquero heartily on the back. "That was a purty close call."

"Horses robbers, they bad men!" growled the man whose almond-shaped eyes had shone with an unholy light during the last of these recitals. "Bad men, but much good riders. In Russia, once, the soldiers catch bad horses robbers, hundred all at once. The gouverneur he say 'Not put in prison, not send to Siberia, make soldiers from them.' Horses robbers have to put on uniform and fight against Turk. Fight better than other soldiers—fight like devils. When war is over and soldiers come home the Czar hold review over all his soldiers, and the cavalerie ride before him with all its horses. When Cossacks come they fly like wind, and the Czarina she says,



MEXICAN SADDLE—COWBOY FUN.



CODY'S DUEL WITH YELLOW HAND.

'Who be those riders which ride so wonderful like wind?'

"Then the *gouverneur* he salutes Czar and Czarina, and says, proud: 'That is my Cossack horses robbers! That is best soldier of all the world, which will ride to Constantinople.'

"When Cossacks hear that they feel such pleasure they stand on their heads on saddle and shoot off rifles in air."

The Spahi officer, who had been silently smoking one cigarette after the other, slowly leaned forward, and said in French: "The Faithful are still guarding Stamboul, praise be to Allah! and so long as an Arab horse is left in Araby, and a Mussulman in the land of the Prophet, no Cossack shall behold our minarets nor hear the *muezzin's* call. The Cossack is a good horseman, and his horses are fleet, but no Giaour can outride the Spahi, for he rideth with the wind. The father of the Spahi met the father of the Cossack when the Englishman and the Frenchman made war on the Tartar, and the father of the Cossack fled in vain before the wind.

"The Tartar chideth his horse with the knout, but the Spahi's pride is fed from the hand of his beloved. The Tartar's horse goes unkempt, and feeds on the thistles of the road, but the Spahi's war horse is as beautiful as the well in the desert, and he eateth of barley all he wants.

"His eye is like that of the gazelle, and his feet are like the wings of the falcon. Nothing can tire him. When the English horses hunt with those of the Spahi they stumble and fall dead after the second day, but the horse of the desert is still unflecked with foam. Abd-el-Kader's horse could run sixteen *parasangs* (fifty miles) from sunrise to sunset, thirty times, without need of lying by a single day.

"When the Giaours made war in Oran many years ago a Giaour high officer wanted to send warning to Tlemcen, seventy leagues away. The ground was rough. A Spahi set out from Chateaufort at the rising of the sun, and when the sun rose again he had returned from Tlemcen.

"Know ye not, my friends, that the horse of the desert is the parent of the best horses in the land of the Giaour? When a horse is cursed by a bad mark, or when his color does not find favor in the eyes of his lord, he is given to the Englishman, and the Englishman's heart rejoiceth, for he knows that the Spahi's horse is a courser. All these horses here be the grandchildren of our horses, but behold! Allah has taken from them all save their strength. The Spahi's horse, praise be to Allah, hath lost no part of his beauty since the days of the Prophet."

There was silence around the camp fire, and we

saw through the seams of the canvas that the first gray light of morning was stealing in. The old trapper's son, Indian wise, lay face downward on the floor, fast asleep. Old Nelson himself lazily blinked his eyes when the keen morning breeze blew the smoke down from the narrow opening in the top of the tepee.

"This here bragging about the Ayrab horse makes me tired!" exclaimed Antonio Esquivel, the Mexican vaquero, who spoke Spanish like a grandee of Castile, and English like a Chicago bootblack. "Your Ayrab horse mebbe all right, but you don't know how to ride him. Yessur," he added, emphatically, driving his spur into the warm ashes, "you needn't blow the smoke out of your nose and smile so contemptuouslike. I tell yez them Ayrabs and Rooshians don't know how to ride. They stick on all right, and they go through all sorts of monkey shines; but how, I ax, kin they help it, with such saddles as that? Why, they ride like as if their ponies was camels, or as if they was babies tied onto a burro. It's all balance and stirrups with them, and when the horre rares they hang on by the lines. If it warn't for the pummels you'd see daylight under their seats all the time. I've watched you Rooshians ride, too!" he exclaimed, tauntingly, tossing a package of cigarettes to the Cossack, "and I've seen how you do it. When you're pretending to stand on the saddle you have your feet in the stirrups, and when you make believe that yez stand on your head you've got your shoulder braced agin the pommel and your fists in the stirrups. You can't fool me."

"Doth not the herder of the new deserts ride with a high saddle and with mighty stirrups?" mocked the Spahi, pointing to a heavy Texas saddle that encumbered one of our host's couches.

"That's all right," rejoined the vaquero; "but some of us can do without them traps just like the Indian, who can ride a pony better than any man living, barring a Mexican.

"Bless your souls, pards, it's easy to run your horse and plunk a couple of bullets into a telegraph pole with a gun that don't weigh no more than a tomahawk; but with a bow and arrow a sure aim on horseback is quite another trick. Yet the way some of these redskins shoot is a caution. In the same way it's an easy matter to drop down from a saddle and pick up a hat or a whip when you can stick a spur in the saddle flap, and just trust to that for getting back again; but the way a naked Sioux will fling himself from his pony and yet manage to hang on somehow just floors me."

"The Yankee Mexican he boast skill of others," remarked the Cossack, with a sarcasm that was

scathing. "When the Cossack boasts skill with horse he boasts by doings of himself."

Antonio's dark face flushed a rich red.

"I'll show you what I'll do," he declared, rising to his feet, "and if you kin do it yerself you're as good a rider as I am. My knees are still sore from the time the colt dragged me around the yard, and my hands are still burnt from the rope; but if you gentlemen help me

bars in front, and we'll have some fun in the arena."

Nobody moved, and we all exchanged glances, wondering whether Antonio was in earnest or not.

"I reckon we had better turn in and go to sleep," remarked the old trapper; "and you, Tonio, had better quit this fooling, or everyone will think you crazy drunk."



A COSSACK REVIEW.

I'll go right among the buffalo herd and straddle the wildest of the lot. If you don't want to help me I'll try my luck single-handed," he remarked, defiantly, as he stooped to step out of the tepee.

One by one we all followed, and emerged into the garish light of early morning. Nothing stirred in the camp, and the buffaloes in the inclosure were quietly munching their cud.

"One of you fellows tease the old bull into the little corral, then we'll shut the gate behind him, and I'll drop on his back. Then you pull out the

"Per dios, let 'em think it!" angrily shouted the vaquero as he cleared the fence. "I'm going to straddle that bull or die!" With that he threw a clod at the buffalo, who was already pawing the ground with tail erect. "Viva la corrida de toro!" shouted the vaquero, and then ran for his life, for the bull, with a bellow of fury, was charging madly after him.

All was done so quickly that we scarcely had time to see the vaquero fling himself over the fence, into which the frenzied bull crashed amid a

cloud of dust. Somebody had the presence of mind to shut the strong gate which closed the narrow way out of the corral, and the buffalo was penned in.

"Now draw the bars so that he can get out," shouted Esquivel, "or else he'll scrouge my sore knees against this here fence." And with that he climbed on the fence and dropped astride of the bull, clinging to his thick wool for dear life. The bars were drawn out, and the bull dashed straight into the empty arena, bellowing and snorting like a demon.

We all crowded into the entrance to the arena, expecting the Mexican to be thrown and gored any minute. Some of us drew our revolvers to shoot the beast if necessary, while another vaquero, who had been awakened by the noise, ran to fetch his horse. In the meanwhile the infuriated bison was rearing and charging hither and thither, now trying to buck the desperate man off, now trying to gore one of his legs by a side thrust with his horns. It seemed but a question of time when the Mexican, who was once or twice nearly unseated, would finally be slung over the buffalo's

bushy head and fall a prey to his fury. When the other vaquero rode into the arena the bull at once charged him. The vaquero turned his pony's head and made straight for the general door at which we were stationed. When the fleeing rider and the buffalo with the desperate man on his back were nearly upon us Antonio suddenly slipped to the ground and ran for the high fence encircling the arena just as the mounted Mexican dashed through the opening. The heavy doors of the gate were swung to almost simultaneously. The bull stopped short, as though wavering between the gate and the man, and then quickly wheeled and rushed after Antonio with fire in his eye. With the help of half a dozen strong arms the Mexican was hoisted over the fence and into safety before the fierce animal could reach him.

"Now are you satisfied?" asked the panting vaquero, as the Cossack strode up to where he was resting.

"You are brave man," said the Russian, simply. "On our steppes you would been a big het-man. Come into tent with me and drink my vodka. You are my friend."



SPAHIS AND ARABS OF MOROCCO.



"SEEING HIS TALL FIGURE, SHE ROSE HASTILY."

A COWARD'S PART.

By JUDITH SPENCER.

"'It was roses, roses, all the way,'" she quoted, laughing lightly, as they passed together down the garden path.

Her handsome escort, bending over her, thought the roses in her fair young cheeks more beautiful than the fragrant clusters that nodded to them in the evening breeze from the trellises on either side of the walk.

"I want just one," she said; "but it must be the most perfect of them all. And there it is—that very highest one; and I cannot reach it! Why is it that everything a woman wants is always a little way beyond her reach——"

Raising himself to his full height, and towering far above her dainty feminine form, Douglas

Campbell picked the rose she coveted, and smiled to see the little flush with which she took it.

"—And always has the cruelest hidden thorn when she finally gets it!" she added, laughing, as she raised a dimpled finger to her lips. "Ah, you men have the advantage over us in your length of arm, as in all else," the young girl went on, gayly. "Nothing you really want seems ever beyond your reach; and as for roses"—as he discarded the one he had idly plucked a little while before for a fresher, half-blown bud—"as for roses, you pick a dozen before you find one worthy of your coat; while we treasure the one we have chosen first, and find sweetness even among its withered leaves!"

He had turned, and was smiling down upon her. He thought that he understood her veiled reproach, and the witchery of the time and place was strong upon him.

"Agnes," he said, tenderly, "will you believe me when I say I have never been unfaithful to my earliest love? I may choose many roses, but only one beautiful girl to love through all my life; and, Agnes, that one is you. Surely you must have guessed that long ago? Confess now that you have learned to love me in return—that you are content to be my very own!"

The moon had risen, and the garden was flooded with its silvery light. He could see the sudden happiness which flashed over her fair young face.

"You love me?" she murmured. "Oh, but are you sure? I thought you were only playing with me—that you cared for some one else."

"And were you jealous, my own?" he said, as he drew her to him and looked down tenderly into her happy eyes. "Know, then, my little doubter, that though Douglas Campbell has flirted with many girls, he loves only Agnes Haven!"

He bent and kissed her with a lover's passion; and, like an awakening child, she passed her pretty hands across her eyes.

"Am I not dreaming?" she said. "Oh, I am so happy! Can it be true? Douglas, I have loved you—always; and," with a little laugh, "I have been so madly, unreasonably jealous of that beautiful Ida Sands! You don't know how I have suffered—I wonder if I ought to let you know? I am so happy, I really don't know what I am saying! Oh, but you mustn't, Douglas! There—oh, not another one—until—until you have seen papa!"

"And just the one night of all the year when I want to see 'papa' he hasn't come up from town!"

"Dear papa," said Agnes, softly, "he has always been fond of you, Douglas; and how glad he will be to have his little girl so happy! I wish he had come home. Oh, I hate those telegrams! They always mean that some pet plan of mine must stand aside for some stupid business meeting. Why, to-night we were to have had a cozy little dinner at half-past five, and then I was going to take him for a drive in my new phaeton; and we were to see the full moon rise, from Primrose Hill——"

"And in that case, when I arrived, at eight-fifteen, Miss Haven would not have been at home, and I should still be in doubt as to the feelings of my 'queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls.' So I, on the contrary, bless that telegram and the 'stupid business' which detained 'papa' in town!"

They laughed with the selfish happiness of lovers, and the minutes sped swiftly, until Campbell found with surprise that he had barely time to catch the townward train.

"I will see 'papa' the first thing in the morning," were his last words as they parted; "and then, my sweet Agnes, with his consent you will be irrevocably mine! And moreover, I warn you, if 'papa' asks me, I shall come out with him to dinner."

"Yes, Douglas, you must see papa the very first thing of all! I have been terribly indiscreet, I fear," with a bewitching smile; "but I take back everything I've said. Remember, I am not yours yet; and you are not even to know that I care for you until papa has given his consent!"

* * * * *

It was later than usual the following morning when Douglas Campbell arose, and having dressed himself with leisurely care, he went to his favorite *café* for breakfast. His mind was full of self-congratulation as he thought of pretty Agnes and her unconditional surrender. She was less brilliant, less dashing, perhaps, than that imperious beauty Ida Sands, who had fascinated him for a brief season, and of whom, it seemed, poor Agnes had been really jealous. But he felt that he had chosen wisely, for Agnes was a sweet and winning little girl, and evidently adored him; while, if her father had not quite the wealth of the multimillionaire John Sands, he had but this one child whom he idolized, and who must, sooner or later, inherit his entire fortune.

In spite of his assurance to Agnes that he should see her father the first thing in the morning, it was not his intention to seek him out until the hour for luncheon, and then, over a bottle of champagne, he would ask Haven for his daughter's hand; and he knew there was every chance of a favorable reply. Mr. Haven had always been flatteringly friendly to the younger man, and Douglas Campbell, young, handsome and with a comfortable little fortune of his own, was fully conscious of being a desirable *parti*.

He gave his breakfast order calmly, and unfolded the newspaper with which he always filled in the waiting interval. Suddenly he started. He could not believe his eyes, and as he read his breath came thick and fast:

"Goodwin Haven a Defaulter.—\$490,000 of the Trust Funds Gone.—Said to have Absconded.—Detectives Already on his Track."

He scanned the columns rapidly, sent out for other papers and read on, leaving his breakfast to grow cold untasted. An acquaintance stopped at his elbow for a moment and spoke of "old Haven's rascality" in scathing terms.

"Bad thing for his daughter," the man said in conclusion. "The old fellow ought to have kept things covered until he got her off his hands. This will seriously affect her market value——"

"There's nothing against her—she's a nice girl!" Campbell broke in, hotly.

"Oh, I've no doubt of that!" returned the other. "I don't say one word against her. Only, it'll be a brave man who will walk up and marry her now, in the face of these astounding revelations."

With that he passed on, and left Campbell to follow out his hideous train of thought. And the longer he dwelt upon it the more impossible it seemed for him openly to stand forth as the champion of one whose name was so dishonored. Campbell was a brave man physically, but he shrank with a coward's fear from the thought of binding himself to the daughter of a rogue, however innocent the girl herself might be. And it was only last night that he had asked her to be his wife! If he had only waited!—if one of those thousand little obstacles which change the current of a man's whole life had prevented those words which fell, unpremeditated, from his lips!

The moonlight, the fragrance of the roses, her girlish beauty, her reproach—all had united to lead him on, and at the moment he had believed himself sincere; but now he clearly saw that he had given way to the witchery of the hour, and he felt that he would gladly give ten years of his life to be free from that irksome bond.

Free! The parting words of Agnes suddenly came back to him. "Remember, I am not yours yet," she had said; "and you are not even to know that I care for you until papa has given his consent!"

That consent could neither be asked nor given now, and Agnes would be the first to see things in their true and proper light. Why, he had been a fool not to think of that before! He was sorry for her; she was an awfully nice girl, and so pretty, especially in the moonlight! He wondered if there was not something he could do for her. He would write—but no; a letter from him under the circumstances would be very embarrassing. He would wait, and she would write to him, of course. He would receive a brief note during the day, most probably, in which she would formally free herself from the slight understanding, and then he would reply with a friendly, regretful letter, and the affair would be ended without anyone's ever knowing of the narrowness of his escape.

But the day passed, and no letter from Agnes came; yet still he waited.

The weeks went by, and Goodwin Haven was tracked down, arrested and put in prison. After numerous delays the trial came on, and on the day that Haven was found guilty and sentenced to many long years of imprisonment—the full penalty of the law—the engagement of Ida Sands to Douglas Campbell was announced, and made an almost equal stir in the social world.

The marriage took place almost immediately; and after a brilliant reception the newly wedded couple went abroad to spend the regulation honeymoon.

It was a strange and stormy honeymoon, though the skies above were clear. Who shall say what Campbell's thoughts were when he discovered that his handsome bride was more than indifferent to him, and that she had married him out of pique, and to punish the man she loved, with whom she had jealously quarreled?

Perhaps he realized then that he was reaping something of what he had sown, and he was very indulgent to his cold, capricious wife. But their return was put off from month to month. Perhaps Campbell did not care for their sharp-eyed friends to discover how inharmonious their marriage was.

In Florence, the following winter, their little son was born. If Campbell had hoped that his young wife's interests and affections would centre with his own upon this child he was again doomed to disappointment. She was impatient of the bondage put upon her, and though she sometimes lavished fondness upon it in a passionate, fitful way, yet, as the time went on, she seemed to harden herself against it more and more.

The boy was nearly three years old when his beautiful, unhappy mother gave up the struggle and threw name and fame, honor and duty to the winds, deserting her husband and child for the man whose early fascination over her had never abated.

And the man who had played a coward's part to escape the shame of a connection with one whose name had been disgraced had this deepest disgrace of all now openly thrust upon him by the woman who should have kept herself above reproach—for the sake of her little child.

The boy was a comfort to him, though, and as the years went on the child became his father's inseparable companion; and at times Campbell could almost think with pity of the woman who had willfully thrown away the treasure of such affection.

But at last there came a night of agony when the boy lay stricken with a sudden mortal disease, and at dawn, as Campbell sat beside the deathbed

of his son, the bitterness of his sorrow seemed more than he could bear.

* * * * *

Ten years had elapsed since the hour when Campbell had felt himself willing to give ten years of his life to escape the fancied disgrace of marrying the innocent girl whose father had proved a felon, when at last he set foot again on his native shore.

In those ten years he had suffered deeply. He had drained the cup of private sorrow and public ignominy to the dregs. He had reaped a bitter harvest from the seeds of selfish cowardice and pitiful false pride. And now his thoughts were turning irresistibly to the woman he had so wronged. Her face had haunted him through all those years, and now that he was free from every earthly tie—for the courts had given him a divorce from his faithless wife long years before—his one desire was to seek her out if she were living, and make full reparation—if he could!

All that he could learn of Agnes Haven, in his guarded inquiries, was that she was still unmarried, and was leading a life of entire seclusion in the country home where he had seen her last. The place was her own, it seemed, part of her inheritance from her mother, who had been a woman of wealth. Her father was still in prison, serving out his term.

It was not long before Campbell was on his way to her, and as he left the train and turned down the familiar road he felt the old emotions stirring strongly within him, strangely mingled now with shame, sorrow and regret.

It was a night in June, just such a night as that on which he had seen her last. As he entered the gate he involuntarily took the path to the rose garden—sure that he would find her there. And there upon a rustic bench she was sitting, the moonlight full upon her; and she looked as fair and sweet and lovable as he remembered her ten years before. In her hands she held a single rose, and on her face there was a far-away, wistful look that smote him with a keener sorrow. Was she, too, thinking of that night so long ago—thinking, perhaps, of him?

"Agnes!"

She cast a swift look around her, and seeing his tall figure, she rose hastily.

"Agnes," he said, coming nearer, "do not go. It is I—Douglas. I have come back to you at last!"

"At last!" she said, and placing her hands in his extended palms, she looked up doubtfully into his dark, bearded face.

He bent and kissed the small white hands, and then, as she sat down upon the rustic seat, he knelt before her.

"Agnes, I have suffered as deeply as I have sinned," he said, with deep emotion. "I played a coward's part ten years ago, and the punishment has been as severe as you could wish, even if you despised me."

"You despised me?" she softly said.

"No, Agnes, no! I loved you. But I was a despicable coward! In looking back now I can see that I always loved you."

"I always loved you!" she echoed, with a dreamy smile.

"And you forgive me?" he pleaded, eagerly.

"Agnes, tell me that. I sinned against you deeply, but by all that I have suffered I have expiated my fault. I have come back now to ask your pity, your forgiveness and your love. Sweet angel of mercy, tell me that you forgive me!"

She had risen, and stood, pale and beautiful in the moonlight, looking down upon him.

"Forgive you!" she said, in a slow, strange tone of wonder. "What have I to forgive? I have forgotten——"

There was a rustling among the bushes, and a white-capped figure appeared in the shadowy background. Agnes turned at the approaching footfalls, and with a ringing peal of laughter that smote discordantly upon him she glided away and vanished down the garden path.

He did not follow her. He stood looking dumbly after her, with a new cold horror clutching at his heart. The white-capped woman approached and eyed him curiously.

"I am—an old friend," he stammered. "I have been away—for years. What does it mean? Tell me, I beg you—all!"

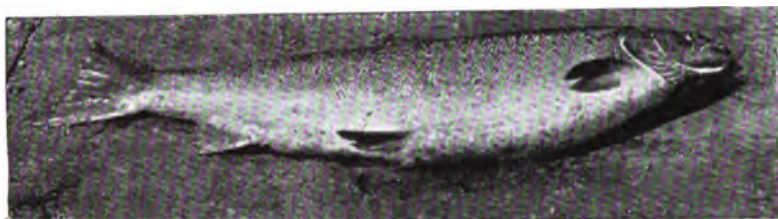
"Poor thing!" the woman said. "There is but little to tell. She has been this way so long now that the doctors have given up all hope."

"But—the cause of it?" gasped Campbell, clutching now as a drowning man at the slightest straw of hope. "Was it—her father?"

"No," the nurse replied; "it was not that, although it must have been a terrible blow to her. The physicians all agree that she must have had a lover, and that he deserted her in that hour of need." A groan broke from him, but the woman went on, not heeding, perhaps not hearing it: "However that may be, she steals away alone to the rose garden every night at about this hour, as if she were still expecting that he might come. But even if he came it is too late—she would not know him now."



MALE SALMON.



FEMALE SALMON.

SALMON FISHING IN CANADA.

By LEE J. VANCE.

THE season for casting flies for salmon opens in the month of June, when the noble fish leave the salty waters of the sea and come into the Canadian rivers to spawn. Now it is Ho for the salmon! the king of American waters; for it is generally conceded that the salmon, in strength and courage, cunning, fighting and brains, easily leads all other game fish that are taken with rod and line.

This is the reason why genuine fishermen, who admire game qualities, prefer killing salmon to any other fish in our waters. The different kinds of fishing have their devoted followers, but salmon fishing, so we are told by those who ought to know, "spoils one for everything else." Quite true: just as tiger hunting may be said to spoil one for rabbit hunting. In most cases the fisherman who has killed a thirty-pound salmon in an hour's fight is ever afterward apt to find black bass or trout fishing very tame, flat and unprofitable.

If you want all the fun and joy and excitement of killing salmon you must go to the rivers of Canada. Time was when salmon were caught as far south as the Hudson River, and some are taken every season from the Connecticut. The most southern point where they are found in any number is in the Kennebec, Maine.

Even if you go to Canada there is little likelihood that you will be allowed to fish for salmon in the various rivers and streams. Why? Simply because the waters are preserved. It is not generally known, but it is true that the best fishing

and hunting privileges in Canada are nearly all taken up by clubs and private preserves, so that one cannot cast a fly or shoot game without running the risk of being arrested and fined. Both the Dominion Government and the fishing clubs



REAR OF THE CLUBHOUSE.

employ game wardens whose duty it is to see that the rights of owners are protected.

In truth, salmon fishing in this country, as in all parts of Europe, is a luxury so expensive that the humble disciple of old Izaak Walton has no chance to indulge in his beloved sport. Anything like an extensive privilege to fish in the salmon streams is now worth anywhere from \$1,000 to \$5,000. The extent of the sport can be inferred from the fact that a million of dollars is invested in fishing facilities along the rivers, streams and lakes of Canada. The most extensive privileges are owned by clubs, while lesser ones are held by wealthy individuals.

Some of the larger clubs have a national reputation by virtue of having entertained Presidents of the United States, Peers of Great Britain, Senators, Congressmen, Judges, Governors of States and Mayors of cities. Along such well-known salmon rivers as the Restigouche, the Miramichi, the Saguenay and the Ste. Marguerite are dozens of fishing privileges, some of them owned by rich sportsmen of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and all of them of great financial value.

Those who own lands along salmon streams hold their properties at what seem extravagant figures. Every season these fishing privileges are offered for sale or rent, and the following adver-

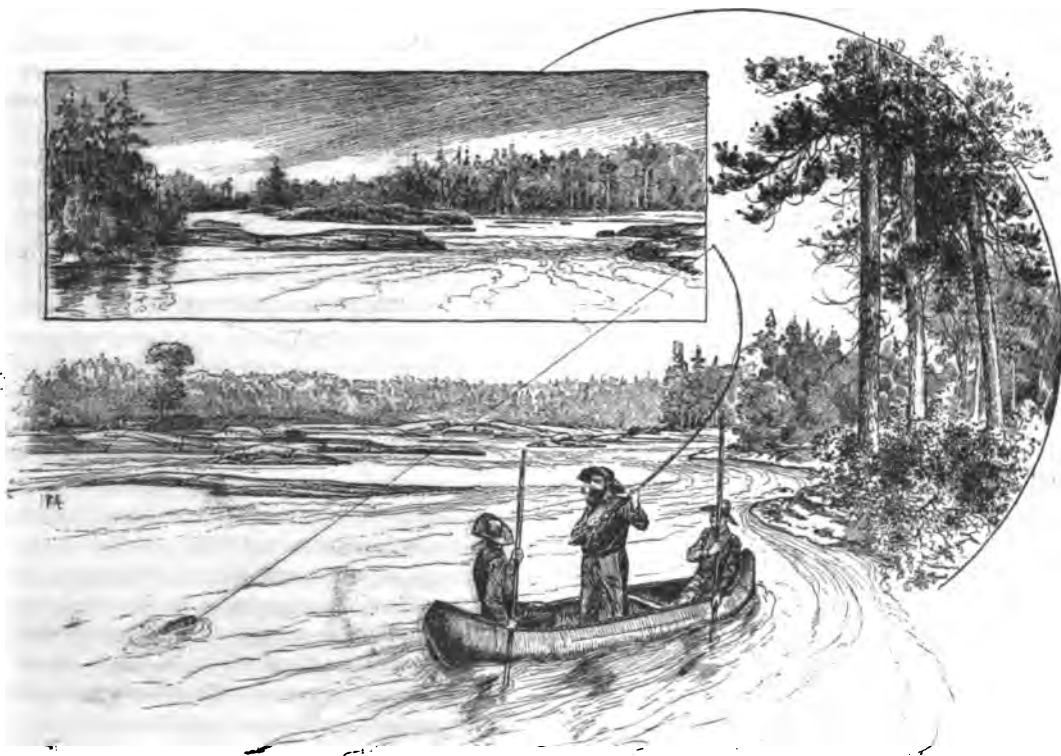
tisement taken from a sporting journal this spring will give the reader some idea of the value placed on them:

"FOR SALE.—Salmon fishing on the Restigouche; a fishing lodge for four rods; accommodations for six persons; from July 4th to September 1st. Price for the season, \$1,000. Address A. B. (this office)."

Like the duck-shooting clubs on the Chesapeake, these salmon clubs are "exclusive" in every sense of the word. More than one fishing club might be truly called a "millionaires' club"; for enrolled on the list of members are men whose worldly possessions are denoted by six figures.

Those who belong to the salmon clubs usually have to buy at least one share of stock, which, in the case of the Restigouche Salmon Club, will cost some five or six thousand dollars. There are, perhaps, forty fishing clubs in Canada, composed wholly or in part of Americans, and some mention of these clubs may here be made.

We begin with the Restigouche Salmon Club. It is the most notable fishing club in the Dominion of Canada. It has forty-one members, and most of them are Americans. Among the members are William K. Vanderbilt, Robert Goelet, John S. Kennedy, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Rev. W. S. Rainsford, N. K. Fairbank, Frederick L. Ames, Francis L. Higginson, H. B. Hollins,



IN ACTION—FISHING FROM CANOE IN THE NIPISQUIT.



"LODGE" ON THE STE. MARGUERITE RIVER.

Philip Schuyler, R. G. Dun, Heber R. Bishop, William P. Clyde, John L. Cadwalader, J. Hart Welch, and Arthur D. Weekes, secretary of the club.

The Restigouche Salmon Club owns immense tracts of wooded lands along the main river and its tributaries, and what is not owned it holds under lease from individuals and the Dominion Government. Thus, the fishing privileges of the Restigouche Club extend from the Matapedia along the main river to the Patapedia, a distance of fifty miles. No person except a club member or invited guest is allowed to cast a fly in this stretch of water. Year by year the club is increasing its holdings. This spring a tract of land, near where the Patapedia joins the Restigouche, was purchased at a cost of \$25,000.

In order to protect its well-stocked salmon pools, the Restigouche Salmon Club maintains twelve game wardens at a yearly expense of \$5,000. These men patrol the river day and night during the fishing season. Each warden

has a certain section of territory to guard. He is armed with a Winchester and a Colt's revolver, and is ready to defend himself if the poachers show fight. The wardens live in camps along the river, and through their vigilance the poaching of the natives and the Indians has been broken up.

It is only within the past four or five years that fishing privileges in Canadian waters have been definitely settled. In years gone by the government claimed the exclusive right to sell or lease fishing privileges on all Dominion waters. On the other hand, the people owning along the rivers and streams insisted on their right to fish in front of their property. The question did not become a very important one until fishing privileges were valued at thousands of dollars. Then individuals and clubs that paid for exclusive rights, which they did not get, wanted some protection.

The dispute finally narrowed down to a contest between the government and the owners of



SEA TROUT.

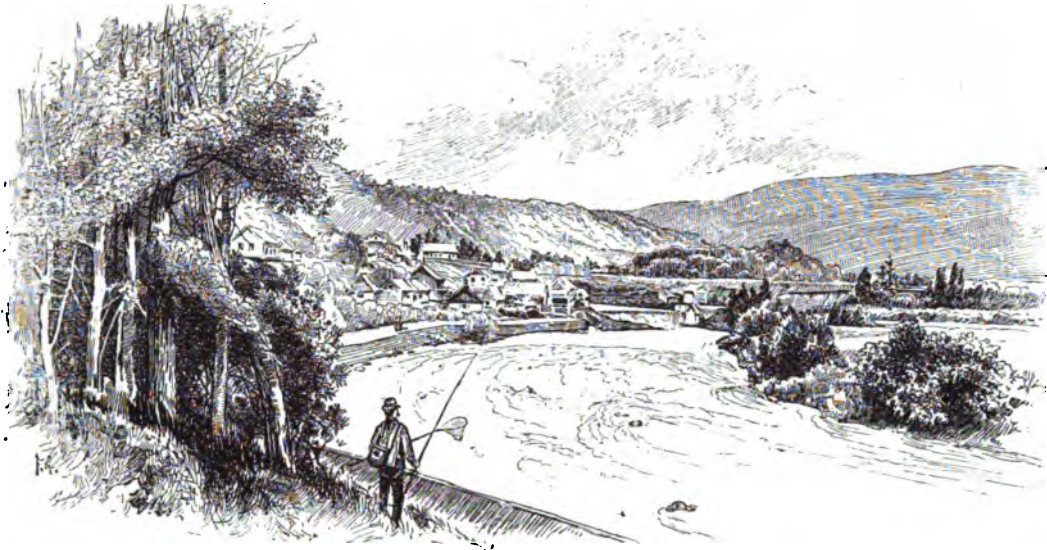
property along the river. A prominent New York sportsman made a test case by being arrested while fishing in waters he had leased. The matter was carried into the courts, where it was decided in favor of the riparian rights of the owner; that is to say, the person owning or leasing the river bank has the sole right to fish in the waters flowing in front of his property. Consequently the salmon clubs have settled their privileges by buying or leasing the lands opposite the desirable fishing places.

Most of the salmon poaching is done at night, when the pools are quickly dragged or netted, or when the fish are speared by torchlight. The poachers "spot" the places where the salmon love to hide and seek during hot summer days. They

watch for their opportunity. They follow the movements of the wardens. When the coast is clear two men will push out on the river in a canoe; one man poles, while the other with the spear takes his place in the bow. When the poachers arrive at the pool the torch, which is made of birch-bark strips, is lighted. The spearsman looks down in the water, and sees his game. Quick as a flash the spear is hurled, and the salmon is pinned and made prisoner. As the result of an hour's work the poachers will take, perhaps, a dozen big fat fellows weighing twenty and thirty pounds. Of course, the exciting time comes when the wardens give chase. Then, out go the lights! and the poachers usually escape under the cover of darkness.



AT THE CLUBHOUSE—READY TO START.



MOUTH OF THE STE. MARGUERITE RIVER.

But the most serious danger that salmon fishermen have to contend with in Canada is the drawing of seines at the mouths of the rivers. Under the present law the netmen are allowed to draw their nets every day in the week, except from six o'clock Saturday night to six o'clock Monday, when all nets must be up. Where the Restigouche flows into the Baie des Chaleurs it stretches out like the sea, and here tons and tons of salmon are hauled out every day during the season. Some of the famous hauls have reached ten thousand in one day, not counting the other kinds of fish thus caught. The salmon are, of course, the most valuable, and they are at once taken to the large packing and canning houses.

This industry gives employment to a considerable number of people, and on this account it has been able to spoil the best fishing in the world.

The salmon clubs, and sportsmen generally, have been trying to have the present law changed. They have been unsuccessful owing to certain conditions and considerations, some social and some political. It is only fair to say that, if the indiscriminate drawing of seines is allowed to go on as at present, the fishing privileges further up the salmon rivers will be of small account, the glory of the Restigouche will soon depart, and the story of great catches with rod and line become part of the tradition of the past.

The home of the Restigouche Salmon Club is situated near where the Matapedia joins the main river. Here the Restigouche widens and flows around several little islands. The clubhouse is a large, handsome structure, and there is a grand



AT THE HOME POOL COTTAGE.

view of the river valley from the veranda. Many of the clubmen bring their wives and families. Some of the ladies become quite adept with the rod and reel, and a few of them have surprised themselves and their brothers by landing big catches.

The members who go for the sport do not spend much of their time at the clubhouse. They are out whipping the salmon pools from the flush of dawn till the set of sun. The pools are fished from the river bank, and from canoes or flat-bottomed boats. The fishermen, breaking in small parties of four or five, take their fishing tackle, boats, camping outfits and guides to different points along the river. The Restigouche Club has six or seven stations about six or eight miles apart. At each station there is a camp or lodge for the clubmen and their companions. Here they make their headquarters, and when they are "fished out" the party returns to the clubhouse with their spoils and trophies. Usually some of the finest specimens are packed in ice and shipped to friends at home, who get what vicarious pleasure they can by reading the letters, or by listening to the stories, of those who are so fortunate as to have the time and money to enjoy the sport.

But when you come to records the members of salmon clubs are silent. They are averse to making known the scores. Some idea of the number of salmon killed by the Restigouche Club may be gained from the report of the New Brunswick Commissioner of Fisheries for 1891. According to this report for the period of ten years—that is, from 1881 to 1890 inclusive—the members of the Restigouche Club killed 4,494 salmon and 503 grilse, of a total weight of 84,960 pounds. The average weight of the salmon was a trifle over 19 pounds. Nine hundred and fifty-four salmon were killed that weighed 25 pounds and over.

The season of 1891 was a poor one, only 292 salmon being killed, and the average weight was about 17 pounds. In 1892 and 1893 the fishermen along the Restigouche had splendid sport. Through the courtesy of Mr. Arthur D. Weekes, secretary of the Restigouche Salmon Club, the writer is enabled to say that the average weight of salmon killed last year by the members of the club was 21 pounds, and that 162 salmon weighed 25 pounds and over. Mr. Weekes himself broke the club record by killing 13 salmon in one day. One salmon per day for all the days during the season is a fine average for any one fisherman.

The catches of the individuals who own or lease fishing privileges along the Restigouche are seldom over 100 fish in the season. The Wilnot water leased by Mr. Breese scored that number last year.

There is quite a difference in the size of the salmon in the different rivers. The salmon caught in the Restigouche, in the Saguenay, and in its tributary, the Ste. Marguerite, run larger than those taken in most of the other salmon streams.

Many individuals own or lease valuable fishing privileges along the Restigouche and its principal tributaries, as the Matapedia, the Patapedia, the Upsalquitch and the Kedgewick. A large number of these privileges is held by Americans. At the mouth of the Upsalquitch is Camp Harmony, the lodge of Dean Sage, of Albany, who owns long stretches of property on both sides of the river. Near by, on the New Brunswick side of the Restigouche, are the wooded lands belonging to Mr. W. H. Sage, of Ithaca, N. Y. He also owns extensive privileges along the Miramichi, another great salmon river of New Brunswick.

The waters of the Miramichi and its various branches are all preserved. There is a fine clubhouse near the Clearwater, on the southwest branch. Joe Jefferson has a comfortable lodge in this region. The Renous River, a branch of the Miramichi, is the haunt of salmon, and up the river there is plenty of speckled trout. Mr. Emil Hurtzig, of New York, has a lease of lands stretching along the river for a distance of some twenty miles. He has built several lodges for the accommodation of the fishermen who come every season from the States.

The Tobique Salmon Club has its headquarters on the river of that name. It has about twenty members, and most of them are Americans. The club leases land from the government along the Tobique River, and a long stretch of territory owned by the New Brunswick Railroad. At present the members put up in the lodges, and some day hope to have as fine a clubhouse as any salmon club. On the Tracadie River the Tracadie Club has its headquarters, and many of its members hail from the States. The club has very desirable fishing privileges, and the pools are well stocked with game fish.

On the Nipisquit River, about four miles above the place where it joins the Baie des Chaleurs, is Camp Adams, a lodge as comfortable as many a city house. It is the property of Mr. Henry Sampson, of New York, who owns valuable fishing privileges along the river for miles. He is a veteran salmon fisherman, and one of the first arrivals on the stream. The salmon come in the Nipisquit early in the season, and usually run large. The only fault Mr. Sampson has to find is with the men who draw seines at the mouth of the river.

There are several American fishing clubs in the Province of Quebec. Next to the Restigouche,

the Saguenay is the largest and noblest salmon stream in Canada. On a branch of this last-named river is situated a flourishing fishing club—the Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club. The main building belonging to this club is a large, well-appointed structure, intended for the comfort and convenience of the members. It is situated at the lower forks of the Ste. Marguerite, and the scenery round about is wild and rugged in the extreme. There are lodges at each of the fine stations, which have been located about six miles apart. The officers are: President, James Grant; vice president, Arthur L. Barney; secretary and treasurer, W. B. Williams. Its members are mostly New York men, and include D. B. Van Emburgh, Walter S. Gurnee, General Ripley, H. S. Wilson and Dr. Ashton.

The Paradise Fin and Feather Club is another American club. Its clubhouse is located in the centre of the Lac des Grandes, about a hundred miles north of the city of Quebec. Many of the members are well known in theatrical circles, and the list includes ex-Judge H. A. Gildersleeve, H. C. Miner, Augustus Pitou, J. Kline Emmet, Jr., and Grover Cleveland as an honorary member.

Among the other American fishing clubs, we may name the Metabetchouan Fishing Club, on Cedar Lake, with Senator O. H. Platt as president; the Springfield Fish and Game Club; the Philadelphia Fishing Club, with Amos R. Little as president and the late George W. Childs as one of the members, and the Megantic Fish and Game Club—all having valuable fishing or hunting privileges, and all controlled more or less by Americans.

The foregoing will give the reader some idea of the variety and extent of our fishing interests in Canada. No other sport, perhaps, has attracted so many people, or has so much invested, as salmon fishing. It is reckoned that every salmon taken on the Restigouche costs its captor at least \$50 apiece. But what is that, when the pleasure, the fun, the excitement and the recreation are all taken into account?

The annual migration of the salmon takes place in June. Why the salmon leave the salt waters and seek the fresh waters inland is a mystery. It is one of the most interesting phenomena in natural history. The salmon work their way upstream very gradually, and their object is to reach the shallow waters at the head of the stream, where they spawn. Many surprising tales are told of their efforts to reach the spawn-

ing beds. Salmon will jump over sand bars and rock in the way; they even attempt to leap over high dams, springing again and again at the height. There is a popular notion that when the fish jump they take their tails in their mouths. This odd conceit has been expressed in rhyme by the poet Drayton, thus:

"Forced by the rising rocks that there his course oppose,

* * * * *

Here, when the laboring fish does at the foot arrive,
And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive,

His tail takes in his mouth, and bending like a bow
That's to full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw—

Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand,
That, bended end to end and started from man's hand,

Far off itself doth cast, so does the salmon vault;
And if at first he fails, his second somersault
He instantly essays."

On the way to the head waters the favorite resting places of the salmon are the deep, cool pools shaded by the overhanging boughs of trees along the bank. Here, on a hot summer's day, the big fellows congregate; and here the fisherman casts his flies for a rise. It is an open question among experts whether the salmon takes the fly in sport or in anger; for it is certain they take no food on their journey up the river.

There are two kinds of flies upon the Restigouche—those that the fish bite and those that bite the fisherman. The latter are sometimes a great annoyance and affliction. Veils must be worn over the face and gloves on the hand if you wish to escape. Of the other kind of flies the salmon seem to have a choice. Much depends on the capricious humor of the fish. The flies most used to lure are Silver Doctor, Jock Scot, Dusty Miller, Black Doe, Dark and Orange Fairies, etc.

Lovers of the rod and reel think there is no pastime so excellent as that of salmon fishing, joined, of course, with the exhilaration that comes from whipping pools where salmon are known to hide, rising before daybreak, floating in the canoe or wading in the stream, coming in tired and hungry, and camping out at night. What a relief it is to get away from town after the winter's work and worry! In the heart of the Canadian woods the salmon fisherman finds such mirth as Izaak Walton loved—"mirth that does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning."

CARRIER PIGEONS.

EVERYBODY knows that carrier pigeons were impressed into the service of several of the newspapers to bring information of the *Vigilant-Valkyrie* yacht race; and though perhaps they did not do as much as was expected of them, they nevertheless demonstrated the possibilities of such a service at other times.

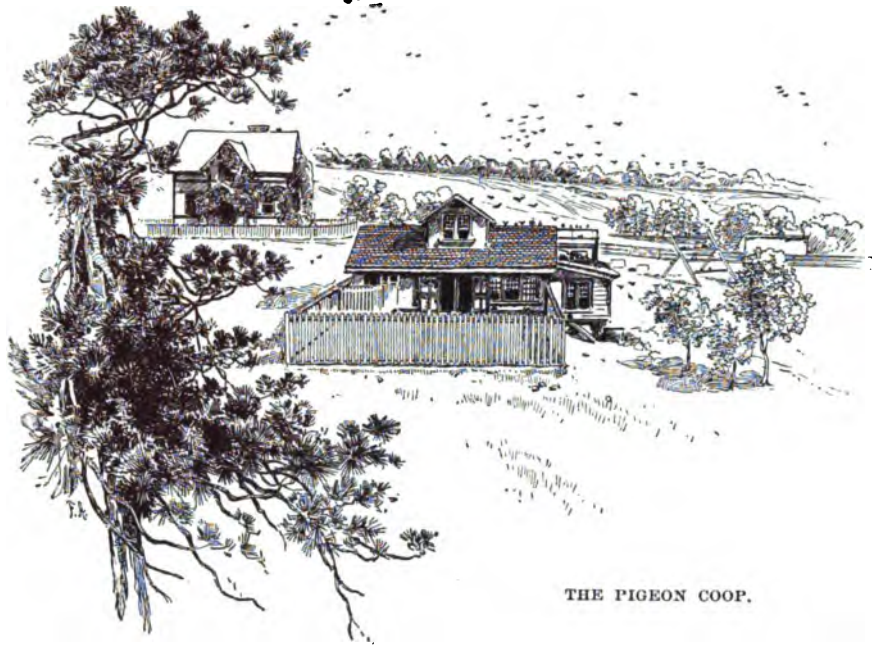
The conditions of the race, however, enabled the telegraph to beat the birds, whose speed, after all, is limited, although an average flight of between forty and fifty miles an hour which they

can do is wonderful enough to make us open our eyes.

A large news association and one of the chief afternoon papers borrowed the flock of carrier pigeons owned by Mr. Alfred de Cordova, the well-known and popular Wall Street broker, one of the authorities on the birds, and a pioneer in their practical use in this country. The difficulty in this case was that, instead of flying to the city, the birds had to travel to their country home, on Mr. de Cordova's country house, "Chetolah," near



SENDING NEWS OF THE YACHT RACE.



THE PIGEON COOP.

North Branch, N. J. The nearest telegraph station is over two miles from their home, and with time as the element to be eliminated in getting the information to the papers the prospect did not seem hopeful; but when necessity says "must," the way is soon found.

At first it was intended to have the boys on the farm waiting to mount ready-saddled horses and gallop for all they were worth to the station; but that would waste between five and ten minutes, and everybody knows that such a delay might be fatal to the chance of being first in the field,



TELEGRAPHIC OPERATING TABLE AT THE PIGEON COOP.

the one thought which animated every news agency and newspaper in those days of enthusiasm and excitement, when the whole country was burning with desire to have every scrap of information on the contest.

A few minutes' thought suggested other means, and eventually it was decided to tap the telegraph wire which runs near Mr. de Cordova's farm and erect a temporary telegraph office there.

A few yards of wire were got, a set of instruments brought up from the depot, and with the aid of a pair of pinchers the communication was made. A common deal table was fetched from the house and placed under a very old and large apple tree, which formed at once a shelter for the operator and a pole for the wire, and with a chair the little office was complete, and it was within two minutes' drive from the coop.

The birds were sent up to the city, and taken on board the *Republic* by Mr. Erceldoune de Cordova, a nephew of their owner. Young de Cordova is an expert pigeon fancier, and knows as much about the birds as his uncle.

The doves in their basket were the most attractive objects on the steamer, and the interest they excited was great. Everybody wanted to know something about them; everybody had questions to ask, as is so frequently the case; everybody's questions were often amusing, while the ladies were all anxious to be allowed the privilege of starting the little messengers on their long journey home.

No other man had a show with the fortunate young fellow wearing the red and blue yachting cap, who had the captain's room placed at his disposal, on the ground probably that the best was good enough for the beautiful little red and blue feathered pets, which were more noticed when they made their appearance than the prettiest girls on the ship.

The correspondents who were on board wrote their messages on sheets of paper of very fine quality and handed them to Mr. de Cordova, who selected his bird from the basket, and holding it with both wings pressed firmly to the body, turned it belly upward with a dexterous movement of the wrist, and handed it to some one to keep it in that position.

The message had already been folded into a narrow slip about an inch and a half long by a quarter of an inch in width, and carefully selecting a strong tail feather which would not be likely to drop out, it was firmly attached to the feather by several turns of fine iron wire along its length. Then some lady who had asked to be allowed to dispatch him was given the bird. It was placed in both of her hands, with the instruction: "Throw

it up as high as you can." As she complied the crowd that had gathered round expressed its admiration at the graceful way in which the pigeon rose away above the masts, and circling high in the air, as a rule, flew off in the direction of the Jersey coast. Sometimes, however, the birds, instead of rising, would fly low—so low as almost to touch the water—and circling awhile there, would then mount rapidly and hasten off in the right direction.

It seems as though they were getting their bearings from the surface of the water, and when they did this it was noticed the atmosphere was somewhat hazy.

How the birds do know in what direction their home is is a question which has often been discussed, but no definite conclusion has been arrived at. One theory is that the pigeon's eye is constructed in such a way that it is marvelously telescopic in its power; but certainly more data in proof of this point are required when it is remembered that they have returned home after having been liberated hundreds of miles at sea, and with high hills intervening between the coast and their home.

Surprise was often expressed that the message was put on the tail, for picture books and valentines have always represented the birds with a neat little envelope suspended by a string around the neck, and other people believe that the message is affixed to the wing.

It is, however, always to the tail, in spite of pictures and popular impressions.

As soon as the bird arrived at "Chetolah" and had gone into the coop it was taken out, its message removed, and a boy drove down to the "Chetolah Telegraph Station" with it, where it was put on the wire and hustled into the city. In this way messages were received in New York an hour and twenty minutes after they were dispatched from the steamer.

Mr. de Cordova is more than ordinarily fond of his feathered pets, which have served him splendidly, and he has built them a home which furnishes them with everything the heart of a pigeon could possibly desire. Their coop is kept scrupulously clean, the floor is sanded regularly, and there is a trough in which fresh water is always running, so that they have practically a little river in their home. The coop is divided off from the entrance hall, as it might be called, by a little wire partition, so that as soon as a bird comes home it is easily caught without disturbing the others, and the message is quickly removed. Before this method was adopted it entered the coop and had to be caught with a net like that used by butterfly collectors, after it was spotted by the

message on its tail. This created a regular "flutter in the dovecote," and frightened the other birds needlessly.

All this is obviated by the new device, and as soon as a bird returns and enters the hall a door drops and rings an electric bell in the house, and this continues ringing until some one goes for the message.

Mr. de Cordova never wearies of talking about his birds, and has numerous anecdotes to tell of their wonderful instinct. He has been keeping them for practical purposes for over five years, and believes he is the first who has used them as a regular means of communication between his business and his home.

He finds, however, as he says, that, "though a bird is sure to come home, it will not always go into the coop at once. Birds are as peculiar in this respect as human beings; some of them will do just what you want, and others will not. Some will go into the house the moment they arrive, but others will fly around or sit on the roof sunning themselves or stretching their wings for ten or twenty minutes, even an hour, in spite of every effort to get them to enter; and despite one's anxiety to obtain the message. There is no accounting for this; it is just a question of individuality, or idiosyncrasy, and as it cannot be cured it must be endured.

"My stock of birds is for the most part descended from the finest homers bred in Antwerp, all of them with long-distance records. These were given to me by my friend the late C. F. Woerishoffer shortly after I gave up yachting for farming, and exchanged the navy blue and lobster red for emerald green and varied tints.

"As soon as a bird is put into the coop I put around one of its legs a silver band, on which my initials and a number are engraved. This identifies it as my property, and the number corresponds with a name which is invariably after one of my friends. Thus I have a pigeon called 'Vera Belita,' named after my little niece—and this bird did some very fine work during the yacht races—and so on. I have often lent my birds to friends who were going to Europe and the West Indies, to send me a farewell from the sea, and I have had them constantly at work between Wall Street and home, but never before did I undertake to test their speed in delivering messages in which the whole world was interested.

"I was particularly interested myself in the result, having been for years a yachtsman, and as I was not in the city, my birds enabled me to follow the races quite well, and I got a great deal of information before the evening papers could reach North Branch. I believe I have been the recipi-

ent of more messages by carriers than any other man living, and I have two birds each of which has flown over forty-five thousand miles with messages."

Mr. de Cordova's home "Chetolah" ought to be called Liberty Hall, to borrow the title of the popular play, for everybody who goes there is allowed, nay, expected, to do just what he likes, and if he does not have a happy time it is certainly not the fault of his host or his wife.

It is not only in pigeons Mr. de Cordova is interested, for he is a keen pursuer of every kind of sport, and he still retains his old fondness for yachting. Indeed, Mr. de Cordova's most intimate friends frequently call him "commodore," in honor of the fact that he once occupied that coveted post in the "American Steam Yacht Club." This was a few years ago, when such powers in the financial world as Mr. Connor owned the *Utowanda*, and the late Jay Gould, the *Atalanta*. Although he has given up life on the ocean blue for the landlubber's career, Mr. de Cordova is still devoted to the sea, and can spin a yarn of his adventures afloat.

"I remember once," said he, "an interesting little episode occurred on board my yacht the *Promise* when she flew the commodore's pennant, as it exemplifies the late Mr. Gould's quaint humor. We had arranged a race for steam yachts—the first, by the way, that ever took place in America—at New London. Mr. Connor's boat was not built for speed, and was to start in another class; but he was very anxious to see the end of the race, and so came on board my yacht to get permission for the smaller boats to start so as to be on the spot for the finish.

"It was after dinner that the request was made, and although the smaller craft could reach New London in time with a couple of hours' start, Mr. Gould looked up in a very bland manner, with a quiet smile in his eye, and asked, in his peculiar way: 'Well, Mr. Connor, why don't you start now?'

"On another occasion I was fortunate in being among the first to welcome the Goddess of Liberty to our shores. Steaming down the bay with a party of friends, among whom was General Collis, we saw the *Isere* coming up, and after exchanging salutes, we escorted her to her anchorage, and General Collis went over and invited Captain Disaun to dine with us on the *Promise*. The captain accepted the invitation, but on his arrival we found he could not speak a word of English, and our French was certainly not that known in Paris. With the aid of a few bottles of champagne, however, we soon equalled the captain's condition, for we forgot that we could

speak English, so often did we toast the Goddess and her protector.

"When the time came for him to return to the *Isere* we all accompanied him, and he made us go on board to toast the Goddess once more on his own quarter-deck. We did, and I am sure every member of that party has a vivid recollection of the headache which succeeded the entrance of Liberty into New York harbor."

Mr. de Cordova was born in Kingston, Jamaica, and his love for animals showed itself at a very early age; he kept a cote full of common pigeons, and had two or three goats which were not only kept for ornaments but for use, as they were harnessed to a little cart and driven about the grounds. This was only the precursor of a greater ambition, for he soon set his heart on the possession of a pony. He saved his pocket money, and in time was able to purchase a horse; but the young enthusiast had forgotten in his zeal that, if he wanted to ride, a saddle and a bridle were necessary; and when he called his father and mother to go with him to the stable and admire his new acquisition he was astonished when the old gentleman asked if he meant to go in exclusively for bareback riding.

"N-no, sir," he replied. "Why?"

"Because I don't see any saddle."

"Oh, I quite forgot all about the saddle!"

"Then I suppose I must come to the rescue,"

said the old gentleman; and he furnished the outfit.

At an early age he came to New York, and was put in an office where he was expected to do anything he was told. He soon decided this was not good enough, and betook himself elsewhere, finally drifting into the petroleum business, where he made a little money, and then started out on his own account in the same business. During this time he made his first acquaintance with Wall Street, and in partnership with a friend succeeded in beating the market of quite a little sum.

Then he determined to buy a seat on the Stock Exchange, and although very young, he succeeded in his desire. At once his bright, open countenance and genial manner attracted men to him, among them being the late Mr. C. J. Osborne, who gave the new member quite a large portion of his business, and gradually Mr. de Cordova's skill as an executor of commissions began to be remarked on all sides, and he soon took a position, which he has always kept, as being one of the most skillful operators on the floor.

His success shows what may be accomplished by perseverance and zeal, aided by an agreeable personality, founded, of course, upon strict integrity, a desire to do justice to everyone, and to make everything as pleasant as possible for those with whom he is brought in contact.

LYS DANS LA VALLÉE.

(After the French of Edouard Pailleron.)

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

WHEN Love shall find thee, thou exquisite child,
How to unrest will thy sweet soul awake?
Not sudden passion can such calmness shake,
Nor lightning flash of summer tempest wild
Affright thy morn so limpid-pure and mild.
Ah, no! with thee, Love shall the semblance take
Of a white lily, born beneath a lake
Whereon the sunlight never yet hath smiled.

As in that lake the lily, so thy heart
Hideth its flower, tremulous, unseen:
Below, the dreaming bud may thrill and start,
The surface still unruffled and serene—
Till from the depths it greets one day's sunshine,
Emerging full-blown for the kiss divine.



"HE POINTED TO A CHAIR ON HIS RIGHT. THERE WAS DAISY SUMMERS."

A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

BY W. DE WAGSTAFFE.

THE summer was over, and Jack Donald, following the custom of grand society, had returned to his quarters in town. A faint fragrance of flowers in the air, a warmth in the sunshine, a fluttering haze in the unfathomed blue above, lingered in town still, and tuned the mind to reminiscences of the summer. It was toward sundown, after one of those treacherous warm days in autumn, that the Rev. Charles Summers was ushered into Jack Donald's bachelor rooms. He was a tall, spare man, past middle age, with a countenance that expressed a resignation to all anxiety, with a certain severity about the thin lips and firmness of chin that gave power to an otherwise weak face.

"I am fortunate to find you at home," he said, stiffly, as Donald pushed a chair from the window into the shadow of the room.

"I am always in my rooms about this time. This is an unexpected pleasure."

The clergyman did not appear to hear what his

host had said, but sank wearily into the chair and looked the younger man over with eager curiosity.

"So you are Jack Donald!" he said at last, with something of irony in his tone.

"Yes; and you, I know, are the father of Miss Daisy Summers, whom I met last August at Cold-spring. I hope your daughter is quite well?"

"The last time I saw her she was in excellent health," replied the clergyman, not without an apparent effort to be calm.

Jack Donald, being a man of the world, was not slow to catch the measured tones and to notice the stony reserve of his guest, but wisely appeared to ignore either. He felt that there was something alarmingly unusual in this visit from a man whom he had never met, and whom he recognized as the father of a girl whom he had not yet forgotten—perhaps because he did not care to forget her. The season had not sufficiently advanced to make the summer a simple memory.

There was an awkward pause.

"Can I offer you anything, Mr. Summers? You look tired," said Jack Donald at last.

"May I ask what your occupation in this great city is?" asked the elder man, with a decision of manner that defied the further offer of courtesies.

"Certainly. I unfortunately am not a man of much occupation, but I have an interest in business, and a business man who looks after it for me. When my money runs out I go to him."

"Then you are not merely an artist?"

"I am not," replied Jack, simply.

"I am glad, because, you see, Daisy had an impression that you were."

For the first time Donald looked at his guest with unconcealed surprise.

"She did?" he said, at last, in a diplomatic query.

"Yes. I can tell her when I see her that what you said was not true."

He spoke with a degree of relief, as if some settled gloom in his heart had begun to disappear.

"I do not quite follow your meaning," said Jack, politely.

"My child was always truthful, sir," said the old gentleman, with undisguised pride; adding, as he drew himself up with dignity, "and she exacts it from others."

Really, Mr. Summers, your manner and your words puzzle me. Please speak out plainly."

"The customs of city life were not familiar to me till within the last few days, sir, and you must be lenient with me. I have been rector at Coldspring since I was quite a young man, and I have lived there ever since. Our ways in the country are simple, but they are honest."

The speech was delivered, as if it were a paragraph from some sermon, with all the deliberate emphasis of pulpit oratory.

"I have not urged this topic," said Jack Donald, coolly.

"I married in Coldspring, Mr. Donald. Daisy's mother is buried there, and this is only my second visit to the city since my marriage."

"And the purpose of this visit, sir?" asked the younger man, with just a touch of annoyance in his tone.

"To seek—your—assistance," replied the clergyman. He spoke with difficulty. As he rose and walked toward the window with studied dignity he added, in a voice that was full of subdued grief, "Perhaps you will not help me."

Donald was touched by the evident sincerity of his guest. He had not seen much of the seamy side of life, but there is a kinship in the whole human family when sorrow speaks.

"My dear sir, if you are in trouble, allow me to offer any help in my power."

The old man turned from the window, and facing Donald, said, simply:

"My daughter loves you."

He said it hopelessly, as if it were a doom fate had compelled him to announce. If Jack Donald had been a man of ordinary nature his vanity would have entered a stronger plea than his heart in judgment of such a confession. But he differed from most of his kind, from the fact that his manhood was the spirit of his character; so in the impulse of his sympathy he answered, helplessly: "I am sorry, Mr. Summers."

"Ah! I am glad to hear you say that—it makes me feel that there is some good in you, after all."

The old gentleman was so earnest in his blunt frankness that Donald took no offense at this queer opinion and said nothing. The clergyman, with that touch of sympathy that gives the spiritual tone to his office, stood gazing helplessly out of the window at the moving crowd.

"This must be a dreadful place at night—this monstrous city," he said, soliloquizing.

"Is—is—Miss Summers in town?" asked Jack, in response to what the elder man, he knew, was thinking about.

"Yes; you will help me to find her?" he asked again, with almost childish persistency.

"You don't know where she is?" said Jack, gently.

"No," answered the other. He took off his spectacles and wiped them slowly with his handkerchief. He was doing his best to act as men will do when tragedy is in their hearts. "She left a letter saying she was going to town to look for you."

"For me?"

"Yes. She is young, you see, and somehow or other she thinks she loves you. Has she not been here? Have you not seen her?"

"No, sir," answered Jack, overwhelmed with the serious aspect of the facts as they were revealed in forceful simplicity to him.

"Of course if she had consulted me it would have been better," continued the elder man in the monotone that grief assumes. "I know that you are a man of the world. You did not realize that she would believe all you said to her. She was not schooled in the insincerities of life."

"You are sure she came to the city?" asked Jack, anxiously.

"I am afraid her letter told the truth. You exchanged no promises?"

"None whatever, sir. Have you reported the matter at Police Headquarters?" asked Donald, sufficiently practical.

With a sigh the old gentleman answered :
 "The disgrace is great enough. My poor child ! My poor Daisy !"

His reserve was gradually breaking down, and the huskiness of voice told too well the misery of heart.

Presence of mind at this moment was restored to both men by a knock at the door, which, to a summons, was answered by a messenger with a telegram for Donald. Mechanically he unfolded the paper and silently read :

"Will call to-night. DAISSY."

He read it twice, so as to assure himself, and then slipped the message in his pocket.

"From her ?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes. Come back to-night. In the meantime I will do my best," said Jack.

"But where shall I go ?" he asked, helplessly.

"To some hotel, and wait there till I send for you."

"Very well. The ways of the city are not such a mystery to you. I have confidence that you will find her." He had taken his hat and cane, and standing at the door, he turned and looked for the space of a minute keenly at Donald, then he said : "She is coming here ?"

"Perhaps."

"You will restore her to me ?"

"She will be glad to return with you—I promise," said Jack Donald. "Here is the address of a hotel near by. Wait there till I send for you."

And so they parted.

Donald took the telegram from his pocket, and read and reread the few words of the message.

"She is coming here to-night ; but she will never see me again."

* * * * *

Three hours later four dissipated-looking men were seated at a square table in Donald's rooms, playing cards. The atmosphere about them was thick with tobacco smoke ; the glare of the gas-light from a chandelier overhead made the heat oppressive. The men had noticed the warmth of the room at any rate, for they had taken off their coats. Beside each player on a little stand was a huge tumbler filled with brandy and soda, and as the play progressed they drank to congratulate their luck or to defy their misfortunes.

"Jack has all the luck to-night," said one, enviously, during the interval of a new deal.

Donald smiled, filled his tumbler again with the coveted liquor and sorted his cards in silence. When the call was made he was again the winner.

"How do you do it ?" asked one of the players, with sinister emphasis upon the question.

"Drink, my boy—drink ! Here's to the Queen of Spades !"

Donald had just raised the glass to his lips, when the door was opened unceremoniously, and on the threshold stood Daisy Summers.

"Egad, here she is !" said another of the party ; and inspired by the good cheer of the moment, the players rose simultaneously from their chairs, and holding their tumblers aloft, speaking together, repeated Donald's toast : "To the Queen of Spades !" Then they laughed boisterously, and Jack, without formality, moved unsteadily toward the door. Instinctively the girl drew back into the deeper shadow of the hallway.

"Come in—you—yoush'll be my mascot," said Donald, with ill-assumed gallantry.

"I—I—have made a mistake," said the young girl, in half-frightened tones, shocked and embarrassed at the novelty of such a scene. "I want to find Mr. Donald's rooms," she added.

"Don't you recog-cognish me ?" asked Donald, holding on to the back of a chair to steady himself.

"Jack !"

"Come right in—introdush-h you to some friends of mine."

For an instant she hesitated, viewing the scene with alarm ; then, as she came in slowly, she said :

"Did you not get my telegram ?"

"Can't remember—very sorry," replied Jack, waving his arm wildly toward an easy chair. "Sit down."

By this time one or two of the men were putting on their coats, ready to leave.

"Don't go, gentlemen. This—my friend Mish Simpson—old friend, you know—'lows me privileges. Sit down and le's finish game."

Mechanically Daisy Summers accepted the proffered seat, not knowing what else to do. Here her plans had reached their climax. It had not occurred to her to think beyond this point, her only aim being to reach the man she loved.

But was this half-drunken, unmannered being the man ?

What a foolish thing she had done ! How could she get out of the place ? All the glamour of those summer days at Coldspring, where Jack had seemed to her the man above all men, faded in the close, coarse atmosphere of this room. He had at least had sufficient sense to forget her name. His witless grace had saved her some humiliation. She looked from one face to the other, and for the first time noticed the callous air of dissipation in the face of the man she loved. The man she loved ? No ! that had been a fancy—a dream. Struggle as she would, however, with

cold reason, stray words and thoughts uttered in those country lanes came back to her, and she found the panorama of the heart, being the valley of sentiment, more beautiful to wander in than to ponder the knowledge of stern facts that arrayed themselves in rigid horror to her vision.

In a little while the men, absorbed in their game, had forgotten her, and she wondered what they were playing that made them so serious. Once she said, "Jack—I want to speak to you, Jack!" but no one heard her, and so she sat dazed, overcome with the temerity of her act, too frightened to move. Nature, the kindly mother of all human ills, intervened for her safety, and soothed the tumult of emotions to rest in sleep.

Some time passed while the Rev. Charles Summers waited patiently at his hotel for news of his daughter. He had believed Donald because his instinct had revealed to him in this careless bachelor a man of honor among men, and he believed also that he did not love Daisy Summers. To him it had been a summer flirtation; to her, a lesson dearly learned. As time wore on and the bustle of the streets settled down to the quiet of the night he grew anxious, and finally set out for Donald's chambers. They were not far away, and he found them easily. Twice he knocked on the door without response from within, then he entered. At a glance he took in the disordered condition of the room: The table with its litter of cards; a chair was overturned; a tumbler rolled away from his feet on the floor.

The smoke was stifling.

Jack Donald stood in the centre of the room, his hands in his pockets, staring idly, dreamily into vacancy. The others had gone.

With some alarm the old gentleman approached Donald.

"Your daughter is here, sir!" said Jack, quietly. "She is asleep." And he pointed to a chair on his right.

There was Daisy Summers. Her hat had slipped to the floor during her sleep; her hair had loosened, and hung negligently about her shoulders; in her dress a huge scarlet rose drooped, emblematic of her spirit, while she lounged unconscious of her surroundings.

"Alone—in your room—at this hour!" said the father, sternly, yet in so low a tone as not to wake her.

"She has been there all the evening—I have not spoken to her," said Jack.

He turned his back as the old gentleman gently put his arms around her, and so she awoke. It was some minutes before a thorough consciousness revealed the little drama in which she, Daisy Summers, was the heroine.

"Father, forgive me!" were her first words, which heralded an overflow from the heart in tears.

"Come, Daisy, let us go home, child," said the father, tenderly, leading her toward the door.

Jack had lighted a pipe, and when she saw him he was stretched half on the floor, half on the chair, near the doorway. A side glance at him was sufficient to make her tremble visibly.

"Good night," murmured the old gentleman, by force of habit. He would have been courteous to a stone image.

Donald raised himself with much apparent difficulty to his feet and stumbled toward them. Raising the pipe in one hand in imitation of a glass, he mumbled, with mock gallantry, "To the Queen of Shpades!" He stood there looking blankly into the shadow without till the two had gone. Then he roused himself. He threw the pipe angrily away till it scattered in clay fragments on the hearth; then he slammed the door. As he did so he picked a rose from the floor, where it had fallen from her dress. The next minute he was busy finding a vase and water for its stem; then he set the flower in the centre of his mantelshelf. Just then he caught sight of himself in the looking glass. His hair was disheveled, his coat was off, his linen was ruffled, and he presented a picture of untidiness.

"Jack Donald, are you proud of your conduct to-night?" he said, aloud. But the reflection gave no answer except to mock the usual fastidious appearance of a gentleman. He looked at the rose, freshened by the care it had received, and in a way the flower seemed to offer a reward in its soft, rich beauty. Perhaps it was the inspiration of the rose—or could it have been a hidden secret in Donald's heart?—that made the Rev. Charles Summers wipe his spectacles, because there was a genuine mist in his eyes, the next evening, when he read the following note:

"MY DEAR SIR: I trust that you returned to Coldspring in safety, and that Miss Summers is none the worse for her experience. I have not read the tract which you kindly left upon my table, because I cannot sympathize with the nature of such literature, perhaps because I am not a Christian. I realized, however, after your first visit, that I had done a young girl an injury through sheer carelessness. I have endeavored to repair the result of an accident.

"Your mission as a minister of the gospel is one I profoundly respect, yet I was enabled to preach a sermon myself last night that you would have refused. This leads me to think that a knowledge of the world may utilize a vice to ennoble a virtue.

"I trust you will give credit to a symptom of honor in human nature that rarely receives credit—the honor of a man of the world.

Respectfully yours,

"JOHN S. DONALD."



ENTRANCE TO THE PAGODA OF WAT CHENG.

SOMETHING ABOUT SIAM

By MARY TITCOMB.

INVOLVED in a mist of strange romance is the history of ancient Siam. Myths and legends are fantastically mingled with traditions which stretch back five hundred years before the Christian era, hopelessly interlacing fact and fable. Stories of the dazzling splendor of Ayuthia, the ancient royal residence, and of the fabulous wealth of the Siamese kings, vie with tales of the "Arabian Nights."

Ayuthia was probably founded about 1350, though tradition gives a much earlier date. The beautiful Menam, "Mother of Waters," flowed through the city; substantial bridges spanned the stream; canals and aqueducts abounded; hundreds of temples and palaces raised their glittering domes and spires toward the sky; beautiful gardens, glowing with tropical luxuriance, surrounded the sacred and royal edifices. Such was its beauty that Ayuthia was called the "Terrestrial Paradise." But it was continually exposed to attacks from surrounding barbarous races; and ponderous gates, turreted walls and wide, deep moats were only necessary protections. In one successful contest against Cambodia the King of Siam

took Ankor the Great, the ancient capital of that province, and brought back to Ayuthia enormous treasures of gold, with which he erected a remarkable pagoda, that still bears the name of the "Golden Mount." The name of one king is famous—Phra Rama Thibodi—because in his reign was cast a great golden image of Buddha, 75 feet high, for which a temple of the purest white marble was erected. Another image of gold was said to have weighed 141,000 pounds.

The wealth and successes of Siam aroused the jealousy of other potentates. On one occasion the King of Pegu, hearing that there were seven white elephants in the royal stables of Ayuthia—too many, he thought, for one king—demanded that two of these be sent him as a "token of esteem." But the sovereign of Siam considered it sacrilege to part with any of the sacred beasts. A war followed, and four of the elephants were captured by the King of Pegu. It is related that in this contest the Queen of Siam, after her husband was wounded, took his place, and fought fearlessly until she fell dead from the elephant on which she was mounted. About the middle

of the sixteenth century Siamese territory was invaded and laid under tribute by a Burmese king; and later, a band of Japanese were secretly brought into the country by a native conspirator, who had conceived the idea of dethroning the monarch, Phra Narai. This project was frustrated and the Japanese expelled from Siam.

One of the strangest stories linked with the history of Ayuthia in the flush of her greatest glory is that of Constantine Phaulcon, a young Grecian, whose remarkable fortunes were almost without a parallel even in that golden age of adventures. Phaulcon belonged to an ancient and honorable family, his father being governor of Cephalonia, but poor. Ambitious to better his condition, he sailed for the East Indies, and finally purchased a ship and began trade on his own account. During a storm he was wrecked on the coast of Malabar, where—so runs the story—a mysterious personage appeared to him in a vision, directing him to go to a certain spot, where he found some Siamese ambassadors who were returning from Persia. With them he went to Ayuthia, was introduced at the Siamese court, and on account of his accomplishments and diplomatic skill became a favorite of the King, and was finally made Prime Minister. After several years Phaulcon induced King Phra Narai to send an embassy to the court of Louis XIV., and when in turn French ambassadors came to Siam this young Grecian was in a position to receive them with the King and his nobles. Friendly intercourse was thus established between the two nations. French missionaries settled in Siam; a French bodyguard served the King, one of whom was appointed for Phaulcon's special protection. Under the skillful administration of this young Prime Minister commerce increased, agriculture was encouraged and the laws improved; gorgeous temples and palaces were built, and the whole city surrounded by a strongly fortified wall. But from such heights of power Phaulcon was destined to fall. Jealous murmurings arose among the Siamese nobles; the eagerness of the French ambassadors to convert the King to Christianity excited suspicion, and the alleged intrigues of Phaulcon to establish the supremacy of the French resulted in his violent death and the cessation of friendly relations with Siam.

However much fiction may be mingled with fact, there is abundant evidence that Phaulcon's career was most extraordinary; and a glimpse of the scheme which might have given France a hold on the wealth of Siam more than two hundred years ago is invested with peculiar interest in view of the recent concessions forced upon Siam by the Franco-Siamese treaty.

Ayuthia, long an impregnable citadel, was at length captured by the Burmese, after a siege of two years, and utterly destroyed, in 1767. A few years after this calamity the capital was established at Bangkok. Old Ayuthia is now a crumbling mass of ruins, although a new town of some importance has sprung up on its site.

During the fourteenth century Siam invaded Cambodia and captured its splendid capital, Ankor the Great; and because of its exposure to attacks the city was soon after abandoned by the Cambodians; and now its stupendous ruins, buried in forests, lie on Siamese territory, a few miles north of the "Great Lake." Three walls encircled this ancient city, the outer one thirty feet high. According to tradition, its royal treasure houses stretched over "three hundred miles of ground"; its war forces consisted of 70,000 elephants, 200,000 horsemen and 6,000,000 foot soldiers! Here and there, above the tropical foliage now covering these magnificent ruins, rise the domes and spires of palaces and pagodas. The outer wall of the city is well preserved, being built of volcanic rock which must have been brought from a distance of thirty miles, and the blocks of stone were closely fitted together, apparently without mortar.

Not far away from Ankor is the great temple called Nagkon Wat—one of the most extraordinary architectural relics in the world. No description can convey an adequate idea of this mighty structure, which still remains in a remarkable state of preservation. The outer walls are about three miles in circumference, with four gateways—the main one leading through a long stone causeway to the principal entrance of the temple itself, which is surrounded by a dense forest of palms. The unique and grand succession of columns, colonnades, corridors, porticoes and pavilions, terraces and towers—all constructed of sculptured stone in the most massive style—is marvelous. The bas-reliefs, representing games and combats, and all sorts of festive and fantastic scenes, are finely executed. It is said that upon the walls of the Wat are not less than 100,000 separate figures, and that there are over 5,000 solid columns in the temple and its surrounding inclosures.

Who built Nagkon Wat, and when was it built, are queries which have never been satisfactorily answered. The Cambodians date it back about 2,400 years, and relate vague traditions of its being founded by giants, or by a celestial prince, or by an Egyptian king who was afterward changed into a leper as a punishment for sin. There is certainly a colossal statue of the "Leper King," well preserved, near the inner

gate leading to the royal palace of Ankor, about which the Siamese have a suggestive legend.

In the golden age of Time, when sorrow and disease had not entered the world—according to this legend—the gods descended to earth by way of Mount Menu, which touched the Celestial Paradise, and angels mingled with mankind. But far away there lived a Dragon of great power, an enemy of man, who sought to bring evil upon him. As ages rolled on the god of the Sun resolved to send one of the gods to earth to teach the people spiritual wisdom. Somannas was born of a lovely princess, and grew up among men. When a youth he was taken into paradise to learn the mysteries of the soul and spiritual life, and then returned to human life to teach the people wisdom. A beautiful palace was built for Somannas, and he lived among the people, and they were virtuous and happy, and death only a change into higher being. But the King of the Lotus Land, far away, worshiped the Dragon, and the Dragon commanded him to visit Somannas. He came with chariots and elephants, and Somannas received him kindly. But by and by the King of the Lotus Land told Somannas that there was important knowledge which he did not possess—the knowledge of evil. Thinking all knowledge desirable, Somannas asked how he might obtain this new knowledge. But when the King of the Lotus Land replied, “Worship the Dragon and you will learn,” the young prince recalled the instruction of the Celestial Paradise, and realized that with the hidden knowledge of evil he would lose his higher knowledge and love for good.

“You are tempting me to evil,” he said. “It is a poison, and the evil in thy heart shall poison thee, because thou hast tempted me.”

Then the evil in the heart of the King of the Lotus Land began to poison him. White spots came on his body; his flesh dropped off. Everybody shunned him, and finally he died.

Then Somannas said: “Let the youth forever remember the Leper King. We are never bound by evil until we come to know it. It is true wisdom never to know it.” And he turned the Leper King into stone and placed it at the palace gate, that the people might take warning from it and shun the knowledge of evil.

The boundaries of Siam, which is almost entirely surrounded by Chinese, British and French possessions, are very indefinite, or have been until recently. Nearly a century ago, by treaty with Annam, sufficient territory was ceded to France to render her influence predominant in Lower Cochin China; but after a time a hostile government overpowered this treaty. In 1862 France seized three provinces, and in 1874 three

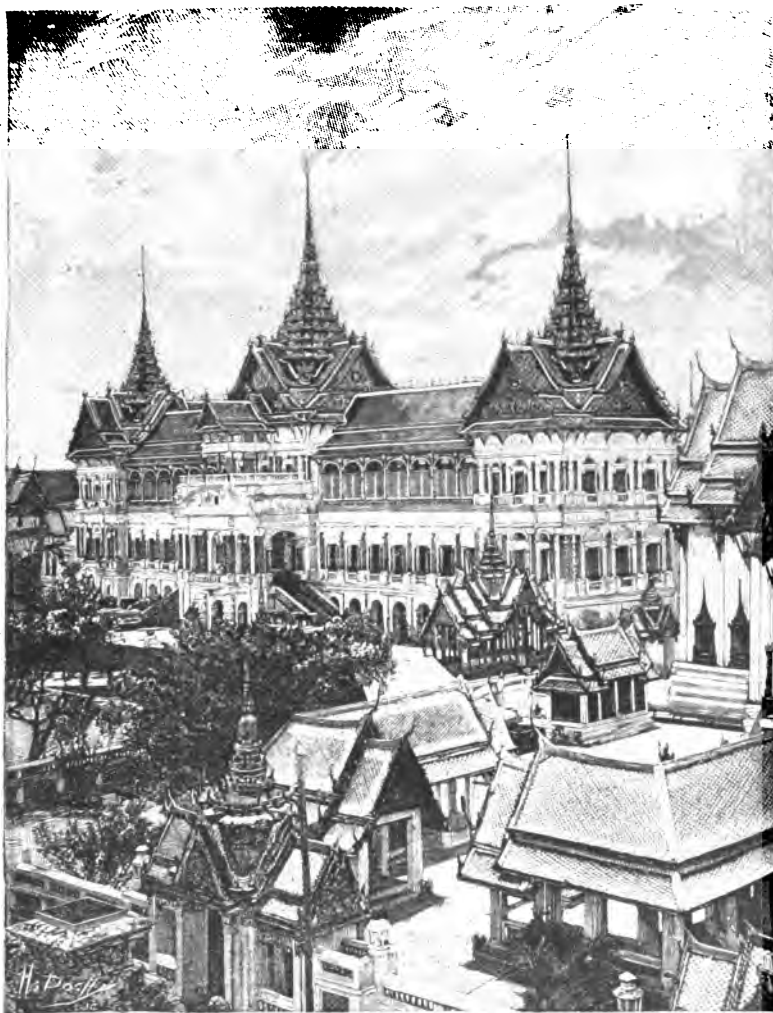
more, making a second treaty with Annam. In 1884 she took Tongkong, having already obtained control of Cambodia. Then France established a protectorate over the other divisions of Annam. The western boundary of the Empire of Annam was indefinite, Siam and China as well as Annam claiming the territory between the River Mekong and the mountain range running parallel with that river and the coast. In 1891 the French formally claimed the whole country east of the Mekong; and early in 1893 this contested section was occupied by French-Annamese troops—the Siamese offering no armed resistance. The strip of country is chiefly inhabited by Laotian tribes, who are tributary to Siam, and who have an ancient hostility to their Annamese neighbors across the mountains. Before long they made an attack upon the French garrison, during which a French official was massacred. Pecuniary reparation, with a cession of the territory claimed, was demanded by the French Consul at Bangkok. The Siamese Government, while disclaiming responsibility for the affair, expressed regret, and willingness to make reparation and punish the guilty, but refused to concede the territory demanded. Whereupon France made military preparations to enforce her claim; and Siam, conscious that she could not alone resist, was compelled to submit to the demands of France. These not only included the surrender of all the territory east of the Mekong, but concessions regarding Siamese territory west of that river, and in other parts of the country.

The commercial importance of Cochin China arises from its advantageous position as an avenue of communication with the rich and populous sections of Middle China; and in making a treaty with Siam, France fully realized the advantage of gaining control of the Mekong throughout its course of 1,500 miles, and the monopoly of the trade of which that river is the outlet.

Siam is a wonderfully rich country. Its enormous resources need only to be developed. The Valley of the Menam is fertilized by its annual overflow, so that the production of rice on the enriched soil is almost unlimited. The long mountain ranges are full of valuable ores—iron, copper, antimony, tin, silver. Gold is also found, and certain mountain peaks are noted for their emeralds, topazes and sapphires. White marble is quarried quite extensively. Dense forests of costly woods abound—teak, sappan, eaglewood, ironwood, as well as oak, pine, chestnut and many dye woods and resinous trees. The palm and coconut also flourish, and ivory, wax, indigo, cotton, sugar, silk, lime, salt and sulphur are among other useful productions.



REVIEW OF THE ROYAL GUARD.



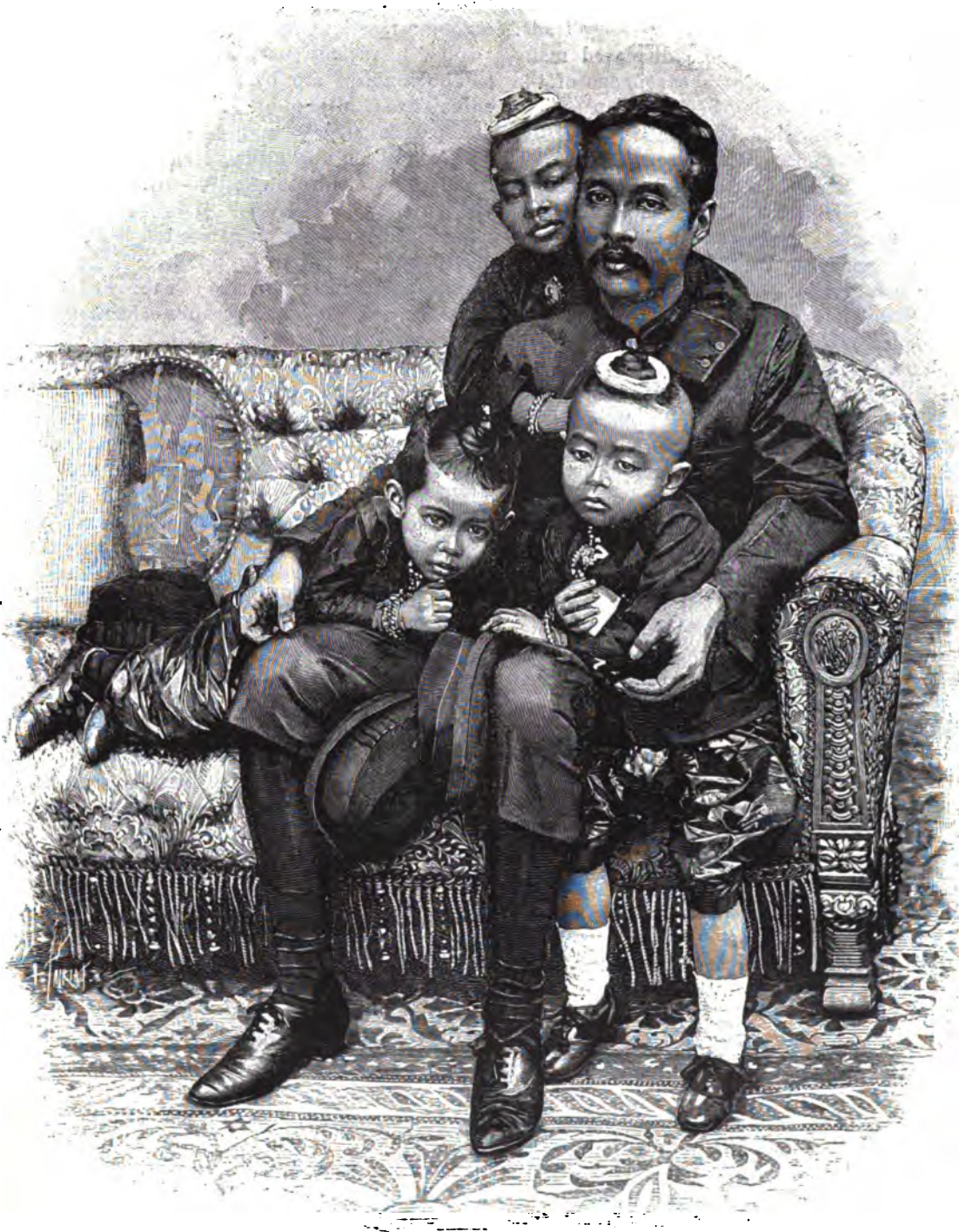
THE ROYAL PALACE, BANGKOK.

The present King of Siam, Chulalongkorn—his full title, Prabat Somdetch Phra Paramende Maha Chulalongkorn Kate Klou Chow-yu Hua, is too ponderous for common use—is an intelligent, progressive man, who favors the introduction of foreign improvements into his realm. His father, Maha Mongkut, was the most progressive of all Siam's previous rulers.

The story of Maha Mongkut is interesting. Born in 1804, he was, being the King's oldest son, proclaimed heir apparent to the throne, although in Siam no prince has an absolute title to succeed to the crown; but the election of the eldest royal prince is expected, unless for some special cause the Senabodee, or Grand Council, consider him ineligible. Mongkut was but twenty years old when his father died, and the throne was then seized by a half-brother, who promised that he would hold the reins of government only until the rightful heir was old enough to manage them. Apparently the usurper forgot his promise, for he ruled Siam twenty-seven years. Mean-

while, Mongkut, fearing the power and jealousy of the King, made no effort to secure his rights, but retired to a monastery, devoting himself to

on the throne by a powerful party, and his younger brother, Ramese Mahiswaree, a man of remarkable abilities, was made Second King, a subordinate



KING CHULALONGKORN AND HIS SONS.

investigating the philosophy of Buddha, to science and to political economy. On the death of the King, in 1851, Maha Mongkut was established

office, not very clearly defined. The Second King was surrounded by much the same royal insignia as the Supreme King, but entirely subject to him.

Maha Mongkut confirmed his power at home and his prestige abroad by a wise and careful administration. Several important treaties were made during his reign, a superb palace built, and the whole country bore a prosperous aspect under the influence of growing civilization and foreign trade. But in his private character he displayed many revolting traits, being unjustly suspicious of the Second King and subjecting him to mean espionage, while in his harem he often enacted the part of a barbarous despot.

Maha Mongkut was very shrewd in dealing with foreigners, especially with speculators and adventurers who became importunate in demanding attention or patronage. In 1867 he wrote and had printed and distributed a "notice," in which humor, irony and truth were quaintly blended with his consciousness of "being bored." In this he states that a rumor prevails among "foreigners" that Siam "is under quite absolute monarchy," and that "the treasury of the sovereign is full for money like a mountain of gold and silver"; that the "reigning monarch is shallow-minded and an admirer of almost everything of curiosity, and most admirer of European customs, sciences, art and literature, without limit," so that there are many "opportunities to be embraced for drawing money from the royal treasury"; and that, in belief of such rumors, foreigners were "alluring, flattering and deceiving him, and boldly writing letters to him for money." He then adds that foreigners must consider him only as "a mad king of a wild land," and requests that those "who please to write him for the aforesaid purpose know suitable reason for writing him, and shall not urge him as they would a madman." Maha Mongkut had an almost superstitious fear of the French, and though irritated and distressed by their encroachments upon the remoter provinces of Siam, he dared not attempt resistance. "Siam is like a mouse before an elephant," was the impetuous expression of his feeling.

This remarkable ruler died in October, 1868, his son Chulalongkorn succeeding him; while the eldest son of the Second King, bearing the name "George Washington," with half a dozen Siamese titles, filled the subordinate throne—his father having died in 1865. At this time Chulalongkorn was about fifteen years old—intelligent, thoughtful, full of generous impulses and noble purposes. He had received an excellent education, under the instruction of an English governess who had resided at the court of Siam, and from English tutors. Yet the general civil and social condition of the Siamese at that time, and the semi-barbarous customs which still prevailed,

must have been disheartening to this enthusiastic young King, if he in any wise realized the task he vaguely desired to accomplish. His youth and inexperience would lead us to suppose he little understood how slow are the steps of progress among a race long oppressed by despotic rule and wedded to ancient customs.

The Siamese are by nature inactive, patient, submissive; although they call their country "Muang Thai," "the kingdom of the free," they have long been under the bondage of custom and blind subservience to royalty—until a recent date the majority of the people in a state of absolute slavery. Prisoners of war were the King's slaves; slaves were acquired by purchase from certain tribes; young girls were sold to supply the harems of kings and nobles; husbands sold their wives; debtors were made slaves in default of payment, and men and women sold themselves voluntarily for various reasons. Soon after Chulalongkorn was placed upon the throne he urged the abolition of slavery. The proposition met with grave objections from the Senabodee and the Prime Minister—it would endanger the state, they said. But finding the young King determined to attempt some changes in the system, they finally yielded, and a proclamation was issued that "after January 1st, 1872, slavery should cease to be an institution in Siam." The result of Chulalongkorn's efforts has been a partial abolition of the system. As now existing it is mainly the result of the laws in relation to debt. If an individual cannot pay his debt, his creditor may make him a slave for the remainder of his life; for, however faithfully he may work, he can never pay more than the interest—the legal rate being thirty per cent. Only when some friend pays the principal is the debtor released. Yet slaves are treated so kindly that many are perfectly willing to live in slavery. The mass of the common people are indolent, and do not want to make any extra effort. They are contented with their condition, whatever it may happen to be, and this is one great bar to progress, the utter lack of wholesome ambition being most demoralizing.

Formerly everybody in Siam—the Second King alone excepted—crawled on hands and knees in the presence of the Supreme King. Prince, ruler, noble or slave, it mattered not, all must remain prostrate before the monarch—and inferiors before all superiors. Chulalongkorn showed his disapproval of this degrading custom by allowing all who would adopt a semi-European dress to stand erect; and now his ministers and nobles present their petitions standing, or sit in his presence. The custom of prostration is not wholly abandoned in the palaces of nobles and princes; but

to a considerable extent a respectable costume takes the place of the scanty garb of former times—at least, among the better classes.

The first railway in Siam, connecting Bangkok with Paknam—a distance of between twenty and thirty miles—was opened by the King in person in April, 1893. Another railway has also been projected between Bangkok and Korat, in a rich, undeveloped rice district, which would facilitate the transfer to Bangkok of products of the Laotian states as well as of China. In March, 1892, public ceremonies, preliminary to beginning work on this railway, were held in Bangkok. There was a great gathering of the native and foreign population, addresses were made by the King and his Prime Minister, and then the King himself turned up a sod of earth with an elegant spade of solid silver and ivory. He put this sod into a sort of wheelbarrow made of ebony and silver, and the young Crown Prince wheeled it to the designated spot and dumped it on the ground. After the priests had sprinkled the sod with holy water, and the Siamese band had played the national air, everything was ready for the workmen to begin the railroad. The recent claims of the French, however, indicate that they will make every effort to divert trade to Saigon, the capital of French Cochinchina.

The King is enormously wealthy, and spends vast sums in carrying out his favorite projects; yet he gives personal attention to expenditures, keeping, as it were, the keys of his treasury in his own hands. Foreign speculators besiege him with all sorts of schemes for alleged improvements; but though the King hears them freely, he acts, apparently, quite independently. Ruling his kingdom with absolute authority, he yet rules it in general wisely and well, considering everything. He has, of course, no help from his subjects concerning improvements; they are quite content as they are, never question his right to do as he pleases and accept passively whatever changes he makes. It is said that he often wanders about the streets of Bangkok, even at night, to learn the real condition of things, and so institute needed improvements. He mingles safely with the people, for in Siam the King is not only obeyed, but revered, and he is quite safe to go alone anywhere in his realm.

Chulalongkorn adopted a liberal policy at the beginning of his reign. As the 6,000,000 or 8,000,000 inhabitants of Siam include, besides the Siamese proper, Malays, Chinese, Cambodians, Laotians, Karens, Peguans, and a host of races living remote from the capital, his early proclamation that "no man should despise or molest another on account of religious difference, or any

other difference of opinion, custom or manners," indicated his tolerant spirit. Moreover, he counseled his people to "seek a true religion" which would be a refuge in this life," and not to adopt it "with a shallow mind after slight investigation, or even because of its tradition," but because of "their own deep faith in its excellence." Better counsel could scarcely be given by a Christian monarch.

Buddhism, the prevailing religion of Siam, is not practiced in its original purity, but is corrupted by a general worship of spirits. Yet many of the Buddhist maxims are quite good enough to be adopted in Christian countries, and some excellent lessons of unselfishness, reverence and kindness might be learned from the poor Siamese. But superstitions of various kinds have a profound hold upon this Oriental race, though the advance of civilization seems to have shaken a little some old-time beliefs. Siam has long borne the fanciful title of "Land of the White Elephant," and the flag of the "White Elephant" floats over its palaces, because of the belief that Buddha was once reborn as a white elephant. All white animals are reserved, according to the belief of the Siamese, for the temporary abode of the good and great in their many transmigrations; but the white elephant is supposed to be animated by the spirit of some noble king or hero. In fact, in Siam all animals are sacred, as they are considered to be the rebirth of souls. One good result comes from this superstition: there is no need for a "society for the prevention of cruelty to animals"—everybody is kind to them.

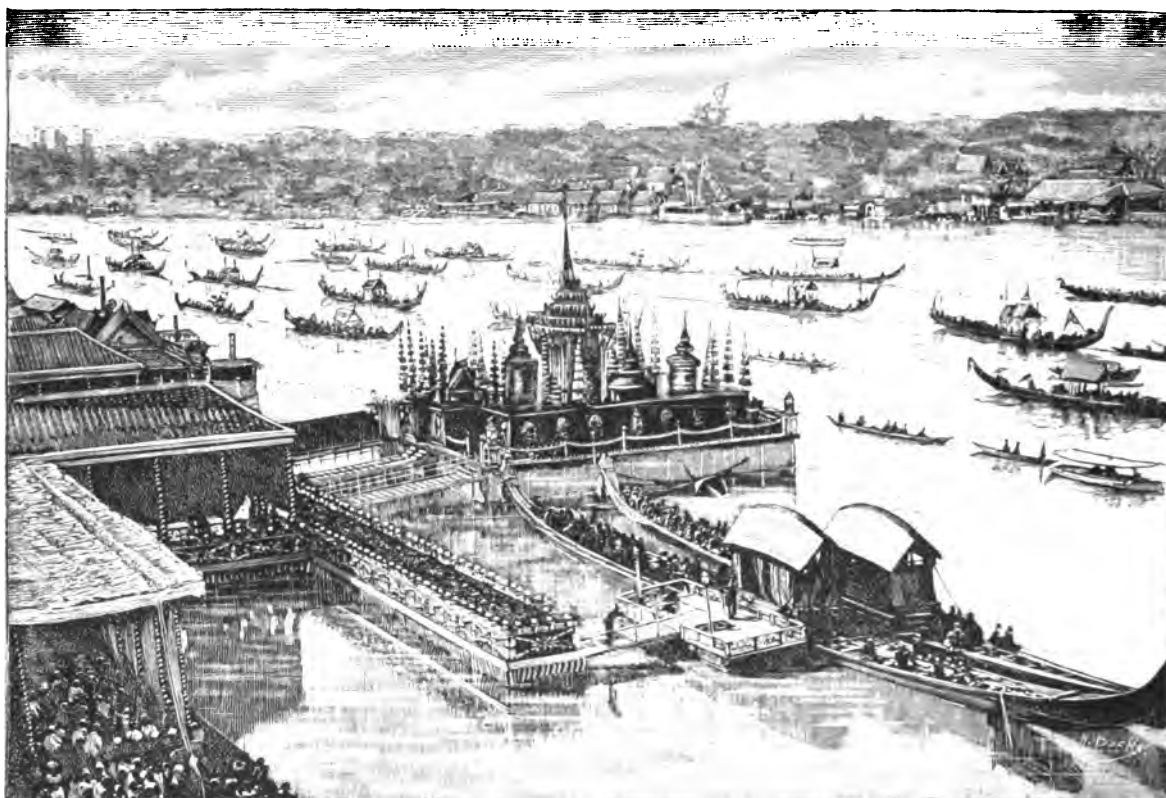
Several white elephants are always kept in the royal stables for use on state occasions; but, if reports are true, the King himself has lost a little of the superstitious reverence once bestowed on this four-footed lord of the country. Yet, the people in general still hold it in the greatest veneration. It would be scarcely possible to penetrate the dangerous jungles and treacherous marshes of Siam without this sagacious, long-enduring creature. But the term "white," as applied to it, is rather a misnomer. The only really white elephant in Siam is said to be the one upon the national flag. Occasionally a dusky-gray or dingy coffee-colored one is caught, and then great is the rejoicing. It is sent, with much pomp, to the King. The captor is handsomely rewarded, and the venerated creature is put into an apartment of the royal stables, and an attendant devotes his whole time to the care of him. He is petted and pampered, loaded with ornaments, and upon bended knees his adorers approach him, offering fruits and all sorts of delicacies. In fact, it often happens that the unfortunate stranger,

unaccustomed to such luxuries, falls sick and dies—an event which is regarded as a dire calamity.

Among curious Siamese customs is the ceremony of haircutting, which is performed with as much pomp and publicity as possible when the Siamese boy or girl arrives at adult age. Until then the hair is worn in a topknot, and must not be cut at all. There was a magnificent celebration when Chulalongkorn had his topknot cut. The entire royal establishment participated in the ceremonies, and boys and girls from all parts of the kingdom appeared in the performances. A grand procession of the nobility, common people,

only a hint, ended with the presentation of rich gifts to the prince.

Another costly custom is cremation—that is, costly when one of the royal family is cremated. The embalmed body is deposited in a golden casket, richly ornamented, and showing all the insignia of rank, and placed in the royal temple, where special religious services are daily performed over it for six months, or in the case of a queen or king ten or twelve months. Great preparations are made for the elaborate ceremonies of cremation, which occupy several days. It is said that it cost Chulalongkorn \$500,000 to cre-

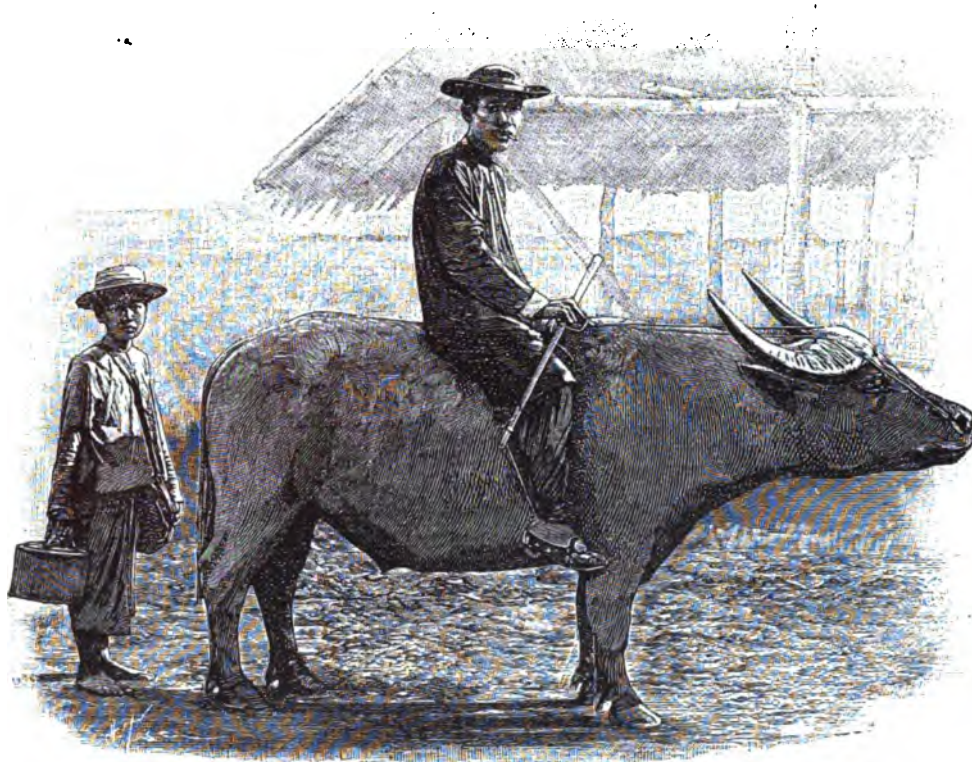


ON THE MENAM RIVER, AT BANGKOK.

slaves and foreigners, all gorgeously attired, was headed by the young prince, borne in a golden sedan chair. Afterward there was an elaborate drama, in which King Maha Mongkut and his nobles took the chief parts and about 9,000 young women subordinate parts. A beautiful pagoda had been erected on an artificial hill, and into an inner apartment of this the prince was finally conducted, with many mystic rites. On the third day the royal topknot was shaved off, the prince baptized with holy water and clothed in white silk, and a grand banquet was served to everybody. The ceremonies, of which we have given

mate his first queen, who died some years ago. No royal display is more imposing than the cremation of a Siamese king or queen.

Bankok, the modern capital of Siam, is very picturesque. Along the banks of the beautiful Menam stretch the houses of the noble and wealthy, presenting a curious mixture of European and Oriental architecture. The dwellings of the poor float on the bosom of the river itself. Long ago, it is said, cholera so often invaded the city, originally wholly on the banks, that the King commanded the common people to build on the water, to secure greater cleanliness.



A NATIVE MISSIONARY.

These little houses, lining the banks for miles, are constructed on rafts of bamboo poles, and linked together, are so anchored as to rise and fall with the tide. Many of these structures are tastefully designed and gayly painted; and the countless boats and crafts of various kinds that are constantly passing through the watery avenues of this floating city make a strange and busy scene.

Above all this river population lies Bangkok proper, surrounded by a battlemented wall, within which are two other walls. The innermost, high and broad, incloses the royal harem and protects it from all entrance. This is in fact a city of itself, where none but women and children live. Here are the dwellings of the royal princesses, the wives and concubines of the King, and of their slaves and attendants. Into this sanctum no man is permitted to enter except the King, and priests for religious offices. In the time of Maha Mongkut this inner city numbered about 9,000. The Siamese King is allowed to have two queens, whose children are recognized



TEMPLES OF THE WAT POH, AT BANGKOK



BUDDHIST RELIQUARY, IN THE PAGODA OF WAT CHENG.

as legitimate, and an indefinite number of concubines. Maha Mongkut availed himself of all his rights. He had 81 children, of whom 70 were living at the time of his death. Princes, nobles and all who desire the royal favor are eager to have their most beautiful daughters belong to the royal harem. Many of the Siamese women are really beautiful, and would be far more—to foreign eyes, at least—were it not for the odious habit of chewing the betelnut, which blackens the teeth, disfigures the mouth and causes the lips to crack. This nut, the product of the palm, is about the size of a walnut, and astringent. It is cut and mixed with lime and tobacco. Everybody chews the betelnut—men, women, children—even babies.

King Chulalongkorn has two queens and several legitimate children, the eldest of whom, Somdet Chawfa Maha Vajirunhis, born in 1878, has been designated as Crown Prince. The present royal harem is reported to be less extensive than in previous reigns; but, in fact, nobody outside the harem knows anything definite about

the number within. All Siamese princes and nobles have their harems, restricted, usually, only by their means. The establishment of the Second King was formerly large and magnificent. But there is no Second King now; Krom Phra Rajawang Bobora Stham Mongoi, otherwise known as "George Washington," died in 1885, and as no one has been appointed in his place, the office seems, for the present, abolished. Custom has varied regarding Siamese rulers. There have been periods when three kings reigned with, it is said, nearly equal power, although how they managed it is not easily understood. And there have also been previous periods when there was no Second King. "George Washington," who adopted the American portion of his name because of his admiration for this country, was a great student, and exceedingly fond of the sciences. He did not participate much in affairs of the government, but had a fine palace and an ample allowance from the revenues of the kingdom.

The magnificent new palace which became Chulalongkorn's residence in 1882 was eight years in process of construction, and cost about \$1,800,000, and the furnishing \$425,000 more. Siamese kings are lavish, and Chula-

longkorn is no exception to the general rule. His palaces cover many acres and are a gorgeous combination of Siamese and European architecture. Four gold-covered elephants guard the wide entrance to the palace proper. Chulalongkorn usually receives his Cabinet, which is chiefly composed of his half-brothers, in a large audience room, he himself reclining on a couch. When foreign ambassadors are admitted he wears a handsome military dress, and receives his guests quite in European, or rather in American, style. But the King's ordinary court dress is made in Siamese style, most richly embroidered and ornamented.

There are in Bangkok three large government schools where English is taught. The city has numerous modern conveniences—electric lights, telegraphs, telephones, street cars, a mint, post office and newspapers; there are also commodious government buildings, banks and hospitals. A fine drive has been made about the walls, inside the city, where the King himself takes a frequent airing. Notwithstanding all these improve-

ments in Bangkok, it is true that outside of this and a few other cities there are scanty traces of advanced civilization, the people remaining in the almost semi-barbarous condition of a century or two ago.

Pechaburi, a watering place on the banks of a river of the same name, is frequented by Europeans, as well as by the native nobility, and is regarded as the royal sanitarium. It is about one hundred miles from Bangkok, near the range of mountains dividing Siam from Tenassarim. Maha Mongkut built a beautiful palace on the summit of a hill near the town, and the King and a part of his court usually spend a portion of the summer there.

Chantabon, near the Cambodian frontier, is an important commercial town, which is now, at least temporarily, in practical possession of the French. Chiangmai, in Northern Siam, is also a flourishing town of growing importance for its trade.

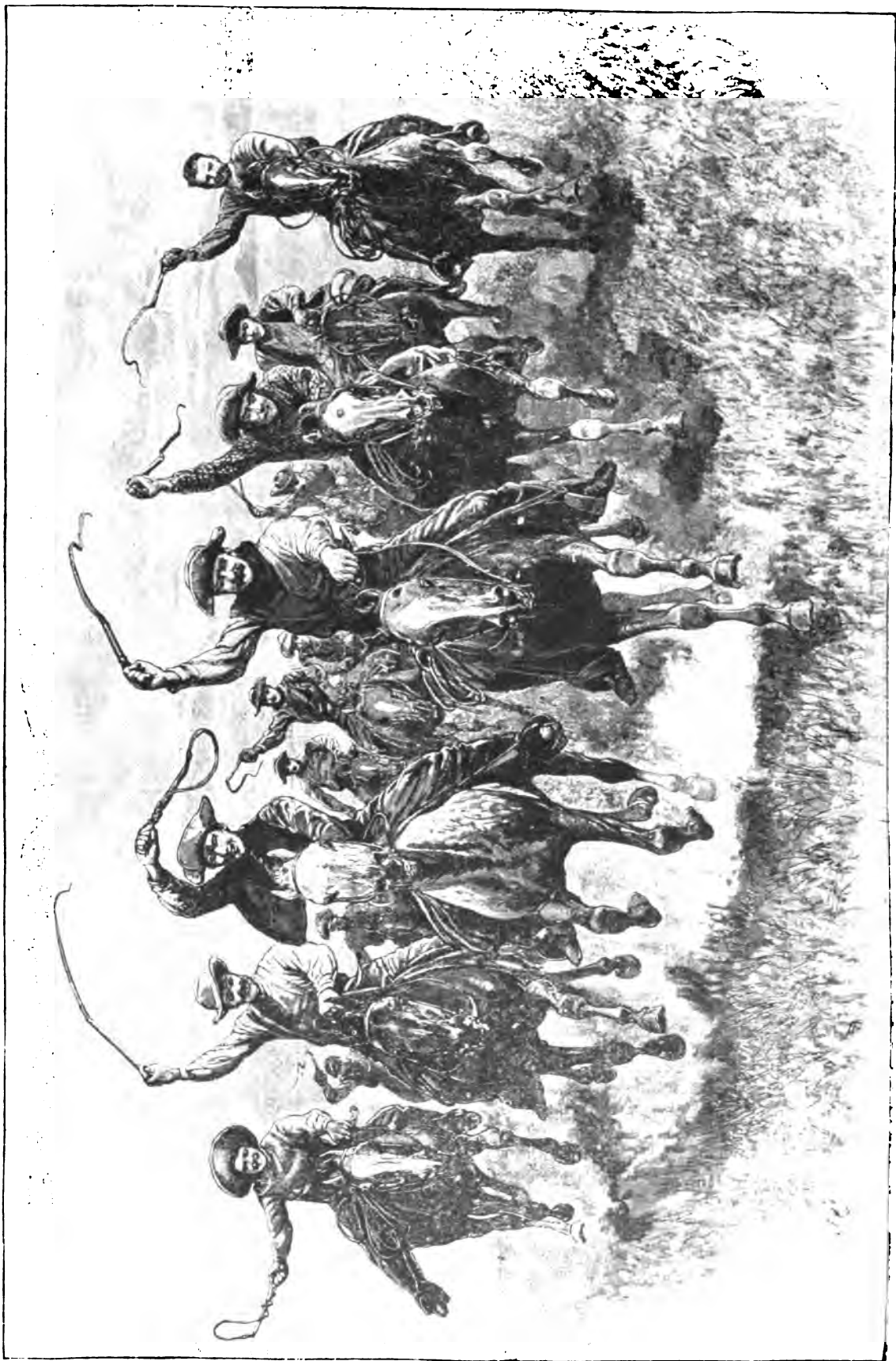
About thirty miles from Bangkok is Meklong, near the mouth of the Meklong River, a town noted as the birthplace of the famous Siamese Twins, Chang and Eng. They were brought to this country by a New England sea captain in 1829, being at that time about eighteen years old. The singular way in which they were joined together at the side attracted great attention from the public and from scientific men. For many years they were exhibited publicly; but having gained a moderate fortune, they settled quietly on a farm in North Carolina, and married two sisters. After the war, needing money, they gave exhibitions on their own account; but soon returned to North Carolina, where they lived until their death. They were intelligent, and able to do many kinds of work. Apparently they thought alike, and acted in unison, but this was believed to be the result of habit. Scientific men were of the opinion that the connection between them could not be safely severed, though they advised the experiment in case of the death of either. The twins did not wish to be separated; they even directed in their wills that they should not be parted in death. Chang was at length attacked with partial paralysis, and on January 17th, 1874, suddenly became worse and died. When Eng found his lifelong companion was dead he was seized with such fear and agony that

he became insane, and died two hours after his brother, the twins being then about sixty-three years old.

Scattered here and there throughout the city of Bangkok rise the glittering spires of numberless pagodas, one of the most noted of which is the Wat Cheng. Bell-shaped, with a tapering spire about 250 feet in height, its exterior is wrought into fantastic mosaic, with pieces of brilliantly colored glass, porcelain and marble set in plaster to form figures of animals and plants. In the Wat Poh is the gigantic image of the Sleeping Idol, 150 feet long and 40 high, overlaid with plate gold, the soles of the huge feet, 16 feet long, being inlaid with mother-of-pearl, in curious designs.

The Wat Phra Keau, or Temple of the Emerald Idol, is the most remarkable and gorgeous in Bangkok. Walls, columns, roofs and windows are overlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl. Mythological figures cover the ceiling. The altar is a marvel of magnificence—a pyramid, terminating in a golden spire, 100 feet high, and surrounded by not less than a thousand curious and precious idols. Prominently placed in a niche, at a height of 60 feet, is the noted Emerald Idol, an image only about 12 inches high by 8 wide, but a glittering mass of gems. Apparently, all sorts of precious stones were mixed in the metal while yet molten, making a combination of extreme richness. There is a legend current among the Siamese that Buddha himself alighted in the form of a great emerald upon this adored effigy, and by a sudden flash of lightning conjured the temple and the altar from the earth, to inclose and enthrone himself.

The floor about the altar is paved with polished brass, brilliantly reflecting the lighted tapers which have burned unquenched for more than a century. The reigning monarch worships in the Temple of the Emerald Idol. Here, entering by a private passage from the royal harem, the women of the court come for special religious services; here the nobles take the oath of allegiance to the King; and here are performed certain important ceremonies connected with the royal family; while the priests, with never-ceasing vigilance, watch the sacred fire that burns before the altar, the going out of which would be regarded as a calamity of direful import to Siam.



COWBOY RACE ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIES



THE SILVER SHAFTS.*

BY FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS.

AUTHOR OF "MR. GADSBURY'S BROTHER," "THE JOCELYN SIN," "OLD FORTY'S MASTER,"
"THE MUSCOE PLATE," "MISTRESS MARION," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED).



HE clock in the gloomy upper hall struck half-past three when Marion and Oscar stood before the priest in the library. He was the rector of the church, to which Oscar contributed largely. His pale, grave countenance evinced a sense of the solemnity of the occasion.

Oscar looked uncomfortable and out of temper, while Marion evinced the triumph of emancipation from bonds. She exulted in the golden perspective, with no thought of faith and tenderness to the man she vowed to honor and love. Through all the gorgeous vista Marion bore in mind solely his money. Mrs. Melvern bent her head with great reverence and furtively watched the coal burn out. The snow fell steadily. The flakes beat a depressing monotone on the window panes. Nobody smiled in overweening joy. Everybody shivered in the drear chill of the December snow. The two guests proffered congratulations, which Oscar received with an effort at politeness. Mrs. Melvern, effusively affected, wiped her eyes, while she moved a silken cushion out of harm's way. Marion alone seemed in radiant beauty and charming good humor. She talked of their tour South, and made piquant replies. Her aunt rendered herself a valuable auxiliary at dinner. The good cheer and costly wine warmed her sordid soul into affectionate gush and flippancy toward all parties.

"And now," she observed, as the guests at last drove away, "I will have all those good

things carried to my room. You see, I just turned the keys in the dining-room doors to keep out the servants. They haven't had a morsel of anything, and they won't get it!"

She drew the keys from her pocket in eager glee. Mrs. Melvern meant to have quitted the room to see after her plunder, when her purpose for the time was thwarted. The door opened quietly, and Flora stood on the threshold. Little flakes of snow studded the plumes of her hat. Still unmelted and coldly white, they gleamed in the radiance of the chandelier. Her face was no less pallid. A set, hopeless melancholy seemed to have settled upon the delicate features. A minor chord of heartbreaking pain echoed in the plaintive voice.

"My rooms are locked. Will you give me the keys?" she asked, turning her great sad eyes on Mrs. Melvern.

"Your rooms!" reiterated the elder woman, her face darkening ominously. "They are my rooms, and they are locked, and what is more, they will stay locked. I've spent my money on you long enough. You must go somewhere else. You have made away with all those diamonds belonging to my brother. You have been to the jail, and now I say you have the effrontery to return here and expect me to give you shelter! I won't do it—I won't harbor you one minute. Go, I say!"

"Will you let me stay here to-night? It is dark and cold, and I am a stranger. I have no friends and no shelter. Will you give me shelter one night, and then I will go away and never return?"

The musical, pathetic tones, with that agony of pain vibrating through them, ceased suddenly. The sorrowful eyes wandered from one to the other in mute appeal. She looked so fair and small and dainty. She seemed so hopeless and broken-hearted. It was small charity she craved, but she craved it vainly.

"You won't return, my lady—no, you won't return here, and you will go to-night!" tauntingly answered Mrs. Melvern, rattling the keys. "Didn't you carry off every diamond and jewel my brother gave you? Answer me that!"

Flora brushed her white ungloved hand over her eyes; neither tears nor gloom obscured her vision. She gazed past them, and avoiding the relentless stare of those merciless eyes, shrank away with a shiver.

"Yes, I have taken them away—they were mine," she began, slowly.

"How dare you do that?" broke out the woman fronting her. "Who has fed and lodged you months and months? Pay me for that out of all your money. Pay me for what you have defrauded me. Pay me, I say—your pockets are so full of money!"

George Chandos's sister was strong and menacing. George Chandos's daughter was fragile and shrinking. Whether with cold or fear, Flora shuddered perceptibly.

"I have no money," she said, in a low, difficult tone. "The diamonds have been disposed of, but the money is not mine."

The shrewish countenance grew purple with rage. Mrs. Melvern advanced a step closer, swaying excitedly from side to side. The mention of money upon which she might have closed her *griffes* stirred her sordid soul to its depths. Marion laughed an incredulous laugh. Oscar moved uncomfortably.

"Not yours, you pale-faced beggar! I suppose not. You have given it to the man who murdered my brother. You are paying lawyers with my brother's money. You sold those diamonds for Lawrence!"

She looked infuriated enough to fly at the beautiful creature gazing upon her with such hopeless misery in her eyes.

"I sold them for Lawrence," echoed Flora, a quivering accent upon the name she loved.

"If you think that will clear him you are mistaken," burst in Oscar, angrily. "I'll double the sum. You shall not acquit him."

Neither wonder nor resentment came into the weary, aching eyes. Oscar's brutality failed to move or break the dreadful, hopeless apathy holding her. She lifted her hand in a gesture of entreaty.

"I have acquitted him of the crime, before God and man."

"It's false!" screamed Mrs. Melvern. "You have given the diamonds to a murderer. Now leave this house this minute, I say." She flung back the door wildly in her rage! "Go, I say."

"I am a stranger, friendless and helpless. Let me stay one night—it is cold and dark—let me stay just one night!"

The slender little hands folded together in prayerful entreaty. The wistful eyes, grand, dusky and terribly mournful, sought Marion. They were lifted imploringly. They dropped despairingly. Marion turned from her without a spark of human pity.

"It is cold and dark, and I am afraid!" she murmured, with touching pathos.

"You ought to be afraid!" shrieked Mrs. Melvern. "You've robbed me and murdered my brother. You sha'n't stay one minute eating my bread; it's sinful to keep you. Go out of my house! Do you hear?—go!"

Seizing her soft arm with those muscular fingers, the old crone pushed the girl rudely along the hall. "Now take yourself off, and never let me set eyes on you again. I don't care if you die on the highroad—go—go!"

The woman hurled back the bolts with angry swiftiness, and threw open the great hall door. The beating snow drifted in. The wintry wind blew icily through the hall. The beautiful young face was white and hopeless. Heartache and drear hopelessness grooved themselves in the flexible lineaments. The icy gale whistled outside. The freezing snow already whitened the folds of her dress. "Go out of my house and die if you choose! Go—go!"

Flora moved to the door slowly, and then the white face and delicate little figure passed out in the murk and blackness of the starless December night. The door swung back with savage vigor. The bolts shot into their places. They had turned her adrift. They had cast her out—poor little Flora—and no one cared! The snow beat its weird muffled monotone on the panes. The blast howled around the casements of George Chandos's forsaken home. The deadly winter storm raged abroad. The night was cold and black, and George Chandos's darling was out in the night.

CHAPTER XI.

THE UNEXPECTED WITNESS.

MONDAY was court day in the county town. The tribunal drew neighboring farmers over the muddy tracks known as roads to the courthouse. They jogged sleepily through mire and slush to

the village inn. They talked lazily over the county gossip, and gave accurate information as to the weather this time last year, and the year before, and countless years preceding that. Most of them related what their fathers had told them of the weather in their time. Some of them even recalled that their grandfathers had known just such weather in their day. They gave statistics as to the day they sowed wheat and planted corn this year and last year. They calculated laboriously the tobacco housed and grain lofted. They were good-natured and patient, with a universal disposition to excuse all shortcomings and be lenient to all crimes. Later on the county gentry with few exceptions began to appear.

Matters of infinite interest drew them thither. Two of the oldest and proudest families combined to arouse deep feeling. Chandos was missing. Lawrence Lawrence "of Grayfriars," as they still termed him, was on trial for the murder of Chandos. The two great themes banished even politics. The throng, plebeian and patrician, were to all intents indolent and good-natured. They were always polite and courteous, but the throng, plebeian and patrician, was a dangerous one with which to meddle. A strong sprinkling of grimy miners from the Crevasse became more distinctly perceptible as the day wore on. One or two trifling matters were disposed of, and then the great criminal case was called. The sight of the bold, handsome face and grand physique of Lawrence revived anxious hearts.

"Thar'll be nowhar atop ob dis yeth fo' dem Harveys ef Marse Lawrence gits shet ob de law en comes out'n dis," muttered Barney, catching a glimpse of the lofty head from a place outside the door.

"Reckon Oscar Harvey's done his best to ketch up the Lawrences, but it wa'n't never a sure thing provin' murder," significantly commented a sturdy countryman to old Sandy, from the Crevasse.

"Curse Oscar Harvey!" belligerently retorted Sandy, and the malediction was echoed by half a score of miners behind him.

"Mayhap he'll laugh t'other side of his ornary mouth afore the thing's up," added another, as Oscar, sleek and smiling, pushed his way into the courtroom.

He had married Mrs. Melvern's niece, which entitled him to recognition as one of the family. Oscar listened to a brief word or two from his lawyer, then sat down to watch the chances of conviction. His eyes wandered over the sea of faces confronting him, but his glance never encountered that of the man he hated and feared. Lawrence sat in the prisoner's box, and Oscar was

at liberty. His lion might be caged, nevertheless his lion was not dead. An irrepressible exultation gleamed in his countenance. A great stride forward had been made to-day, in the horrible humiliation he achieved for this last of the old honored race his fathers had served—with how much or how little of fidelity Oscar himself could best say. He dared not face those fiery, dauntless eyes, or meet the barbaric force and will in the countenance of the man in the prisoner's box.

Bland and Costyn had no shadow of anxiety upon their countenances. Costyn seemed deprecating and regretful. He took incessant pinches of snuff, muttering: "Such a beautiful case spoiled!—touch and go between acquittal and conviction." Mr. Bland gave token of an underlying gravity tempering his satisfaction. Mrs. Melvern and Marion, both evincing an excited state of mind, waited in an anteroom. The elder woman apparently remembered her bereavement with more acute grief than ever before. She enunciated venomous invectives against Lawrence and pronounced gushing eulogies upon "her poor dear brother." Mrs. Melvern enjoyed her prominence in grief. Marion delighted in her new importance as the bride of the reputed richest landholder in all the countryside. The coal mines gave indubitable evidence of great wealth in the future, and they were on Chandos Manor and Grayfriars estates. Everybody understood that Marion had been chosen as Mrs. Melvern's heir-ess. No one quite comprehended how enormously rich the quondam steward and his wife might become. Speculation ran rife on their revenues, and many were the significant words and hints let fall by Marion to enhance the impression.

"They won't need our evidence—I am sure of that. My poor dear darling George never left that breakwater; and if he never left it of course that dreadful wretch made away with him," reiterated Mrs. Melvern to the half-dozen gentlemen paying their respects to Chandos's sister. Her grief deepened in proportion to the known friendship of her audience for Colonel Chandos.

"Possibly not, madam. We will hope for the best. There was no motive. Poor Chandos, you remember, had always been a successful and sagacious speculator. Reverses fell heavily upon him," suggested Judge Blanton, with some hesitation.

"Why need he have had reverses, my dear judge?" rather playfully asked Chandos's sister, leaning very near the fine-looking gentleman, and putting her wrinkled face, with its sinister lines, disagreeably close to his. "Why did he not just explain to me that he wanted a little time?"

"I was under the impression that he did do so," rather hastily returned Judge Blanton, retreating a step or two farther from the untempting countenance, whose tints and charms, whatever they may have once been, had long since given place to the graven imagery of a ruling passion.

The penumbra of youth and comeliness had vanished years ago. The hard, selfish, unscrupulous nature, with its greed of gain, effaced all else from the woman's features.

"Great Heaven!" ejaculated Mrs. Melvern, quite untroubled by deafness. "I never heard of such a thing. My poor dear brother knew he only had to make me understand that he needed time. I would have given him the legacy—he knew that. What did a poor old woman like myself want with that money? I would have given every dollar had I supposed he needed it. He never mentioned a syllable of it—I'll kiss the Bible that he did not!" protested Dorothy Melvern, warming up with her subject. "He might have had time, and then he would never have gone to that breakwater. Poor dear George! I meant to have just handed him every penny of the money when I received it. You know," she added, dropping her voice into a confidential whisper and evincing a disposition to advance the dyed head distressingly close to the fastidious gentleman, "I lost nearly all that legacy. If I can make a little out of the coal it will sustain me when I get old, but I don't pretend to conceal the fact that I am poor. I am so honest, my dear Blanton, I can't make any pretense. Sister Mettella and Sister Sarah used to say: 'Dorothy, you are too honest and generous.' I'd give away millions if I had them; and I didn't mind George's spending all that legacy. I'll kiss the Bible I was glad of it!"

"It is to be regretted that your brother did not confide in you at that crisis in his affairs," observed the gentleman, doubtfully.

"My dear Blanton, it was that dreadful girl who kept him from doing so," averred Mrs. Melvern, gloomily. "If he had said one word I would have given him the legacy, every penny. I was always generous to my poor dear brother, and I didn't mind losing all that money. You see, I am accustomed to limited means, and that is why I really did not care in the least that he spent my legacy."

"You are, no doubt, very good, madam. I should have supposed that the coal found would far more than make up the deficit. Everything went to you that my unfortunate friend possessed——"

"Certainly everything came to me," interrupted

Mrs. Melvern, eagerly—"every penny. Who else should have it? Pray don't mention it, judge, to anyone, but I am hardly as well off as I was before—the expense, you know. Well, well, come and see Marion; she will be delighted to have you dine or spend a few days with us. We will give you some of the fine old wine from the Grayfriars cellars. Do come, and bring your wife and daughter. Marion has plenty of room. You were always such a friend to poor dear George, and so kind to him, I never can forget it. Do come and see Marion, and bring all the family."

A vivid recollection of grand dinners and *déjeuners* at Chandos Manor crossed Judge Blanton's mental vision. He thought of the famous hunts on the Chandos estates, where, if the game was shy, the old wine and wonderful luncheons consoled the sportsmen. He thought of it all, and speculated somewhat in grim humor as to how he could ever have been kind to Chandos. The Pacific speculator seemed in those days beyond the reach of kindness, by reason of his lavish wealth. He was beyond it now, for aught anybody knew, because of his misfortunes.

"Be sure to come, my dear judge. I'll never forget your kindness to my dear darling brother.—Eh, what is it, Oscar?"

She broke off shortly as Oscar appeared in the doorway. His countenance wore a haggard, angry look of alarm.

"Do they want us, Oscar?"

"Nobody wants you," roughly answered Oscar, glancing at Marion.

"When will they want us?" persisted her aunt.

"They are not likely to want you at all," was the short reply.

"I'll tell them the whole story. They must convict that murderer," asserted Mrs. Melvern.

"They won't need you to tell the whole story, and they won't convict the murderer either."

Oscar's tone and manner manifested a smoldering rage. Evidently developments in the trial of his enemy failed to please him. He glanced at Marion again and again. She had been his wife only a few days, nevertheless her rich costume of black velvet betokened Oscar's liberality. Marion presented a fine picture at that moment. Dress enhanced the brunette coloring. Her face glowed. Her spirits rose into sparkling vivacity. The roll of *grande dame* constituted the one great part in life's drama she was ambitious of playing. Oscar apparently observed her brilliant appearance with more of interest than usual. He listened in moody silence to her vivacious chatter, and marked the change in her manner and style wrought in the last few days. He could never explain in the future why he noted ribbons and

colors, manner and laughter at that moment, when neither wit nor epigram brought a smile to his compressed lips. Oscar leaned against the door, visibly disturbed and sullenly reticent. He then crossed the room to where Marion sat, buttoning an exquisite French kid around her shapely wrist. The gentlemen about the young lady had for the instant turned their attention to lively Mrs. Melvern.

hatred, defined itself on human features, it was there on the face of Marion's husband. She perceived the cowardice and smiled scornfully. "You had best go home at once with old Melvern, and answer no questions if you can hold your tongue," Oscar supplemented, grimly, half starting as he turned away from her to find Ravenel opposite him.

The engineer from the Silver Shafts arrested his



SOPHIE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY KAULBACH.

"Marion," he said, in a whisper so strong and sibilant that it reached other ears, "it's all over, I'm ruined. The devil's own luck hangs by him."

"You haven't lost any money, have you?" demanded Marion, quickly.

"Hang it, no! You will find out what I mean by to-morrow, for by to-morrow he will put a bullet through me if I don't baffle him. I'm a dead man. The case has fallen through." If ever abject fear, mingling with a vicious, defeated

glance. A dire perplexity and cold severity was apparent in Ravenel's manner. He followed Oscar back to the courtroom in curious watchfulness. A stranger occupied the witness stand, and was answering sharp questions. He must have just been called when Oscar quitted the courtroom to confer with Marion, yet Oscar had spoken positively when he told her the case had "fallen through."

"I am a sailor, and shipped the day after the

accident at the Crevasse," the man began in the straightforward simplicity carrying conviction to the most obstinate of skeptics.

"How did you happen to be at the Crevasse on such an eventful night?" questioned the lawyer, a world of significant suspicion in the tone.

"I went to the Shafts in the afternoon to see my brother. He is yonder in the crowd now. I staid until rather late—as late as I could—and then took the road as lays past Chandos Manor. After I passed the porter's lodge I brisked up my pace, bein' afeard of losin' the express train. I'd calkerlated on askin' the hour of the lodge-keeper, seein' as he was an old mate of mine."

"Keep to your story, sir!" tartly interrupted a lawyer.

"Ay, sir, I'm steerin' straight for'ard," went on the witness, imperturbably. "I hadn't no time to stop, seein' the station was two mile off. I pushed along, when, just before me on the road, nigh on to whur the Grayfriars Road crosses it, a man hove in sight, travelin' faster nor me. I put on more sail and soon run alongside, when I found it was Colonel Chandos hisself. He looked put out a bit at seein' me. I knowed him in a minute, although he was muffled up more'n usual. I knowed, too, he was a grand gentleman, as had as pleasant a word fur the men as fur the cap'n or the mate, so I bespoke him and asked the time. He looked at his watch. 'It's twenty minutes to three,' sez he—'barely time to catch my train.' 'It's my train, too,' I sez. And we started on. Jest as we struck the Grayfriars Road we run on Mr. Oscar Harvey, coming from toward the Silver Shafts. 'Eh, colonel, is that you?' he sez. 'Yes,' sez the colonel, very short and sharp."

An ngly murmur seemed to break from the crowd as the witness reached this part of his narration. A half-suppressed agitation, checked, perhaps, by a desire to hear the sequel, ran through to the very outskirts of the throng. Ravenel glanced around to where Oscar Harvey stood. Oscar had disappeared. The sullen surge of anger from that sea of grim faces was more than his cowardly soul might bear. His nerve failed. Despite the Harvey wealth, the Harvey enemy had triumphed. Whether his enmity blinded him to the imminent danger of detection, or whether Oscar never remembered the third party present at that midnight encounter with the ruined fugitive, no one could say. It was the smallest, most infinitesimal incident—nevertheless it constituted the pivot upon which the whole case turned.

"How do you know that it was Mr. Oscar Harvey?" questioned the opposing counsel.

"I'd seen him hundreds of times and knowed him well," resumed the witness, undisturbed by the biting acerbity of accent. "We went for'ard after that as hard as we could, headin' for the station. We hadn't no more'n cast anchor there afore the express dashed up and took us aboard. Colonel Chandos and me went to New York. We got out of the express in the depot in New York. I knowed jest whur I was a-goin', down to the vessel lyin' at the wharf, but the colonel he stood and looked at me doubtful like, then he walked up and sez: 'I see that you are a sailor. I know your brother at the Silver Shafts.' 'Yes,' sez I, seein' he stopped and seemed uncomfortable; 'I ship to-day fur Rio Janeiro.' He 'peared fur to hev sommut on his mind; he was pale and haggard and troubled of face, and didn't like folks noticin' of him. 'Nathans,' sez he, 'you're an honest man. I am ruined and cannot face the shame. I am going away to try my luck agin. Nobody knows that I have gone. I will never come back; the world has turned agin me. Will you do me a favor? I'll never ask another of you.' He talked pitiful, fur a great gentleman, and looked wussen he talked. 'I'll do anything whatsomdever I kin,' sez I. 'Very good,' sez he. 'Will you never tell anyone that you have seen me here? I am running away, Nathans—will you keep my secret?' 'I'll keep dark, sir. You needn't be so downhearted—you'll come out with your sails flyin'. I'll let 'em cut my tongue out afore I'll tell of you.' And, your honor," supplemented the witness, emphatically, "if I hadn't a-found a gentleman up for murderin' Colonel Chandos I'd never a-whispered it to anybody."

"Is that the last you saw of Colonel Chandos?" demanded the counsel.

"I saw him agin, goin' aboard of a coastwise vessel bound for Tampico; and if Colonel Chandos is livin' he's in Mexico now, fur that's where he shipped fur. It can't do him no harm to tell it now."

The witness paused, and glanced about him with evident satisfaction. The crowd which had listened in breathless silence swayed with a low growl of something not good to hear. It savored too much of a retributive whisper. Nevertheless a hush fell swiftly upon them as the lawyer cross-examined the witness with unusual sharpness. Wholly in vain. Neither skepticism nor ridicule shook the man's statement. He had told his story, and in every particular he maintained its verity.

"He's a free man, Lawrence is, and we can find Chandos if we want him!" triumphantly exclaimed Ravenel.

"Yes, he is a free man to all intents now," re-

plied Mr. Bland, slowly; "but we don't want Chandos. Poor fellow! we won't further humiliate him. His sister, I fancy, is not overcome with anxiety to see him again, seeing that she deliberately ruined him. There are other things before Lawrence, I fear me, to mar the joy of release."

The crowd still hung around the courthouse. The short December day waned. The early December dusk gathered. The grimy miners augmented in number, and held angry discussions in scattering groups of burly men. The good-natured, pleasant-voiced farmers lingered and asked each other for Oscar Harvey.

"Oscar Harvey!" the crowd demanded. But no one could tell them of Oscar.

"Ay, he's gone back to the Silver Shafts, mayhap to see whether the young fellow La Pros rests easy in his grave," significantly hinted old Sandy, smoking and waiting. All of them were waiting, nobody knew why.

"He's like to turn over in his coffin when Oscar Harvey crosses it, and so will the rest of the poor fellows!" dropped in the same suggestive meaning from another dark-faced occupant of the coal pit.

The men were as sullen as Oscar himself had ever been. Plainly an evil suspicion connected him with the terrible accident at the breakwater. A smoldering desire to avenge their hapless fellows and their favorite Lawrence burned within them.

"It's as much as our bread and butter's worth to meddle along of him," prudently observed Sandy, as Ravenel passed.

"Meddle with Oscar Harvey, do you mean?" inquired Ravenel, pausing abruptly.

"Ay, sir, 'twere of him we was a-talkin'."

"Leave him to Lawrence," retorted Ravenel, shortly. "You all know Lawrence."

Ravenel hurried on to the crowded little inn, wondering to himself why the crowd did not disperse, and why they hung so persistently around the courthouse and inn.

"Lawrence is going to Chandos Manor to see Miss Chandos," he said to Mr. Bland, *en passant*. "I shall ride with him."

The lawyer was turning toward a small private room, but he paused irresolutely and spoke slowly, almost with difficulty.

"Ravenel, I am glad you can ride with him. Lawrence will go to Chandos Manor; but Lawrence will not see Miss Chandos. She is not there."

"She was there four days ago," Ravenel said, arrested by the gravity of the countenance before him.

"Lawrence expects to see her to-night. He intends to meet the man he meant to shoot to-morrow—he will do neither. I am glad you are going; but take my word for it, neither marriage nor duel will take place."

The lawyer closed the door after him.

"There's something wrong at the manor house. Lawrence will go mad if Oscar escapes him now," muttered the engineer from the Crevasse, walking at more deliberate pace toward the stables. He meant to order his horse, but the hostlers, drawn by some passing commotion, were not to be found. Ravenel lighted a cigar and sauntered out the stable-yard gate. He walked along the dark, straggling lane, smoking and thinking of the strange developments of the day.

"Ravenel!" came in a shrill whisper.

The engineer stopped and peered into the darkness. In the uncertain starlight he discerned the figure of a man crouched under the leafless bushes.

"Who are you?" he asked; but even as the words were syllabled Ravenel recognized Oscar Harvey.

"Do you think it is safe for me to speak to you?" hurriedly inquired Oscar. "Ravenel, you are employed at the mines. A word from me loses you your position. Help me to escape those ruffians and your salary shall be doubled."

"I don't want your bribes," replied the engineer, a terrible contempt stealing into his countenance as he perceived the terror and cowardice in the shaking voice and livid countenance.

"Help me to the jail, Ravenel. God! Hear them curse and howl! I can't escape; they are everywhere, those devils from the Crevasse. Help me to the jail and let me be locked up there. Listen—listen! I'll give you thousands to help me to the jail. I am safer there than anywhere else. Lawrence might come upon me. He will kill me if I am here to-morrow, and those devils will kill me to-night. Help me, Ravenel—they may be satisfied if I am in jail. Make haste—make haste—I'll make you rich—oh, help me, Ravenel!"

Ravenel hesitated.

"Would it not be safer to try to reach home and quit the neighborhood for a short time?" he questioned.

No," broke out Oscar in a sharp, terror-stricken whisper; "they are everywhere—everywhere. I am afraid to stay here until daylight. I must get to the jail. Help me over the wall, Ravenel, and I will give you anything I have."

"You have nothing I want," was the stern response; "but I can help you scale the back wall of the jail. The men may fancy they have an account to settle. It may be safe if you insist."

"I do insist; the jail is the best. They will think I am a prisoner. It is a ruse, Ravenel. I am safer there than anywhere. Come on!"

"I will help you," briefly replied the other, striding on while Oscar stealthily crept after him. "Take a six-shooter or a stout stick and go home in spite of them," Ravenel said, as they reached the wall.

"I dare not—I dare not run the risk. Be quick, Ravenel! Some one is coming. Hear them—the devils! Give me a lift, Ravenel—for God's sake, hurry!"

The wall was easily scaled. With some assistance an agile man might climb it and drop unharmed to the ground on the other side. Exaggerated fear quickened Oscar's movements. Conscience reminded him possibly of deeper cause for grudge than any with which Lawrence accredited him. Perhaps the cringing, cowardly nature, with nothing fair or honorable in its elements, imagined himself the victim of such measure as he meant to mete. Oscar was flying to the prison portals for safety. Ravenel aided him to ascend the wall. He looked up at the pitiful figure of the rich man contemptuously. Oscar glanced down at the engineer triumphantly.

"Go now, Ravenel—it's safer. I won't forget that you accommodated me; and I won't forget those ruffians who have had a hand in this—you may be sure of that. I'm all right now. It's a ruse, you know, until they go about their business. I'll see you to-morrow. I will want to square with Lawrence for that insult. Yes, we will meet to-morrow—you may satisfy Lawrence of that."

Oscar spoke from the top of the wall in bland, smooth tones. Ravenel had moved away a step, but he returned as Oscar offered this assurance.

"You will meet him to-morrow?" he asked.

"Certainly to-morrow," replied Oscar. "This is only a ruse, you know, to protect myself until I can efface that insult put upon my honor. One cannot bear a blow." And Oscar disappeared behind the wall.

Ravenel listened to his footsteps scudding swiftly across the yard. He heard a low tap on the window pane. A moment after the jailer opened the door. It closed again suddenly and softly, and Ravenel knew that Oscar was watching the crowd from behind the iron bars.

CHAPTER XII.

"ALIGHT, WITH A RED GLOW IN THE WEST."

NIGHT, clear and cold for even a December night, had fallen upon Chandos Manor. The curtains were closed, and a gentle heat pervaded every

corner of the luxurious apartment in the west wing. Shifting shadows from the glowing fire-light brightened or darkened the rich coloring and handsome furniture. The room remained as Chandos had left it. His lavish hand and artistic taste had fitted charming apartments, not for Flora, but for Marion. She had returned with her aunt from the courthouse. She presented the same elegant appearance as she sat before the grate toasting her slippers on the brazen fender. Mrs. Melvern occupied a seat opposite. She had prudently changed her new black stuff dress for a somewhat rusty alpaca. The inevitable checkered handkerchief and blue hood resumed their wonted places in her toilet. A checkered shawl enveloped her shoulders. She turned the dress skirt carefully back over her knees to protect it from the fire, and stretched out her feet to the heat. The brief petticoat still avoided all proximity to her ankles. The coarse socks, lengthened into stockings, continued to do service upon the substantial legs of the frugal dame. Newly acquired wealth failed to lengthen her drapery or improve the quality of her attire.

"You were wise to make George Chandos pay up that legacy, you see, aunt. He might turn up any day and want the Crevasse, now that things look more promising," observed Marion, smoothing her black velvet with the air of one still surprised at wearing anything of such richness.

"Turn up any day!" echoed Mrs. Melvern. "If George ventures to show his face he knows I will pounce on him for robbery. He swindled me out of half my legacy, and because I am so kind as not to set the officers after him it's no reason why I'll have him meddling with the little I've saved—it's not much," says Chandos's sister, making a dive at her short petticoat and pulling it vigorously toward the shoe tops.

Marion laughed in some scorn.

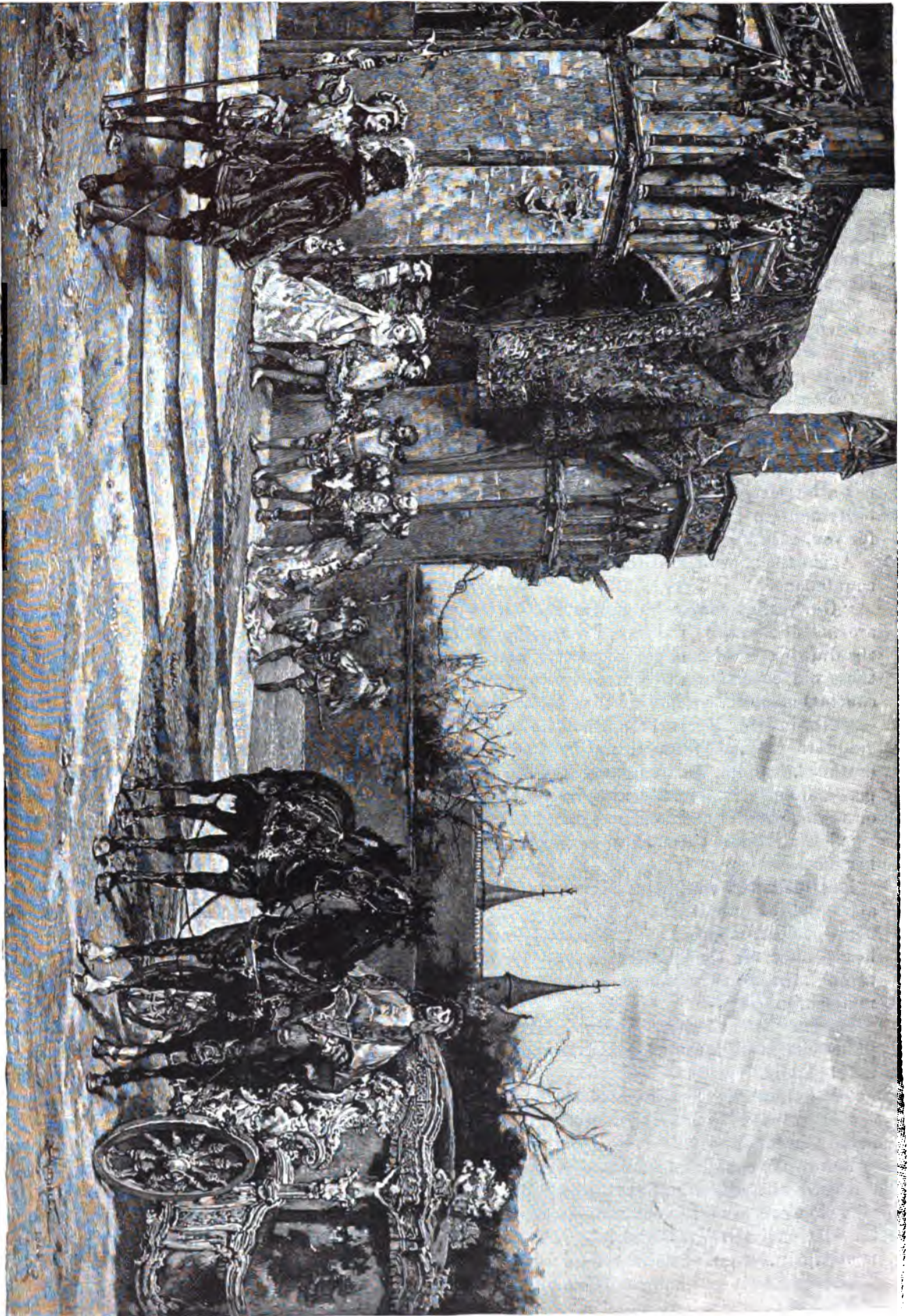
"I've made my will. It all goes to you. It's my Christian duty not to encourage crime. I shall not leave a penny of it to George—he's robbed me shamefully. It goes to you."

"Did you give Oscar the will, aunt?" inquired Marion, a swift interest in her manner.

"Yes; and I saw him lock it in the desk there. Do you see after it, Marion?"

"Yes," interrupted Marion. "You are so forgetful, it won't do for you to have the care of it. You never can make another at your age," reminded the younger lady, coolly.

"I am not the least forgetful," retorted her aunt. "My memory always comes to me after a bit. I remember Sister Metalla's sheets—nice fine linen, that would have lasted me for years; and Sister Sarah's linen pillowcases—she had them



DEPARTURE FOR THE HONEYMOON.—FROM THE PAINTING BY L. MARCHETTI, IN THE POSSESSION OF W. T. BAKER, ESQ., LONDON, ENGLAND.

fifty-five years ago ; and my china set I had when I first went to housekeeping with Major Melvern, near sixty years back. I think it's your memory's failing, not mine." And Mrs. Melvern tugged viciously at the refractory skirt.

"Your four or five old china cups without handles—pray is that what you dignify as your set of china ? I really fear, aunt, you are in your dotage. It won't do for you to manage all this property. Your age invalidates anything you may do. Seventy-eight is too old for perfect faculties. I never saw anyone fail as you have," assuaged Marion.

The hard old visage opposite gradually assumed a strangely sinister expression. An odd, unafraid smile, cunning and subtle, crept around her repulsive mouth.

"The old woman is not quite a fool yet, Marion. If they make me understand the business of course I can attend to it ; but Oscar ought to do it because it will be yours. I don't want to pay a lawyer when Oscar can take the responsibility and see to my affairs. It saves that much for you. He knows it all goes to you, don't he ?"

Again the shrewd, sinister look deepened in her countenance.

"Oh, yes, of course he will attend to it—you are not fit ; and, by the way, I am going to open the drawing rooms and conservatories, and I want those old covers taken off the furniture, and the shutters opened," announced Mrs. Oscar Harvey.

"No, indeed, Marion, they shall not be. I am going to keep all those things just as my poor brother left them. The light will fade the carpets and curtains, and I won't have people sitting on those splendid cushions and grand furniture."

"I shall open them at any rate," responded her niece.

Mrs. Melvern's countenance darkened. A miserly alarm drifted over it.

"Oh, dear, who is that ?" she exclaimed, as a heavy blow on the ponderous knocker echoed through the silent mansion and prevented further remonstrance.

Marion listened expectantly. Mrs. Melvern pulled her hood into place and assumed a fascinating smile.

"It is Lawrence !" ejaculated Marion.

"Lawrence !" cried Mrs. Melvern. "Well, it is too late for supper."

Before she could add further comment the door unclosed with the significant abruptness of one who stood on no ceremony, and Lawrence strode in. Ravenel and Mr. Bland followed. Lawrence made no pretense of deliberation. He accorded Marion scarcely a glance. His objective point was the old dame.

"Madam, I hear that Flora Chandos is not here—where is she ?" he demanded, in a voice so stern and severe that no man living would have dared trifle with the speaker.

"Dear ! dear ! what does he say, Marion ? Ha ! Speak louder, Lawrence. I'm so glad you're out ! I knew you were innocent. Dear ! dear ! what a shame to keep you there ! Ah, you are just as handsome as ever, just as your father was before you— Ha ! what are you saying ?"

"What have you done with Flora Chandos ?" repeated Lawrence, an icy bitterness on his aquiline features as he faced the hypocrisy in hers.

"What did he say, Marion ? I have been out in the wind, and I'm so deaf, I can't hear."

"I ask you once more what you have done with Flora Chandos. They tell me she is no longer here, and if she is not here I demand of you where she is and why she is not here !"

Every tone was incisive and bladeslike. That Lawrence was set upon an answer to the inquiry no one could doubt, except perhaps the crafty woman before him.

"You say you are done with the Chandoses ? I don't blame you, Lawrence. They have run away with my money, and I am done with them, too. Ha ! Speak louder. I can't hear a word you say."

Lawrence turned short away and walked up to Marion.

"You at least cannot take refuge under that pretense," he said, coldly. "You have achieved your purpose, Mrs. Harvey. Chandos is ruined and Flora is penniless. It can be no matter of interest to you to answer me falsely. Where is Flora ?"

Marion raised her brilliant eyes slowly. A strange, indefinable look, half-fear and half-admiration, gleamed in their depths. The herculean beauty of this splendid Lawrence thrilled her, as it did all women.

"I don't know. Aunt refused her a home here," she answered, briefly.

"She turned her away without a moment of warning ?" he asserted.

It seemed that Marion perforce must reply to whatever he might ask. She had not courage to quibble or make excuses to Lawrence.

"It is quite true."

"Did no one utter a word of remonstrance ? Was there no pity, no humanity interposed to avert this outrage ?"

Marion shifted her eyes away from the deadly anger freezing his countenance. She shifted her gaze, but held her peace. A faint sense of shame stole over her. She fain would claim that divine pity, and wished for one brief instant that she

had befriended the forsaken girl in her extremity. Clearly enough, Marion perceived that one kindly word to his darling then would have riveted this dominant man to her as a lifelong friend. In the terrible silence she read her doom, and yet she could not break it by claiming one word. Ah, no, not one pitying, humane word—not one!

"When was she driven out?" he went on.

"It was on Thursday night."

His countenance fell in spite of his iron will. The dauntless spirit staggered under this stroke. They had smitten him hard, through this one passionate love. He did not glance at Marion again. Lawrence strode out of the room as he came in, followed by Ravenel and the lawyer.

"Lawrence! Lawrence!" called Marion.

He never heeded nor answered. The hall doors shut heavily after them, and then Lawrence stopped short beside his horse. He did not mount—only folded his arms across the saddle, and laying his face down upon them, groaned bitterly.

"My poor little darling, driven out in the storm! God forgive them!"

Ravenel tugged at his mustache gloomily. Mr. Bland sighed as he said:

"Lawrence, it may not be so bad."

"It is as bad as bad can be. It is all true that Barney has said; and, God, they live to tell it!" he muttered between his teeth. "If she had come to me, my delicate, tender little love—if she could only have come! But to be cast out in that frightful storm, and so timid, so fragile, my beautiful darling! God be merciful to her!—ah, God be merciful!" he groaned.

"Lawrence, she dreaded your displeasure. She loved you so wholly that she could not bear to think you might judge her silence harshly. I have told you all I know, and of the deposition taken by Mr. Costyn. Believe me that poor child has gone out heartbroken into the friendless world. She fancies that you will never forgive her; and my theory is, that when they turned her out that awful night she accepted the inevitable and sought to sunder herself utterly from all. She is far away, Lawrence, wandering from your displeasure. They cast her out, and she is gone. Search for her elsewhere. Flora is not here. Tender-hearted child, she left you, her all, and loved you. But she is cast away, Heaven knows where!"

Mr. Bland's voice quivered as he paused, and Lawrence lifted his head. He dashed away a hot tear, but said not a word. For once his power of will failed him. He could not speak again of her. They mounted their horses and galloped down the avenue to the highroad. Nobody spoke for miles of the way. They were more than half

the distance to the village when the night apparently grew alight. A red glow had been perceptible in the western horizon. Each observed it. Nobody remarked it. They were ascending the hill above the village. The night breeze blew faint odors of fire; then cinders, ever and anon, against their faces. The sky was all aglow—the country alight. The breeze set steadily from the west, and the atmosphere thickened with shadowy wreaths of smoke. A crackle and hiss and roar of flames, blazing and tearing with appalling fury, seemed to overwhelm all other sounds. Ravenel uttered a cry of horror. He had reached the summit first. "Great Heavens!" he ejaculated. "They are burning the jail!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"FROM THE ARMS STARTS A PICTURE."

THEY were burning the jail, as Ravenel had said. Who had fired the building? None of the moody men thronging the surrounding space seemed able to say. What they did tell was certainly nothing. Lawrence flung himself from his horse and rushed into the swaying crowd. Ravenel, with that look of dismay on his countenance, had spurred his horse into a wild gallop, and reached the scene of destruction far ahead of his companions. The building was of brick. The dry old roof and woodwork blazed in those sheets of unquenchable flame occasioned by unusually combustible material. The terrible crash of the falling floors as they suddenly gave way, with the frightful flame which seemed to leap up to the very heavens, was appalling. It burned with a fiendish rage, consuming and hissing and destroying. The throng was driven back by the element they had perhaps invoked. They watched the fire lick up and envelop the ancient structure, and listened to the satanic crash of the old timbers. Nevertheless, among all the hundreds of men, not one made an effort to stay the flames. A stolid, sullen silence pervaded the crowd. Neither excitement nor wrathful temper was apparent among the groups—neither one nor the other. They only environed the burning building with a cordon of lookers-on. Noticeably more quiet, and perceptibly less jocose, Ravenel plunged in among them.

"Sandy," he cried, catching sight of the miner in the first group, "did you save the inmates? Good Heavens, Sandy, did you get them all out?"

"'Twere no one thur, savin' the jailer'n his wife; the ole folks is all safe 'n sound, sir."

Sandy gazed steadily at the fire as he spoke.

The miners all around him glanced out from

under their hats, but not one seconded the assurance.

"There was some one else there. God in heaven, did you leave the prisoner there to perish?"

"If a prisoner were thur, sir, it's main sure he's gone now," was the unmoved response.

"Ay, he's gone now," echoed the miners.

Evidently the announcement created no surprise or natural horror. That a living fellow being had been entombed in this frightful, blazing heap of ruins seemed quite unheeded.

"Where is the jailer? Is it too late? For God's sake don't murder any man so brutally?" ejaculated Ravenel, frantically.

"Here be the jailer, sir, and thur be no help fur the prisoner nythur. He's gone, sir, nigh as swift and sure as the poor fellows down in Shaft No. 2 when the river broke above their heads. If thur be a prisoner in thur he be in thur yet, though mayhap he doan't know it."

"There are no prisoners, Ravenel," answered Lawrence, hastening in among them, and hearing the last grim words. "There is not one. I should know, seeing that I myself have been a prisoner for weeks."

Ravenel had moved on toward the jailer.

"Brent," he shouted, angrily, "did you rescue the prisoner? How dare you stand there, you infernal coward, in safety yourself, and leave another to perish in this horrible way?"

"I tell you the jail was empty—you are insane, Ravenel!" Lawrence raised his voice to a higher pitch, but Ravenel never heeded him.

Brent approached them slowly.

"I couldn't help it, sir. I had bare time to hustle the old 'oman and a bit of the things out. 'Twere the rear end caught first."

"Great Heaven, Brent! was there a prisoner?" Lawrence cast his quick eye over the burning ruins. The walls, crumbling and ragged, loomed up over the fallen roof and flooring. The fierce rage of the fire was over. He recoiled with a shudder. The time for succor had passed. All within those skeleton walls lay in a mass of burning coals. "Was there a prisoner?" he repeated.

"I couldn't help it, sir," reiterated the jailer, with a significant glance at the sullen faces pressing hard about him. "I done—I done my duty; 'twere all I could do; but when I found out the fire the whole back building was in a solid blaze. 'Twere awful dry and light, sir, the old trap were. I dunno as I could do more, but 'twere no time afore the smoke run me clean out, and I h'ain't so much as fetched the bed fur the ole 'oman to sleep on."

"Confound your talk, Brent! Who was the

prisoner?" interrupted Lawrence, in some surprise at this untimely loquacity.

"I ain't rightly called his name yet. I disremember it jest at this time," returned the man, with such very evident absence of candor that Lawrence, who was turning away, faced him again.

He advanced nearer. His piercing eyes seemed to search the man's innermost soul.

"No quibbles or falsehoods, Brent. Who was the prisoner?"

Brent hesitated.

"Who was he, I say?"

"Well, sir, seein' he's out of his trouble now, it were Mr. Oscar Harvey."

Lawrence looked implacable and terrible. He ground his heel into the hard gravel as if he longed to crush something living or breathing. A bitter imprecation burst from him.

"Baffled everywhere!" he cried, with a murderous regret in his voice. "Could you not leave me at least the small satisfaction of dealing with him?"

"He'd never a-give you a chance," muttered Sandy, under his breath. "He'd a-beat you out 'n it at t' last."

Lawrence alone regretted Oscar Harvey in all that crowd before the smoldering, smoking ruins. Little forks of flame still shot up from the blackening heap, while men still gazed at the funeral pyre of the rich man.

They were an odd admixture of nationalities from every quarter of the country which the mining venture drew to the Crevasse. Here and there an indolent, good-natured farmer might be seen. They were strangely pleasant and dangerous, and said polite good nights as they headed their horses homeward. The jail existed no longer. It had gone down under the irresistible force of retributive fury.

Lawrence, glacial and bitter in aspect, departed. He turned his back on the skeleton walls as one who had no voice in the black tragedy enacted therein. Anyway, it must have been a tragedy. Lawrence returned to the inn. No interest seemed left to him. He had loved with all his nature, and the woman he had adored had vanished. Throughout his entire life a strangely determined enemy pursued his fortunes with untiring malignity. Lawrence had meant to require a dire but honorable expiation of the man who had wrought him so much ill fortune. More ruthless hands had balked him in this as in the other. Failure vanquished him on every side. He threw himself into a chair before the fire in his tiny room. How bare and desolate life appeared, shorn of his love, disappointed of his hopes, thwarted in his purpose! Thinking of it all, life grew

queerly blank. Oscar had hated him, and Oscar was dead.

The light of the consuming flames flickered and glared, first brightly, then duskily, through the uncurtained window. The skeleton walls stood like phantoms in red glow, surrounded by blackness. He pictured to himself how smoked and ashen they would look in the morning sun, and how mournfully ruined and tenantless. Some-

gone. A dreadful presentiment of evil to Flora possessed him. For the first time his dominant spirit wavered. He could be brave in all else save where Flora was concerned. For one brief instant in this miserable vacuity Lawrence wished that he, instead of Oscar, had been the sole inhabitant of the prisoners' quarter in the burned jail. Where was Flora? "My little love, God help you!" he muttered, as the luminous eyes, so full



"GOOD MORNING!"—FROM THE PAINTING BY L. WITTICH.

how the drear vision seemed parallel to his own career. He stood alone in the universe, divested of the two great passions from which he had drawn his happiness and bitterness. They had gone out of his life, leaving it for the time shorn of habitual purpose and struggle. With the sleepless enmity of the Harveys he had for years contended. It was ended. To Flora the craving love of his whole soul had gone out, folding itself around her as something heavenly. She, too, was

of tenderness, and the musical, plaintive tones, came back to him with maddening distinctness. In all the painful retrospect he saw that Marion ranged herself against Flora. Forgiveness for her was no more possible to him than pity for Oscar.

Sleep seemed to forsake him in common with everything, so Lawrence sauntered to the window. The fire continued to burn and smolder, but the sight was sickening. He had turned away,

when the door unclosed gently and Barney's black face appeared.

"Marse Lawrence!"

"Come in, Barney."

The man shut the door and dropped his cap on the floor.

"I seen you at de windy a-lookin' out, en I hed sommut perticular to say 'long ob Miss Flora," he commenced.

"Say it, Barney, for God's sake," urged Lawrence.

"You see, Hester 'lowed dat it wuz perticular important, en women folks is a sight smarter en de men, so I jes' sneaked off'n de place a-puppos to tell you. 'Tain't much, but it's de scent like, en ef you cotch dat it'll like as not fotch de coon. You see, sir, Marse Lawrence, dat las' 'Thursday 'bout dusk we wuz a-gettin' home from de jail, me'n Miss Flora and Hester, when de porter as use ter be at de lodge sez: 'Miss Flora, I see heerd long ob de cu'nel; he's gone to Mexico aboard a vessel as stopped at—' a furring place as I can't call de name—"

"Was it Tampico?" interrupted Lawrence.

"Dat's it, Marse Lawrence—he'd got it from Nathans hisself. Well, sir, Miss Flora she thanked him kindly and proper like, en we driv on. While we wuz goin' up to de house Miss Flora she looked awful white en pitiful, en she says: 'Hester, I mus' go to papa en tell him dey know where he is.' Well, Marse Lawrence, when I done found out dey tu'n Miss Flora out'n de snow en such a storm a-ragin' me'n Hester and ebry bressed nigger ob us hunt dat place clean over fo' her, but we ain't seen hair nor hide ob Miss Flora sence."

Lawrence sighed and covered his eyes with his hand. The drear blank grew more wretchedly certain. How could she, frail and tender and timid, weather the howling blast and hideous blackness of that night and storm? He could not be strong and fearless when he thought of Flora.

"Barney," he asked, "has no one in the neighborhood heard? She must have taken refuge somewhere."

Barney answered slowly:

"Marse Lawrence, I done hunt de county ober, en dere ain't a patchin' ob news ob Miss Flora. Ef God-A'mighty didn't fotch a char-yut en hosses en cotch her up to hebben I can't see whar she's done gone. It ain't natur', Marse Lawrence, fur her to jes' kinder flew off widout so much ez a-floppin' her wings, seein' ez she ain't one ob de ghoases; but I tol' Hester dat I see gwine to gib you de scent—p'raps you kin tree her."

"Barney, I am going to Tampico. I shall

start in the morning," began Lawrence, and even Barney perceived how hard it was for him to speak of Flora, and how slight his hope of finding her there. "How the poor child could ever have made her way to Mexico I cannot understand. If she is there I will find her. If she is on the face of God's earth I will find her. In the meantime, Barney, if any hint or clew should fall under your notice, instantly communicate with Mr. Ravenel or Judge Blanton. You shall never suffer for your fidelity and goodness to Miss Flora, even"—Lawrence stopped; his voice faltered in the slightest degree; his handsome face changed color—"even if—if she is never found."

"Oh, thankee, Marse Lawrence," and Barney picked up his cap. He twisted it around his fingers, and looked at Lawrence. "I hope you'll jes' 'member, sir, me'n Hesseie, sir, when you gits all right yo'self—we's kinder in notion ob one 'nadder."

"I shall not fail you, Barney. Small chance of ever being all right myself," supplemented Lawrence.

"Well—a—good night, sir, en good luck. Ef me 'n' you together can't find Miss Flora she ain't here to find."

"Ay!" echoed the other, bitterly, "she is not here to find."

The servitor withdrew noiselessly. In all the county Lawrence reposed no such trust as in Barney.

Nothing of the long, hard and bitter meditation of the night revealed itself in his debonair manner when Lawrence descended to the inn porch in the morning. The tones of his voice were deep and sonorous, but they were less glad and riant. The eagle glance retained its searching potency, but a steellike gleam chilled its friendliness. Mr. Bland stood on the porch, his hands crossed behind him, his thoughtful face overcast and troubled. The lawyer gazed at the wreck of the jail, but his quondam client avoided it persistently. Whenever else Lawrence's restless glance traveled, it never, by any chance, rested upon those blackened walls.

"Lawrence, they may have made trouble for themselves," the lawyer said, nodding toward the ruins.

"It don't matter," was the half-curt reply. "One can endure any amount of trouble."

Mr. Bland made no answer to the touch of impatience.

"I am going to New Orleans, Mr. Bland," Lawrence continued, abruptly. "From there I take passage to Tampico."

"Very good," rejoined the lawyer; "and it is

wise to leave here at once, before any investigation of last night's doings. They may detain you as a witness. It was bad work."

"I shall leave in an hour."

"Then I shall be your companion *en voyage*, to New Orleans, at least. Important business calls me imperatively to the South for a few weeks. —Well, Brent, do you wish to see me?"

The dislodged jailer approached respectfully. Ejecting a quid of tobacco from his mouth, he tore off another one, with due formality lifted his hat, and as carefully replaced it. Evidently, Brent contemplated a remark. Nothing hurried him out of his deliberate, easy-going habits, and nobody expected him to exhibit any greater alacrity.

"I have sommat to say with both on you. I'm in sommat of a hurry, which is the main reason why I'm stirrin' so airly; not but what I am always a stirrin' man myself, but it's airly for gentry folks," he said, by way of preamble. "You see, sir, I reckon I ain't got time to talk, seein' brexus is ready, so I'll jest say it's 'long of Mr. Oscar Harvey, my prisoner last night."

"What is there to say of him?" demanded Lawrence, severely. "We have had enough of him."

"So you have, sir," laughed Brent, cheerily; "but you're like to hev more of him. Yet, I couldn't tell it afore the men, seein' they'd a-et him up. But he wa'n't in the lockup. Oscar Harvey wa'n't there, Mr. Lawrence—he wa'n't."

"What do you mean? Can't you speak, man? Where was Oscar Harvey?" A light leaped into the dark eye. A dull flush deepened in his cheek. "Where was he."

"Well, sir, I shut him up when he come to me, but I didn't keep him. He sez, 'Brent, git me out'n this, on the road to the station. I jest come in here fur a blind. Lawrence is after me, and them devils from the Silver Shafts. I ain't a fightin' man, Brant' (which I knowed, seein' I knowed the whole lowlived breed of Harveys), 'en I'm goin' off ter git sket of 'em.' Well, sir, I had nothin' agin him to hold him fur, en I knowed the men s'picioned the jail, so I give him a ole suit o' clothes over his'n en put him out the winder. I didn't say nothin' last night, or tell 'em no better, 'cause they'd a-run to the station en chucked him off the express; but he's got off safe and sound. I couldn't a-let him be burnt up like a chunk of hickory wood."

"No—you were right," assented the lawyer.

Lawrence made no reply. Brent glanced up at him inquiringly.

"You see, sir, he jest wanted to make 'em rest easy while he got a chance to git off. Mr. Ravenel come on him unbeknownst, en he told him he was a-goin' to hev it out with you to-day fur lickin' him across the face. Lord bless you, sir, he jest wanted to git him to chuck him over the wall. You'll have a chance at him some time, Mr. Lawrence, ef you can ever ketch up with him," added the man, with a wink.

"Yes," was the grim reply, "my chance will come. This is but a small earth, not wide enough for Oscar Harvey and Lawrence Lawrence."

"I knowed it, sir; but take care he don't back-hand you. Well, a good morning sir; brexus is 'bout ready." And Brent went on his way, chuckling to himself.

He had never heard of phonetic gradations and changeful expressions, but all the same Brent read their significance. Mr. Bland's eye followed the retreating figure as he said: "When the world forms an opinion the world is invariably correct. Will you carry out your first intention of going to Mexico?"

"Yes; I shall find time for Harvey when Flora is safe."

An hour later Lawrence hurried into the little station, tossed down a handful of gold coins and said, "A ticket for New Orleans." Five minutes after he was dashing over the rails southward.

Five days thereafter Mr. Bland had waved his last adieu to Lawrence. The magnificent form and lofty head merged into the dark mass on deck. The steamer receded swiftly.

"There's a steamer every three weeks," some one said beside him, as the vessel disappeared behind the misty horizon.

The broad river rolled on majestically at his feet. It bore Lawrence out to the tempestuous, treacherous Gulf. It left the old lawyer behind, with a queer pain tugging at his heart.

"God knows if I will ever see him again!" he sighed.

Mr. Bland returned to his carriage.

"Drive straight to the depot. I have still time to see Addison before his train leaves."

Mr. Bland pushed his way through the crowd at the depot.

"How long before the express goes out?" asked a voice in the rear.

"Just twenty minutes," was the agent's reply.

Mr. Bland turned suddenly. The stranger encountered his gaze with a start of surprise. The first impulse of the stranger was evidently—escape. The first intent of the lawyer was visibly—detention.

(To be continued.)



A BURMESE GIRL.



A TAMIL WOMAN.



A JAPANESE GIRL.



A FEMME VOILÉE FROM EGYPT.

TYPES OF ORIENTAL BEAUTY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



"THERE IS A SILENCE OF SOME MOMENTS."

HE had the face of Liszt, only more drawn, more pale and soulless. His figure was slight.

The long coat that he invariably wore was faded, and had grown shiny at the shoulders; a torn spot under one arm was mended, but not by a skilled hand. His hat—an almost shabby felt one—had aged with the garment, grown to be part of him, as if in sympathy with the thoughts behind those large dark eyes, that looked away at objects with a sad, wistful light. His old violin case had endured the same dreary existence as its owner, that was certain. Its brass escutcheon was gone from the ragged keyhole; a long check ran vertically down the curved lid. There was a lighter stretch of worn wood under

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the small brass handle; the felt on the under side of the case was discolored and frayed at one end.

They know him at the Tenderloin. Some one brought him to the *table d'hôte* one evening, and he played for the club after the meal; not wonderfully well, though. No; but there was a certain dreary longing in the notes of his poor old violin that one young reporter there will not forget now—even though he has forgotten the piece the strange violinist played.

After that the young scribe saw him at different intervals on Fifth Avenue, always with his old violin, always alone, the seedy old coat brushed and smoothed into a pathetic neatness.

Once the young fellow met a shambling, bent

figure; dejection in every line of the drooping shoulders of a tattered long coat; the dirt of the street clinging here and there to the shabby costume. Its owner's head was bowed down; two white, thin hands pressed a worn old violin case to his breast. This was "downtown." The young reporter had to look twice before he could feel certain that this staggering shadow was the same sad artist.

One day the newspaper man pointed the old musician out to a friend, a writer, and asked if he knew him.

"Do I know him? Not well. But——" They were seated in a Fourteenth Street café. The writer began this story:

"You say you saw him the other day and hardly knew him? Some day I am going to write his story. . . . No, he does not play well, nor yet badly. He played better, though, when he came here the second time.

"He might secure a position in some theatre orchestra even now. I heard him being offered one the other day. But he will not accept a regular engagement.

"He has one pupil, but only one. 'Could he not get more'? Yes, undoubtedly. However, he seems to wish for no others.

"That seems strange'? Yes, it does. What most of that pupil's friends think odd is the fact that she will consent to being taught by such a tatterdemalion as he, her parents being able to command the best and most costly talent in the city. They are wealthy beyond the dream of a Dives.

"The old musician seems to live only for her. She cannot take the lessons regularly; he sacrifices a more profitable and regular engagement that he may come to her whenever she sends for him. That is my guess.

"Those times he 'pulls himself together,' brushes the sorry old coat clean, and takes on as much the semblance of a man as what is left of him is capable of assuming. At other times—well, he drowns his thoughts in absinthe and opium, in some grimy garret, Heaven and he only know where.

"Was he never married'? I am coming to that. He was married once, and had a little daughter. They were lowly people, and the mother died, in abject poverty, I think. But he scraped together enough afterward to give the little one clothes like those of a dainty princess, and he treated her as such. In fact, his whole strange being centred on the child—he worshiped her.

"Then he thought to better her lot by coming here, and with his violin. He could earn more—

she could have finer garments, more jewels. It was idolatry pure and simple.

"She had a nurse. He left her with the woman.

"When he became settled here he wrote for his child to be brought to him. A letter came in answer—that was the last he ever heard of the little one. The shock of it all but killed him.

"The poor do not have the money to hire detective service. He was forced to work for the money first. When his meagre earnings enabled him to send a detective to look into the case nothing certain could be learned.

"He disappeared. Then, after a few months, he came back. He worked as though heart and soul were the strings his wavering bow rasped; starved, half clothed himself, that officers—idlers many of them—might fatten on his loss. One brought the news that the nurse and child could be traced to a neighboring city, where the clew ceased; but I think that was a false clew.

"I think that they took a different route, and went down with a Sound steamer that sank three days after the time the nurse wrote him that they would start. None of the detectives seemed to think of this, and I have said nothing about it except now, to you. That was about seventeen years ago.

"However, the old musician kept on paying every penny for the futile search for five years longer. Then he gave it up despairingly. But his confidence in the nurse was such that he felt she would die for the child. . . . And he is what you see him now—a broken-down man about New York, 'with a story,' the true version of which it is hardly likely you or I shall ever know.

"And his only pupil'? the writer repeated, sipping his brandy and soda reflectively. "Well, he chanced to come upon her one day on Broadway. Shabby and gaunt, he followed her home. He begged at the door that she would take lessons from him; and what was strange—a whim, doubtless—she consented.

"The man changed. He seemed to care to live again. And he has taught her, and her only, since then, abandoning his orchestral engagement that he might be always ready to go to teach her at her beck and call. But I told you all that."

* * * * *

The last calm, restful tones of the rarely melodious second movement of Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique" vanished softly—the arrangement for violin and piano by the teacher for his only pupil.

He was playing as he played in no other presence than hers. There was a look of strange con-

tent on his wan face; a shade of color came to the man.

But this time teacher and pupil ceased playing before essaying the brilliant movement which ends the tonemaster's sombre-sweet love dream. They stopped as if from a like innate impulse.

"And this is to be our last lesson." She says this slowly.

He makes an inarticulate comment. His voice is husky.

The scene is the tapestry-hung music room of a New York palace; Persian rugs carpeting the place; gloomy, grand Beethoven, in marble, looking down from one niche, Mephistophelian Paganini from another. A glowing hearth, with golden andirons, are at the further wall; here a screen, framed in the same precious metal.

The fair-faced girl seems part of the rare scene. But there is no drawing-room tapestry nor *portière* that can harmonize itself with the figure of the old violinist.

"I am to be married in a fortnight," she explains, blushing consciously.

She is looking into the smoldering embers now.

"Yes, this will have to be our last lesson, and, I assure you, I regret it more than I can say," she adds.

There is a silence of some moments.

"I wonder why it is that I have always made you my confidant?" she asks, half to herself. "I wonder why I have taken so much pleasure in those lessons? It must be owing to your great kindness." This answer comes to her lips as the grave-faced man at her side remains silent.

But he was to see the only being for whom he lived taken away; the one his imagination pictured as like his lost little one, if she had lived. He would have been different then.

"And now I think I must tell you something. I only learned it recently," she continues. "They have told it to my betrothed, as they felt it to be their duty to do so. I feel that it was right. I am glad, at least, that the matter is as it is. And now I wonder why I am about to—confide this to you?" she says, hesitatingly—"you, my violin master?" She looks at him with brows knit just a little. It *does* puzzle her.

"Would you guess," she begins, slowly, softly, affectionately, "that one day, long, long ago, father's yacht picked me up, floating on the Sound, and that, even to-day, nothing is known concerning my real parents?" She pauses. "Only that they possessed great wealth, and were doubt-

less of good birth. But oh! I am glad of that, though.

"Not that I should love my father and mother less if they should come to me now, and I should find them lowly, even starving creatures. No—no; I would go to them willingly. But—" she hesitates. "My poor, poor parents, I wonder where they are?"

"But they are not lowly. See this little silk kerchief! It was found fastened about my neck when I was picked up. Is it not a delicate trifle of finery?"

"Why, it might have been burnt! And then—"

The strangely woven bit of fabric had come near drifting into the flame. The old musician's hand is trembling unusually to-night; he has become almost deathly pale.

"You are fatigued! I have kept you longer than I should." And she rises.

"I—" But he does not continue.

"This is 'good-by,'" she says.

"This is 'good-by.'" He echoes the words in a whisper.

He turns toward her falteringly with a sudden impulse. But this is checked, and he hurries through the arched ways of the long hall and out and down into the street, tremblingly clasping the old violin case tightly to his breast, as he did that day when the young reporter had met him in those squalid regions "downtown."

* * * * *

The wedding took place in the following fortnight.

The reporter was sent to get "a story" for his paper.

One hour and a half sufficed for him to make his notes. A member of the family gave him a list of the presents; the wedding was a quiet, elegant affair.

On his way out a loose leaf fluttered from his notebook down into the area. Seeking for it, he came upon what he supposed was a sleeping person, there in the shadow beneath the bay window in which the wedding ceremony had taken place.

Then he learned his mistake. The white face of the old musician wore a tranquil smile, of which death could not rob it, though that poor grief-drawn face had been a stranger to one for many a weary year.

The young scribe guessed part of the old artist's secret—that this was the home of his only pupil. But the rest is hidden.

STREET BALCONIES IN NORTH ITALY.

By H. E. TIDMARSH.

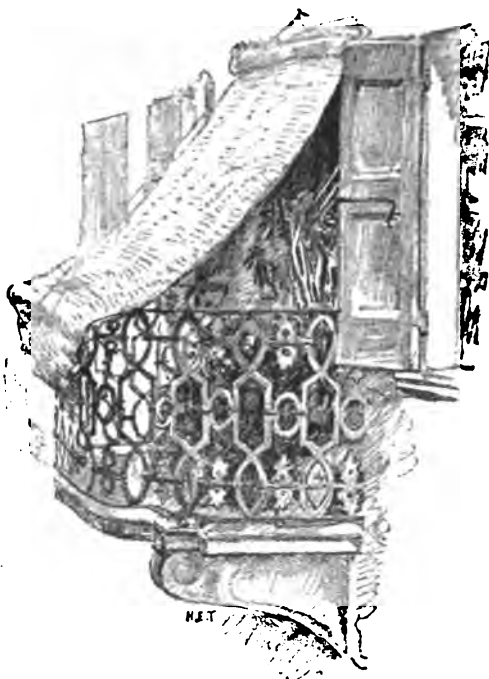


"KNEELING" GRATINGS, VIA S. ALESSIO, VERONA.

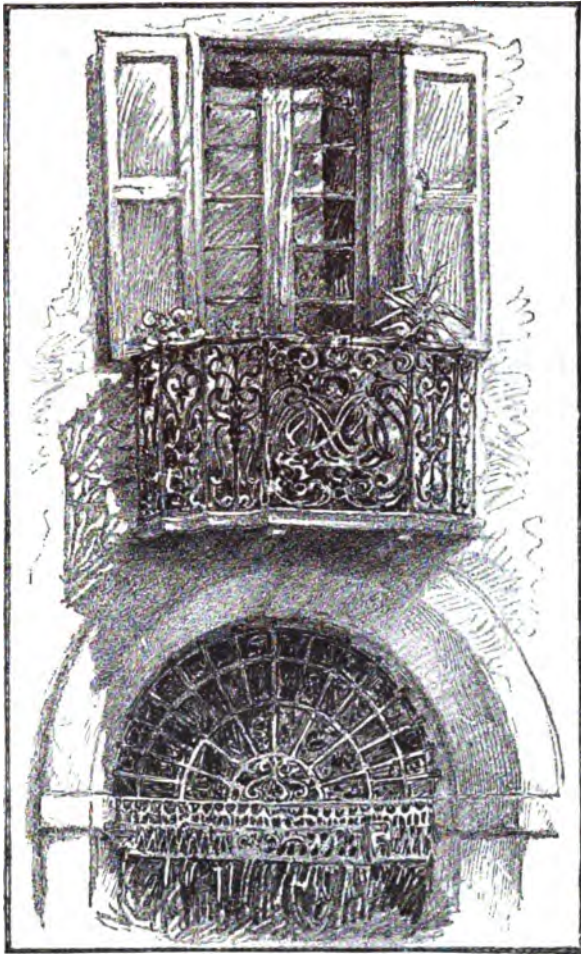
It is some comfort to get to a subject where one may be unbound by rules and unnoticed by critics, and yet not be removed from all culture and beauty. Architecture, in all its theory and practice, offers a more enticing field for combat than any of the arts. Each one knows what is

best, and whether it is good taste for the design of the building to be *in antis*, or *amphiprostyle*, or *pseudodipteral*, and whether the intercolumniation should be *pycnostyle*, *eustyle* or *aræstyle*; while further debate, and even enmity, may be called out over the detail of doors and windows, capital and pilaster, and only those who have a special repertory of assertion and argument in hand care, in the presence of those who know anything of such matters, to venture an opinion, for fear of having to cry mercy for their hardihood in uttering such crude remarks.

Amongst the few parts of a building which are free from such partisanship the balcony stands conspicuous. This is greatly owing to the fact that the ancients did not use this feature, and so no classic models are left for us to study and to champion; but to some extent it is due to its being an outgrowth of our modern life and tastes, and, like some subjects, as the fireplace, subject to varying treatment with the varying hour. It is strange that this feature has not been more used. Who that has felt the pleasure of stepping from the room into the cool air, and for a brief space enjoying all the charm of the outer world, and then at will retreating to the shaded room again, has not come to look upon it as a real necessity to a perfect life? And so familiar are we now with some form of balcony on cottage wall or palace front that it is almost incredible that such a thing was unused by our forefathers. Refer to any set of drawings of Gothic buildings,



IN BRESCIA, NEAR THE CAMPO SANTO.

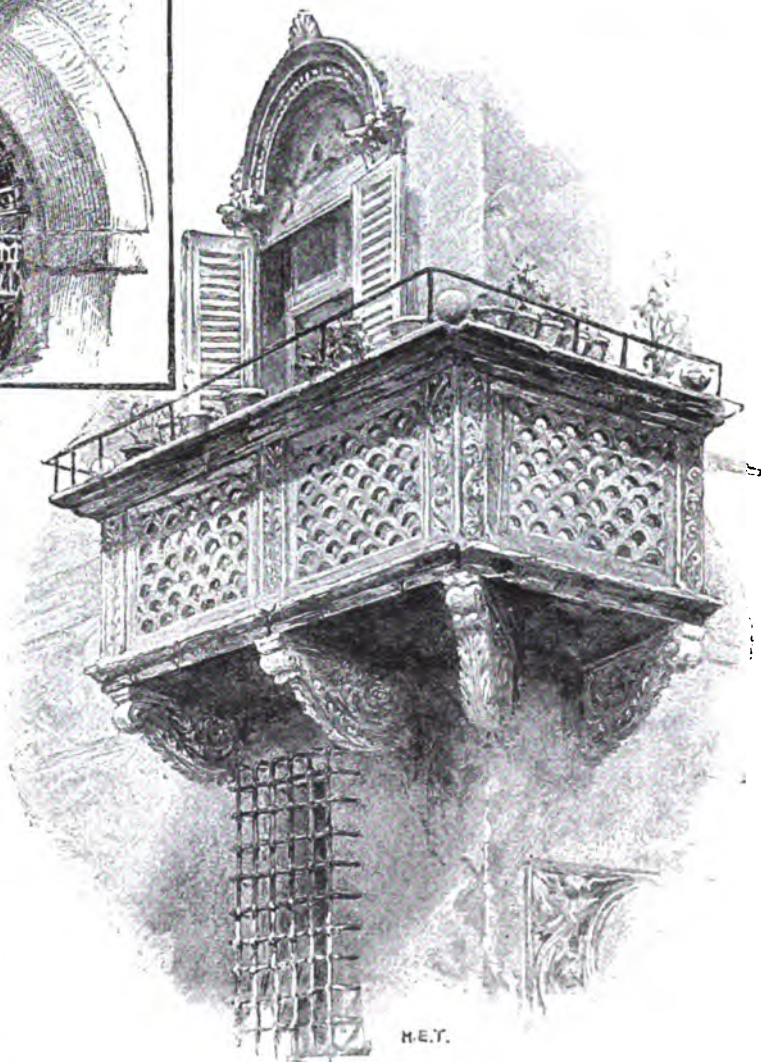


NEAR THE CATHEDRAL, CREMONA.

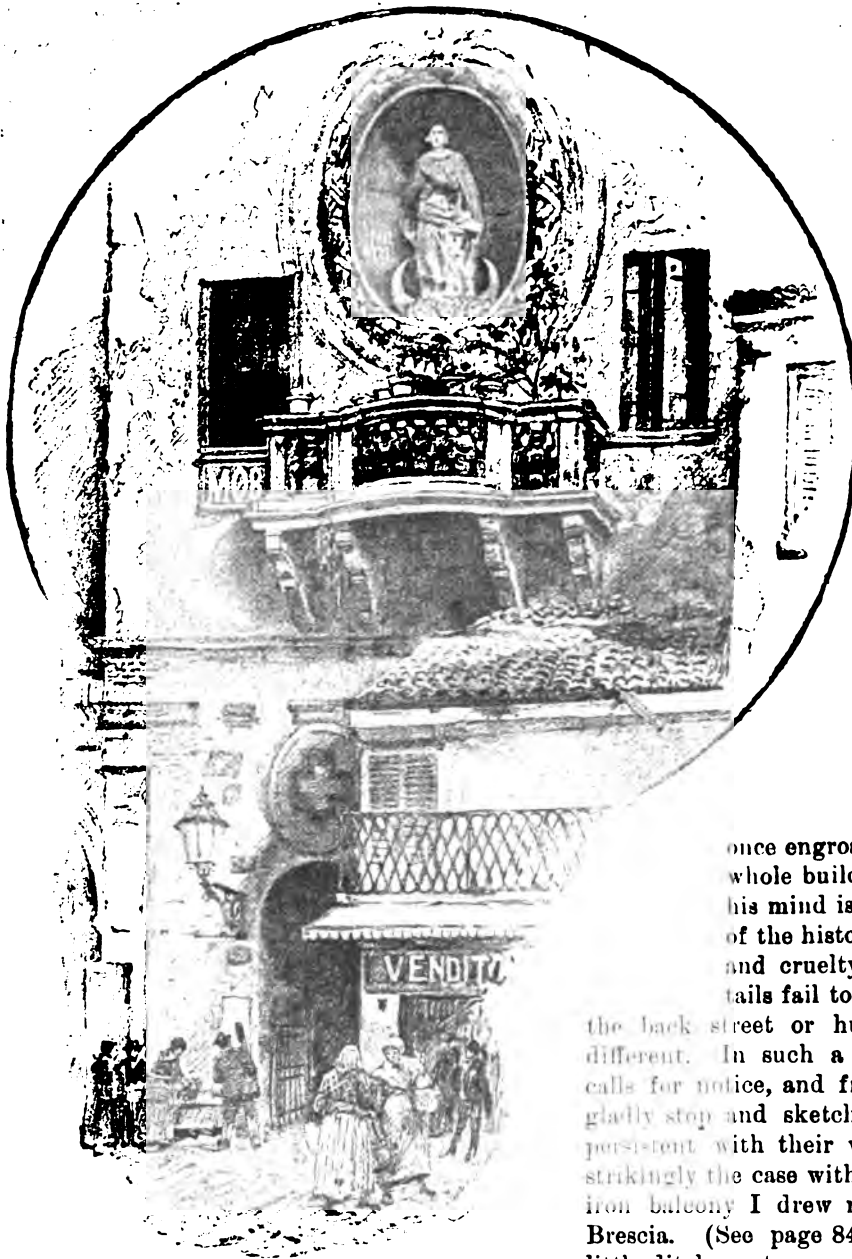
such as Pugin's "specimens," and there is but one late attempt at a balcony, while among a hundred and fifty illustrations of upright windows in Parker's Glossary there is but one small turret light which shows a balcony. Sumptuous bays and dainty oriels are everywhere, but our climate and our manners never felt the need of extramural airing places. Old castles had little wooden galleries hanging from their walls, through the floors of which the defenders poured molten lead and pitch upon the enemy beneath, but these were not balconies as we understand them. The whole genius of military architecture was opposed to such an outgrowth. Moreover,

the climate of more northern lands would not encourage such external features, even when the manners were soft enough for the builder to study comfort and beauty. The seclusion of the ancients in domestic matters never allowed their houses to break out in little landings from which to view the street life or take the air, and so balconies were unknown to Greek and Roman. The still greater privacy of Oriental manners prohibited any outlook on the street but closely latticed oriel or window, and so the thing itself, as well as the name, becomes the almost exclusive property of soft sunny Italy.

It is said that the cramped position of Venetian houses compelled the inhabitants to find some other way of taking the air than in their narrow lanes and waterways, and thus the balcony was invented there. This seems likely,



IN THE VIA SCALA, VERONA.



BALCONY ON THE CLOCK TOWER, MANTUA.

for certainly in Venice and the parts of Northern Italy at one time under its influence we find the most abundance and the finest specimens. The severely chaste palaces of Florence are without any such excrescences; the costly residences of the Roman nobles are likewise unbroken by any trifles of the sort; but here, northward, nearly every street is rich in them.

The most prominent and most famous of the balconies were those erected outside the town-hall looking on the public square. From this point of vantage, called the Ringhiera, the po-

desta addressed the people; and the citizens, assembled "in parlamento" in the square, granted their assent to acts of government, and listened to the sentences proclaimed therefrom. The Broletto in most of the northern cities still retains its handsome and historic Ringhiera, always in front of a fine window. They may be found at Milan, Bergamo, Como, Brescia, Piacenza and elsewhere. But these, interesting and important as they doubtless are, do not lend themselves to the treatment of the artist, like many on humbler buildings.

The spectator is at once engrossed with the beauty of the whole building and its surroundings; his mind is surcharged with thoughts of the historic past with all its beauty and cruelty, and the less-praised details fail to claim attention. But in the back street or humbler square the case is different. In such a locality any bit of beauty calls for notice, and frequently the artist would gladly stop and sketch were not the natives so persistent with their warm attentions. This is strikingly the case with such subjects as the little iron balcony I drew near the Campo Santo at Brescia. (See page 84.) It overhangs a dirty little ditch or stream, and the old lady who keeps a tiny garden in the window had hung a bit of matting up to form a screen. As I drew, darkness came on, and the old dame came to pull up her awning; but the onlookers warned her not to show her unkempt head, and she, retreating into the gathering gloom of the little room, let me finish my sketch. The warm glow of sunset on the mat against the cold green shutters, and the iron rails niello-patterned on the sombre vegetation, was a picture only found in such a land. Very old balconies do not exist, for, as Mr. Ruskin remarks, the balcony, being by its construction and constant use peculiarly liable to decay and to become insecure, it is certain at some time

to be replaced or else removed for the safety of life and limb. So with few exceptions most of them date from the fifteenth or even sixteenth century. One does not feel this to be a serious defect. There is something about the very thing that, be it what it may, it always looks well. Like a framed pencil drawing, let it be by the fist of any schoolboy, or the vain elaboration of some boudoir miss, it always looks good decoration. The ponderous production on the clock tower in the Piazza delle Erbe at Mantua is a case in point. (See page 86.) Late and heavy in style, underneath a "baroque" figure of the Virgin, and encroached on by the roof of a little wine shop, it is yet very pretty in its picturesque setting; but how I managed to get a drawing of it I can hardly tell. Mr. Street complains of being mobbed in Mantua as he tried to sketch, and I shared his fate and almost gave it up as useless.

Another instance of this is a charming specimen of a wrought-iron balcony, late in date, in an old house near the cathedral at Cremona. The doorway under it now forms the entrance to a smith's shop, and all sorts of iron, tool and ornament, dangle from the roof and grill. All day long, under this inverted forest of metal, goes on the chink of the hammer, and the sun steals round, casting delicious shadows on the broken plaster wall, and cool evening comes; but no courtly dame or smiling maiden bursts the window and comes to bloom upon the fragile slab, showing, through the interlacings, all their beauty and wealth of costume. In the neighboring square the tawdrily bedecked mammas and daughters are promenading round and round amongst the other Cremonese, to the sounds of the excellent municipal band. A slattern woman may undo the creaky window and water the few plants that add their beauty to the rusty rails. Only this! There is depression in the thought that everything has had its day. What it was it no longer is. Its old purposes have changed; it is allowed to decay, or to be used by other men, and differently kept because differently loved. Where Petrarch loved and wrote the coppersmith hangs his wares; the floors which only knew the tread of dukes and titled dames are rotten with decay or melancholy as some little-used museum; the shades and cloisters where religious sentiment and disappointment found a refuge have changed to all the coarseness of the barracks; and the balconies where Boccaccio's ladies hung and heard the sonnets of their cavaliers are possessed by some thriftless lodger who only knows the toil and grime of hard existence, and never enters into the soul of the existence which produced the beauties of the past.

It is reasonable that the city of Romeo and Juliet should be chief in the land of balconies, and this Mr. Ruskin declares it to be as far as regards the strict effect of the balcony. There are some fine specimens here, and several of the pierced-slab type. Beautiful as rare is the corner balcony in the Via Scala. Made of marble, delicately carved, and a cinquecento window frame behind, it at once proclaims itself to be a treasure saved from Time's all-destroying hand, though now a leather cutter rents the house. In such parts of the town as are still left by the engineer with his improvements one may find many a shadow-producing bit. There are few devices for breaking the perpendicular of the street more useful than the "kneeling gratings" on some old and dirty houses in the Via S. Alessio, which, though they are not balconies in the strictest sense of the word, yet serve as such as far as taking air and seeing up and down the street demand; for they are of the size a man may sit in.

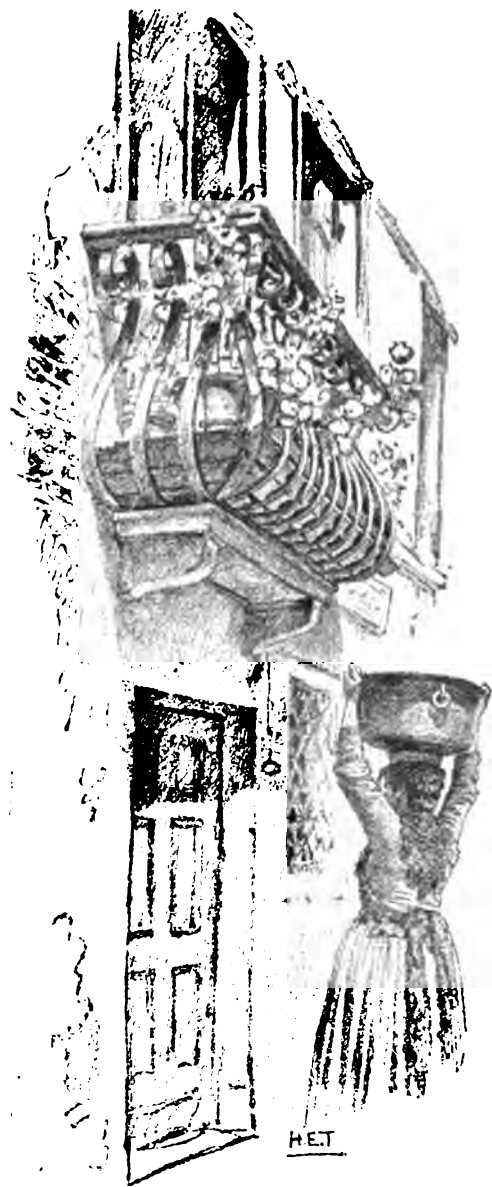
For artistic effect as shade producers the balconies of Venice stand pre-eminent, and most people will think that for number and beauty she is here also the unrivaled queen. The deep cavernous doorway of the palace is nearly always corniced by the window balcony of the next story, casting its shadow on the splendid mass of dark beneath. Then above these windows protrudes another wide stone slab, lending mystery to their fine dark openings by its welcome shade. And so the next story; till the roof eaves fling their shadow on the topmost window opening. This is seen in the little study of a palazzo in a side canal which contains all the best features of the larger palaces (p. 88). A sail on the Grand Canal where the Byzantine and Gothic palaces hang out such wealth of balconies is far too much for one poor mortal to grasp in a short hour. To stand in front of them, or even to study a drawing of one, produces some such feeling as is felt on being in the midst of too great wealth of flowers. The excessive grace and beauty of the window tracery with the tender balustrades below, the color and mosaic and the ever-rippling water, seem too much for our dull-toned northern minds to grasp as really workaday things. The commonplace and no-art balconies which one finds in close congregation everywhere—as those overhanging a canal just by the post office, shown in the large drawing on page 89—are a great reaction from the order of the older and more orthodox sorts, but beautiful and useful in their profuseness, and an illustration of how little one troubles about rules of art when judging the effect of street balconies. The oldest balconies are all of marble, and generally consist of slender

columns supporting a top rail, at the corners of which sit two little dogs, the whole supported by lion-headed brackets. They largely date from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The same style appears in all the neighboring towns, which were at one time under the domination of Venice, and it is therefore found in Padua, Vicenza and Verona, just as one finds the lion on the column. In later years iron has been largely used, and the little drawing of the bent iron balcony, near the Salute, shows how beautiful such simple means may be in result, the almost trumpery materials yielding a very satisfactory production.

All this is greatly aided by the wealth of flowering green universally present, but notably so in the poorer



ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.



AT PONTE DI MEZZO, VENICE.

houses. Often, as the "Stones of Venice" puts it, "the falling branches of the flowers stream like fountains through the pierced traceries of the marble," and everywhere, in good taste and in bad, in stone and in iron, in nakedness and clothed with verdure, these North Italian balconies meet and please the eye.

On a return from Italy, if one should choose the route through Germany, the sudden and complete disappearance of the balcony is quite a distress to the student of such matters. In Innsbrück, Nuremberg and



NEAR THE POST OFFICE, VENICE, FROM THE BRIDGE VIA MERCEINA.

on the Rhine old examples are practically non-existent, as is natural in Gothic countries; but if one elects to travel through France the transition is a little less rapid, either by the Marseilles route or through the wooden architecture of Switzerland. In all these countries, as well as our own, there are now any number of specimens "in the classical taste" of modern times, ponderous and heavy in cement and stone, trivial and cheap in

cast iron, and, quite recently, beautiful and useful in molded brick and terra-cotta. There seems to be a prospect that, despite the limitations of situation, without the inspiration of a wealthy past, and under a doubtful climate, the people of this country will yet add greatly to the beauty of their streets, façades and the comfort of their lives by the further study and greater use of the balcony.

AN AFTERNOON WITH JOAQUIN MILLER.

BY CHRISTIAN M. WAAGE.

NEARLY midwinter, and Christmas close upon us! But where are the blizzards? Where is the biting northeaster? Where the snow, heaped into mountains; or the ice, covering the rills with silence? Ah! *nous avons changé tout cela*—we are in California, on the Pacific slope, in the land of midwinter sunshine, midwinter zephyrs, midwinter roses.

As I stop on the brow of the hill and look away into the sunlit scene before me everything appears wonderfully beautiful. Down in the valley groves of fruit trees, already budding; beyond it the ground rising from height to height in natural steps. The cañons studded with white ranch houses, gleaming in the sun; acres of eucalypti, waving their foliage in the light breeze; cattle and horses grazing on the hillsides; and yonder on the distant hill, rearing its head above the others, the outline of the "Arbor Day Cross," planted there by Joaquin Miller for the benefit of the children of Oakland and San Francisco. A hundred yards below the base of the cross I see the cottages belonging to Miller's ranch, known as The Heights, the property and abode of the poet.

Notwithstanding the advanced season of the year it is a hot tramp up to the Miller ranch. The road winds along hillsides and gulches; one may look up into orchards on the one side and down upon chicken farms on the other, but as I rise above the plateau below, into which the magnificent Bay of San Francisco has stretched its placid waters, the view widens, and I observe the cities of Alameda, Oakland and part of Berkeley, while across the bay lies San Francisco, delicately veiled in a pearly ocean mist; and yonder, southward, swathed in the same fine film of vaporous sunshine, as I suddenly turn a bend in the road, I can make out the towns of San Leandro, San Lorenzo, Haywards—on and on, until the marvelous stretch of landscape dies away in the far distance into a dream of tremulous beauty.

I have reached the goal of my journey, the Miller mansion. Yet, the word is wrongly chosen, for while most men would build a mansion of many apartments the poet has chosen to build a number of cottages, each one containing just a few rooms. Here to the left, as I cross a little rustic bridge and walk past the "poet's seat," is the study. To the right is the guest house, and further up on the hill the dining house. The door to the study is open—it always is open, day and night, when Miller is at home—and as I enter I am cordially greeted by the poet, who is still in bed, although it is in the small hours of the afternoon.

The study! But not a single bookshelf in it, not a book to be seen. Yes, one—Tolstoi's "What to Do."

"Ah, Tolstoi! What do you think of Tolstoi?"

"I know little of Tolstoi," says Joaquin. "Partington has read me a chapter or two of this 'What to Do,' and we have discussed his doctrine of non-resistance, his theories of labor, and so on; but I am not tempted thereby in his direction. What! shall the evil man triumph as long as there is one good man left with strength to kill him? What are we here for at all, anyhow, if not to see to it that right shall live and wrong shall die?"

My host is no doubt a student, but he is not a bookworm. One day, some years ago, I sat with him on the steps of the study, looking down upon the beautiful panorama before us, and turned the conversation upon reading.

"Why should I want to read?" he said. "I have the flowers and the sunshine, the scenery, the fresh air of the hills—what more do I need?"

To-day he speaks differently, when I once more take up the subject. "I never read," he says. "I know people think I did once, but I never had the opportunity. I now feel that I must find time to read, for if I don't I shall be

writing something one of these days that has been written about already."

In this study Miller does all his writing, and he does it in bed. Fresh from the sleep in the invigorating air of the hills, he dips his quill and pens his ideas, passing from the land of dreams straight into the realm of thought without exposing himself to any exertion that might interfere with his reflections.

But the study is not less interesting because of the absence of books. The accompanying illustration depicts the back of the room, with the curtain hanging in front of the bed, and drawn for dressing purposes only. In addition to ordinary bedclothes there are a bearskin and a very woolly-looking horsehide on the bed, the latter, according to Miller, having once belonged to a horse which carried the immortal Fremont on his explorations in California. The floor, too, is strewn with fur rugs, giving the whole interior a cozy appearance. The furniture is scanty and very plain, but the walls are covered with photographs, letters, manuscript, cards, maxims, Indian curiosities and a variety of articles, pinned on, nailed on, glued on, producing the impression of a museum rather than of a literary study. Among the maxims I notice one in particular. It is signed "Joaquin Miller," and runs:

"Familiarity is vulgarity; Popularity is mediocrity."

As we converse the subject turns upon his immediate surroundings. He gives me to understand that his arrangements here have been made with a view to bring a simpler and more primitive manner of living into harmony with the conditions of present civilized life. "There is no reason," he says, "for shutting yourself up behind barred doors and barbed fences." Then he continues: "There is nothing here but chicken ranches and grass, grass and chicken ranches. If you want anything else you must go down yonder;" and he nods his head toward the busy cities below, the spires and turrets of which are gleaming in the sunlight before his glance, as he looks through the open door. "There is not even an atmosphere here!"

I insist that the presence of an atmosphere would depend upon individual perception, but he will not have it that way.

"There is nothing here," he repeats, "save the little glints of rainbow colors I have tried to produce; but it is all like pouring one drop of red into a bucket of water—scarcely perceptible."

I go to the guest house while Miller dresses. It is a cottage with one front room and two bedrooms behind. The same splendid view, and here

also the walls decorated with pictures and curiosities. I notice two portraits of Tolstoi and a full illustrated page of the San Francisco *Examiner*, giving an account of the poet's interview with Chris Evans, a notorious outlaw, who since his meeting with Miller under the redwoods of the Sierras has been captured, tried and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

As I sit down here, waiting for my host to come along and take me up for dinner, I survey in my mind the singular personality of which he is possessed. Let no one think that in this beautiful spot Joaquin Miller cultivates only the genius of the poet. Let no one think that he has no other work to perform than to write poetry, resting upon a luxurious couch. Not so! When he has put down his pen he bends his muscle to manual labor. He believes that the business of the world is worth working at. Unlike Tolstoi, he does not ask whether the job next his hand is worth taking up—he takes it up. He has no time to ask whether life is worth living—he lives it. He toils at his work, writes, digs, hoes, plows, mows, shoots and occasionally preaches. He eats his dinner, drinks his wine, feeds his heart on the smell of his wonderful roses, cracks his joke and laughs out loud with the laughing Californian sun, and swears by the Lord that "it is all very good." More than this: he can eat a chunk of bread and drink a glass of water with a thankful heart—and does it when need may be, still swearing by the Lord that bread with water "straight" out of the heart of the hills is very good too. When the demijohn of whisky gives out there is still plenty of that water—"The best in the world, boy!" he will say. He does not whine; he works, and is thankful.

He works, and the fruits of his labors may be seen all around. What The Heights were before he came here five years ago anyone may judge from a glance at the surroundings. Bare, shaly, barren land; thin pasturage for poor stock, riddled by tens of thousands of squirrel holes; a land for the conies, the coyotes and the mountain lions: he has planted it with thousands of trees—olive, peach, plum, apple, willows, chestnuts, acacias, grapevines and roses. The wilderness has fairly blossomed as the rose. There are his cottages—the chapel, the sleeping room, the guest house, the home of his mother and the flower house, the great barn, the little bridge, the stone terraces, the fences, the fish ponds, the ingenious arrangement of waterworks and the irrigating channels for watering his roses. With his own hands and arms and legs, with back bent and brow sweat—honest sweat—he has done most of this work himself.

"What is to be the end of it all?" says Tolstoi, in his grim and ghastly fashion. "Stench and worms!" "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" says Solomon.

Joaquin Miller answers differently. He has already lodged with the authorities of San Francisco and Oakland a document in which he bequeaths to those two cities on certain conditions all this land for the purpose of turning it into a park. Referring partly to this, and more especially to the Arbor Day Cross on the top of the hill, he says: "It will be left to the school children of the two cities, who planted it, forever." Not for worms to devour, not for vanity to mock,

and hair over his breast and shoulders he bends forward as he ascends the hill. On his head a broad-brimmed black wideawake; over his shoulders the skin of a grizzly bear, fur side out, and lined with bright yellow and dark red. He wears no coat, but a vest of dark material partly covers a soft fawn pongee silk shirt, under the collar of which is tied a bright-blue necktie dotted with white. Round his waist he wears a red silk scarf, while his tight-fitting corduroy breeches disappear below in a pair of Wellingtons. But it is the expression of his countenance which gives to the whole the final harmonious effect. Although but little over fifty, his face bears the marks of



has he done his splendid work of love, but for the children to enjoy forever—merry, laughing children, the youth that always is, the fragrant blossoms of his own race that wither only to be succeeded by others. He writes poetry for us, who love poetry; he works with his strong arms for our children, who love trees and flowers—what more can a true poet do?

My thoughts are interrupted by Joaquin calling me outside, and we ascend the steep path leading up to his mother's house, also known as the dining house. Often as I have seen him, I cannot help noticing his singular appearance. Tall, muscular, weird-looking, as the gentle wind that rushes down from the mountains wafts his beard

exposure and sufferings during hard times in the wild and lonely nature he has reveled in exploring. I think I can read "Mount Shasta" there; but I can read, too, the tender compassion for the oppressed Indians, whom he has so warmly defended in his writings, notwithstanding that their arrows have left scars on several parts of his body. His eyes are deep-set, his glance steady, often piercing. But withal there is a merry twinkling in the blue orbs—something bordering on the mischievous—something that often seems to laugh, even when his face is otherwise composed.

We are in the dining room. It is a tent within a house, the canvas stretched to follow the outline of the cottage. The walls are minus the pic-

torial decorations of the other cottages, and the ornaments consist of bunches of sweet-corn stalks, artistically arranged in the corners. There are doors leading into the kitchen and Mrs. Miller's room, a curtain arranged in drape in the centre of the room, a fireplace; but with the exception of the necessary table, side table and a few chairs, the room is bare of furniture. During the meal Miller sits in a rocking chair near the kitchen door, through which

he passes every now and then for the purpose of fetching plates or other table service that may be required. Opposite him sits his mother, and I am placed between the two.

The poet ladles the soup into a small bowl, asking me a pass it to "mother." After soup follow boiled ham and cabbage, and we drink claret and water—pure as crystal. Then we have potatoes and baked apples, a singular combination, but I take it that he forgot to serve the

potatoes with the meat, for he hesitates a moment, as if puzzled, before putting one on my plate, saying, as he hands it to me: "Eat it with some butter—it is a fine potato." Then Miller makes coffee over the coal-oil lamp on the sideboard. It is delicious coffee, served in very tiny cups, black and strong, and is accompanied by cheese and fruit, Miller cutting the cheese in immense chunks.

Throughout the meal the principal topic of



STORY TELLING IN THE REDWOOD CAMP.

conversation is Australia, and my host listens with seeming interest as I tell him of hardships I have endured there, and how, through force of circumstances, I had at one time to fare upon snakes and lizards.

"Snakes are good eating," says Miller. "There is some kind of electricity about them which is healthy; besides, they are fat, and better than frogs."

Dinner over, we rise. "Good evening, madam!" says Joaquin, with grave, old-fashioned courtesy, and bows to his mother, who bids us both "good evening," and we depart. We go to the study and "light up." I bring out my pipe, and Miller lights a stump of a cigar. I express surprise, not having noticed before that he cultivates the habit.

"I don't smoke a pipe," he says; "it is too much trouble; but sometimes I get hold of a cigar I have been lying on for a few days. Then I smoke it."

The external architecture of the study is somewhat ecclesiastic, with door and windows in the gable facing the road. They are pointed above, not in arches, but in straight lines. The windows have colored glass for panes, and the door is surmounted by a crude fanlike ornament, in the centre of which is a new moon, painted yellow on brown ground. The finial on the gable consists of a cross-shaped ornament, the whole being a quaint and simple mixture of Saxon, Gothic and Moslem architecture.

"Come into my rain room," says Joaquin.

It is a small chamber, adjoining the study, containing a bed, a chair and a table, the walls profusely decorated with pictures, among which I notice one in particular—the photograph of a very handsome woman. Then my friend pulls the blinds down and turns an invisible tap. The effect is magical, for it suddenly appears as if we were in the midst of a delicious April shower. The water falls fast upon the roof and pours over the eaves, and, as the blinds are now drawn, we behold the sunlit landscape below through rainbow colors, while the water is splashing from the roof upon bushes and flowers without. On a hot blazing day, when the sunlight almost scorches the sight, the cooling effect of this contrivance is the perfection of relief.

Against the rain room leans a beautiful rose, the fragrant flowers of which on this December day play in various hues—pure white, pale red and yellow. It has grown till it reaches above the eave, and its long stem curves with a serpentine sweep round the corner of the building.

"It is an African rose," says the poet. "A British officer sent it me from Alexandria after the bombardment."

We walk through the grounds, and he points out to me the site where he will some day build another study, his thousands of trees planted by his own hand, his elaborate stonework, his magnificent roses, the weird stone mounds where he says two persons have been already cremated and on one of which he proposes to be burned to ashes himself. The idea was conceived before crematories became general and was meant to set an example for the race, for whose present barbarous funeral customs Miller has a very hearty contempt. He shows me a heap of stonework, looking like an old ruin, where at one time a cannon was planted, and points to a ridge where he says General Fremont built a road over the foothills.

It is when rambling over his grounds in this wise that Miller becomes talkative; but around a camp fire he is at his best. On one such occasion, some months ago, he gave us a lovely story of the coyote. We were a little crowd of Bohemians, principally artists and literary people, who were camping in the redwood grove close to his place. Gathered round the blazing logs under the canopy of the giant redwood trees, inhaling the odorous balm of the forest, our merry company listened with rapt attention to Joaquin's fine recital of the story of the coyote that took the gift of love from the West to the Far East, and was rewarded by the angel by being made the fleetest-footed of all animals.

"Mark Twain is a much more sensible man than I am," says Miller, referring to this incident. "When he has a story he tells it first. Then, when he sees that it takes well, he writes it. I have followed his example this time, for, seeing how well you all thought of my story, I have since published it."

Miller can tell a joke on himself and heartily enjoy it. "When the Wild West Show was here last," he says, "I was in San Francisco one day. Coming along Market Street, I met two little street urchins. 'Hello, pard!' shouted one; 'does you belong to the Wild West Show?'"

Of course I laugh at this; but the story is not completed until Miller continues, with that mischievous twinkling in his eye: "I looked at the boy and said, 'Belong to it, sonny? Why, I am the whole business.'"

We speak of horses. Miller is a magnificent horseman, and sits and handles a horse with the ease and grace of one reared in the saddle. On the little finger of his left hand he carries a very valuable diamond ring.

"It was given to me in trust," he says, "by the French Prince Imperial when he went to Zululand. After his death I sent it to his mother,

but she would not receive it, and returned it to me. I do not look upon it as my own. I taught the prince riding—but not to mount," he adds, changing his tone of voice; and it recurs to my mind that Lieutenant Carey stated in his defense, when held responsible for the death of the prince, that had his imperial highness got into the saddle more adroitly he would have escaped the fate that overtook him.

The shades of evening have fallen upon the landscape. The glorious midwinter sun has dipped into the great Pacific and thrown its last ravishing reflections upon the towering hills, while night clouds are gathering on the welkin.

"Now watch my display of fireworks," says Miller. "See them lighting up the towns with the electric spark. There comes Alameda—she is always first."

Indeed, as I look down into the lowland I behold a most effective scene. Like a will-o'-the-wisp leaving his track behind him, the electric spark leaps from place to place through the darkness, until streets and avenues lie like streaks of light in the thickening gloom, indicating the spot where fair Alameda rests on the bay shore.

"Now watch Oakland coming up!"

But Oakland does not "come up," and I suggest that she is justifying herself by the "municipal moonlight" theory, notwithstanding the fact that the newborn moon is swathed in heavy clouds.

"Ah!" he says, "that is so. Alameda is rich—she has her own electric plant; but Oakland is in the hands of corporations and contractors—she is left in the dark."

Miller does not burn the midnight oil. The conventional student's lamp is not found in his study; a sperm candle is all he needs, for he goes to rest early. So I bid him "good night," and prepare to walk down the steep hills to the throbbing, restless heart of the city "left in the dark," down "yonder, where the noise is." He shakes me by the hand as we part. It is a warm, friendly grasp, full of heartiness and sympathy.

"You must come out again soon," he says. "Come and stay in the guest house all night, some time when we have moonlight. Then it is beautiful here. Then, as you look out of your open door, you will see God's face lighting fairly upon you."

BATTLES.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Nay, not for place, but for the Right,
To make this fair world fairer still—
Or lowly lily of a night,
Or sun-topped tower of a hill,
Or high or low, or near or far,
Or dull or keen, or bright or dim,
Or blade of grass, or brightest star—
All; all are but the same to Him.

O pity of the strife for place!
O pity of the strife for power!
How scarred, how marred a mountain's face!
How fair the fair face of a flower!
The blade of grass beneath your feet
The bravest sword—ay, braver far
To do and die in mute defeat
Than bravest conqueror of war!

When I am dead say this, but this:
"He grasped at no man's blade or shield,
Or banner bore, but helmetless,
Alone, unknown, he held the field.
He held the field, with sabre drawn,
Where God had set him in the fight!
He held the field, fought on and on!
And so fell, fighting for the Right."

THE HARBOR, OAKLAND, CAL.



IN ROSS-SHIRE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. IN THE POSSESSION OF W. Y. BAKER, ESQ., LONDON, ENGLAND.



"IN HER HAND WAS THE PLUSH CASE CONTAINING THE TURQUOISES." . . . "SHE DREW SOMETHING WITH A RAPID GESTURE FROM HER BODICE, AND RAISED HER RIGHT HAND ON HIGH."

MRS. DUSENBURY'S TURQUOISES.

BY VIOLET ETYNGE MITCHELL.

MRS. DUSENBURY was, when I first met her, a very remarkable person. First of all, from a worldly standpoint, as a social leader; secondly, from a spiritual outlook, as a home missionary; thirdly, from an intellectual standard, as a wit; lastly, but not least, she was by all odds the handsomest and the richest woman in San Francisco. It seemed as if Fortune had literally showered upon her gifts which, taken singly, many of her less fortunate sisters had desired—in vain.

Perhaps apart from all this array of flattering points there was something still more extraordinary about Mrs. Dusenbury, and that was the mystery which enshrouded her. She had burst upon us in the gilded glory of her worldly chatels and personal attractions like a meteor from the sky, and the few among us who had held aloof at first, and were inclined to demand a passport and a family tree, succumbed ignominiously within a year, let down our social barriers and allowed her triumphal chariot wheels to pass over

our prostrate forms, glad to accept a seat by her side in her victoria with its liveried driver, proud to receive her elegantly written cards of invitation to receptions and balls. In a word, we accepted her.

It was my fortune to have the peculiar hair and complexion which set off most advantageously her blond locks and blue eyes. She adopted me as a special favorite, showered upon me many proofs of her regard, and finally invited me for an indefinitely long visit to her residence, the Laurels.

It was the month of June when I arrived there, and the roses about the place were in full bloom. An immense lawn surrounded the house, which was built in the old colonial style, and was shaded on the east and west by magnificent oak trees.

Mrs. Dusenbury met me at the door, and dismissing the pretty chambermaid who, in white cap and apron, stood ready to pilot me to my room, led the way thither herself.

She wore a pale-blue cashmere, trimmed with velvet, and the evening being cool, she had thrown

a white lace scarf over her shoulders, which shrouded without concealing the ivory neck beneath it.

"You are so kind, Lyra!" she exclaimed, throwing open the door of the pretty rooms intended for my use—"so kind to come to me just when I was on the brink of despair!"

She drew me inside the apartment, and with graceful impetuosity threw her arms about my neck and kissed me; then seating herself on a lounge, made room for me by her side, holding one of my gloved hands in her own, which were sparkling with rings.

"I have the very dullest set in the house!" she cried, confidentially, "and the most impossible to entertain. Oil and water, my dear—milk and vinegar! There is Mr. Johnson—my husband insisted on inviting him. He is as wise as Solomon on political economy, but as stupid as an owl about music. Let anyone sing, and he will walk out of the room. Speaking of music, I have Miss Alvarra here—met her in Italy last year. She sings divinely, but imagine mixing up prima donnas and such monstrosities as Herr Welmar, who 'dropped in' without any invitation yesterday, and intends to stay. Oh, my dear, it is dreadful! There are nine more guests, none of whom were invited for the same month, but all of whom changed the dates to suit themselves; and here I am with an elephant on my hands."

"Who is that pretty woman I saw on the piazza speaking to your husband?" I inquired, rising to take off my hat and survey myself in a pycche glass which stood near the window.

As I glanced in this mirror I saw a dark frown cross the face of my hostess, and there was a shade of impatience in her voice as she replied:

"Oh! that little woman in the white gown and lavender ribbons? That is Miss Courtney, a friend of Inez Alvarra's. Inez asked permission to bring her with her. Of course I could not refuse."

Something in Mrs. Dusenbury's tone startled me. I turned and faced her as she stood beside the crimson velvet portière which divided the parlor from the bedroom.

"She is very pretty," I said, "and must be a charming addition to your *olla-podrida*."

The effect of my words was electrifying. From a self-possessed woman my companion was transformed into a tigress.

"Pretty! charming!" she gasped. "Don't say that if you wish to retain my good will. She is a fiend! I detest her!"

The paleness which must have overspread my cheeks brought her to her senses, for she laughed—such a natural, unaffected peal of merriment.

"Did I frighten you?" she cried. "I am nervous—ridiculously nervous. Cyclones in the kitchen, my dear, have overbalanced my mind. Wait till you are married!" (she playfully shook her finger at me). "And to-day that horrid Miss Courtney was so cruel to my poor little terrier that I positively resent it. Never mind! She is my guest. Help me to do my duty to her. En avant!" she exclaimed, still smiling. "You are my lieutenant—no, my commanding officer. Be a sun. Get the planets revolving in an amicable way about you, and keep my little stars from colliding with my comets. I assure you that I will repay the debt with gratitude." With a merry twinkle in her blue eyes and a graceful inclination of her blond head she bade me "Adieu," adding, as she left me alone, "I will send Sarah to unpack your trunk."

* * * * *

I realized very soon that the task assigned to me by our charming hostess was no sinecure. The element of discord held high carnival at the Laurels, in spite of her efforts and mine to produce harmony.

It was not strange, after the peculiar words which had fallen from Mrs. Dusenbury's lips in regard to Miss Courtney, that I should observe with some curiosity the attitude of the two women toward each other—an attitude which suggested enmity carefully concealed by a flimsy covering of endearing terms and shallow smiles.

One evening, as I stood at the foot of the great oak staircase leading from the main hall to the floor above, I was startled to feel a hand laid on my arm, and turning, beheld Evelyn Courtney, whose coming had been so stealthy that I had not heard a rustle of the silk dress she wore.

A smile of deep meaning was on her lips, and she returned my glance of surprise with undisturbed *aplomb*.

"Will you grant me a moment's interview?" she asked, quietly.

There being no actual excuse for refusal, I nodded my head, and gravely followed in the wake of her shimmering silk gown out into the moonlit night and took a seat beside her on the piazza.

"Miss Winstonleigh," she began, "can you conquer prejudice, and answer a question or two, which need not, I think, clash with your idea of loyalty as a guest?"

"Ask what you will," I replied, struggling to overcome my unreasoning dislike to the girl, "and, provided there be no objectionable element in your questions, they shall be honored."

She looked fixedly at me for a moment, and then whispered, hurriedly:

"How long have you known Mrs. Dusenbury?"

"About a year," I replied, surprised to find how brief had been our acquaintance.

"Do you know anything of her former history?" she continued.

"It does not concern me," I answered, coldly.

Miss Courtney bit her lips, and her voice trembled a little as she went on:

"Have you ever thought—suspected—that her beautiful yellow hair was" (she fidgeted and looked down at the tips of her red kid slippers) "a wig?"

"You are impertinent!" I cried; but the shot told—my curiosity was aroused.

"Do you mean that my suspicions are incorrect?" she persisted.

"I mean that, as a guest in her house, any criticism of her is unpardonable," I retorted.

"Hm!" came from her closed lips, and she glided away as noiselessly as she had come.

The incident annoyed me, especially as I believed that something more serious than mere curiosity had prompted the questions which Miss Courtney had put to me. I determined to keep my eyes wide open and be on the alert.

The next day was stormy, and toward evening the gentlemen retired to the pretty billiard room, while we ladies, clustering about an open grate fire, listened to the silvery voice of our charming hostess while she told anecdotes which, though witty and bright, never outraged propriety and refinement.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Dusenbury," cried Annie Duval, a gay little brunette, "will you not show us those turquoises which were given to you by the Moorish prince, and of which you gave us such a tantalizing description that I dreamed of them?"

Mrs. Dusenbury smiled graciously, and turning to Evelyn Courtney, who was about to leave the room, called to her, in mellow tones:

"Evelyn, dear, you are the only one who knows where I keep my jewels. I see you are going upstairs—kindly take this key and bring them to me."

Miss Courtney hesitated a moment, then said, coldly:

"I would much prefer that you should ask your maid."

"Oh, nonsense, Evelyn!" protested the lady, "Be a good girl. Do not force me to ring for Anita."

She waved her white hand deprecatingly, and held out the key.

Miss Courtney took it, and left the room without another word. Five minutes later she returned, bearing in her hand a white velvet jewel case, which she silently laid before Mrs. Dusenbury on the table.

The turquoises were magnificent in size and coloring, and their fortunate possessor good-naturedly allowed each woman in the room to try them on. Miss Courtney alone refrained from touching them; and, in spite of the pretty bombardment of raillery from the lady of the house, maintained the reserve which she had assumed.

We remained in the drawing room later than usual that night. A well of more congenial feeling seemed to have sprung up between the guests with the exhibition of the pretty blue stones. Not a woman among us who did not secretly covet them, and in the breast of at least one there was a burning desire to know when and where a Moorish prince had become sufficiently intimate with our lovely hostess to present her with such a regal proof of his esteem.

My bedroom was in a south wing of the building, and Mrs. Dusenbury, to reach her own apartments, must pass it. I usually fastened the door by means of a chain and bolt, and pulled across it a beaded portière, which on warm nights admitted the air, yet screened me from observation.

It was after one o'clock when, as I stood before the *pysche* glass, combing out the somewhat tangled locks of my curly hair, I suddenly became conscious of stealthy footfalls in the hall, which had long been deserted.

An irresistible impulse to peep made me turn down the gas, and parting my beaded curtain, I beheld Mrs. Dusenbury, clad in white, feeling her way down the imperfectly lighted stairs.

Through the semi-darkness I could see that she carried something in her hand, and a sudden conviction came over my mind, overpowering in its certainty, that her errand was one which would not bear the daylight.

Like a "will-o'-the-wisp" she flitted ahead of me through the deep shadows, and stepping noiselessly, I followed her, drawn as if by a magnet after her white gown.

Then reaching the foot of the great oak staircase, she turned quickly down the hall toward the front door, and I, hiding behind the banisters, heard the key turn in its lock, and knew by the breath of cool air which came in that the door was open.

From my corner I saw her with the flickering lights fall upon her, and like a revelation came the answer to my question. That which she carried in her hand was the plush case containing the turquoises.

With an intense longing to penetrate the mystery still further, I returned on tiptoe to my room. That she was hiding her own jewels from some one I was sure. But from whom?

Soon afterward I heard her returning footsteps

along the hall, and the stealthy closing of her bedroom door. Then all was silent.

* * * * *

Mrs. Dusenbury was late at breakfast next morning. There was a peculiar pallor on her face as she entered the room, without smiling, and a cloud of premonition hung over my head all through the day. Even Inez Alvarra, whose merry laugh was oftenest heard among us, was silent and spoke little.

Toward evening the clouds which had been gathering from the south grew heavy overhead, and the wind died away, leaving an oppressive closeness in the air.

We had assembled before dinner in a sitting room on the second floor, from the windows of which, leading out on to a balcony, could be seen a magnificent view of the surrounding country.

We were discussing Rudyard Kipling's latest novel, and Mr. Johnson, with his hand on the bell, was about to summon the servant for lights, when suddenly from a door on the left there burst upon us a woman clad in violet satin and black lace, who, throwing herself on the nearest chair, with the air of a tragedy queen, exclaimed:

"Ladies, I have been robbed! My turquoises have been stolen from me!"

She glanced about her with a flimsy pretense at self-control, clasping and unclasping with restless hands the locket suspended by a heavy band of velvet from her white neck.

Exclamations of sympathy poured upon her from all sides, and for a moment she was the centre of a group of animated listeners, of which Miss Courtney and myself alone were silent and thoughtful.

I glanced at Evelyn's face, and saw that the full realization of her position had dawned upon her. She stood by the table, robed in white, without ornament of any kind. Her face was very pale except where two vivid spots burned with hectic ardor on her cheeks.

Mrs. Dusenbury's eyes, wandering from one to another, fell on the silent figure, and for a moment the two women gazed at each other as might two animals who were preparing for mighty combat.

"There is only one person who knew where my turquoises were hidden!" murmured the hostess; and she paused with deep meaning.

Overhead the gathering clouds had culminated in one heavy canopy of black, and the silence which precedes a storm had fallen upon us.

Then on the speechless group who waited to hear the effect of those portentous words there fell an angry rumble of coming thunder, followed by three or four vivid flashes of lightning which

filled the room with a glimmer of fantastic lights and shadows.

I glanced at Evelyn Courtney, who, with one hand raised and the forefinger pointing to her accuser, stepped forward. Above the echoing thunder, and with the lurid flashes still illuminating her white gown, she spoke:

"Listen, all of you! I realize what is implied, and it is time I should make myself understood. A climax has been reached, which makes it necessary for me to tell you a story.

"Wait!" she commanded, looking fixedly at Mrs. Dusenbury, who had gathered up the trail of her violet gown, and was about to leave the room. "My story may interest you!"

"Now hear me, you who know of the suspicion which lies over me. It was my fate to meet, ten years ago, under very unfortunate circumstances, a woman whom I will call Laura Delibes. She was accused of a crime—a horrible crime—which shall not be named in mercy to her. She was caught, accused, tried, found guilty and condemned to death. But she escaped. She was no easy prey, and evaded the claims of justice. I was present when the crime was committed—an unwilling witness. Do you think I could forget that woman?—that I would not recognize her under any flimsy disguise, in any country?"

She paused suddenly, and fixing her dark eyes with penetrating gaze on Mrs. Dusenbury, asked:

"Does my promise hold true? Are you interested?"

The person addressed did not reply, but sat rigid and deathly pale, with her hands clinched together and her lips parted in a feeble effort to smile. There was an intense stillness in the room; the breeze, which barely stirred the lace drapery of the windows, was suffocatingly warm.

"I met that woman years afterward," continued the remorseless voice, "under changed and happier circumstances. She had married a good man, whose money and social position gave her a new chance for life in a country which knew not her past career. But I knew her, and she remembered me; and when our lives came unexpectedly in contact for the second time I was under her roof as her guest—was receiving her hospitality. Moreover, she was living a life of honor, obeying the laws of sanctity and duty, both as a good woman and a loyal wife.

"What say you?—should I give her up to justice? Ah, remember that to do that would be to blast the life of that good man, her husband!"

"While I waited, my sense of right warring against my heart and my sympathy, a circumstance occurred which killed in my bosom that germ of pity for her or hers.

"That woman, to rid herself of my unwelcome presence under her roof—to ruin my reputation while I defended hers—charged me with theft! That woman stands before you!" she cried, suddenly rising and pointing at Mrs. Dusenbury, who had risen, and with folded arms and burning cheeks faced her accuser.

She had recovered her *aplomb*, and barely waiting for Evelyn's last words to reach our ears, stepped forward.

"Go on!" she cried—"go on! Lay bare every detail of my life's history. Tear off the veil which shrouds my past; but you cannot hold me!"

A look of suppressed rage came over her face as, turning to me, she cried: "Lyra, at least you are not an accomplice to my downfall!" Then, reading in my averted face that her last friend had deserted her, she faltered a moment, exclaiming: "And thou, too, Brutus!"

Then with a laugh which pierced our ears by its shrill mirthlessness, she gathered up her violet skirts, and stepped out of the window on to the balcony. It was raining, and the lurid flashes of lightning which illuminated the scene produced a weird and fantastic effect.

She stood there for one moment, allowing the huge drops to fall upon her upturned face; then, raising one hand over her head, she exclaimed, with all her old royalty of manner:

"Do you think to deliver me up to justice? Fiend! traitor that you are! do you dream of dragging me bound with fetters at Cæsar's chariot-wheels? Never! Laura Delibes may have been an adventuress" (she tossed her golden head defiantly), "she may be guilty of a crime, but she will never be your captive, Evelyn Courtney; nor

will she suffer you to lead her again behind prison bars which mean death, when liberty is in her own hands!"

She drew something with a rapid gesture from her bodice, and raised her right hand on high.

Inez Alvarra saw the motion first and realized its meaning. With a loud scream she rushed to the balcony and was about to seize the right arm of the woman, which was still poised in midair.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash of lightning, followed by such a deafening roar of heaven's artillery that we with one accord hid our terror-stricken faces, afraid to know where that mighty dart had fallen.

Then I heard the voice of Inez Alvarra speaking, and raised my head to look at her.

"The Lord of Hosts has passed this way, and His reward was with Him," she said.

Then we saw that she stood alone. At her feet, with the mark of the Avenger upon her white arm and the hand which still held the jeweled dagger, lay Mrs. Dusenbury.

"Quick!" I cried, rising to my feet. "In a moment her husband may be here. Surely he has enough to bear: shall he be doubly blighted by ignominy and death? All of you who would bury this sad story of crime answer me Yea or Nay!"

Like a wail the voices rose together with one accord, and loudest of all was that of Evelyn Courtney.

"Hush!" exclaimed Inez, with her finger on her lips.

There was solemn silence as Mr. Dusenbury entered the room.

He glanced at our terror-stricken faces, and walked straight out on to the balcony.

MY FRIEND JACK.

BY GEORGIE LAMSON.

It was a wild, tempestuous night; the elements seemed to be conspiring against human comfort and making individual efforts to bring about as unpleasant a state of affairs as possible. Despite, however, the unpropitious outlook, we were silently facing the storm together—my friend Jack and I.

He had prevailed upon me to accompany him upon an expedition, the purport of which I was as ignorant as of its destination; but a lifelong friendship and debt of gratitude to my companion justified the faith I had in his honor and led me wheresoever he would take me. As the poet

has it, "we both were silent and both were sad;" he from the depth of his own thoughts, and I because I seemed so powerless to comfort him. Once in awhile a silent pressure of the hand assured me of his knowledge and appreciation of my presence, at the same time seeming to check any manifestation of sympathy. But without a word I kept pace with him, and expressed in every way permitted me my readiness to befriend him if necessary, at any sacrifice, for I would have died for my friend Jack! We had been almost inseparable companions for many years, and to a great degree confidants. But even from the best

of friends a man has many secret thoughts and experiences, the withholding of which rather cements the bond. I knew then that there was a sad spot in my friend's life—an association that handicapped his career and preyed upon his mind, shadowing a naturally sunny disposition; but with instinctive delicacy I had never intruded within this well-guarded portal, and waited with perfect faith for time to develop all. That moment seemed now at hand; for, after walking about a mile, we turned into a dimly lighted street, which at any time must have been little frequented, but now was desolate in the extreme. A small detached house was our destination, and our knock was answered by an unkempt female of uncertain age who looked askance at me, and perhaps would have intimidated me had it not been for my friend's "He is my own and only confidant now;" and beckoning me to follow, he led the way up a flight of stairs into a darkened room, its only inmate an angel, it seemed to me then, but when I could see more clearly it took the form of a woman in whose sad, pale face were lines of great beauty which suffering had marred, yet could not efface.

Without seeming to notice my presence she held out her arms to Jack, who sank at her feet.

"Alice, has the hour come?"

"I think so," she replied, with a smile that seemed to speak of paradise illuminating her face. "Jack, my love," she continued, "that hour is to bring me the first peace I have known for many, many years. It frees me from my prison; it gives me wings!"

With his strong arms around her Jack's head sank on her breast, and his voice, full of tears, murmured:

"And have we waited for this, darling, for me to lose you, after all?"

"No," she said—"to gain me! Ah, Jack, I leave you a lonely life, but with what a victory won! Do you not know I shall be near you and love you just the same? Let us think a little, dear. More than eight years ago you wooed me, my first and last love. It brought me heaven—it goes with me there. How happy we were until the dreadful day came when that taint of insanity, handed down to me from generations back, first made its appearance. Don't interrupt me, dear; it is good to speak of it, for it brings back anew all your devotion to me. For five years you have borne this, have spent your hours in nursing me, your hard earnings in procuring my recovery, and now through that patience and constancy you see me as of old. They have given me back my reason, Jack; but I am afraid, oh, so afraid, of the darkness coming again! And I want to go with your dear face near me, and your arms about me, telling you that I know how you have struggled for me, borne an unappreciated, lonely life, and sheltered me at the sacrifice of all the world holds dear. So, with the light of another life upon us, dear, let me go."

Jack's head rested on the stilled heart; he spoke no word, but let his hand fall on me as if for comfort. I would have borne his suffering, would have laid down my life for him! But I could do so little—for I was only a dog.

IN THE TIME OF GRASS.

BY MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

Up and down, and around, and over,
Softly singing, and subtly sweet,
South winds play in the scented clover,
Rippling rustle the yellow wheat.
Faint and far in the valley, falling
Green and low through the rifted hills,
Babbling water is calling, calling,
"Summer is queen!" and the long grass thrills.

Up and down, and around, and over,
Gold o' the sun, in the time of grass,
Creeps and clings and the white moths hover,
Silver rain and the clouds do pass.
Golden dapple is April's shadow,
May hath roses, October wine:
In the time of grass, of the lush-green meadow,
Oh, then the summer is all divine!

THE DUTCH

Office of Frank Leslie's Publications,
537 Pearl St., near Broadway,
New York. *Oct 24* 1864

GAP CANAL

Dear Sir
I send you 9 drafts
continuing from your last.
You can do as you
please about your own
business.

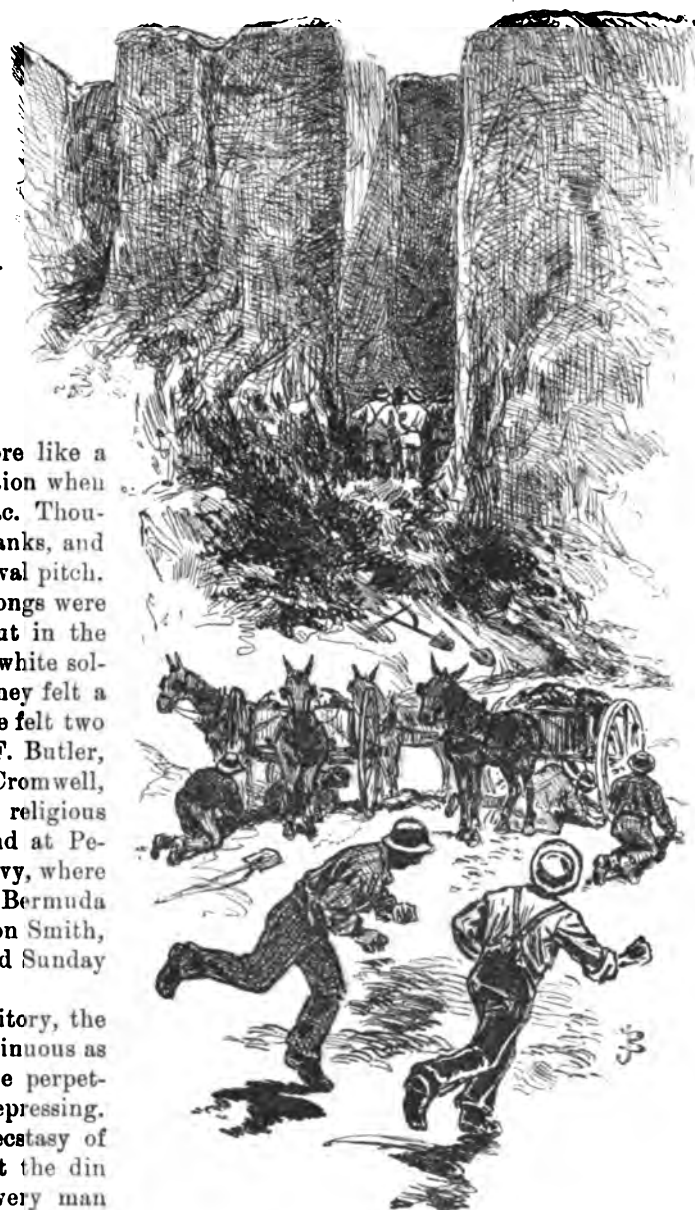
Can't you send some
pictures of Dutch Gap
to position - what they
intend to accomplish
by making the canal.
The Rebels get to work
on it under their own
hand.

Yours truly
Frank Leslie

BY JOSEPH BECKER, "SPECIAL FOR LESLIE'S."

THE Army of the James seemed more like a camp meeting than a military organization when contrasted with the Army of the Potomac. Thousands of colored troops were in the ranks, and they were all keyed up to a high revival pitch. They were forever singing, and their songs were all of a devotional character, wailed out in the melancholy African way. Many of the white soldiers were from New England, and they felt a little as Cromwell's Ironsides might have felt two centuries before. General Benjamin F. Butler, their commander, was something of a Cromwell, and the combination of effects was a religious fervor never seen in the Wilderness and at Petersburg. This fervor extended to the navy, where on the monitor fleet in the river at Bermuda Hundred, under Commodore Melancthon Smith, Sunday services were the rigid rule, and Sunday school was an established feature.

Scattered as it was over miles of territory, the revival or camp-meeting effect was continuous as one journeyed through the camps. The perpetual crooning of the negro troops was depressing. They sang all the time in a sort of ecstasy of freedom. When rations were served out the din of the revival became deafening. Every man





ON THE WAY TO THE CANAL—FLIGHT OF "COPIOUS" HEATH.

sang or hummed some rude hymn. Each sang what he liked, though sometimes the choruses kept together, while pork and hard tack were shoveled out by the quartermaster's assistants.

The Army of the Potomac fought, bled and died with little musical accompaniment beyond the roar of battle, and in moments of repose played poker and drank whisky like gentlemen who were certain only of to-day and who had quit worrying about to-morrow. Grant and his

glance from the commander in chief of the Army of the James.

My appearance indicated that I was either an artist or a reporter. General Butler hated both, and turned his protuberant eye upon me with a baleful glare that quite overcame me. I had successfully broken the ice surrounding Grant, Meade, Warren and Hancock, but this look dispelled any desire to become acquainted with Butler. I had my general pass, and none

corps commanders were not men to stir up emotions, while Butler was essentially theatrical.

I saw General Butler but once. He was riding at the head of his staff, and their appearance jostled the impression into my mind that they were the head of a circus parade starting out to give a street full of villagers a broad hint as to the merit of the show. On this occasion I managed to get pretty close to the head of the procession, and thereby earned a



A PLUNGE INTO A "GOPHER HOLE."

was required to visit the operations at the Dutch Gap. Butler did not care to have them written up or sketched, but the dangers of the trip had deterred other artists from visiting the works, and no special pains were taken to keep civilians away. He was much displeased when my pictures came out in *Leslie's*, but I was out of his jurisdiction by that time.

The army lay in straggling lines from City Point to Bermuda Hundred, and the outposts beyond the latter were the nearest the Union troops had yet come to Richmond. Butler was eagerly pushing out to be the first to reach the capital

Butler added to the picturesque confusion of a mongrel town twenty miles long.

I found loitering about Butler's headquarters a newspaper correspondent named Heath, from Cincinnati, who wanted to visit the Dutch Gap, but who lacked the enterprise to go alone. We planned an expedition. He had been a remarkably skillful steel engraver, and one of his feats was to write a name on a visiting card with a silver-pointed pencil in characters so fine as to be barely visible to the naked eye, but which came out in perfect symmetry under a microscope. His experience as a newspaper writer had been limited,



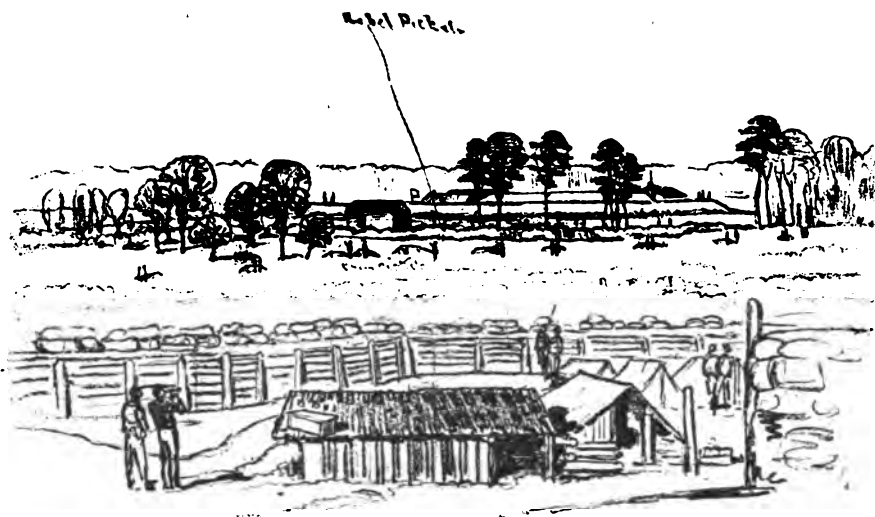
GENERAL VIEW OF THE DUTCH GAP CANAL.—FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

of the Confederacy, and was certainly moving in a masterly way toward his objective point, while the Army of the Potomac was battering itself to pieces before the breastworks at Petersburg. He held also the base of supplies for the Army of the Potomac, and this gave the banks of the James a strong commercial aspect, as well as affording room for an odd background of the war.

Many of the civilians attached to the quartermaster's department had their wives with them; some of them, whole families. The officers also, forward movements being slow and not often in heavy force, were visited by home folks, while the motley crowd of "contrabands" who flocked to

and among his companions, all of whom were treated with scant courtesy at this time, Butler being under severe newspaper criticism, he excited much amusement from his habit of taking notes. He carried a pocketful of brown-paper sheets, jammed into a wad, which was pulled out and scribbled upon at every chance afforded. This gave him the name of "Copious" Heath among his fellows.

There was but one way to reach the canal, and that was to walk. The walking was not very good, and as the path lay along the river, stray shots from distant batteries in the outer line of Richmond's defenses dropped now and then in a



LOOKING TOWARD THE REBEL LINES FROM FORT HARRISON.
FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

very careless manner along the way. As we drew near the Gap this fire became more frequent. The rebels knew what was going on, but were much in the dark as to its progress, as this paragraph from the *Richmond Dispatch*, which I find pinned to the back of my old sketch, where it has been for thirty years, will show, while at the same time telling something about the canal under consideration:

"This work, while in progress, and all concerning it, cannot fail to be of interest. From persons well acquainted with the geography of Dutch Gap, through which the canal is being cut, we have learned some facts which will enable the reader to understand the character and the magnitude of the work Butler has undertaken. The isthmus known as Dutch Gap, which connects 'Farrar's Island' with the mainland, or north bank of the river, is exactly two hundred yards across, being eighty feet high on the western side, and sloping down to the river on the east. The channel of the river runs against the west side, striking it obliquely. Just off the shore on this point the water is from twelve to fifteen feet deep. The channel being on this side will greatly aid Butler, should he ever complete his canal, as, had it been in the middle or on the opposite side of the river, he would have been obliged to construct a huge breakwater to turn the stream into the canal. We learn he is cutting diagonally through the isthmus, beginning a hundred yards below its narrowest point, and designing to come out at the point where the channel strikes the bank. This will give his canal, if ever finished, a length of about three hundred yards. As we have stated on a previous occasion, we have reason to believe that the canal proper has not been begun, the

cut to the water's edge, which is a necessary preliminary, having yet been not more than two-thirds completed."

This uncertainty did not prevent the rebel batterymen from accurately locating the canal and making the neighborhood an unhealthy one to live in. When we struck "Trent Reach," on the river, we were close to a battery. Some rifle shots whistled. We had been very gay, and not caring to appear

frightened, took refuge in the theory that somebody was hunting for game. It did not take long to find out that we were the game. When this fact had settled itself into Heath's mind he bolted for the rear, his "copious" notes falling in a shower behind him. I never laid eyes upon him again.

Thus deserted, I went on alone. Crossing the river to the narrow neck through which years before a speculative German had endeavored to dig a canal, but done nothing more than to give it a name, I saw in the side of the bank numerous little burrows, like the holes of bank swallows, greatly enlarged. I also saw a puff of smoke and heard a distant scream. Experience at Petersburg had taught me to know when a shell was coming. I dived into the first of these miniature



FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

bombproofs, upsetting in my headlong plunge a white-haired old darky who had been hunched up on a stool mending his tattered coat. The shell fell in the canal, and the squealing of a mule told that it had taken effect.

We became sociable. It was five minutes to eleven o'clock. The darky said the firing came from Howlett's Battery, and that a shot fell every seven or eight minutes, except at noon, when the gunners stopped to eat their lunch of corn pone and boot-leg coffee. I decided to wait until the Confederate gentlemen paused for this repast, and my black host regaled me with a graphic story of his domestic woes. He had "lived," as the slaves

"Dat's jist w'at I did," says he."

He had a pair of new shoes big enough for a mule, and was as proud as if he wore a cape overcoat.

Noon came, and the shells quit screaming. I went into the cut and made the first sketch of the canal. Around the sides niches had been cut, into which the men ran for refuge when the cry of the lookout, "Holes!" told them a shell was coming, and sent them scurrying. Few men were hurt, but mules, which were harder to replace, often suffered.

Buttressed as they were by the fortress at Drury's Bluff, which had successfully repelled a



FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

always put it, on an estate between Petersburg and Richmond, until the Yankees got close enough to make it worth while to run away. His "darter" had married a likely young colored man, and things went along happily until an enchantress came from Richmond and lured him away. He had hunted up his recreant son-in-law and reviled him for his conduct, only to get an answer that had elements of merit in it.

"Look a-heah," said the son-in-law, "Ef you was a-standin' under an apple tree, an' dere shu'd 'down a ole rotten apple, and den dere should 'down a nice ripe apple, which w'ud you take?"

"De nice ripe apple," says I, like an ole fool.

fierce attack, and confident in the strength of their light gunboats against the clumsy monitors that could with difficulty be propelled around "Pull-and-be-damned Point," as the river men called it, the rebels showed little awe for the expected advance. When on Christmas Day, long after I had gone, the canal was completed, the cowardice of the naval officer who had temporarily replaced Melancthon Smith caused the fleet to retreat, instead of advancing up the river, and the canal was destined never to serve the purpose for which it had been cut at so great an expenditure of energy, skill and human life. But now it has become the main channel of the James,



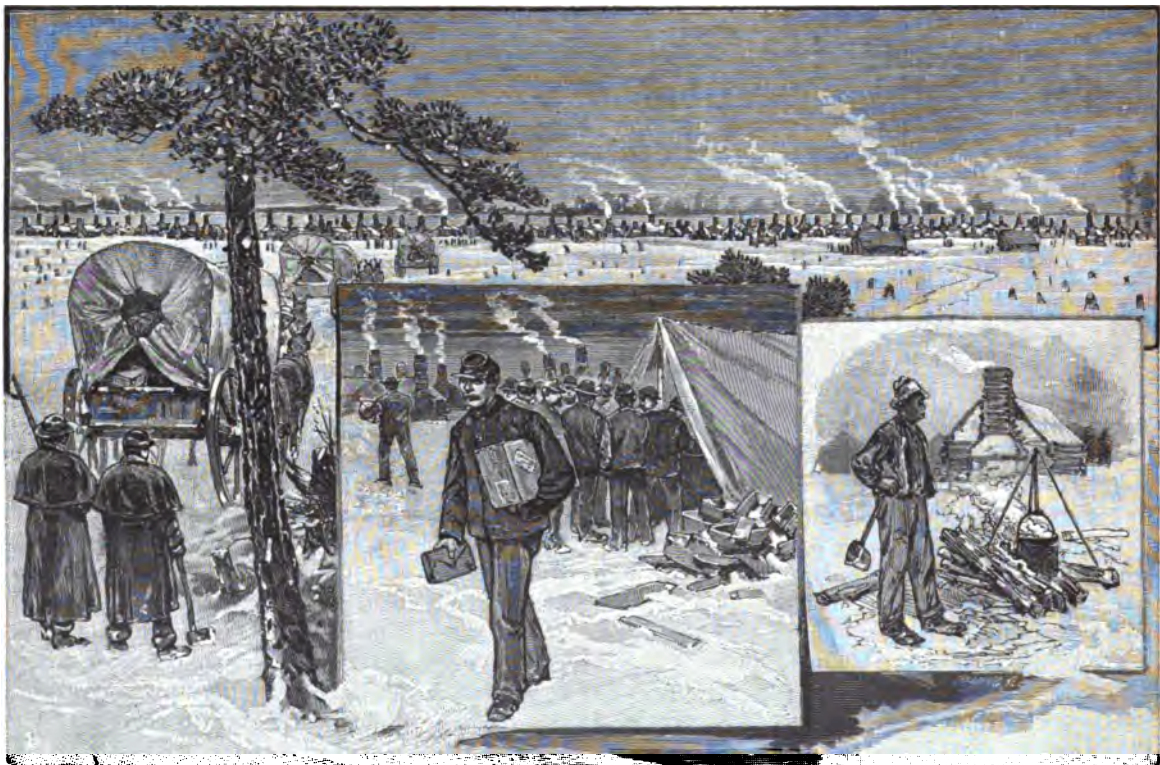
A CHRISTMAS EVE PROCESSION.

through which the vessels reach Richmond from the sea.

Not long before my visit to the canal General E. O. C. Ord had captured, after a gallant as-

closest point to Richmond reached by the advance, and during my stay saw again, with much amusement, the friendly interchange of wares by the outlying pickets, who were but a few yards from

sault, a very strong work, Fort Harrison, the mainstay of the outer line on the north bank of the James, behind Chaffee's Bluff. This was the high-water mark of the advance of the Army of the James upon Richmond under General Butler. Drury's Bluff was across the river from Chaffee's, and since the capture of Fort Harrison the Confederates had thrown up a new work not more than 800 yards distant. Here the lines came nearer together than at Fort Damnation and Fort Hell at Petersburg. I walked through the woods from the Gap to Fort Harrison in order to sketch the



WINTER CAMP.

GOOD CHEER FROM THE NORTH.

CAMP COOK.

each other and had become extremely friendly. They forgot all about the war in their sociability and commercial undertakings, and traded and gossiped like the residents of a country town, quite undisturbed by the fact that at any moment they might be ordered to murder each other. This proximity made heavy-gun work highly exciting. Fort Harrison was supplied with a prodigious bombproof in which a regiment could take refuge, and it had plenty of occupants when the barking began.

Affairs took on a passive turn. Butler had been sent to New York to cope with a rumored conspiracy, and I went back to the Army of the Potomac at Petersburg.

The Indian summer had passed rapidly, and we were upon the edge of winter. It became evident that Petersburg would not surrender before the resources behind it were cut off or exhausted, and the army fell into gloom over the prospect of enduring another Virginia winter in the trenches around Fort Hell. The earthworks had crept up nearer and nearer to those of the Confederacy—so near that zigzag covered ways and counterscarps had to be constructed through which to reach the outer battlements. I had an unpleasant adventure in making my first trip to Fort Hell after my return. The covered way was simply a wall of dirt that had a wide break in it where a stretch of water intervened. This water was little more than ankle deep, but it was within range of the riflemen in the pits about Petersburg. They did not deliberately pick off single soldiers who ran this gantlet, but anything like a general movement received prompt attention. My soldier friend who undertook to guide me to the fort advised that I neither walk nor run, but to move briskly.

The distance from the zigzag of the covered way to the fort was about that of a city block. I started to obey instructions, when the "ping" of a bullet stimulated me into a double-quick, and I splashed pellmell through the water with the balls whistling by me until I came safe but breathless into the shelter of the works, where a column of colored troops smiled broadly at my agility. Everybody said that the Johnny Rebs didn't mean anything harsh by this shooting. It was done simply for the fun of seeing a "Yank" run and of relieving the *ennui* of the siege. Despite this, I dreaded the return trip, which was made under similar conditions, except that one poor fellow who went on ahead fell just on the brink of safety with a bullet in his back.

Thanksgiving time came near, with very little to be thankful for. It grew cold. The work of building a winter camp went on. The second-growth pine trees were hewed down by the thousand and cut into logs, out of which villages of little huts, well banked up with earth, were built,



RELEASED UNION PRISONERS—NEWS FROM THE NORTH.



THE LETTER CARRIER IN CAMP.

and roofed with canvas and boughs. They were of varying sizes, but usually not more than four men lived together, and in many cases but two. There were fifteen miles of these soldier towns. It was a rude existence, more comfortable, of course, than in the field, but monotonous and depressing, especially as the holidays drew near.

But a few days before Thanksgiving came news of prodigious cheer. The steamer *Kensington* had arrived at City Point from the North, laden to the guards with Thanksgiving supplies, the product of an outpouring from the people; tons of turkeys and chickens, cooked and uncooked, armies of mince pies and bushels upon bushels of red-cheeked Northern apples! The quartermaster's department pushed these supplies forward from City Point. I lodged with the commissary of the Fifth Corps and had a chance to watch the disposition of these good things, as well as to share in the distribution. The officers were apt to get the best because they came first and were better posted, but the passing around was general, and the whole corps had a taste of turkey and pie, with apples to spare. The apples appealed most strongly to the boys. Regiments of them

were country lads lured away to the war in a fever of patriotism, urged on by patriotic sweethearts. Few had any longing for military glory, and many were beginning to wonder what they were fighting for. The apples brought up memories of the old orchards on Northern hillsides, and with them a yearning for home.

But more than the offerings were the letters that came with them. Tucked under a turkey's wing would be a note to the soldier who should receive it. Hundreds of these fell into the hands of the commissary, and were distributed. The war had not refined and improved the soldiers, but nothing could have done more to bring them back to themselves than these letters. They were from old women, young girls, and many from little children, written with a sincerity and pathos that could be born only of so great a national struggle. No literature of patriotism could

equal them. Simple, direct, but unutterably touching, they formed the strongest force for heart strengthening that could have been devised. There were many, too, blotted with tears, from some who had sent husbands and sweethearts away never to come back again!

By Christmas time the roads had become too heavy for the artillery and all operations were at a standstill. The army tried hard to enjoy Christmas. Many boxes came down from the North filled with cooked fowl and other delicacies, and often containing a big plum pudding soaked in rum. Lucky was the mess thus favored! It was hard to keep up one's spirits at such a time. I was not a soldier, and was free to go and come as I liked, but fell into the spirit of my surroundings. On Christmas Eve the troopers formed processions, with a Santa Claus, wigged and bewhiskered with cotton, at the head, and bearing little pine trees, paraded in single file along the company streets, hoarsely singing Christmas carols as well as they could remember them, and drifting off to "John Brown's Body" when everything else gave out.

Thus life lagged along. The bands were kept

playing, but nobody danced except the officers and the negroes. The men drooped. There was no cheer in the band's playing. Everything was home music and produced nostalgia. In the evening the melody sounded more like the sighing of the wind through a pine forest, tempered as it was by other sounds, than like a stimulant, and made me lonesome.

In Petersburg the Confederates had no other Christmas or Thanksgiving fare than corn bread and bacon. The poultry in the Confederacy had been eaten up a good while before. We had at least enough to eat. They were hungry and despairing—and brave!

Military activities were on in the South, with Wilmington, N. C., as a basis. Butler had failed to take Fort Fisher, and another expedition was under way. I made haste to join it. The amount of illustrative material here provided must carry my adventures over to another article. But one phase of the war, and my first glimpse of it, can be told now. It was the prison side—the gaunt

memory of which can never be effaced. I was at Wilmington when a great detachment of men were brought down from the pen at Salisbury, packed into box cars, for exchange, representations to the President having turned Stanton's determination not to trade able-bodied Confederates off for human skeletons. I had, of course, heard stories of the privations of the prisoners of war,



COVERED WAY LEADING TO "FORT HELL."



"EAT NO CAKES."



RELEASED UNION PRISONERS SINGING PATRIOTIC SONGS.
FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

but was not prepared for the sight that met my eyes. The men were lodged in cotton warehouses, just off the main street, and were like babies. The few with a little strength feebly tried to care for their companions, but were useful mainly to lean against. A hogshead of weak rum punch well warmed was placed in a handy spot, and those able to walk were given a tin cup and allowed to pass around it and take a drink as their turn came.

They were so weak as to be feeble-minded in many cases; but as one of them said to me long afterward: "I hadn't much feeling left for home or country, but I saw the flags, our own and the

Confederate, on the exchange ground, and I knew that one meant starvation and death for me, and the other plenty to eat and home. Say, you'll never know what hunger means until you have to lie down at night with the dead certainty that you won't get anything to eat in the morning."

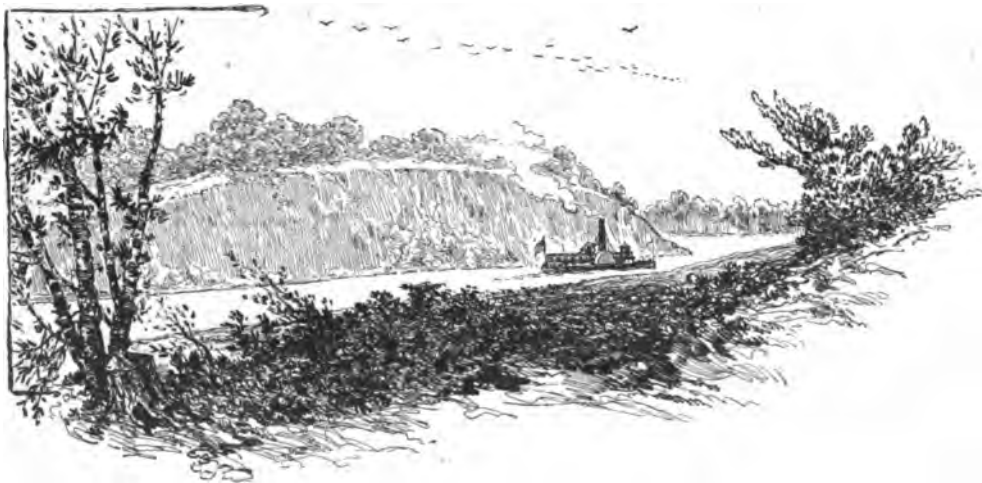
The men were warned against taking solid food, but some succumbed to temptation. The ginger-snap barrel of a sutler was the chief fascination. One party of five fell prey to it. They gorged themselves with the little crisp "cookies." Three of them died.

Their smiles were hideous and corpse-like, their laughs simply a cackle. But their eyes! I shall never forget the look in them. The northern lights shone from them—the aurora borealis of Unionism!

I sent a sketch of a sample lot to Mr. Leslie, who toned it down and printed it, sending me a note to ask if I had not exaggerated. I had a wandering photographer take a tintype and mailed it for vindicating purposes. The picture here reproduced has written on its back:

"Released Union prisoners singing the 'Star-spangled Banner' and other national airs, on board of the transport *General Sedgwick*, previous to her departure North. The music could be heard for some distance in Wilmington, and attracted crowds of Secesh to the vicinity of the dock."

(To be continued.)



THE DUTCH GAP CANAL AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.



"SHE HID HER FACE ON HIS SHOULDER."

HEARTS.

BY BEATRIZ BELLIDO DE LUNA.

I.

CAREY went slowly across the yard to the corral. It seemed to her that no other girl had such a hard time as she did. Always the same purple mountains, always the same dry mesa, scorched by the hot sun of Southern California; always the same anxious expression on her father's face, and endless grumblings from Marina, the servant.

She could remember when times were not so hard; when the cattle and horses bearing the "C & R" brand brought the highest price in the country; when the land was crazy over the gold, and every day new faces came. Then her mother was alive, and she went to school in San Diego, thinking it great fun to come home to the ranch in the short vacations, the pride and delight of the whole county for her skillful horsemanship.

The mines were silent now. Only the engines

of the Vulture and the Eagle labored over in the mountains, grinding the shining ore for which men have sold their lives. And all the strangers that she saw were the miners who came down to Sanford's for supplies, and Harry Norman, the young superintendent of the Vulture, who rode down sometimes to talk with her father, or staid over night on his way to San Diego.

And now Hearts was going. Sold, because they could not afford to keep so valuable a horse, and Harry Norman wanted him. Hearts, who had carried her many a mile on his broad back, Hearts, her one friend.

She looked across to where two of the ranchers were saddling a powerful black horse. He did not like the rough hands of the men, but reared and plunged violently, receiving a hearty kick

from the one who was holding him. Carey's blood boiled at the sight. She ran quickly across the intervening space.

"Don't, José," she said, sharply. "Let me cinch him."

The men stood back respectfully, and with trembling fingers she drew the straps and slipped the bridle over the now willing head of the horse, who whinnied softly at her approach. Then she led him to where Harry Norman stood, leaning gracefully against the fence, his wide sombrero pulled low over his handsome face.

"He is very gentle, Mr. Norman," she said, pleadingly. "I never strack him in my life. You will be good to him?" And as she finished she laid her head against the horse's glossy neck, her gray eyes full of tears.

"Why, of course, Miss Carey," he answered, quickly. "How could I be otherwise when he has belonged to you?"

She turned away her head, blushing slightly.

"Thank you," she answered, handing him the bridle. Raising herself on tiptoe, she gravely kissed the horse's soft dark nose. "Good-by, Hearts, my beauty!" she said, and turning away, walked slowly toward the house.

Harry looked after her and sighed.

"Will she ever kiss me, I wonder!" he said to himself.

Then, as she disappeared through the doorway he sprang lightly to the saddle and rode off, the troublesome question still haunting him.

Everyone in the county knew of the young superintendent's admiration for Jack Sanford's daughter except the young lady herself, and she had scarcely thought of him until her father spoke to her on the subject one day.

"I don't want no foolin' with Hal Norman, Carey," he said. "He's a pleasant an' likely young feller, but he ain't the feller fer you, my gal. I've given you an eddication, an' yer harnsome an' as good as he, but I ain't, and you wouldn't want ter marry a feller who'd be ashamed of yer dad. Es fer enythin' else, remember, Carey, yer mother's gone, an' I'd rather see you layin' with her than grievin' out yer life with a broken heart. Let Hal alone, Carey, and when you love the man that'll make you happy I won't say yer nay."

Carey thought this very strange, but she only said, "All right, dad," and began to think about it, wondering if she could ever care for Harry, and ending in the discovery that she did.

But though he came often, ostensibly to see her father, she seldom exchanged a word with him beyond a greeting or farewell. As for Harry, perhaps the old man had given him a hint also,

for had the rancher's daughter been a princess he could hardly have treated her with more ceremony. Ah! he did not know that while he was riding homeward Carey was looking out of the little south window across the mesa to the purple mountains where the Vulture lay, thinking, "If Hearts had to go I am glad Harry has him," and blushing redly as she said the "Harry" to herself.

However lynx-eyed a man may be, when it comes to superintending his daughter's love affairs he is as blind as any bat. He sees nothing strange in her blushing deeply over that most prosaic of occupations, washing dishes; and Jack Sanford did not imagine that while her feet carried her between kitchen and pantry his daughter's thoughts were out across the fast-darkening mesa.

II.

THERE was trouble at the Vulture. There had been warnings and mutterings for some time past, and the superintendent had brought matters to a crisis by dismissing four of the men on the charge of insubordination. For some time the men had been divided into two parties. When Harry Norman had been sent there by the Eastern company he had brought with him some improved machinery which considerably lightened the manual labor. He had some trouble in getting it established, but being a determined young fellow, he succeeded in keeping his engine at work.

Some of the men, angry at the introduction of modern science, formed themselves into a party against the superintendent, and did all in their power to annoy and harass him. They worked, it is true, but in a sullen, rebellious way, finally breaking into open mutiny. Harry, not being the man to stand that kind of thing, discharged them and took on Chinamen in their stead.

Enraged at Harry's daring to assert himself, the unemployed men swore to have his life. As yet they had only threatened. The Chinese went to work, protected by the others, and everything proceeded peaceably, while Harry, despite the ominous predictions of his friends, congratulated himself. But on a certain morning one of the Chinamen was found dead by the shaft, an insulting missive pinned to his breast by a dagger, and boldly signed: "Francisco Talge."

Harry's blood was up. He caught the too confident writer of this choice bit of chirography, and taking him to San Diego, gave him up to justice, announcing his intention of appearing against him at the trial. From that moment Harry Norman was a marked man. The friends of Talge swore that the superintendent should not reach San Diego alive. Harry swore that he

would, and "see them all hanged, too." So there was trouble at the Vulture.

As the time for the trial approached Harry's friends tried to dissuade him from his perilous undertaking, but all in vain.

"No use in talking," he would say in answer to all importunities. "I have said I will go, and by George I will. This funny business has got to stop, and I'll know who's master here if it takes my life to find out. What's more, I'm going alone. Sabe?"

So one afternoon Harry mounted Hearts, and tightening the belt which held his Smith & Wesson six-shooter, rode gayly out of the camp, willfully heedless of the gloomy faces of his friends, declaring that he would "make mincemeat of the first Greaser that crossed his path."

He rode down the steep and rocky trail, reaching the mesa just as the sun sank in the west. Hearts was in fine spirits, and so was his master. It grew dark, and the moon rose. Harry began to feel disappointed.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, impatiently. "The cowards! Only an hour more and I will be at Sanford's."

The words had hardly passed his lips when three horsemen darted from the underbrush which grew thickly in the arroyo he had just passed, and wheeling about, stood across his path. He drew rein, and with his hand on his revolver regarded them.

"Well, what do you want?" he said, shortly. "Me, I suppose."

"That's it," spoke up one of them. "An' what's more, we've got yer, young feller."

"Oh, have you?" returned Harry, coolly. "Well, maybe—we'll see." A dangerous light shone in his blue eyes. He was simply delighted. "Maybe," he repeated, slowly. "Will you take me now, or wait till you get me? It will save you time and trouble if you simply stand aside."

"Not much," replied the other. "Yer smart, but we've got the cinch on yer—see? And he shot an ugly look at Harry, who sat gracefully upright in his saddle, calm and unconcerned.

"Oh," he said, slowly, "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but my business in San Diego will not permit of any delay! Are you going to let me pass? No? Well then, my friends, I'll pass anyway."

There was a second's pause, then a shot rang out in the still air, a slight struggle took place, and the next moment Hearts was leaping over the level ground with Harry on his back. Behind him one of the highwaymen lay bleeding on the ground; a bullet in his side; another was blinded by a blow from Harry's rawhide, laid

with all the vigor of a sturdy arm across his eyes; and the third was galloping in an opposite direction, for, on pressing closer to Harry than Hearts thought best, the horse had kicked violently at his pony, who, resenting the insult, wheeled about and bolted unceremoniously.

In all Lower California there were not three such amazed men. But their amazement soon gave place to wrath, and gathering themselves together, with mingled oaths and groans, they gave pursuit. Harry soon heard galloping hoofs behind him, and presently a lariat whizzed past his head.

"So that is their little game!" he said to himself, and spoke to Hearts, who sped on faster. He was riding in the brilliant moonlight of the southern country, knowing well that there was no shadow or shelter, even of a tree, until he reached the grove of eucalyptus just back of Sanford's. Presently a flying bullet grazed his ear.

Harry began to realize that this was a matter of life and death, as the next bullet struck his right arm, which fell nerveless to his side.

He took the reins in his teeth, and grasping the horse's mane with his uninjured hand, lay almost level along his back.

"Faster, Hearts! faster!" he whispered.

A bullet struck the horse's flank, and maddened with pain and rage, he dashed forward.

On they sped over the smooth, moonlit mesa. Harry's enemies, abandoning their random shooting, dug the spurs into their horses' sides and began pursuit in earnest.

"On, Hearts! on!" urged Harry. "We'll win yet, old fellow, and if I've one foot left to stand on we will be in San Diego to-morrow."

A little longer, a little farther. The moonlight danced before Harry's eyes. The mesa rocked like the ocean. The stars seemed shooting from their places. The air grew close.

A little longer, a little farther. The lights of the ranch house gleamed lonely in the distance. There was the refuge he sought. There was Carey.

Just a little longer, only a little farther. Hearts took a flying leap over some obstacle and stood still. All grew dark before Harry's eyes as he fell from the saddle and a pair of strong arms closed around him. The light came back a moment; he opened his eyes feebly.

"In at last, old fellow!" he whispered—"the goal is won!" and fell back senseless.

III.

MR. SANFORD had driven into town.

"I'll be back about ten or so," he said to Carey, who had risen to see him off. "You won't be afeard till then, darlin'? José'll be around."

"Afraid?" Carey answered. "Of course not, dad;" and her eyes followed lovingly the upright figure in the light wagon until it disappeared around the corner. Then they wandered to the low line of foothills and the blue mountains across the mesa. There was trouble at the Vulture, and she sighed as she looked across the plain.

She went into the house and about her work as usual until the long, hot day at last drew to its close, the sunset leaving the wonderful golden twilight over the land. José, coming in with the milk, lingered and told her about the trouble at the mine. José was a stanch friend of Harry's, and much concerned as to his safety.

After he had gone Carey sat down on the steps. It grew late; she went in and looked at the clock. Five minutes of ten. Almost time for her father, and she lighted the lamps.

As she stood at the window she heard far in the distance several shots in rapid succession. After a moment she heard them again, and it seemed as if they were nearer. Then came faintly but surely the sound of galloping hoofs on the hard-baked ground of the level plain.

The young girl hurried to the corral to find José, but as she reached there a dark form came with a mighty leap over the five-barred gate, and in the moonlight she recognized Hearts, her own Hearts. As he laid his head against her shoulder she saw his rider, and sprang forward just in time to catch Harry Norman in her soft, strong arms as he fell from the saddle; while, satisfied, the horse stood quietly, breathing heavily, and with bright flecks of foam on his satin coat.

Carey let her burden slide gently to the ground and knelt beside him.

"Harry!" she whispered, "Harry!" and forgetting all save her terror, bent and kissed his cold lips.

"Carey," he said, "is it you?" Then, with returning energy: "Won't be in San Diego, eh? Well, now, I wonder why!"

"But you are hurt?" she said, anxiously. "Can you walk? I dare not call José."

"Of course I can walk," he answered, rising to his feet, while Carey also rose and stood beside him; "and in an hour I shall be on my way again."

"Ah, no!" she implored, clasping her hands. "Don't go, Harry, please!"

"Do you care?" he asked, surprised. Then, receiving no answer: "Do you love me, Carey?"

"Yes," she replied, "oh, yes! And you won't go, Harry?"

"I must go," he said. "I cannot help it now, dear; and the danger is all passed. Poor Hearts!" he went on, turning to the horse. "It was he

who saved me, sweetheart. By Jove! little girl, you would have been proud of him had you seen the way he knocked one fellow out."

With tender words and caresses she loosened the straps and made him comfortable, kissing his neck and whispering something which Harry did not hear. Then she turned again to Harry.

"Come into the house," she urged. "Lean on me, my dear; I am very strong."

To please her he laid his arm across her shoulder as they walked slowly up the path, and when they reached the door he stooped and kissed her. "At last!" was all he said. Then they went in, to find Mr. Sanford coolly devouring the cold ham. He glanced up as they entered.

"Wal, little one, ye've come ter yer dad at last, hev ye?" he said. "Hello, Hal! what the deuce is the matter with yer arm, boy? Sit down."

Accepting his invitation, Harry told his story, while José dressed his wound. Sanford sat with gleaming eyes.

"Yer a dandy!" he said, when the tale was finished. "I'm proud of yer, boy! By gosh, Hal, José an' me'll see yer safe to San Diego!"

"There's something else, Jack," said Harry, smiling. "I—I—in fact, sir, I love your daughter."

"Eh?" cried Sanford, sharply, turning to Carey, who stood blushing behind his chair. "Didn't I say 'No foolin',' gal?"

"Yes, dad," answered Carey. "And I didn't. Not a bit. But—but I love him, too, dad!" And she hid her face on his shoulder.

"Wal, wal," the old man said, slowly, "this beats me. I never tho't yer liked him, Carey; but if yer do— Wal, there's one thing bothers me, Hal," turning to him. "Yer needn't be ashamed of Carey; but me, lad, me—I'm too old to l'arn now, and I wouldn't want the gal to blush fer her dad." And for the first time in his life Jack Sanford shrank from meeting the gaze of another.

Harry held out his hand. "Jack!" he said, reproachfully. And in that hearty hand clasp the two understood each other.

To the surprise of Francisco Talge, Harry Norman, pale and with his arm in a sling, appeared in court against him. Sanford, seeing the black look which the prisoner directed at Harry, surprised the court by walking up to him and shaking his huge fist in his face.

"Who's runnin' the Vulture now?" he said. "Ye tho't yer were durn smart, didn't ye? But ye got left this trip; an' let me tell yer, Hal's not fer ye or yer gang ter fool with; and the feller thet does it'll answer ter me, Jack Sanford, and José there. Sabo?"

RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

BY EDWARD PORRITT.

FOR observing rural life in England the best place is a village in one of the purely agricultural counties. There need be no trouble in selecting a county. If a line were drawn in a northeasterly direction across the map of England, from the mouth of the River Severn on the west coast to the Wash on the east, all the counties south of this line might be described as agricultural. The counties intersected would be Gloucester, Warwick, Northampton and Cambridge. There is a little mining in Gloucestershire and Warwickshire, and considerable manufacturing in Northamptonshire; but there is little of either mining or manufacturing elsewhere south of this imaginary line, and in the region below it rural life has been least affected by the immense changes which have come over England in consequence of the enormous industrial development of the last hundred years. In these southern counties things are outwardly very much as they were before the era of steam and factories transformed the north of England, and as regards its material conditions, sharply divided it off from the south. Railways intersect all this southern country; the stagecoaches and the carriers' wagons have long ago disappeared, and the old-fashioned inns which flourished in the days when the highways were the great arteries of traffic are changing their character, and

changing it always for the worse. But in many other respects the condition of things which still survives is not much unlike that which prevailed in the closing years of last century. Political, social, economic and religious changes have been extremely tardy in reaching these southern agricultural counties, and the difference between them and the stirring, bustling and smoky north at once becomes obvious, even to a visitor whose observations of England are confined to those which are possible in a railway excursion from Liverpool to London.

If on such an excursion a visitor were to halt for a couple of weeks in any village south of the line from the Severn to the Wash he would find few conditions in rural life in this part of England which correspond with rural life in the older and more settled parts of America. In both these countries, of course, the people of a rural



*Remains of
Medbury Abbey*



*At the
Bury*



*Bishop's
Ave*

SCENES IN RURAL ENGLAND.

community directly or indirectly live out of the land; but there all points of correspondence between a village in old England and a village in New England come to an end. The systems under which land is held are entirely different, and from this vital and deep-seated difference directly arise all the conditions which make rural life in England what it is, and give to it its dull, slow-moving and conservative character. When once the main features of the land system are recalled it is easy to comprehend the social conditions of village life in England.

Law, tradition and social custom have for centuries past all conduced to the building up of a system under which the land of England is held by a small number of people. In the days which followed the Conquest the land was parceled out among the followers of the Norman Conqueror. These old warriors and their descendants managed to retain their hold upon the land so distributed, and gradually to increase their possessions; and as centuries went by and population increased and society became more complex the large holders of land devised schemes for keeping their possessions in their families for all time.

The system of settlement, or entail, which is at the basis of the English land system, was devised as long ago as the Wars of the Roses; but it was not until the Civil War that it took its present form and obtained a legal sanction. Under this system of settlement, as it was brought into use at the Restoration, the heads of the great landowning families make themselves tenants for life, and their descendants are made what is known to the lawyers as "succeeding tenants in tail."

By the aid of expert lawyers the system is easily worked. Each head of a family, on coming into his landed possessions, makes a settlement which is binding upon his immediate successor. Trustees are appointed under this deed to see that the settlement is duly carried out, to give effect to the provisions which are always made for younger sons and the female members of the family, and also to take some oversight in the management of the estate. From generation to generation this system of attaching land to families has gone on, and to it is due the great social and political advantages so long associated with the possession of land, and also the fact that so large an area of land in England is in so few hands. The area of England and Scotland, in round figures, is 77,600,000 acres. One-half this total acreage is held by 7,400 persons, and in this list of great landlords there were at the last national accounting 600 peers, who among them were the holders of one-fifth of the total area of the United Kingdom.

With this brief explanation of the land system, and with these remarkable figures in mind, it is easy to understand the two groups into which English villages are divided. These are "open" and "closed" villages. A closed village is one in which all the land round about, it may be for miles, is in the hands of one large proprietor; an open village, as its description implies, is one in which the ownership of the houses and adjacent land is in the hands of a number of different people. Some of the larger landowners own a quarter or a third of a county; many of them are possessed of an area of country large enough to contain half a dozen villages. Where this is the case, and the villages are in the closed class, the landlord dominates everything. He appoints the rectors or the vicars of the parishes into which the country comprised in his estate is divided. All the farms are held from him, and all the innkeepers, storekeepers and cottagers are, directly or indirectly, his tenants. Until a few years ago the landowners of this class were dominant in local politics. Only their larger farmer tenants had Parliamentary votes, and they were practically compelled to use these as the landlord directed. But all this has been changed, and as concerns the elections, the English laborer now stands in as good a position before the law as the large tenant farmers or the landlords themselves.

The two important social personages in a village of this kind are the squire and the Church of England parson. The squire, of course, comes first. In a measure the parson is his creature, for, in the first place, he owes his position in the village usually to the active good will of the squire, or to that of the squire's predecessor. The church living is bestowed upon the parson by the patron, or in other words the local landlord; but when once the parson is installed it is not possible for the squire to turn him out. The parson is in possession for life, and can be displaced only for gross misconduct which has been proved in the ecclesiastical courts. He is thus not dependent upon the squire in any way as regards his living; but he is dependent upon him for much of his social life and the social life of his family, and, as a rule, the friendliest relations are maintained between the rectory and the hall. The squire and the parson are usually both of the same political creed, and concerned together in all the local political activities. This, however, is not always the case, and when there is a difference between the squire and the parson, and both are strong assertive men, there is trouble in the parish.

A case of this kind occurred near Bath a few years ago. The rector and the landlord of one of



THE SQUIRE AND THE PARSON.

the prettiest hill villages in Somerset had quarreled over the Eastern policy of the late Lord Beaconsfield. The rector stood out for Beaconsfield, while the landlord threw in his lot with Gladstone and condemned all that Beaconsfield was doing in behalf of the Turks. When the landlord went into Bath to address a Liberal meeting and to denounce the Turkish atrocities his neighbor the rector would attend and make a speech in support of the Beaconsfield administration and all it was doing in defense of the Turks. This occasioned some unpleasantness, and the antagonism went to an amazing length, until at last, when the squire and the parson desired to communicate with each other, they did so by means of placards posted on the walls of the village. There was a good deal of tartness and curtness in these mural interchanges; but the squire was a great upholder of the state church, and although he was thus savagely at loggerheads with the rector he could not deny himself and his family the pleasure of attending the parish church on Sunday. He came in by a side door which led from the church to his park, and marched into his big family pew, where he remained until the prayers and the lessons were over. As soon as the rector began his sermon the squire headed his family procession and marched out of church. This kind of thing went on for several years, until after people in England had utterly ceased to care for the Turk, and had forgotten all about Lord Beaconsfield's "peace with honor" proclamation, made from the upper windows of the

ministerial residence in Downing Street, when he and Lord Salisbury returned from the Conference at Berlin. Ultimately both squire and parson got weary of the feud. The squire, of course, could not sell out and leave the place; entails and settlements made that impossible. It was the parson who had to go, and he so ordered his going as to be able to make an exchange of livings with a parson in another part of the country who could live as neighbor with a squire who had once entertained a strong and lively detestation for the Turk.

Cases of this kind are, however, somewhat exceptional, and as a general thing squire and parson are in agreement as regards national and local politics, and stand resolutely together in maintaining the social and political privileges attaching to their positions. The parson usually regards himself as on an equality with the squire, and in some villages he shares with the squire the work of administering local justice, a function which, notwithstanding all the political changes which have of late years taken place in England, is in the rural districts still entirely monopolized by the men of landed estate.

After the squire and the parson come the doctor, the large farmers, the village schoolmaster, the village tradesmen, and, last in the list, and a long way apart from the farmers, the agricultural laborers, the poorest of all England's working people.

The relations of the tenant farmers with the squire are direct and constant. Only a small

number of English farmers are the owners of the land they till. The majority of them have not the capital necessary to the purchase of their land. Even if they had, in many parts of England it would be impossible for them to buy desirable land, for the system of entail ties the land to the territorial families. These families cannot sell it; some of them cannot even cut the timber on their land without the permission of trustees. All they can do is to cultivate the land, or lease or let it to farmers. Most of the farming land is held on annual agreements, the rents varying from three or four dollars to fifteen dollars an acre, according to the nearness of the land to good markets, and according to the nature of the land itself.

These rents also cover the occupation of the homestead. In England the landlords almost invariably provide or defray the cost of erecting all the farm buildings, and it is at this point that an English farmer's relations with his landlord differ from those of the Irish tenant farmer with the Irish landlord. The Irish farmer builds his farm premises himself, or takes them over from a previous tenant; and it is this important difference in the relationship of landlord and tenant in the two countries which has led to so much legislation for the benefit of Irish tenant farmers during the last twenty-five years. An Irish tenant farmer now has a tenant right or tenant interest in his farm, and the landlord cannot get rid of him without buying out his tenant interest.

The arrangements between the English farmer and the squire are quite different. The English farmer usually holds his land on an annual agree-

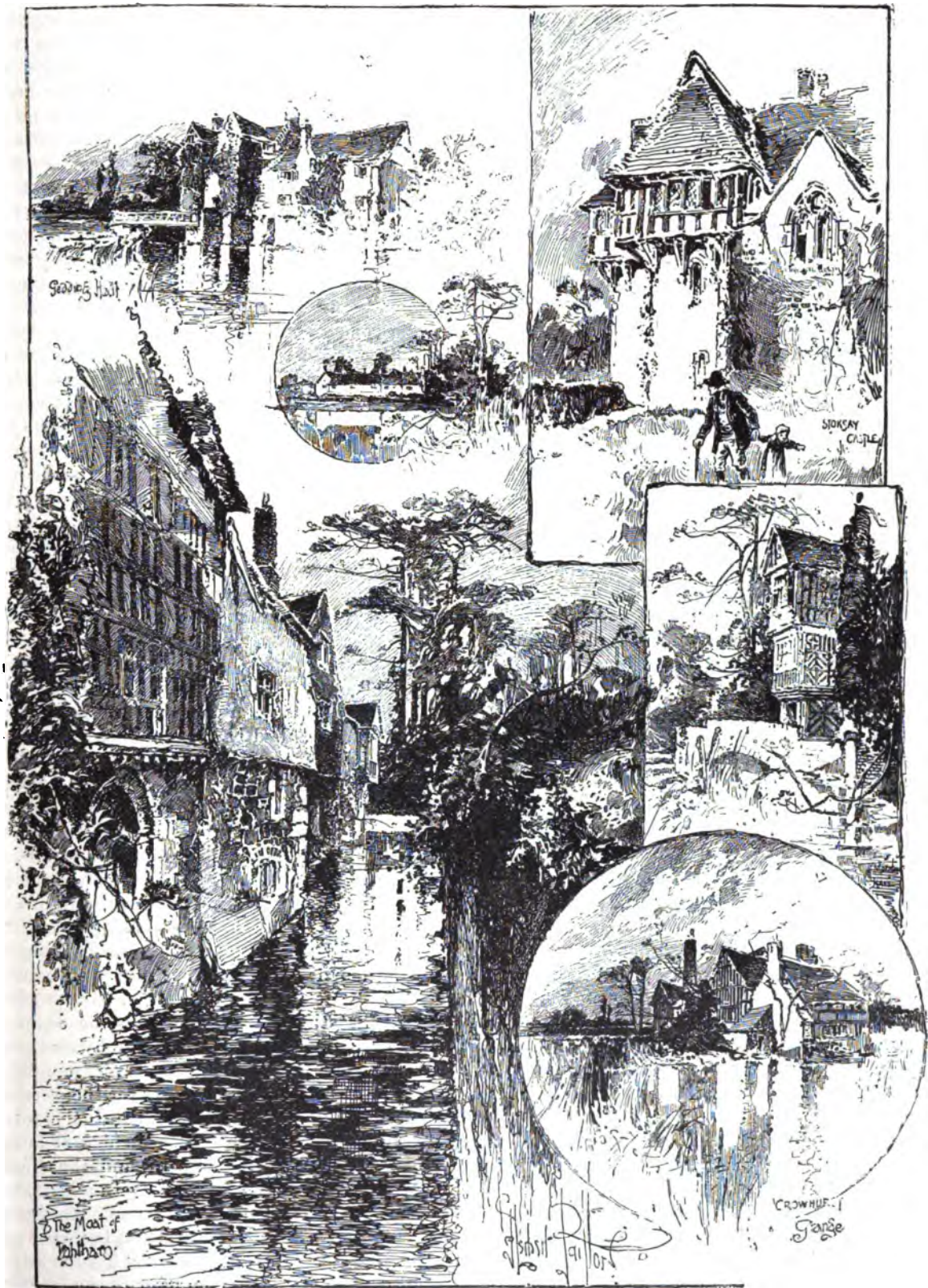
ment, and he can part company with his landlord, or his landlord can get rid of him, by giving a year's notice. The English farmer can claim some compensation for improvements he has made on his farm; but the process is a cumbersome one, and the law passed to protect an outgoing tenant avails him but very little. Both custom and law, in this and other matters between farmers and landowners in England, are on the side of the landlord. Practically he makes his own terms with the farmer, and many landlords in their agreements introduce such a number of conditions that the farmer is far from being his own master.

The agreements often stipulate what is to be done with this field, and what is to be grown in that; how much hay a man may sell off his farm; what he shall do with his straw; how much manure and fertilizing stuffs he shall use, and how many dogs he shall keep; and when a farmer is unable to pay all his creditors in full the law ordains that the landlord's claim for rent shall be paid before any other creditor receives a penny in payment of his debt. This is one of the old laws of which nowadays farmers greatly complain. It places them at a great disadvantage with all other creditors, and makes farmers as a class men with whom tradesmen have to exercise much caution when they allow them to become their debtors.

Harsh conditions with regard to game are often inserted in these agreements between farmers and landlords. Farmers must give free passage to hunters on horseback and on foot when these sportsmen happen to be the friends of the landlord; and the farmers must also suffer the gamekeepers in the service of the squire to prowl about their homesteads and over their lands when and how the gamekeepers please. The gamekeepers are often a terror to farmers, and the cause of much worry and friction. If, however, the farmers interfere with them, or in any way get into the bad books of these gentlemen in velvet, there is soon trouble at the estate office between the agent and the landlord on one side and the tenant farmers on the other, and the farmers always get the worst of it.

The English game laws are exceedingly strict. The most drastic of them were passed by Parliament in the early years of this century—the worst in 1828, when the landed interest was dominant in the House of





MOATED GRANGES.

Commons as well as in the House of Lords. The intention of all the laws is to make game sacred from the touch of the common people; and a farmer who kills a pheasant or a grouse on land in his own occupation not only breaks the conditions of his agreement with his landlord, and may thus bring upon himself an ejection from his farm, with the loss of one-tenth of his working capital which a change of this kind always involves, but may be prosecuted in the local police courts as well. All over rural England it is a much more serious offense to snare a hare or a pheasant, or to carry off a snipe or a grouse, than it is to steal a horse or a cow; for the law is such that for a second or a third offense a man may be sentenced to penal servitude. In the early years of the century men were sent to the chain gang or transported for poaching.

All these poaching cases are tried before magistrates who are landlords. If these landlords are not game preservers themselves they have neighbors and friends who are, and are in keen sympathy with game preservation. The consequence is that they deal out justice with a heavy hand upon men who come before them for poaching. A poacher who is caught in the act forfeits his gun, nets and snares; and often when the poacher has finished a term of two or three months in the county jail he is compelled to find sureties for his future good behavior during a period of six or twelve months after he leaves prison. If he cannot find these sureties, and in many cases it is impossible for him to do so, he is detained in prison for the whole of the period which was to have been covered by the sureties.

Gamekeepers are employed in large numbers to patrol, night and day, land stocked with game; the police paid out of the county fund give much zealous help in an extra-official way to the gamekeepers; and game, when dead, may be bought and sold only by dealers who have permits from the local magistrates. But in spite of all these precautions poaching is still as common in rural England as ever it was, and in the country districts the magistrates seldom meet in fortnightly or monthly session, to dispense summary justice, without having before them two or three laboring men who have been caught poaching, or who are suspected of poaching. For nearly a century the lawmakers at Westminster and the administrators of the law in the rural districts have sought by means little short of savage to inculcate into the rural mind that game is private property. The law has made it private property, and has labeled it as more precious than many other kinds of private property; but the English laborer will not believe that it is so; and

in every English village, and in every large town in the neighborhood of game-preserving country, there are dozens of men who would never think of sneaking off with a chicken, but who will risk a murderous midnight encounter with armed game watchers, and perhaps a long term in jail, for the fun and excitement attendant upon snaring a few hares or rabbits, or possessing themselves of a brace of partridges or a few pheasants.

It is not the game itself these men usually desire, for but little money is ever obtained for it by the poachers. Generally it is the passion for sport and adventure which takes the English poacher abroad at night; and when once a man has become addicted to poaching he seldom abandons the pursuit while he is active enough to engage in it, or as long as there is any game left in his neighborhood. If he is caught and sent to prison he begins again almost as soon as he is at liberty.

Many of these old poachers have much more money invested in appliances for snaring game than they have in clothes and household furniture. Desperate encounters between gamekeepers and poachers are matters of almost weekly occurrence. Every now and again there is a terrible tragedy, like that in Oxfordshire three years ago, which involved the loss of four lives—one in the woods and three on the gallows; and if a record of all these fatalities, these midnight shootings in the woods and plantations, and the hangings which followed, had been kept since the first of the modern game laws was passed in 1828, it would be found that game preserving in England has cost more lives than were spent in taking and keeping possession of England's great empire in the East.

The agricultural laborer has already been spoken of as the poorest of England's working people. This is true, and it has been true for a century or more. Students of English rural life in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, men such as the late Professor Thorold Rogers, have put it on record that there was a time when the condition of the rural laborer was immensely better than it is now. No one now living, however, remembers when there was much difference for the better in the lot of the rural laborer. Up to the forties the landlords in Parliament were able to impose high protective duties on corn, and thus insure that the tenant farmer should get an artificially high price for the produce he raised. The farmer did get a high price for his wheat, but this high price affected the farm laborer hardly at all. Most of the enhanced value went to the landlords in the way of rent; some of it may have staid with the farmer, but practically none of it reached

the laborer. All through this century the farm laborer in the country south of the line from the Severn to the Wash has been so ill paid and so badly housed that he has never lived any but an absolutely hand-to-mouth existence.

The late Professor Fawcett, who was Postmaster General in Mr. Gladstone's 1880-'5 Administration, was a native of Wiltshire, one of the exclusively agricultural counties in the south of England. He spent his boyhood there, and in later years seldom failed to make a visit to his old home at Salisbury. When he was there in August, 1868, he wrote a letter to a friend, describing some phases of rural life in Wiltshire. "I am staying," he wrote, "in the midst of what is considered to be one of the most prosperous agricultural districts of England. It would be almost impossible to find a laborer who had saved a sovereign; and not one in a thousand of these laborers will save enough to keep him from the poor rates when old age compels him to cease work."

It is a quarter of a century since Professor Fawcett wrote this letter, but the condition he then described is very little altered. If it is altered at all it is altered for the worse. At the present time the ordinary wages of a day laborer in Wiltshire are two and a half dollars a week. A man must be exceptionally good to receive three dollars; some farmers pay as low as two and a quarter or two dollars a week. These are summer-time wages, when work is brisk on the farm. In winter many of the farmers deduct a quarter a week from these rates of pay. Nor are these low wages peculiar to Wiltshire. There is little variation in the rates paid in the neighboring counties of Dorset and Oxford. Wages improve a little in the counties nearer the line from the Severn to the Wash; but in Hertfordshire, which is the county abutting on the great area covered by London, the wages of farm laborers seldom exceed two dollars and seventy-five cents or three dollars a week.

Laborers in London who are not specially skilled do not earn more than five dollars a week, and in the large towns in the Midlands and in the north of England four dollars and a half is considered a fair wage for men of this class. The lot of these laborers in the towns is hard; but it is not so hard nor so utterly without hope as the lot of the agricultural laborer. The town laborer can often push himself into a better-paid position. Opportunities frequently occur of which he can take advantage; and even if he cannot improve his own lot he can at least hope to give his boys and girls a much better start in life than it was his fortune to receive, and still keep them at

home in the early years of their working life. Such a man, with a little self-denial, can give his sons a trade, and thus push them into the ranks of skilled artisans.

The rural laborer has few hopes of this kind. Work as he will, he can never get in front of the world to the extent of five or ten dollars. Indeed, he would never keep up with the world even during the best years of his working life were it not for the help he receives from his neighbors who are a little better off, and from the charitable associations connected with the church. These organizations, especially the maternity societies which exist in most English villages, help him through the difficulties of times when children are making their appearance, and he has to look to kindred charities, or in the last resort to the poor law guardians, to help him through the periods when his wages cease, owing to sickness or slackness of work. He and his family have none of the opportunities which come in the way of the town laborer. In the villages there is little work which married women can undertake; and when the children of the laborer grow up, if their opportunities in life are to be improved, they must early go afield, and make their way in London or in the large towns.

A rural laborer has little or no chance of pushing his sons into the ranks of skilled artisans, because in his own village the openings for boys, except in farm work, are but few, and he cannot afford to maintain them while they are being taught a trade in some distant town. Usually the sons of farm laborers engage in farm work for the first two or three years after leaving school, and then if they have any ambition they make a break for London or some other large city. They are too old when they thus leave home to apprentice themselves to a trade; but thousands of these boys from the country find their way into the service of the railway companies, or into that of the brewing and transport companies, where their ability to handle horses secures them fairly good pay and permanent employment as carmen and teamsters. A large number of the better-equipped young countrymen join the police forces in the great cities. There are always openings for young men with good records in these services. No political influence is required to secure positions. All that is needed is a good physique, a little education and some intelligence, and a certificate of respectability and good character.

Domestic servants in the large towns are recruited from the country villages; and exceedingly few of the young men and the young women who thus leave their native places ever perma-

nently return. Most of them do well in their new spheres; but even those who fail seldom return to the country. For a generation or so past the ranks of the rural laborers have been greatly thinned by this movement to the towns. The squires and the farmers are loud in their expressions of regret at this movement of the laboring people from the country, for it is the pick of the laborers who go. The movement is often lamented in speeches at agricultural-show dinners, at the rent dinners, and at the inn dinners at which farmers meet when attending market; but neither the squires nor the large farmers profess ignorance of the cause of it. They know that the life of a rural laborer, under existing conditions, is almost hopeless; they know that the laborer has never had any inducement to stay in the country. The farmer attributes his inability to pay the laborer better wages to the heavy calls which are made upon him for rent and for taxes, and to the bad times in English agriculture, which seem chronic; while the squire, for his part, complains that he is poorer than his predecessors, that it is impossible for him to reduce rents, and that after he has met the permanent family charges coming against his rent roll little remains out of which he can keep up his dignity among his landowning neighbors.

Within the last ten years the rural laborer has received an immense amount of attention at the hands of the politicians. Both parties have paid court to him. Up to 1885 he had never cast a vote at a Parliamentary election; and he had no more to do with village, county and national politics than he had with the affairs of the Czar of Russia. When local and national elections came round all the laborers had to do was to shout and demonstrate while the squires and the large farmers did all the voting. Since 1885, however, the rural laborer has been a Parliament-

ary voter. Since 1888 he has had a vote for the council which administers all county affairs, and as the result of the Act of Parliament passed in the early weeks of 1894 the rural laborer now has a vote in the election of poor law guardians, and in the election of the councils for the administration of municipal affairs in the parishes and the larger districts into which the counties are divided. He can also be a member of any of these bodies. As a result of all this improvement in the political position of the laborer endeavors are now being made to improve his social and material position, and to give him more opportunities in life. One result of all this will be that sooner or later the rural laborer will at least be better housed than he has been in the past. Hitherto his condition in this respect has been most deplorable, for the squires and the farmers, who owned the wretched places in which the laborer was lodged, were also dominant on the boards which administered the sanitary laws. These laws were strong enough; the trouble in the past has been that they were not enforced. The laborer himself can now change all this, for he can elect his fellows to the councils and boards which are intrusted with the administration of these laws.

These councils are also empowered to buy or lease land, and let it to the laborers, so that any laborer who desires it may now rent an acre or two of land, and by cultivating it himself be relieved from the absolute dependence upon the farmer which for generations has been his lot. All these political changes ought to bring about some improvement in the condition of the laborer; but what is really wanted is some change which will give the laborer an adequate wage, and free him from the certainty that, work as he may, there is little but the workhouse for him in the closing days of his life.

THE LITERATURE OF QUOTATION.

BY A. OAKLEY HALL.

THERE has ever been a fashion allied to references from the literature of quotation. During the close of the last and the beginning of the present century it was the fashion to quote from Butler's "Hudibras," Alexander Pope and Robert Burns. In time Byron, Shelley, Scott, Moore, Coleridge and Wordsworth succeeded in such pre-eminence.

Among colonial great men perhaps Benjamin

Franklin was the most quotable. How many pedestrians pass his statue—which exchanges bronzed looks with the adjacent statue of Horace Greeley in the Printing House Square of New York city—without knowing that their favorite quotations, "Early to bed and early to rise," etc., or "Three removes are as bad as a fire," or "He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," or "Snug as a bug in a rug," or "He has paid dear

for his whistle," belonged to the authorship of the printer patriot! For many years it was popular to quote from Daniel Webster. His sonorous sayings are yet virile in scholarly remembrance. Seward and Sumner became quotable orators in turn. Abraham Lincoln's proverbs, anecdotes and epigrammatic sayings were, and are, in great vogue.

Among American poets, Halleck, Drake, Bryant, Whittier, Poe and Longfellow successively came

ers previously named, and to whom I may add Bayard Taylor, Willis, Morris and Alfred Street.

When Sydney Smith asked flippantly, in a celebrated review of "Seybert's Statistical Annals of the United States," "Who in the four quarters of the globe reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue?" it was undoubtedly true that quotations from an American source were comparatively unknown to Englishmen; but in this



VILLAGE LIFE IN RURAL ENGLAND.

Old Widow Wiseman—"ERE'S THE YOUNG SQUIRE CAN'T MANAGE HIS 'ORSE—TRY AN' STOP 'IM, OR GET RUNNED OVER, BILLY—IT'S 'ALF A GUINEA EITHER WAY, IF HE'S A GEN'LEMAN!"

into similar fashion. Among feminine authors doubtless Americans recognize the most quotations from Mrs. Sigourney, and much as Englishmen turn enthusiastically for excerpts to the works of Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Barrett Browning and George Eliot.

From among living American authors their countrymen now select largely for quotation from Holmes, Bret Harte, Aldrich, John Hay, Stoddard and Gilder; as in their day they remembered oth-

close of the century their magazines and newspapers often pay attention to quotations from American authors, and sometimes with generous reference.

Perhaps in time, inasmuch as the United States show more promise than Great Britain does for the future of poets, historians, novelists and writers in general, this country will find returned to it the compliment which the infant republic once paid to the old country of liberally drawing

quotations from its literature. Already it is noticeable that the reading books and literary extracts of the day used in their schools and academies refer largely to Lowell, with whom indeed John Bull had a most genial acquaintance while Lowell was American Minister to the Court of St. James.

I may also allude to authors whose translated quotations into English are well approved and used. Of these, we are probably best familiar with the epigrammatic sayings of Cervantes, to whom we owe the trite phrases, "Mince the matter," "Their labor for their pains," "As ill luck would have it," "Plain as the nose on a man's face," "Sure as a gun," "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," "Other fish to fry," "Pot calls the kettle black," and "Count chickens before they are hatched." The ubiquitous phrase, "From hand to mouth" comes from a Spanish author contemporaneous with Cervantes named Du Bartas, and who is now almost totally forgotten.

French, German and Italian authors have also largely enriched through English translation this subsidiary literature of quotation—as witness Rochefoucauld, Molière, Pascal, Voltaire, Goethe, Uhland, Tasso and Dante. And apropos of the latter: I was once visiting a correctional prison in England in which over one cell—devoted to punishment—was inscribed, "Who enters here leaves hope behind"—the English of Dante's "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, ch' entrate." I ventured to ask one of the wardens who was the author of the inscription, and he glibly replied, in a tone accusatory of my ignorance: "Why, John Bunyan." Doubtless scores who use quotations and proverbs are equally ill informed about their originators. But it must be admitted that knowledge of the authorship of sayings that are freely bandied on tongues—rhetorical shuttlecocks, so to speak—adds tenfold to the interest in the speaking and the hearing.

CARLYLE CALLED DOWN.

MONCURE D. CONWAY took Charles G. Leland to see Carlyle, and the visit must have been a lively one, according to Leland's report of it in his recently published memoirs:

"I can only remember that for the first twenty or thirty minutes Mr. Carlyle talked such a lot of skimble-skamble stuff and rubbish, which sounded like the very *débris* and lees of his 'Latter-day Pamphlets,' that I began to suspect that he was quizzing me, or that this was the manner in which he ladled out Carlyleism to visitors who came to

be Carlyled and acted unto. However it may be, I felt a coming wrath, and the Socratic demon or gypsy *dook*, which often rises in me on such occasions and never deceives me, gave me a strong premonition that there was to be, if not an exemplary row, at least a lively incident which was to put a snapped end to this humbugging.

"It came thus: All at once Mr. Carlyle abruptly asked me in a manner or with an intonation which sounded to me almost semi-contemptuous: 'And what kind of an American may you be?—German, or Irish, or what?'

"To which I replied, not over amiably: 'Since it interests you, Mr. Carlyle, to know the origin of my family, I may say that I am descended from Henry Leland, whom the tradition declares to have been a noted Puritan and active in the politics of his time, and who went to America in 1636.'

"To this Mr. Carlyle replied: 'I doubt whether any of your family have since been equal to your old Puritan great-grandfather.' With this, something to the effect that we had done nothing in America since Cromwell's revolution equal to it in importance or of any importance.

"Then a great rage came over me, and I remember distinctly that there flashed through my mind in a second the reflection, 'Now, if I have to call you a d—d old fool for saying that, I will; but I'll be even with you.' When as quickly the following inspiration came, which I uttered, and, I suspect, somewhat energetically: 'Mr. Carlyle, I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died standing by my side in the War of the Rebellion, fighting against slavery, was worth ten of my old Puritan ancestors; at least he died in a ten-times better cause. And' (here my old 'Indian' was up and I let it out) 'allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I think that in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical.'

"Here Mr. Carlyle, looking utterly amazed and startled, though not at all angry, said, for the first time in broad Scotch: 'Whet's thot ye say?'

"'I say, Mr. Carlyle,' I exclaimed, with rising wrath, 'that I consider that in all historical judgments you are influenced only by the merely melodramatic and theatrical.'

"A grim smile as of admiration came over the stern old face. Whether he really felt the justice of the hit, I know not; but he was evidently pleased at the manner in which it was delivered, and it was with a deeply reflective and not displeased air that he replied, still in Scotch: 'Nae, na; I'm nae thot.'

"It was the terrier who had ferociously attacked

the lion, and the lion was charmed. From that instant he was courteous, companionable and affable, and talked as if we had been long acquainted, and as if he liked me."

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

"THE GUN BEARER" is a new *Ledger* war novel by E. A. Robinson and G. A. Wall, who evidently know something at first hand about soldier life. The story opens amidst the intense excitement over the firing on Fort Sumter, and culminates with the desperate battle of Franklin, where General Schofield, with ten thousand men, wrestled with General Hood's Confederates.

CAPTAIN WILLARD GLAZIER, the author of many popular war books, and latterly an independent explorer of the headwaters of the Mississippi, has published in a handsome illustrated volume of over 500 pages (Rand, McNally & Co.) the narrative of his two expeditions in 1881 and 1891, and their results. Besides a full account of the discovery and location of what is apparently the true source of the Mississippi, in a lake beyond the hitherto accepted Itasca, the author gives a complete epitome of the history of the Father of Waters, from its discovery by Hernando de Soto in 1541, down to the present time. Leading geographers and educational publishers in the United States and Europe indorse the claim of Lake Glazier to the distinction of being the real source, and have altered their maps accordingly. Mr. Glazier's book has over fifty fine illustrations, including maps, portraits, half-tone reproductions of photographs and original drawings by True Williams, of Chicago.

"OUT OF BOHEMIA" is a woman's story of art-student life in Paris, written in a very pretty, *watercolor* style by Gertrude Christian Fosdick, and sympathetically illustrated by J. William Fosdick, the master of the art of burnt-wood or "fire etching," and whose illustrative as well as literary work is well known through FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY. Mrs. Fosdick presents animated pictures of life in the Latin Quarter as it is lived by students who study, rather than the wild and somewhat sinister career of that picturesque survival, the "Bohemian" of Henri Murger and a bygone generation. In this choice of material the author is true to fact as well as to her feminine delicacy; for the great majority of Paris students, those whose after lives reflect back upon the old "Quartier" its undying prestige, are and have ever been the earnest, ambitious workers. For the sprinkling of wild ones, Bohemianism is only a *cul de sac*—a blind alley, from which they cannot emerge save by turning back into the legitimate avenues of success. But even serious endeavor is full of gayety in Paris; and Mrs. Fosdick's book takes us through many a sparkling scene, beginning with a students' ball at the Académie Colarossi, and ending in the happy culmination of the love romance that is interwoven throughout the narrative.

At a general meeting of the St. Paul (Minn.) Press Club, last September, an original plan was formally presented and "electrically" adopted for creating a substantial revenue for the organization, by an undertaking which should at the same time redound to its literary credit through the profession. This enterprise consisted in the writing and publication of a volume composed of original contributions by the members, "For Revenue Only." Under the

chairmanship of Mr. Harry W. Wack—the acknowledged author and chief executive of the idea, as well as contributor of a very smart story entitled "Mr. Wilkes of Harvard"—the General Committee set to work; and in three months' time from its inception the perfected result presented itself for popular recognition. Its success has justified the sanguine hopes of its projectors. The book is a handsome large quarto of 350 pages, bound in a cover of original design, containing upward of a score of literary articles, supplemented with a history of the St. Paul Press Club, and embellished with numerous portraits. It is dedicated to the Hon. Charles E. Flandrau, "the pioneer jurist, the versatile advocate, the judicial journalist, the perennial gentleman."

MRS. MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS, a contributor well known to the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, has prepared a spirited and picturesque paper upon "Road Coaching in America," which will be a feature of the next (August) number of this magazine. Mrs. Williams's novel "Milre," a strong romance of Southern life, is proving one of the most successful numbers of Collier's "Once a Week Library."

THE breezy verses of William Lawrence Chittenden, poet and ranchman, of Anson, Texas, rounded up and published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, have gone into a second edition. They make a very pretty volume, which is further embellished with neat half-tone illustrations and ranch views, not forgetting a speaking likeness of the author, reprinted from *Book News*. "Larry" as a poet is by turns sentimental, humorous, serious, patriotic and "wild, woolly." He appears a trifle ill at ease in the rondeau, villanelle and sonnet forms; but there is a poetic spirit and genuine lyric swing to everything else he writes. He is perhaps best at home with his Texas types—as, for instance:

"THE COWBOY."

- "He wears a big hat and big spurs and all that,
And leggins of fancy fringed leather;
He takes pride in his boots and the pistol he shoots,
And he's happy in all kinds of weather.
- "He is fond of his horse—'tis a broncho, of course,
For oh, he can ride like the devil;
He is old for his years, and he always appears
To be foremost at round-up or revel.
- "He can sing, he can cook, yet his eyes have the look
Of a man that to fear is a stranger;
Yes, his cool, quiet nerve will always subserve
In his wild life of duty and danger.
- "He gets little to eat and he guys tenderfeet,
And for Fashion—oh, well, he's "not in it!"
He can rope a gay steer when he gets on his ear,
At the rate of two-forty a minute!
- "His saddle's the best in the wild, woolly West,
Sometimes it will cost sixty dollars;
Ah, he knows all the tricks, when he brands 'Mavericks,'
But his learning's not gained from your scholars.
- "He is loyal as steel, but demands a square deal,
And he hates and despises a coward.
Yet the cowboy you'll find unto woman is kind,
Though he'll fight till by death overpowered.
- "Hence I say unto you, give the cowboy his due,
And be kinder, my friends, toward his folly;
For he's generous and brave, though he may not be—
have
Like your dudes, who are so melancholy."

A REVISED and enlarged edition of the deservedly popular "Goodwin's Improved Bookkeeping and Business Manual" has recently been published. This is a most comprehensive and practical treatise, and is valuable both to the experienced bookkeeper and to the beginner, showing as it does the method of keeping books in the simplest way, and pointing out, in technical details, the different phases of scientific bookkeeping. Great care has been taken in the preparation of the work, and the head bookkeepers of many of the large business houses have been consulted in order to make it perfectly reliable and practicable. The book is well printed and bound and has a complete index. The author and publisher is J. H. Goodwin, Room 670, 1215 Broadway, New York city.

OLD DOMINION VOYAGES.

The attractions of Old Point Comfort and Fortress Monroe are perennial; while the Virginia Beach season is now at its height, and the historic James River, with its thrilling war associations, as picturesque as early summer can make it. All these places are within twenty-four hours' ocean sail from New York city, by the Old Dominion steamship line. This season, two superb new ships, the *Jamestown* and the *Yorktown*, have been added to the fleet. They are built with every new mechanical and serviceable improvement known and approved in modern ship-building. The pilot houses and captains' rooms are above the hurricane deck. The steam steering apparatus is built on the hurricane deck. The vessels are 310 feet in length over all, a beam of 40 feet, and 26 feet 9 inches depth of hold. They are schooner-rigged, with masts of steel. The engines are of the triple-expansion condensing type, with cylinder diameters of 28, 44½ and 73 inches for the high, intermediate and low pressure, respectively, and a common stroke of 54 inches. The propellers are made of manganese bronze, and the vessels are expected to develop a speed of 16 knots an hour. These ships are each supplied with four steel boilers having a diameter of 13 feet 9 inches and a length of 12 feet 6 inches, sustaining a working pressure of 180 pounds to the square inch, which will supply the steam. Each boiler has three corrugated furnaces 44 inches in diameter. There are accommodations for 100 first-class passengers, 40 steerage quarters, and accommodations for 20 of the crew in the fore-castle. All the modern appliances for handling and facilitating the moving of cargo are supplied. A signal improvement in the construction of the *Jamestown* and *Yorktown* over most steamships is, that the two upper decks are built entirely of steel, a great additional element of safety to cargo in case of fire, and absolutely insuring the safety of passengers.

AN ARTISTIC SOUVENIR.

THE WORKS OF A GREAT SCENIC PHOTOGRAPHER.

ONE of the strongest arguments in favor of the theory that Shakespeare was the author of the plays which bear his name is used constantly by the "Baconians" as an argument for Bacon—namely, the proved fact of Shakespeare's ignorance.

The carelessness and lack of scientific knowledge as to details crop out of all Shakespeare's plays. Deer in the French forest, the inexcusable errors regarding the sun in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and hundreds of other

proofs of ignorance might be mentioned, and yet it only goes to show what a born genius can do.

Inspiration overcomes all difficulties. One of America's most prominent novelists—no names need be mentioned—is a poorly educated man. Some of his private correspondence borders on illiteracy; yet he has the capacity of building a plot of unexampled interest, and can describe a character with the vividness of Dickens.

Shakespeare speaks of the toad as ugly and venomous, and yet with "a precious jewel in his head." It is rather surprising that nobody thought of examining the toad to prove the truth of the tradition.

But what connection have Shakespeare, Bacon and the jeweled toad with the White City Artfollio? None. And yet, when one thinks of departed geniuses who have become immortal through their works which live after them, he is tempted to look about him for something that will keep ever fresh in his memory objects which he has seen and enjoyed.

Have you ever read Dickens's "Haunted Man"? If not, read it, for it contains a beautiful moral. He tells there of a man who prayed that he might lose his memory of the whole past. His life had been sad, and he wanted to forget it.

His wish was granted, but his heart became cold and his life a dismal failure and a burden. Fortunately for him, he got back his memory by praying very hard for it, and felt very much relieved.

The World's Fair is a thing of the past. Who would care to forget it? Nobody, of course.

Now, then, how can we best retain what we have seen? The sketch artist and the painter can only convey their ideas to the paper and canvas. The only true reproduction, then, is the photograph.

But photographs often deceive. Therefore it is important to secure the best. The plates of the White City Artfollio series are made from the photographs of W. H. Jackson, a scenic artist whose taste and talent are recognized everywhere. No better recommendation for these pictures is needed than the statement that they are the work of Mr. Jackson.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

HEADWATERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI. By Captain Willard Glazier. Illustrated. 527 pp. Cloth, \$2.50. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.

STORIES TOLD FOR REVENUE ONLY. By the St. Paul Press Club. Edited by the Rev. J. J. Conway and Harry W. Wack. Illustrated by Herbert Connor and Charles F. Brisley. 343 pp. Cloth, gilt. St. Paul, Minn.

RANCH VERSES. By William Lawrence Chittenden. Illustrated. 195 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

THE GUN BEARER. A War Novel. By Edward A. Robinson and George A. Wall. Illustrated by James Fagan. 300 pp. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. Robert Bonner's Sons, New York.

OUT OF BOHEMIA. A Story of Paris Student Life. By Gertrude Christian Foadick. Illustrated by J. William Foadick. Boards, \$1. George H. Richmond & Co., New York.

MILRE. A Story of Shadow. By Martha McCulloch Williams. "Once a Week Library," Vol. XI, Nos. 17, 18. P. F. Collier, New York.

GOODWIN'S IMPROVED BOOKKEEPING AND BUSINESS MANUAL. By J. H. Goodwin. 293 pp. Cloth, \$3. Sixteenth Edition. Published by the Author, Room 670, 1215 Broadway, New York.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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AT THE STRATFORD INN.

ROAD COACHING IN AMERICA.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

THE coachman himself never dreams of it, but Cinderella was truly his prototype and exemplar. With a difference, though. The fairy godmother made her coach directly from pumpkins, rats and such small deer—made it, too, in order that her favorite might have a taste of pleasure. The coachman's fairy godmother has been most generally a father or grandfather, who delved, moiling from morning to night in the products of field, forest or mine, in order to lay up treasures for those to come after him.

So, after all, the fine road coach, brave in its paint and gilding, is but one remove from the original pumpkin. Cinderellas there are, too, to

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sit grandly on the box seat, albeit they know nothing of the ashes and the cruel stepmother. Racing has been set down "the sport of kings." Road coaching is even more pre-eminently the sport of millionaires. And few of their many sports are better worth encouragement. Even upon purely utilitarian grounds it is to be approved as a form of diversion that puts money in circulation with the greatest good to the greatest number, and the least possible harm to the smaller one.

Taking them by little and by large, the famous American whips—the real enthusiasts in the pastime—are men who have inherited along with

their fortunes a fair moiety of the energetic capacity which enabled their forbears to lay up treasure on earth. That is to say, the son has the same impulse as his father to do something, and if possible something notably well. Trade means merely adding to a fortune already sufficient. Naturally, the coachman does not give his whole mind to it, even if he keeps up the family business. And it is very well for the republic that he does not, since, given the advantage of position and long establishment, he would infallibly crowd to the wall competitors very much more needy.

Few points of art or literature—indeed, of any purely intellectual recreation—appeal in the least to the thoroughbred coaching man. To be thoroughbred he must be born—it is impossible to make him, even out of twenty millions and the desire to spend them in the most ultra-English fashion. Politics he eschews—and who shall blame such eschewing? Now and again, though, one of the coaching set goes into public life, and acquits himself as little discreditably as any other citizen of ordinary competence. Yet it is impossible that statecraft can become a ruling passion among these children of fortune. They prefer to have their self-governing done for them, as Eastern potentates prefer to have their dancing.

Such being the case, there remain to our uncoroneted princes of finance only the resources of society, athletic sport, and fast and furious dissipation. It is a cherished popular belief that the men most prominent manage to combine all three. Like some other precious errors, it must be overthrown by the facts of the case.

It is not meant that the coaching man is a pen-feathered angel, nor even that he is calculated to the proportions of a Sunday-school library hero. He has had, doubtless, his seasons of going the pace and making it a madly merry one. But for coach driving, particularly over long distances, a man needs a clear head, a quick eye, a hand firm yet light, a courage that is unacquainted with the thought of fear or failure. He must have, in addition, that muscular perfectness known as good condition. It is, indeed, more vital that the driver be fit than that the team shall be entirely so. He is an absolute monarch, supreme over everything, from the leader's nose to the dust flying in his wake. By prudence and judgment he may make good all his team lacks of perfection; whereas if he be reckless or incompetent only the special providence which is said to keep from harm children, drunkards and fools can save his passengers from serious mischance.

So much generically, by way of giving road coaching's reason of being. It began some twenty

years back, and at first was, unquestionably, the result of imitation. My lords and gentlemen of England had taken it up and found it a mighty pretty pastime. Various and sundry good Americans had horsed and driven coaches abroad, both in England and upon the Continent. In England the sport was not a survival, but a revival, of the fittest. Even after railways gave road coaching as a traffic its final overthrow there were various lines out of London, kept alive by the patronage of gentlefolk, who preferred to be whirled to their seats behind four good beasts to being sent there at the best speed of steam and steel.

Then, too, a coach and four, or six, had long been recognized as a necessary part of the country gentleman's establishment. To tool it properly was no small part of a liberal education for that estate in life. The acme of social felicity was to be seen on top of a smart coach at any of the great race meetings. It is for such occasions that the coach awning, the coach hamper, have been devised. An it please you and your purse, the awning may be of the most gayly striped silk; the hamper, of finest wicker, with silver cups, spoons, forks and plates inside, snug in Russia leather holders, all, and costing five hundred dollars.

As its name implies, the four-in-hand tallyho was a fine and favorite vehicle for driving to see the hunt begin. The boldest riders to hounds did not disdain a seat on its top. Indeed, it was very much better than splashing along the lanes upon a covert hack, with a groom leading the hunter in your rear. Women, young and old, found it a post of utmost vantage. Even those Amazons who wore the pink and were in at the death as often as the best of their masculine compeers had a weakness for driving to the meet, especially if they could manage to have the box seat. When the run began the non-hunting woman had her innings. Weather and road permitting, the coach kept in hearing of the hunt, and often in sight as well, until Pug gave up his brush or went to grass outside hunt limits, and so saved his scalp.

Naturally then, when fox hunting and amateur racing came in among us, road coaching could not lag behind. Something like twenty years ago Colonel Delancey Kane introduced it as a fashionable sport. He is still one of the foremost whips. Along with him must be ranked Colonel William Jay, that fine Virginia gentleman Reginald Rives, Esq.; Mr. Francis T. Underhill, Mr. O. H. P. Belmont, Mr. Eugene Higgins, Mr. T. Suffern Tailer, Mr. W. C. Eustis, Mr. W. G. Tiffany and Mr. J. Clinch Smith. Beside them a great multitude, that is, as fashionable multitudes

go. The New York Coaching Club has a vigorous membership. And New York's coaching set is distinctly smart, and more distinctly given to lively leadership of all that goes on in society.

Many of the best whips have had lessons both in London and Paris in the art and mystery of four-in-hand driving. Others have learned in the dear school of experience. It is a mighty even thing as to which moiety does the more credit to its teacher. There are women, too, who think nothing of holding the ribbons over four horses, or even six. Two of the most skillful are Miss Helen Benedict, daughter of Mr. E. C. Benedict, and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, born Eustis, a granddaughter of the late W. W. Corcoran.

The annual coaching parade is a social event. It comes off in late May. Central Park is the scene of it. Very early in the day a crowd gathers to watch the fine folk at their sport. Sometimes ten thousand throng there before a wheel rolls in. It is not so much the coaches or the horses as the swagger folk, at ease in the seats, that the world has come out to see. Curiosity about them rises quite to the thrilling pitch. The morning papers have been eagerly scanned; the names of each coach owner and his probable passengers are passed familiarly from lip to lip. To the normal mind there is something half marvelous in this lively interest in people who are to the mass of their fellows only shadows as exalted as they are glittering. Hearing such speech, you come readily to understand why and wherefore society gossip gets page upon page in even the most conservative of Sunday papers.

The morning wears on, the crowd momentarily thickening. By and by there is not a vacant foot along the roadway, nor upon any convenient high place. Policemen in gray move about with anxious faces. There is constant roaming up and down of mounted men, upon whom it devolves to see that the road is kept clear.

Intrusive small girls trundle hoops into forbidden spaces. Irrepressible small boys dart agilely almost under the horse hoofs, but come up scathless upon the other side. Worse yet, now and then a determined fat woman waddles, irresistible as the hand of fate, toward some spot diagonally opposite, whence she fancies she can see without interruption all the glittering parade. It is what she is there for. Not to her eyes are the trees green marvels of refreshing, the grass a spreading miracle of growth and blowth. She has no ear for the south wind at whisper in the leaves. But she will not miss a frill or a flounce upon the top of any coach. Weeks after she can tell you the pattern of parasol that was in the majority.

There are half a dozen false alarms that set all heads turning. By time the coaches really come a few discouraged or weak-couraged spectators have taken themselves away. But for each of them a good ten more have come in. Heads are as thick as your fingers all along the Mall, the East Drive—everywhere, in fact, that there is the remotest chance the gentlemen drivers will pass.

A brave show they make when at last they drive in. Sometimes there are less than half a dozen teams, but all that is lacking in number is more than made up in gorgeousness. Gay is a poor word for the vehicles themselves. Here are scarlet running gear, yellow wheels, green or maroon bodies, or blue, picked out with gold. Fancy indeed has run riot all over the equipages. But whatever the extravagance of tint, each vehicle is as light running, as nearly noiseless, as softly cushioned, as fine and firm of body, as anything of its kind which it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive, the hand of man to make. American coachbuilders now easily lead the world. Notwithstanding the prejudice for everything English, it has come to be acknowledged that the London-made coach cannot compare with the best American work. Indeed, more than one visiting Englishman has ordered here an American rig. Thus does time's whirligig truly bring in revenges.

Now the guards, trim and smug in gay livery, blow long and loud upon their silver-throated horns. At the sound necks crane forward, eyes are shaded with the hand. Here come four blacks held magnificently in hand by the gray-mustached whip, in spite of the blood that shows in each line of them, the fire and spirit of their glancing eyes. They are wild to be off at a ten-mile spanking trot. The whip seems to have no sort of concern save for the flower-faced woman on the seat beside him, yet there is that in his touch that holds the fiery creatures within less than the park limit of speed. The leaders have at least three-quarters of racing blood. The wheelers are something heavier—a grade nearer the cart horse. They stand, perhaps, sixteen hands. The leaders are a trifle under. But all of them have substance and quality. The leggy, showy, raking brute, upheaved and heavy in hand, has no place in the economy of coaching.

Now comes a fancy team—gray wheelers, chestnut leaders. The coach they draw has a dark-blue body upon yellow wheels and running gear, picked out with the same dark blue. Was ever anything more perfect than the motion of the four? It is as though one impulse set sixteen hoofs in motion. The blacks moved well; but



AT THE RACES.

listen to the fall of the hoofs and you will readily see the difference. Their stroke is longish, a trifle blurred, as it falls on the ear. The cross-matched team beats out a rataplan as sharp and clear as a master of music could strike from a drum. The rhythm of it, indeed, recalls a stately march—the beat is so even, so clearly accented, so utterly unhurried. A judge of pace, listening to it with shut eyes, must know not merely what perfect step the creatures kept, but the rate of speed.

Here comes a flitter of scarlet wheels behind roan wheelers, with a bay and sorrel in the lead. They step fairly together. No member of the Coaching Club comes on parade with less than excellence. It will be hard, though, for any to fetch better-moving cattle than he had who came second. But here come four, bays at the wheel, chestnuts leading, who divide honors fairly with anything on four hoofs. They draw a dark-green coach upon fawn wheels and red running gear, picked out with gold. As they flash past whispers go about among the on-lookers that such and such a costume on top is the outward and visible sign of Miss or Mrs. So and So. Loitering along the line of gazers, one gets heaps of information, startling if true. He is indeed a well-known member of the club who is not called by the name of each of his associates before he has gone half the length of the line.

Said Master Evelyn: "Doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but

certainly God never did." In like manner fashion—athletics of all sorts are certainly the fashion—might possibly give us a better spectacle than this parade, but certainly fashion never has done it, nor most likely ever will. For few others can have such setting as the park—the noble pleasure of America's metropolis. Here is the full charm of light and color and motion. It is as if Arcady had gone to court and set itself seriously the task of being magnificent. The men and women are not merely players. Instead they are the last, the crowning note, of the spectacle. Men wear high hats and box coats, correct to the tiniest fraction of London's latest inch. The ladies, God bless 'em! who shall fitly sum their perfectness of style, of elegance, of flowery summer brilliance?

Here are silks and lace galore—rainbow tissues, the shimmering marvels of Lyons looms. And each wearer of them knows to a nicety the exact turn of head and arm and wrist that shall make her a picture of delight. There is that in a coaching parasol, properly used, to soften and transfigure the homeliest face. Only, homely faces seldom get the chance to show atop the parading coaches. Beauty is as essential there as good horseflesh or good form.

There is very much more to road coaching, however, than this one holiday appearance. This last half-score years a coaching party has ranked among the politest of end-of-the-century diversions. Besides, there have been coach lines run



ENGLISH STYLE—A MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB IN HYDE PARK.

to various and sundry places, upon which anybody might ride who would give up a sufficient amount of the circulating medium in exchange for the privilege. The Country Club, in Westchester County, Jerome and Morris Parks, Tuxedo and Bernardsville, N. J., have been among the termini. It has got to be quite a familiar sight—a multimillionaire driving as steadily and in as businesslike fashion as though he depended on the work to supply bread for his butter. Perhaps the first lines were established because it was such a very English thing to do. Whatever the reason, the fact remains, and becomes yearly more patent, that there are on this side the water road-coaching enthusiasts, ready to do and endure simply and solely for the sake of sport.

Road coaching is among Newport's dearest pastimes. It is even whispered that the summer of '94 may see a line of coaches to both New York and Boston. Some of the gentlemen drivers go even beyond that, and tell of a good time coming when it will again be possible to go from Boston to Washington upon top of a coach. Already there are whips who think nothing of driving with one team from Philadelphia to Boston. One of them, Mr. H. K. Caner, a young Philadelphian who is among the pupils of the famous Howlett, drove the same team the whole distance, making average journeys of thirty miles a day, yet came home with his horses hard and sound without so much as a collar gall or a gear mark to mar their fine condition. Another Philadelphian has driven six in hand through the Catskills. And more than one prominent New Yorker has taken a coaching party through, over and beyond the North Woods, and on to the Berkshire region.

Boston has opened her whole mind to road coaching. The Myopia Clubhouse knows well the sound of the guard's horn. But she has no such warm heart for the sport as Philadelphia. There you find a flourishing Four-in-hand Club, that has for several years past run lines of coaches daily to two or three of the beautiful residential suburbs. Even that did not suffice the choicer spirits. They organized a club within the club, and set their minds upon a tremendous coaching enterprise. This was neither more nor less than the establishment of a coach line between New York and Philadelphia. The thing had been done once in the way of experiment. About 1878 Colonel Delancey Kane, Hon. Perry Belmont, Mr. Francis R. Rives, and other as famous whips, made the route in something like twelve hours. So these Alexanders weeping for new road worlds to conquer resolved to do something exceeding notable by covering the distance daily throughout a spring season.

Bets were freely offered, at the longest sort of odds, that the enterprise would fall through. Though there was any amount of money back of it, wise folk could not quite make themselves believe that the half-dozen young fellows would not get sick of the tiresome details and throw up the whole affair. For setting up such a line meant no end of work. Something over one hundred horses had to be bought, bitted, harnessed, coupled, provided with grooms and stabling along the route. Then they had to be matched in teams, exercised and brought to the hard condition necessary for ten-mile stages. First and last it meant the putting of a great many dollars into the pockets most in need of such filling. Besides the horses, there had to be five coaches—two for daily road trips, a spare one at either end, and a third stationed at Princeton against the day of mischance.

Selecting the route, the stations, was no joke. The distance is as the crow flies a little less than one hundred miles. As the coach drove it is one hundred and ten. The extra miles come from the desire on the part of those in authority to get the best road and the most agreeable landscape. Princeton, lying halfway between the two cities, became naturally the stopping place for dinner. The town has besides a fine new inn. So all things seem to have worked together to help the Suburban Road Coaching Club in its plan to give these United States the longest coach line in the world. London's Brighton route, which comes next, is but fifty-four miles—less than half the distance, and over roads far less difficult.

There were but a choice half-dozen of these adventurous young fellows. Their names, which should not be writ in water nor in the dust of a coach road, are E. de V. Morell, Rittenhouse Miller, Harrison K. Caner, Edward Browning, Nelson Brown and Mr. John Grome. In spite of croakings and scoffs they carried their great undertaking most manfully to a triumphant close, and certainly deserve well of all who were privileged to take passage upon either the *Alert* or the *Vivid*, the two regular coaches.

Assuredly it was no small feat, this three weeks of coaching over a route rising one hundred miles. Beside it the best achievements of coachmen over sea sink quite out of sight. Even the much-vaunted mail trip of Messrs. Higgins and Tailer, driving the one hundred and forty miles from Paris to Trouville in ten hours fifty minutes, is scarcely so creditable. There is a wide difference, as anyone must admit, betwixt doing a thing that is not quite easy once, and repeating the same thing four times a week for the better part of a month.

Indeed, it took grit and stay, moral, physical and financial, to save the Suburban Road Coaching Club from coming to grief. At the outset the members knew that they were facing a loss of thirty thousand dollars. Notwithstanding, they decided that the game was worth the candle. Whoever looks deeper than the surface must abundantly agree with them. The money doubtless did thrice as much good, spent in this fashion, as if it had been given in charity, so called, and heralded far and wide. Luxury is labor's opportunity. When that comes to be fully understood and accepted there will be better hope for the future of rich and poor—notwithstanding there are yet among us Pharisees to cry out, "Why was not all this sold and given to the poor?"

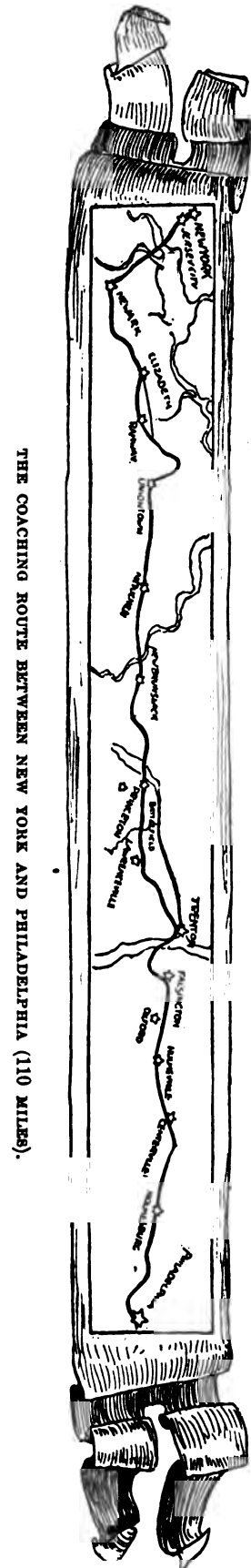
The good coach *Vivid* carries never a Pharisee. Come with me upon her soft cushions this late April day. The sun shines warmly vernal. There is just a film of vapor to temper the shining gratefully to eyes that must face it the day through. The Fifth Avenue at rising seven o'clock shows as a long, clear vista between softly tinted towering walls. There is no chill in the air, but rather the biting tang that promises ruffles of wind all the day long. Smoke from the thousand city breakfast fires hovers a low cloud or settles in wefts of bluish gray far down the street ends next to the water. Climbing the rise at about Thirtieth Street, you mark a thickening of the casual lounge. By time you have gone three blocks further the thickening has swelled to knots of on-lookers, of not quite the casual type. The palms and pansies in front of the Hotel Waldorf nod importantly one to another. It is as though they felt that something was on the point of happening and they themselves were in the midst of it.

The loungers, though, are not massed on the pavement in front of the blossoms. Instead, they haunt and cling to the corners opposite. Presently, far down the street, a horn breaks silverly out. With the cheeriest rattle of chain and hoof the coach draws up before its inn; there is stowing away of many things inside its shining blackness; the guard, gorgeous in tan and scarlet, sets the steps in place; men and women clamber up them; there is a minute of settling to place; the whip gathers his reins with the least possible motion; there is a blast of the horn; a rapid swinging around the street corner; then we are bowling down the avenue, on the way to Philadelphia.

We are exactly on time. The watch set in the guard's bag marks a quarter of eight. The eight o'clock boat must take us over the ferry, or we shall lose time hopelessly here in the outset. So we go at the sharpest trot the stone pavement and the passers thereon will allow. The boat lies panting in her slip as we come in sight; there is a heartbreaking minute of wonder as to whether or not she will swing out before we are safe on board. It grows to rank disgust as we find her hugging the dock for near ten minutes after the *Vivid* rolls upon her. Both whips get down; so do the men passengers; so does the guard. The horses are blanketed, and not without reason. They are warm from work over the stony ways, and the wind over the river has a little keen edge, particularly to whatever must stand or sit in the shade.

The women passengers huddle themselves in their furs, rejoicing in the forethought that provided them. But by time Jersey City's unloveliness lies well behind us nobody has a thought that there is such a thing as wind or winter in the world.

For though we are barely upon the hill, here is the spring's sign manual set in gold upon the grass. Dandelions by millions, it seems, embroider royally each bit of roadside green. Springing green things cling about the rocks; the tiny house yards are afaunt with tulip and daffodil. Here or there a dwarf pear tree stands aill in bridal array. And half



THE COACHING ROUTE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA (110 MILES).

the school children trooping after us have noses great or small clutched hard in the hand.

A little way back there was a long winding of the horn. Now, as the coach draws to a halt, you see the reason of it. It was in signal for the first change. Here are the fresh horses standing full-harnessed in the road. Up and down it and round about there is a gathering that quite puts out of consideration the urban loungers who watched us away. For the most part it is a smiling, good-humored crowd, ready to cheer or chaff the whole coaching crew. Here or there a foreign face lowers sourly at the holiday sight. Watching such a one, it is easy to comprehend how and whence the seed were dropped which have flowered in ruffianly pelting of the other coach, which gets here about dusk.

There is scant leisure for moralizing, none whatever for apprehension. By time you have drawn breath to say to the elbow neighbor, "I thought the first change came at Newark," the coach is again in motion; and one in authority says that after jouncing and bouncing over miles of paving stones, and up the sharp hill, they have thought it better to put on a fresh team.

You applaud them for wise men before Newark is reached. That stretch of the way so smells to

heaven that certainly when 'twere done 'twere well 'twere done quickly. As you whisk out of the meadows you draw a long, long sigh in relief. Then you sit, full of happy wonder, watching the whip make his way, deftly, safely, swiftly, through the tangles of truck and trolley, and spick-and-span private turnout.

Truly, coach driving here is no pastime for light-minded youth. It takes a mighty fine quality of manly muscle, a superb correspondence of hand and brain, to pilot such an equipage through this worse than labyrinth. Yet we go through it scathless; we get our change of horses in less than two minutes—also in sight of at least four times as many folk as watched the other one. And here the faces are wholly pleasant. As we go on steam whistles salute us shrilly; men at desks sling down the pen to rush to the windows and wave us on our way. Factory hands line up at their doors to give us rousing cheers. Any who had ears to hear, even though he knew no word of our speech, must be certain that the coaching folk had brought about a new and wonderfully taking thing.

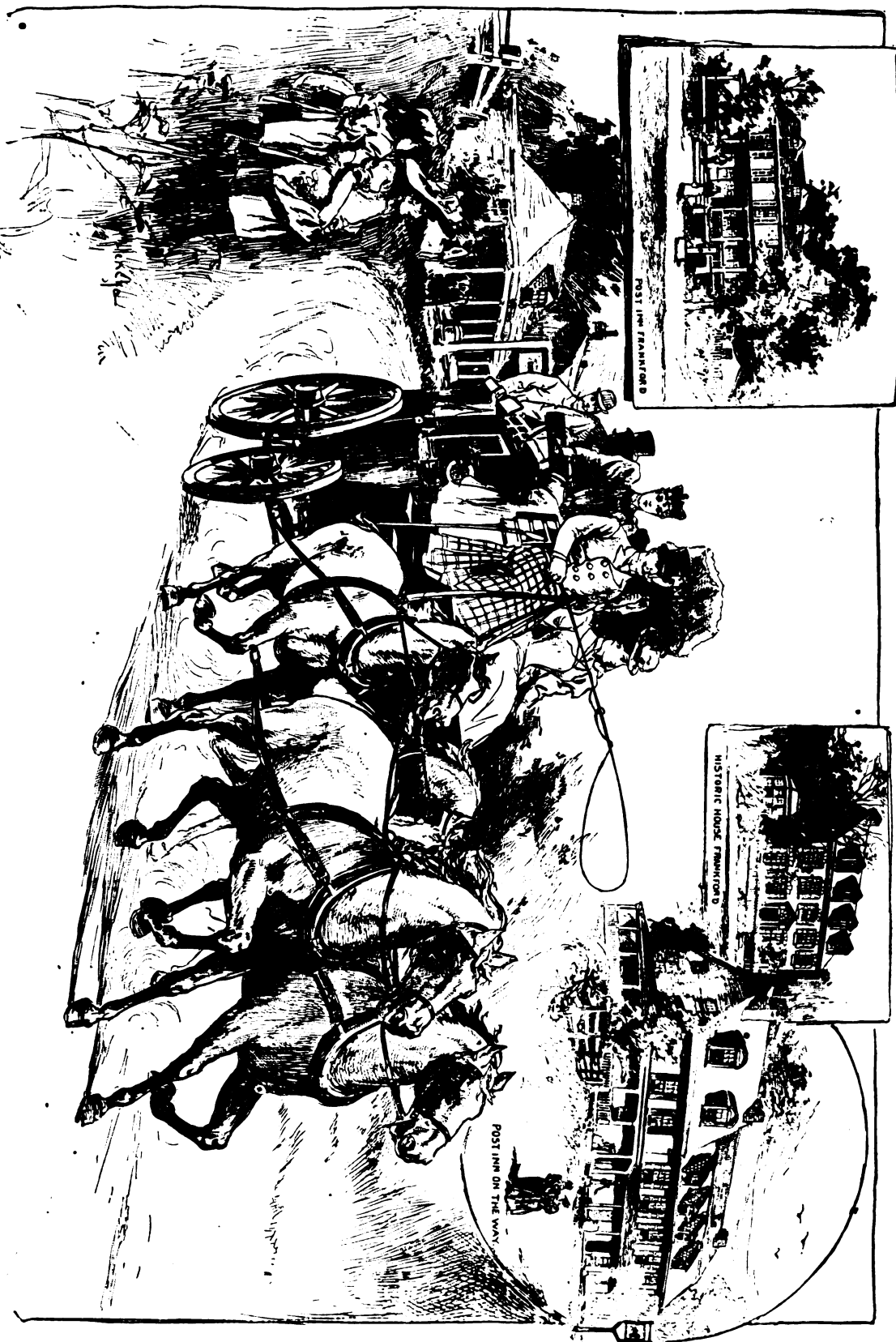
The real country now! How green! how good! how heavenly sweet! All the cherry trees are in flower, and Jersey seems to-day but a big blossomy orchard. Japan holds high feast in her Time of the Cherry Viewing. That land of surprise cannot possibly be fairer than this through which we are rolling at such a pace as makes it slip away like the shadow of a dream. Every roadside tree is a miracle of buds. Now and again an intrusive bough hangs far across the way. As we come to it the guard shouts, "Lo-ow br-i-dge!" and every head is bowed. But when the low boughs are blossom-laden the girl in front puts out a hand and strips them daintily. It is not that she cares for the blossoms—they are dropped before we have gone a hundred yards; she has only a pretty feminine greediness, which must appropriate all that comes in reach. Yet she does not look in the least grasping. It is perhaps the air which has gone to her head and made her too intoxicate with the joy of spring to be her normal self.

It is like a breath of heaven



THE OLD BRIDGE AT STONY BROOK (PRINCETON BATTLEFIELD).

THE "VIVID" TALLYHO ON THE ROAD—NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA IN TWELVE HOURS.



to the indweller of the town. Scent of newly turned earth is in it, and the warm freshness of seeping waters, trickling in roadside ditches. All the thousand delicate orchard fragrances as well. Faint and afar late peach trees make pink blurs in the white of cherry and pear. It may be only fancy, but now and again the wind, sitting fair at southeast, seems to bring a breath of peach blossoms, fine and warm and almond-scented, as though the tree still had root in its native Persian wilds.

The fields, the roadway, team with life. Men are at plow out in the brown-loamy reaches. Other men dig manfully at the work of building the highway anew. Dusty and full of grime as they are, they smile cheerily at us, or cheer as hats are lifted upon the coach top. There all semblance of formality has evaporated. You chat familiarly with your next neighbor, of whom you know nothing whatever save that he is a fellow passenger. The *camaraderie* of coaching for the time being holds social limitations in happy abeyance. As the fields unroll before you their scroll of brown and green, as the hills rise up, true delectable mountains in their swathings of softest blue, you cry aloud one to another or sit silent, looking happily out at the fair world, that was surely never before exactly so passing fair.

Farmsteads great and small dot and splotch the face of it. Plainfield, with all its suburban smartness, lies well behind. Fresh horses are taking us over the fine clay road that runs on to Metuchen—to New Brunswick. What a pace we are traveling! At each stop we have been exactly on time. As we whirl into the quaint old seaport town some one wise in local antiquities points out Rutgers College. It is old-looking and brown, with a fine musty tang to even its architecture. A bare glimpse is all the exigency of a time table allows. Fifty seconds suffice for the change here. Before you can rise and turn about the *Vivid* is rolling away at the early speed of four stout beasts, impatient to be off.

For by this time you have come to understand that it is a very important part of road coaching to know how and when to call for your cattle's best pace. The driver thoroughly knowing his business does not send fresh horses away at a spanking trot. Instead, he warms them gradually to the work, finds out the speed of the swiftest among them, and later sets that pace for all. He is driving, you see, not for a day alone. The beasts must stay the route if long-distance coaching is to be proved a success. If he outpaced a relay to-day woe to the man who had them in the collar upon the morrow. Or maybe even upon this same day. The team which takes the out-bound

coach at morning must draw the in-bound mate of it at night. It is, besides, a driving axiom, fully revered by all who care for the noble art, that no beast is really fit to do his best until he has twice been wet and dry since the start.

Now we are in the region of great farms. Often the barns are bigger than the houses. The dwellings, though, are not mean. Many of them are solidly antique, oozing from all their bricks or stones the savor of old days. Windmills abound. Sometimes they sit apeak upon the gable or ridgepole. Oftener they are perched upon their own slender towers of iron lattice with a big tank huddling between the legs of it.

The good people, though, are far and away more interesting than their houses. Mark how they troop to door and window, waving and smiling at us with most superb good will. One dear old soul fetches out the Stars and Stripes and waves and waves as long as we are in sight. The coach passengers give her a double round of cheers. They have not fallen silent before we come abreast another farmstead, through whose outer gate a small girl is driving a smart buggy. She pulls out to give us room with the air of an accomplished whip. She cannot be nine—the pretty rogue!—but see her lean far out blowing kisses from dainty finger tips to the whole coach-load of us. Two lads on bicycles come out for a brush with us. For half a mile they keep at the wheel, then spurt away out of sight, to vanish, it may be, in one of the big farm gates.

Flower throwing is in order now. Though we have come over scarce half a degree of latitude, the spring is distinctly more forward.

Pear trees are dropping the bloom, in place of scantily unfolding. Peaches are quite past flower. Forsythia shows its full golden glory. There are flames of scarlet pomegranate in half the yards we pass. The budded boughs, too, wear now a livery of small new leaves. Every cherry tree is a thing of scented snow, rocking high in the soft air. And lilac buds are a full finger-long. Next week will bring them to the flower. The scarlet maple, too, in the scant marshy places, has hung out her bloody tassels, that the bees may drone through.

All these and more—the full treasure of the garden, the hothouse—generous-minded folk fling to us as we whirl past.

Everybody has the hand, the heart, full of this rural largess.

It is coming on to noon now. Ah! see that girl in the plaid frock run quite to the yard's edge, mount the fence, and clinging there, salute us with peals from the family dinner bell. She is more heartening even than the old dame with

the flag. If coaching had no other delight it would surely be worth while for these manifestations of peace and good will.

So far we have had no hint of mischance. The most exciting thing of the journey has been the opening of more than one champagne bottle. With a dainty sandwich or two it stays the hunger consequent on an early breakfast. The leaders are trotting as though against the arch enemy Time. Their pace sets the wheelers galloping, but never mind about it. They are hard and fit. Look as close as you may, you will see no mark of distress in any beast as he is led away to stall. The road drops a little. The whip knows that he is really easing his cattle by letting them thus escape the weight of the coach. That is why an undulant road is so much easier to horse and driver than one utterly flat. Aside from the delight to the passengers, it is twice as restful to the horses. One set of muscles come into play in uphill work—quite another one in going down. In fact, with a smooth road and a coach properly balanced it is really no work to go along even a gentle incline. But upon a dead level there is perpetual dragging—a call upon the muscles of traction that after an hour or two becomes intensely wearing.

"One thing this day lacks—just the spice of danger," some one says upon the coach top, smiling as he speaks. The word is yet hot in the

mouth when we come upon road menders, who have trenched the highway narrowly across. It is the merest gash—we will cross it without checking our speed. It must be wider at bottom, for see, a man, alarmed by the sound of wheels, has thrust an arm above ground, almost under the leaders' noses.

Heugh! here is a bolt. The coach tips—one wheel stands in air—everybody scrambles to the upper side. Everybody, that is, but the second whip. With one bound he is on the ground. Before you draw breath he is at the leaders' heads, shouting to the whip: "Keep 'em going, old man! Keep 'em going!"

The whip gives the near horse the lightest possible flick of his long lash. He has sat cool and smiling all through the ten seconds of peril. No great peril, after all, though we were near an over-set. The earth was so softly grassed there on the bank, no real harm would have come of it if the *Vivid* had gone over.

Franklin Park is barely named to us, and we are out of it. The road has climbed steadily. We are going now over a stony way. Or rough or smooth, the *Vivid* and her complement are a match for it. Soon we rattle into Princeton town, to find the *Alert* standing horsed and ready in front of the inn. On the way we have got a glimpse of the campus, home of the blue-light Presbyterian orthodoxy. But to-day we have



THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

Donkey Cart—"THAT'S THE WUST O' YOU BLOOMING AMATOORS WOT AIN'T USED TO HETIQUETTE—WEN YOU MEETS A SPORTSMAN ON THE ROAD YOU'RE BOUND TO BEGIN RACIN' HIM!"

hardly an eye for all its treasure or its charm. We have got away from everything scholastic. The end of the century holds us securely in thrall. Life has nothing to compare with a coach and the riding thereon. Even the dinner at the inn, albeit fairly good, seems an impertinence, in that it takes up forty minutes which might be spent on the road.

What word is left for the long, lovely drive by Delaware banks? through Trenton, close under the shadow of its battle monument, on, on, through lovely farmland reaches, where art, strive as it may, can never match the enchantment of springing grain, and fat fallow fields, and breadths of clover just the height to dance in the ruffling wind. Every little while we get fresh horses—there are thirteen changes first and last. And each stage shows the same crowd merrily in wait for our passage. Trig young women, correct in the latest park style, gallop after us out of some towns. And once a lad upon a broncho, with Texan saddle and Texan seat, races us a couple of miles, grinning good-humored triumph as at last he leaves us behind.

The morning haze has thickened. Later it may come on to rain. By time we come to the famous Red Lion Inn, that has two hundred years of history behind it, there is only a soft luminance in

the sky, grateful indeed after the midday glare. Yet as daylight wanes the charm of it all strengthens. You sigh to think such journeying must ever end. When the very last stage begins something like a sense of bereavement falls upon you. You do not care to speak, to move, even to look about. All your mind and soul is given to drawing in the morsel of delight this inch of time affords. If any asked you where lay the charm you might be puzzled to say; yet none the less do you feel it as among the things you will remember and be glad of all the days of your life.

By and by the sun slips from his cloud veil to smile a good night. As in a dream you watch the swiftly falling dusk. Soon—ah, so soon!—you find the coach rolling through a way as broad and straight as that which leads to destruction. This leads instead to Philadelphia's heart—it is Broad Street, whereupon stands the Stratford, the Philadelphia inn. Yet you go for miles through the winking, pranky lights before you are set down, happy and sorrowful at your journey's end.

The half has not been told. Words are too pale and poor to body forth all that lies in such journeying. May it grow and increase until the sound of the guard's horn is no more strange to any summer hillside or valley of the land!

"WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG."

BY ELLEN THORNYCROFT FOWLER.

TWO GIRLS in robes of amethystine hue
 Play on the pavement with their knuckle-bones,
 A third sleeps sweetly on the carven stones
 Against the mountains' everlasting blue:
 A bath as clear and cool as morning dew
 The faintly tinted marble softly tones.
 Youth, Dawn and Spring were seated on their thrones,
 And reigned triumphant when the world was new.
 Our jaded eyes are rested by the peace
 Which fills the court; and, envying, gaze across
 The shadow, that the centuries have flung,
 At that fair time ere gladness had to cease
 To make more room for pain and toil and loss—
 That happy morning when the world was young.



WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG.—FROM THE PAINTING BY E. J. POYNTER, R. A.

THE VALUE OF LAST WORDS.

By JOHN PAUL BOCK.

WHEN the contralto singer Mme. Patey fell dead on the concert stage in the city of Sheffield a few months ago she had sung the last line of "Allan Water," which is: "There a corse lay she." The coincidence of her death with the utterance of a line describing the death of another was the subject of much comment, and it was recalled that the equally famous English comedian John Palmer fell dead in Liverpool in 1798 just after uttering this line from "The Stranger": "There is another and a better world."

The last words of great men and women have been for centuries treasured up as of more than casual value. There seems, however, to be good reason to believe that their import and importance have alike been exaggerated. A neurologist who is known the world over for his researches into brain lore has answered at the writer's request a number of questions intended to elicit the scientific view of the value of "last words." Mental and surgical science may be held alike to contribute to this result, which strips from these historic fragments the veil of romance and the suggestion of portent which have so long magnified their meaning. As a matter of fact, a person's last words have no special value beyond the stamp of earnestness one might reasonably suppose they would receive from the premonition of the great change. Yet there are a number of cases on record of the deliberate asseveration of falsehood with one's latest breath.

The thoughts which find expression in the latest articulate utterances of a human being are feeble or vigorous, of course, in proportion as the mind is clouded or clear. If these thoughts are obscured by the action of drugs, or the waste of nervous energy which leaves the brain torpid, they cease to be worthy of more than passing notice. They may be pathetic as the prattle of a babe by the bedside of its dying mother, but they mean just what the infant intended them to mean, and no more. The interest reflected upon them by the atmosphere in which they are uttered is spurious. For there is eminent authority for the opinion that there is no special eloquence or import in last words, even when uttered under the most auspicious circumstances.

In the absence of stupor induced by drugs or disease the human brain is only relatively active up to the instant of dissolution. When the vital spark is leaving the body the brain must feel its latest parting glow; but in that parting, which must mean fainting, how could virile thoughts

be conceived or formulated? They are only the results of the intense action of the brain at its best, in the white heat of an effort sustained by all the energies of life. The enfeebling of the body, which is about to result in the snapping of the spider web that holds mind fast in matter, must enfeeble the one product to which mind and matter jointly contribute, and that is thought, barring the influence of the two psychological crises into which the parting spirit is by some believed to plunge the quivering body. These are, the peep beyond—the instantaneous piercing by the spiritual eye of the veil that shuts away the unseen from the world of the seen—and the wonderful dress parade in which all things the individual has ever done or suffered are supposed to pass before his soul in a moment. Of them later. The first consideration is this—the eloquence or significance supposed to be in the last words of one dying in full possession of one's senses, as the saying is.

There seems to be no doubt that the imminence of dissolution is felt by the dying; as a rule, there's no need to be told one's dying. The doctor and nurse are quite likely to conceal it if possible. But their artifices are often vain. Cardinal Beaufort, who was reputed the richest Englishman of his day—Henry V.'s—said, according to tradition: "What! is there no bribing death?" Byron said: "I must sleep." Cæsar Borgia sighed: "Now, alas! I am to die, though entirely unprepared." Cleopatra, to the asp and the Great Leveler, both: "Here thou art, then!" Henry Clay, as if surprised to realize it: "I am dying!" Erasmus: "Lord, make an end!" and Stephen Girard: "How very extraordinary it is!"

As vivid as is the meaning of the dying exclamation of the Philadelphia atheist, the latest exclamation of Lord Chancellor Thurlow even more accurately depicts the shock of this awful realization. He said: "I'll be shot if I don't believe I am dying!" There must have been some sudden access of light which lent a new meaning, to him, at least, to the scene he had a moment before perhaps regarded as an accident and not a climax. Ximenes, the Spanish theologian, realized it in the same way; he cried: "This is death!" Zimmerman, the author of the famous essay on Solitude, said: "I am dying—leave me alone." Mathews, the English comedian, responded, as if to the call of an invisible prompter: "I am ready!"

John Knox, the great Scotchman, cried: "Now

it is come!" There's the suggestion that he was suddenly persuaded by means beyond mortal question that the crisis had arrived. Charles Kingsley was specially favored, it would seem, in not only confronting the supreme moment in the command of all his faculties, but in being able to invoke at that moment the aid of the God in whom he loved to trust. "Thou most worthy Judge eternal," he whispered, "suffer us not at our last hour, from any pains of death, to fall from Thee!"

The courteous Voltaire greeted his valet for the last time: "Adieu, my dear Marand—I am dying." Queen Elizabeth seems not only to have been thoroughly conscious of what was happening, but to have regarded the approach of the last moment with frenzied horror. "All my possessions for a moment of time!" she shrieked. Daniel Webster knew what was coming, and that those about him knew it. "I still live," were his last words, as if to comfort them. The Maharajah Runjeet Singh, who owned the Kohinoor, quoted with his latest breath, "My soul comes to my neck," a sentence from the Koran expressive enough. Louis XIV. said: "I thought dying had been harder!"

"The ruling passion" shows itself "strong in death" in many of those instances received on record as authentic. Malherbe, "the father of French lyric poetry," cried out to the priest who was telling him of the joys of heaven, but in un-rhetorical language: "Hold your tongue! Your wretched style only makes me out of conceit with them!" Nero reproached his cowardly slaves for not killing him, exclaiming as his own sword pierced his vitals: "Is this your fidelity?" He had always striven to hold others up to a standard of duty which he deemed non-existent for himself. Chesterfield smiled and said to an attendant: "Give Dayrolles a chair." He wished no one to have to stand up to see the master of politeness die. General Edward Braddock said: "We shall better know how to deal with them another time." Charles Abbott, Lord Tenterden: "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict." Correggio: "Farewell, farewell, Madelina!" Stephen A. Douglas: "Tell them to obey the laws and the Constitution." Sir Harry Vane: "Blessed be God, I have not deserted the righteous cause for which I suffer!" Tyndale, the martyr, who translated the Bible: "Lord, open the eyes of the King of England." John Wesley: "The best of all is, God is with us." Wycherley, the English dramatist, who survived only eleven days his marriage, in old age, to a lovely young wife, said to her: "Promise me you will never again marry an old man." There was no selfish attempt there

to pledge a blooming widow not to wed again. Victor Yvart, the naturalist: "Nature, how lovely thou art!" Algernon Sidney: "I die for the good old cause." Sir Walter Scott, who had worked himself to death for his home and family, thus apostrophized them: "God bless you all!" Benjamin Franklin, the exact, confessed: "A dying man does nothing well." Napoleon Bonaparte's *tête d'armée* has been denied, but seems now historic. John Adams: "Independence forever—Jefferson still lives!" Mirabeau, the voluptuary: "Let me die to the sound of delicious music." King Henry of Navarre, the warrior sovereign of the white plume: "I am wounded." Mary, Queen of England: "You will find Calais written upon my heart." She had grieved greatly over the loss of that town to the French. Scarron, the witty cripple: "Ah, my children, you cannot grieve as much for me as I have made you laugh!" Charles II., the profligate of England: "Let not poor Nelly starve." King Richard III.: "My kingdom for a horse!" Hortense Mancini, sister of Cardinal Mazarin: "Debt!"

The last words of Marco Bozzaris, the Greek patriot, were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain"; of the Venerable Bede, "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost"; of John Bunyan, "Happy forever, world without end, Amen"; of Sir Francis Bacon, "I found thee, O Lord, in thy sanctuaries!" of Locke, the essayist, "Oh, the depth of the riches of the goodness and knowledge of God!" of Cyrus the Great, "Adieu, dear children—may you live in peace!" of Andrew Combe, "Happy, happy!" of Philip Doddridge, "I shall assuredly be accepted in the beloved of my soul"; of Sir Henry Havelock, "See how a Christian can die"; of William Webster, "Peace"; of George Washington, "It is well," and of Sir James MacIntosh, the philosopher, "Happy," show a contented, peaceful and, occasionally, an ecstatic frame of mind. The Christian martyrs are said to have died nearly all in a blessed ecstasy. Even Mohammed cried: "Henceforth among the glorious host of paradise!"

The gloomy mental atmosphere in which many persons whose last words have been deemed worthy of preservation pass from this life is readily inferred from the following instances. There is in some of them, indeed, a peculiarly painful suggestion of desertion: Talma, "the Garrick of the French stage," said, "The worst is, I cannot see"; Adele Terchout, the beautiful "comet" of the Second French Empire, "A miserable life, and where now?" Adam Clark, "Are you going?" Pope Gregory VII., "I die in exile"; Edward Gibbon, "Why do you leave me?"

King Henry II., "Shame, shame! I am a conquered king!" Théroigne de Méricourt, the Goddess of Reason of the French Revolution, "I have fallen from the clouds"; Cardinal Mazarin, the wily guardian of Louis XIV., "Oh, my poor soul, whither wilt thou go!"

Is there ever a glimpse of the beyond? Do "dying eyes see clearer"? Does "the veil between the seen and the unseen" fall at the last moment? Is there vouchsafed to the dying a peep around the corner? Surely these are questions which come near home.

The eminent alienist very promptly answers them: "Of course not."

There is a tendency to magnify the meaning of last words in the direction of an affirmative answer. When science unhesitatingly says "No," religion and even superstition may say as earnestly "Yes."

The death cry of Julian the Apostate is no longer believed to have been, as he threw a handful of blood from his wound toward the sky, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!" Baron von Humboldt, however, the author of "Cosmos," is known to have exclaimed: "How grand those rays! They seem to beckon earth toward heaven!" Goethe cried out: "Let the light shine!" Schiller said: "Many things are growing plain and clear to my understanding." Sarah Wesley, wife of the founder of Methodism, shouted: "Open the gates! open the gates!" William Wilberforce cried out: "Heaven!" Henry VIII., who had dismantled the monasteries, seemed to see unpleasant visions of "Monks, monks, monks!"

The remarkable similarity in the traditional last words of many famous men deserves note. Christopher Columbus said: "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" Torquato Tasso: "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!" William Hunter: "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" Bishop Hooper of Worcester: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" Archbishop Cranmer: "O Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" Thomas Jefferson: "I resign my spirit to God!" William Laud: "Lord, receive my soul!" Mary, Queen of Scots: "O Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!" John Bradford: "And now, O Jesus, receive my spirit!"

What do men think in the face of death where there are none to hear their last words? Do the events of their lives pass in review before them? The eminent expert in diseases of the brain answers: "Not in the infinitesimal time we read of in novels, or about which theologians speak."

But there must be a calm self-examination, an unselfish pondering over of the mistakes of

life. What more fitting close for a paper of this kind than the last messages scrawled in the inky darkness of the coal seams which had overwhelmed them by the miners of Saxony a generation ago? They have scarcely a parallel in pathos.

An eyewitness of the delivery of their bodies from the black depths says one of them, a miner named Reiche, held in his hand when his dead body was found a scrap of paper on which were scrawled these words: "Dear sister, Meyer in the village owes me ten thalers. It is yours. I hope my face will not be distorted when they find us. I might have been better to you. Janetz forgives me. Good-by."

Reiche was a severe man, his only relative being a sister, named Rika, who had charge of her brother's household. She was loved by a young miner named Janetz, and she loved him in return. Her brother had commanded all communication between them to cease. Janetz was one of the victims of the mine disaster. Pinned to his blackened coat was a leaf from his notebook, on which he had written this: "Darling Rika, my last thought was of thee. It is well with our brother, and my heart holds no bitterness. Thy name will be the last word my lips shall speak. Farewell."

Lying close to the body of the young miner Janetz was that of his friend Moretz, who had a wife and two children. On a paper in his cap he had written these words: "Janetz has just died. Richer is dying. He says, 'Tell my family I leave them with God.' Farewell, dear wife. Farewell, dear children. May God keep you!"

Two brothers of the name of Jaehn were employed in the mine, working in alternate "shifts." On the day of the disaster the brother whose turn it was to work was unable to go, and his brother took his place. This message was found on his dead body: "Thank God for His goodness, brother! You are safe!"

The miner Schmidt wrote: "My dear relations, while seeing death before me I remember you. Farewell until we meet again in happiness!"

One of the doomed men was a man of family named Möller. His message, found on the fly leaf of a Testament in his pocket, was one of the most touching of all.

"Dear wife," he wrote, "take good care of Mary. In a book in the bedroom you will find a thaler. Farewell, dear mother! We will meet again." The Mary he mentioned was the miner's only daughter, who was blind.

A miner named Richer, whose brother was mentioned as dying in Moretz's message, simply wrote on a piece of paper which was found on his breast: "No more toil in darkness."



"SHE WAS SEATED ON DECK, READING ALOUD TO THE CAPTAIN."

THE LIMIT OF MAMMON.

BY CHARLES D. LANIER.

I.

THE COSMOPOLIS BANK.

THERE had been a lack—and now the thought was to Cashier Penrose merely an added pleasure instead of a recurring uneasiness—there had been a paucity, very irregular, of first-class city references when John Monckton opened his large account with the Cosmopolis Bank. But the two big checks immediately deposited to that gentleman's credit had been duly honored. And the personality of Mr. Monckton had worked in his favor with Penrose almost as much, if such a thing were conceivable, as that unquestionable deposit of fifty thousand dollars. In fact, it had been for some time a vexing question in the cashier's mind how a man with such entirely respectable side whiskers, with a face and form so square-cut and substantial, such direct, steady gray eyes and such gilt-edged, incisive views on the money market could, by any fortuitous combination of

circumstances, come to be without those references.

But all these half-doubts had been borne away months ago on the wings of the large balances—twenty, thirty, forty thousand dollars even—that the brokerage firm of Monckton & Co. was carrying with the Cosmopolis.

And it was in a genial atmosphere that Mr. Penrose was found in the smoking room of the dining club by the very Monckton of whom we have been speaking. The broker took occasion to inquire of Mr. Penrose if it were his judgment that there would soon be a profit in shipping gold to London. It was Mr. Penrose's judgment, and he asked :

"Do you think of sending over any gold?"

"Well," said Mr. Monckton, with a ponderous inflection that indicated an exhaustive view of

the subject, "I have been figuring. It would take more than all my capital to ship specie over my own name in any quantity worth the while. But if she keeps on going the way she is now I shall try it. Some of my customers are willing to join me in a deal."

"Any way," said the representative of the Cosmopolis, "that we can help you, just call on us. You know we frequently send gold out of our vaults for the money people on the street."

Mr. Monckton was occupied in his apartments that night in painstaking penmanship until the streets had lost the day's jostling throngs, until the hour when each belated footstep rings out loudly on the pavement in compensation for the loneliness about. He then swung himself into a large overcoat with one of those high collars that shield one's ears and cheeks so famously from the night air, and strode boldly from his abode, taking a cross street to the East Side.

When, after a time, he was passing through that quarter particularly affected by sailors he began to take notice of the lodging houses of various degrees that lined the streets, and presently stopped at one of the better class. Having accomplished "three flights of stairs, back," thanks to the sense of touch rather than that of sight, and to the assistance of the banister rail, he knocked at a door which seemed to fill the formula hurled at him by the clerk below, and stood waiting while shuffling noises and certain heavy concussions within betokened to a masculine perception that the occupant was putting on his boots.

The conclusion of these toilet operations was quickly succeeded by the opening of the door. The visitor was confronted by a man whose powerful form—powerful from its thickness and breadth rather than height—together with a bronzed complexion and heavy beard, made quite the traditional picture of the sturdy sea captain. The eyes of the two men met for one brief but decisive moment, in which Monckton saw that the gray ones in front of him did not flinch or waver—that they were penetrating, aggressive.

"Captain Hawksbee?" the visitor inquired, composedly.

"Yes, sir," said the captain, clumsily placing the armchair for his visitor. "I suppose this is the gentleman that I got a note from to-day?"

"Yes. You are still open to an engagement, I hope?"

"Haven't made any other arrangements yet," said the seafaring man. "Now, what is it you want me to do, Mr. Benton?"

"Well, captain, I wanted to see if I could get you to take charge of a small steamer that I've bought. I'm going to be aboard myself; I'm go-

ing to South America to live. I hear that you know the coast waters thoroughly. I should wish to engage you to take the vessel from New York to Buenos Ayres, and then if we like each other we may have further dealings. I've got considerable personal luggage, although nothing to amount to a cargo, naturally."

Here Mr. Monckton smiled, and the captain obligingly smiled with him.

"So her coal 'll be the best part of her cargo?" said Hawksbee.

"Yes. Hawksbee, I'm not a man of many words. I've heard well of you, and I like your looks. If you will take my ship to South America I will double the salary you got on your last trip."

The captain gave a hitch on his seat before he replied:

"That sounds fair, sir; but there's one thing 'll have to be settled. I've got a daughter, 'n' last year her mother died. She's just done schoolin', or finishin', whatever they call it, and she hasn't any near kin." His visitor's steady features were beginning to show the slightest signs of impatience. "What I'm coming to is that I'd like to take her on my next trip, so's she can see something of the world and so's she can be with me."

"I see," said his visitor, who had been thinking rapidly and decisively. "When could your daughter and you get ready?"

"As for me, I could leave in half an hour for Australia or for the moon. My daughter naturally ain't quite so easy on the trigger, but as she's not got dresses to be made for the trip, and never bein' a foolin' and a frillin' kind of a girl, I guess she can be ready on a couple of days' notice."

The arrangements, financial and otherwise, were soon completed. Hawksbee was to hire five men to work the vessel, and was to make her ready to weigh anchor by the next Saturday noon.

It was Friday. Again Mr. Monckton happened to meet the representative of his bank at lunch. He thought it very likely he would ship gold at an early date. The Cosmopolis would accommodate him.

"How much notice shall I give you, Mr. Penrose?"

"Two hours will be ample, sir. The *Etruscan* sails to-morrow at noon. She's going to take over a couple of millions for Hazard Brothers."

"I shall probably use her then. I have a good opportunity to realize on the stocks I hold, and my customers will invest a few hundred thousand with me."

When Mr. Monckton returned to his office he

called his senior clerk, Mr. Williams, and made that young man's heart glad and proud within him by a request that he should seek the Fall River boat to Boston that evening on a delicate piece of firm business.

In consequence of this and further dispositions in the clerical staff of Monckton & Co., it was the office boy Peter who, at ten o'clock on Saturday morning, carried a formal letter from the head of that firm to the Cosmopolis Bank, requesting that in two hours one million dollars in gold bars might be delivered to his order, to be bought with certified checks when they were duly deposited. Which order was "O. K.'d" by the cashier. And it was Mr. Monckton himself who, at five minutes to twelve, took from his coat pocket a dozen checks, plainly certified, drawn to the order of the Cosmopolis, handed them with a dignified "Good morning" to the loan clerk, and announced that a drayman was in attendance. It was Mr. Penrose who, in the presence of his brag customer, affixed, after nominal scrutiny, the mysterious, all-powerful hieroglyphics to these several documents, and chatted with Monckton while the boxes of ingots were being loaded on the two drays.

These vehicles drove east instead of west. At two o'clock a tramp steamer in the East River was getting under way, and in the Cosmopolis Bank Mr. Penrose was telling his subordinate that the large checks they had received since noon need not be presented until Monday. He then joined his family in Connecticut for the Sunday respite. At ten o'clock Monday morning he turned up at the bank as punctual and cheery and as important as ever. But at eleven a runner was referred to him with the complaint that there was something wrong with the certification of a check for one hundred thousand dollars. It was drawn by Monckton & Co. Before the cashier had compared the signature with the test he held another runner came in, and then another; and about that time it became clear to the Cosmopolis Bank that it had on Saturday exchanged one million dollars' worth of gold for a dozen worthless forged checks.

Mr. Penrose did not go to lunch at all that day.

II.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "SWORDFISH."

REALLY, thought Mr. Benton, as he sat in the bow of the *Swordfish*, greedily drinking the harsh refreshment of the sea spray thrown up by the driving steamer—really, this was practically the first moment for a dozen years that he had had the inclination or the opportunity to cast a look backward. The tension of nervous nights, weeks,

months, was suddenly relaxed. And he was free, he was rich, he was full to the brim with the eager desire of living. His own room was some distance from the captain's. It was pretty badly crowded with the four trunks. The captain had been surprised that they were not put in the hold. But his employer was peremptory. Benton smiled again, now, as he thought of the power he held in those four chests. The sense of power was a delight to this strong-fibred, lawless man. The joy of it had generally been latent; but in this rare moment, with so much of its tangible essence encompassed within the four narrow walls of his room, he was conscious of his happiness, and shifted in his seat from sheer exultation.

The movement brought within the range of his vision a figure in a white mackintosh, which, with a manly escort, was making short trips on the aft deck. Benton lazily awoke to the fact—he found very pleasing the novelty of this inclination to be lazy—that it was the captain and his daughter. What a curious company they were! He had made known his especial desire to be left to himself on the trip. His relations with women were—simply lacking. Appreciation of them was dead through atrophy. Far other gods than the small archer had been his.

It was an involuntary hiatus in his comfortable sense of security that now brought him to his feet and moved him to go aft to be presented to Miss Hawksbee.

The captain was duly aware of his approach, and with considerable awkwardness effected the presentation. Benton made the discovery that the daughter's blue-gray eyes had the captain's direct, unfaltering gaze, with an added effect of for the time possessing the object they were directed upon. They made the man feel there was a power behind them that he had not; or at least that if they knew him thoroughly they would think so. As for the rest, Regina was evidently a lady, as her fellow passenger saw at a glance; was twenty-one, of medium stature, with a noble brow, and hair that, without realizing the coppery glory of Rossetti's ideal maiden, responded brilliantly enough to any appreciative rays of light that were so fortunate as to strike it at the proper angle.

The three stood a moment while Benton asked, in the tone of the formal host:

"I hope your quarters are fairly comfortable, Miss Hawksbee?"

"They are quite pleasant, thank you." Her instincts of shyness had been heightened by the report of the solitary desires of the proprietor of the *Swordfish*, and there was a little honest, though unapparent, curiosity in the gaze that

compassed him. It was only to tide over an embarrassing pause that she added: "I am quite a sailor's daughter, Mr. Benton. I learned how to make myself comfortable on board ship when I was a little girl."

"Well, your father is master here, and he will be responsible if you don't get what the ship can afford," was the faint jocoseness under cover of which Benton tipped his hat and left the two to their walk.

"Well, Regy, what do you think of him?" asked the captain, over their neat little table at the Sunday dining hour. Benton ate his meals in his stateroom.

"My diagnosis of him, papa, would be that he's suffering from an enormously aggravated case of selfishness. But I've only seen him three minutes, and even your daughter, papa," she continued, playfully, "with all her 'advantages,' can't always map out a stranger's past history and present disposition exactly right in that short time."

Hawksbee smiled gleefully to see his daughter in such good spirits.

Between Captain Hawksbee and his employer there was a certain formality which, Benton's keen observation told him, had been increased by the difference of opinion over the disposition of the chests.

These strained relations Mr. Benton endeavored to do away with by easily proposing, on the second day out, a game of cards, and asked if Miss Hawksbee would join them. Regina complied, though she would rather have been seated on deck reading, or accepting the crass homage of the deck hands.

After this it became quite a regular thing that the three should spend the evening in the saloon, the captain and his passenger at cards or listening to Regina's music.

Benton did not trouble himself about this change in the contemplated programme of the voyage. On the whole, he was rather glad to be relieved of the necessity of doing the grand, gloomy and peculiar. And, then, he found the Hawksbees anything but intrusive. The captain rarely came out of his official shell, while the daughter studiously avoided, in her tours of inspection and her daily constitutional, the seat in the flange of the bow anchor that Benton had appropriated for himself; and which had given him, in Regina's conversations with her father, the nickname of the Anchorite. In fact, it had amused him somewhat to find how great a distance that young lady insisted on keeping between herself and her father's employer.

It was after one of these pleasant meetings in

the saloon, on an exquisitely calm night, beneath a moon that might have been held accountable for any amount of lunacy, that the thought came to Benton of making the captain's daughter his wife. He was puffing away on a cigar in his anchor seat. He considered with most absolute selfishness the pros and cons of the situation. He would probably want a wife of some sort to help him use the great fortune he possessed. He doubted whether in the South he would be able to find among the Spanish population the kind of woman he would care to have around. This girl was good-looking—he paused a little as he thought of those enveloping, isolating eyes—and well educated, and had, as Mr. Mantalini would have said, "no demnition nonsense about her."

Next morning he did not remember the evening's speculation until he had dressed and breakfasted. Then he laughed at himself, and wondered if he were getting into his dotage at thirty-five. It was not until the afternoon that he saw the unwitting subject of his plans. She was seated on deck reading aloud to the captain. Benton noticed that the two rose suddenly with a motion of surprise, and looked over the ship's railing. Another glance showed him that the jaunty girl's Tam o' Shanter was lodged on a projecting scupper. He swung himself down in the anchor chains for it. Miss Hawksbee's face wore a somewhat annoyed look when he returned triumphantly to be thanked. Why should she not be pleased and complimented? he asked himself, and noticed that the rosy flush made her prettier than he had supposed she could be. Then it was ascertained that a ragged splinter had torn his finger in a very bloody though rather innocent way, and Regina could not but insist on deftly tying it up with the materials that the captain hastened to bring. Benton was curiously affected by the light touch of her finger tips, which emphasized some moral distinction between them. He was seized with a mighty desire to see her tender toward him instead of—this way.

He was in a mood next day to notice that Miss Hawksbee made an excuse to join her father after her hour of practice, when he had attempted a *tête-à-tête* with her in the saloon. He would have been angry if any emotion but that of misery had been compatible with the seasickness which had seized him.

As the captain left Benton's berth, where his official condolences had been received with scant grace, he offered to send his men to lash up the four trunks in the adjoining stateroom. He watched curiously the sick man's eyes as they turned suspiciously toward him to forbid the precaution on the ground that the trunks were too

low and heavy to move with the rolling vessel. When he went out he heard Benton lock the stateroom door.

Before nightfall the ship was pitching and rolling in a scandalous manner. Hawksbee worked like a Trojan to see that all was right. He was awakened from a cat nap in the saloon by a series of tremendous lurches, and started to his feet at a heavy roll and crash somewhere near by in the ship. It was repeated, throwing him to the floor, and then came a muffled call from Benton's room. He hurried to it, found the door locked, and battered it open with his shoulder. Two of the chests, in being hurled about, had broken through the partitions of the berth as if they were paper, and had blocked Benton in it with the *débris*. The captain extricated him as best he could, led him to a sofa in the saloon and returned to the scene of the accident, meaning to call the men to make things shipshape. But he stopped as his eye caught something that glittered in the light of the lantern he carried. One of the trunks had been shattered, and a number of gold ingots lay on the floor. He puckered his mouth for a long, low whistle, which died incontinently as Benton's pale face appeared at the door. The captain noted the expression in the sick man's eye, and was glad that Benton had not come up behind him. They looked at each other a moment, and then Benton broke the eloquent silence by suggesting with much *sang froid*, considering his condition :

"I think we had better patch this up ourselves, captain."

"Yes," said Hawksbee, "I think we had. I will get some tools and half-inch oak."

And they worked late into the night.

Regina was troubled to find her father decidedly morose and glum during the succeeding days. It was not his way, and the surprise it caused was only second to that which Mr. Benton's behavior aroused. He was very much with her; there was only a certain proportion of occasions on which she could refuse to make music for him or to admit him to her morning tramp on deck. He was not a stupid companion by any means.

"Your father says we may reach port to-morrow," he observed to Regina, having with some craft waited for her to settle herself to a sewing task. He looked hungrily, but in vain, for some suspicion of melancholy in his *vis-à-vis*. "How long will your plans probably keep you in Buenos Ayres, Miss Hawksbee, before you start back to the North?" he continued.

"I'm not quite certain how long father will stay. I'd like to see the country and feel very

much 'traveled' when we go home; but he says it is fever time, and we may not be able to land even. I should think it would be a dangerous time for you to acclimate yourself, Mr. Benton."

"Oh, there are healthy sections away from the rivers and seacoast and swamps. There are some of the most beautiful spots in the world in South America."

Benton went on to describe the magnificent estate he had planned. He felt at times like blurting out to this schoolgirl of yesterday that he was omnipotent with the might of riches, and could command the things that the world had to give. He wished that there were others around that she might see how people would defer to him. He inventoried his history, his attainments—everything, in fact, that pertained to himself—and found nothing that she would care for. The thought egged him on to be desperately in love with Regina Hawksbee. When the world lay at his feet, was this the first fruit of his wealth and success?

He was in a savage mood with himself when he arose on the day the captain had predicted their arrival, and found that the steamer had stopped.



"REGINA COULD NOT BUT INSIST ON DEFTLY TYING IT UP."

He was on deck in a moment, and saw that the *Swordfish* was anchored at the mouth of the port. He looked up the captain to inquire why they were waiting.

"Do you get a pilot?" he inquired.

"No."

"Then why don't you go ahead?"

"If you'll come down into the cabin I'll tell you, Mr. Benton."

The two men proceeded to one of the empty cabins below.

"Well, captain, let's have it," he said, briskly, with an attempt to ignore the sullen humor of his companion.

Hawksbee cut off a generous amount of plug and began ruminating upon it before he said, slowly, with an ugly inflection:

"What I've been thinkin' is that this trip is payin' you more'n your share—that's as compared with what I'm gettin' out of it. There ain't that difference between the work we've done."

Benton's face flushed; but he said, calmly:

"Hawksbee, I made you a generous offer as far as salary is concerned, and you accepted my terms. If you choose to ask for more now, and can show me any good reason——"

"Hold up!" sternly interrupted the captain, with an anger born of his own shame and a consciousness of the attempt to dupe him. "Hold up here! You know what I mean. I intend to be in on this deal. You couldn't have got here but for me, and I can sail you into the harbor now, and give you up to that United States man-o'-war. I think I've done enough for half of what's in those trunks to belong to me. I want my daughter to cut some figger in the world, and I guess that'll help her. That's why we're anchored here, Mr. Benton. I'm waitin' for an answer to that."

"Hawksbee," said Benton, with dignity, "do you know what you are doing? You are holding the owner of the boat you've been hired to captain from landing because he will not divide his personal property with you."

But it would not do. Benton saw in the captain's eye that it would not.

"I will give you till to-morrow night to pony up. If you haven't come around by that time I will have you put in irons."

"Hawksbee," said Benton again, after a pause—and this time the captain looked toward him caught by a new chord in the man's voice—"there is another way to fix it, I think. There is a great deal of money there, Hawksbee. There are a million of dollars in that stateroom." The captain's eyes bulged. "You want some of it to make your daughter a fine lady. I don't want it

for anything else." The captain was an expectant statue. "I want to make your daughter my wife, and——"

"Why, you deuced rascal," cried the captain, "I'd see her dead and buried first!"

With an intolerable rush of rage Benton struck him in the face a blow that made him reel against the cabin wall.

The blow would have stunned a less robust man, but the captain recovered and grappled fiercely with his opponent, threatening to break his ribs in a tremendous bearlike grip that brought him too close for Benton's longer arms to strike. The younger man had not the oxlike strength of Hawksbee, but more than made up for it by an extraordinary activity and quickness. He suddenly extricated himself from the captain's deadly embrace, lowered his head like a flash, and with a terrible momentum butted his opponent below the chest. The next moment his fingers had closed about Hawksbee's throat, when the door opened and Regina's frightened face appeared. His hand relaxed.

An hour later Benton threw himself on his knees before Regina and begged her to forgive him, to believe that he loved her.

"You are the first woman—the first human being—who has come into my life!" he cried, with the passion of a strong man. "You are necessary to me—you represent a whole world that I have missed! I can never live again without you!" And when he saw that there was repulsion, even horror, in the girl's look his great frame heaved with racking sobs that drew her pity even then as she hurried from the room.

When, on the following morning, the captain was chipper enough to move about, one of the first discoveries he made was that his bird had flown. Two sailors and the largest ship's boat were also missing, which suggested the means by which had been overcome the obstacles of flying with four thousand pounds of gold.

On the third day after these stirring events aboard the *Swordfish* a man rode down to the beach nearly opposite the spot where she had just weighed anchor for home, dismounted, and began to adjust a pair of field glasses. As he glanced over the horizon he gave a quick start, then excitedly searched the inner harbor, and finally threw himself on his horse to gallop madly around the bend which hid the mouth of the bay and the open sea from view. A long pencil of smoke to the east marked the passage of an outbound steamer. A sharp silhouette on the rising beach, the horseman held the glasses on the ship until long after it had slowly passed out of sight in the shambling waves.

THE OLD PALMETTO FAN.

BY CLARA DARGAN MACLEAN.

WHAT is it lies so limp and sear
Upon the dusty garret floor?
I stand outside and curious peer
Through the half-open creaking door.

A breath of bitter wind sweeps in
And lifts the ragged relic wan;
It skims along in eddies fleet,
And falls—an old palmetto fan!

A faded name thereon is traced—
"Minnie," and date ten years ago.
O Life, what mockery is this!
O Death, how cruel was thy blow!

The icy blast swirls round the house—
I hear but breeze of rosy June;
The cobwebbed panes are dark with rime—
I see but flowers and stars and moon.

Flow, tears, fresh from a spring divine,
Clear as the fabled fount of Truth,
Where I behold this wintry scene
Transfigured with the light of youth.



THE SPIRIT OF THE WHEAT.

BY EDWARD A. UFFINGTON VALENTINE.

SUCH times as windy moods do stir
The foamless billows of the wheat
I catch the floating limbs of her,
In instant visions melting sweet.

A milky shoulder's dip and gleam,
Or arms that clasp upon the air,
An upturned face's rosy dream,
Half blinded by its sunlight hair;

A haunting mermaid 'mid the swell
And rapture of that summer sea;
A siren of elusive spell,
Born of the womb of mystery;

That, airy-limbed, swims fancy-free,
Glad in the summer's mellow prime,
Full-veined with life's felicity
And hope that knows no winter time.

Who, when the glamorous twilight flings
O'er her dusk sea its firefly stars,
Against the hush, with faint voice sings,
Unto her sweet harp's wayward bars;

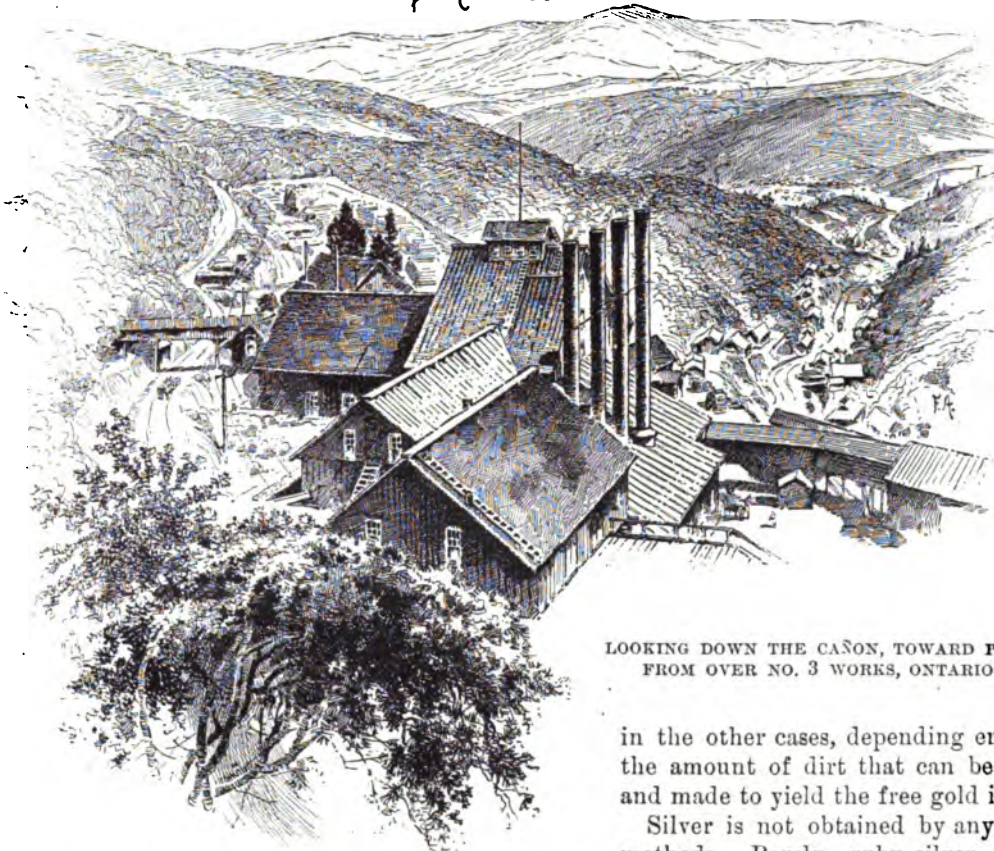
Till sinks at last, in sunset slow,
Midsummer's long, luxurious day,
Deepening the wheat an amber glow,
When subtly flees the wraith away.



CHERRIES.—FROM THE PAINTING BY L. MAROLD.

SILVER

By R. W. SLOAN



LOOKING DOWN THE CAÑON, TOWARD PARK CITY,
FROM OVER NO. 3 WORKS, ONTARIO MINE.

GOLD in paying quantities can be produced with less human labor than silver.

Gold is found practically pure in nuggets. It is also found pure in small particles in placer mines, and is called gold dust. Placer mines are the sand bars of living streams, or the beds of dead rivers, or the gravel wash of mountains deposited at lower levels by the force of water. The gold is taken from these placers by "panning," which requires a man, a tin pan, water and some slight skill; or it is secured through means of sluice boxes, the water being run through a flume, and the same result reached as by panning, though the returns are greater; or, again, it is obtained by the hydraulic process, in which water, given a tremendous head, is turned against huge gravel banks with such force as to wash the banks entirely away. By each of these methods the gold is liberated from the dirt or gravel. These methods are comparatively inexpensive, the cheapest and simplest form being "panning," though the profits are perhaps greater

in the other cases, depending entirely on the amount of dirt that can be handled and made to yield the free gold it holds.

Silver is not obtained by any of these methods. Rarely, ruby silver and wire silver are discovered; always, however,

in quantities unimportant in a commercial sense. There are no mountains of silver. Persons speaking of silver in that extravagant way are guilty of the veriest nonsense. As a rule, when gold is found in quartz and is mined as silver is mined, it takes less gold valued in dollars and cents to enable its production at a profit than silver. Large profits are realized from gold mines where the ore carries but two dollars in gold to the ton. Silver ore never existed in quantities to pay unless carrying \$15 to the ton. Oftener it takes \$20 to \$30 to the ton to leave any rational hope for a margin of profit.

The production of silver always involves what may be fairly termed mining. Mining in the West is the sinking of shafts, the running of tunnels, and the many details of labor unimportant to the uninformed, but to the knowing indispensable. The initiated alone can fairly appreciate the incalculable expense involved in reducing ore to metal once the ore has been found.

Few mines have yielded such steady revenues

as the Ontario of Utah. Yet it is no extravagance to declare that this mine has won its reputation and maintained its prestige by means that would have appalled nine-tenths of the single-standard men who, without knowledge, speak glibly of the untold wealth made by silver-mine owners.

At the time of its discovery the Ontario Mine was located some thirty-five miles from railroad communication—at a point then presumed forever to be inaccessible to railroads. A little poor timber was in the neighborhood; in the spring, some grass; in the summer, no water; in winter, dense snows and extreme cold, and always some undergrowth of brush. No road led to it or past it. It was in a gulch, and everything had to be hauled to it in wagons. Yet, directly and indirectly, through the discovery of that one mine, Park City was brought into existence—a mining city that to-day has about 8,000 inhabitants, with almost every possible home comfort and convenience for its people; with banks, first-class schools, and with two railroads contending for its traffic. Other mines were discovered and worked later, and a pay roll aggregating close upon \$5,000,000 was annually distributed in that neighborhood, until unfriendly legislation forced the closing down of many of the properties, and wholly discouraged prospecting for other silver-ore bodies.

The production of ore in the Ontario Mine is practically a history of the production of silver in nearly all mines that have been recognized as yielding heavy returns.

Since the Ontario was discovered a shaft has been sunk in it a perpendicular depth of over 1,500 feet. Imagine a well or an elevator way, 5 feet wide by 14 feet long, going straight down for 1,500 feet, and a fair conception may be had of this shaft. As each 100 feet of depth is reached what is called a "station" is put in. This station answers to a floor in an elevator. Ten stations would indicate that a shaft was 1,000 feet deep and had ten levels, or floors. Each station also marks the beginning of tunnels, or "levels," that run in different directions, always, of course, toward the ore. In the Ontario and Daly Mines, which are connected with each other, and which are worked under one management, there cannot be less than fifty miles of these tunnels, each 4 to 6 feet wide and 6 to 9 feet high. Experience has shown that mines can be worked profitably only by means of shafts, tunnels and stopes.

When a shaft has reached a depth of 100 feet tunnels are driven to reach the ore bodies. The ore lying between two tunnels when taken out falls to the lower tunnel, and is there handled just as coal is handled in bunkers. It is taken in

small cars that run on rails to the station for that level; it is placed on the elevator, or cage, in the shaft, and then hoisted to the surface. To extract the ore lying between two tunnels miners dig what is called an "upraise," or a "stope." They work up through the dirt and rock and ore to the tunnel 100 feet above, taking out all the ore as they go. The hole thus made is called a "stope," and the work is known as "stoping." Meanwhile the tunnel is being steadily extended, and at different points in it other stopes are begun, so that the farther the tunnel extends the more men can be employed in taking out the ore. The shaft also is being sunk deeper all the while; and as each additional 100 feet in depth is attained other tunnels are commenced in which new stopes are run, and so the work goes on—the power to utilize more men profitably increasing constantly with the increase in the depth of the shaft and the number of tunnels.

It must be remembered that the ore extracted is but a small proportion of the bulk, or gross amount of matter, moved. The ore is kept apart from the "waste," which is a miner's term for the matter handled that is not ore.

The Ontario is what is called a "wet mine." Veins, or streams of water, run through it. As the tunnels are farther extended, as the stopes become more numerous and as the depth of the shaft increases the volume of water is steadily augmented. If not controlled the water would flood the mine and flow out of the surface of the shaft. To prevent such a possibility a great Corliss engine, driven by a strong battery of boilers, works heavy pumps day and night to force the water out. These pumps are all in duplicate, so that time will not be lost, and the water so gain a dangerous headway in case a pump becomes disabled. These pumps force millions of gallons of water daily out of the Ontario Mine.

Then again, wet mines are esteemed more dangerous than those in which there is no water; or if water, so little as to excite no anxiety. Water makes the ground in mines soft, loose and uncertain. This danger has to be guarded against, and heavier timbering is needed than in dry mines. All mines have to be timbered to keep the earth from closing together, to prevent caves and to render mines safe against the falling of overhanging bowlders or large bodies of earth that may become loose. In the main, the tunnels are driven through walls of solid stone—sometimes of almost incalculable hardness. They are run by drilling holes into the rock, charging the holes with giant powder, and then exploding all the charges as nearly simultaneously as possible. The concussions produced by these ex-

plosions in a confined place like a mine tunnel are very decided and render careful timbering, no matter how expensive, absolutely indispensable to the safety of the men as well as to the economical working of the mine itself. The Anaconda mining properties in Butte City, Mont., are said to consume a trainload of timbers every twenty-four hours when the work is vigorously prosecuted. Ingersoll drills are generally employed in the large mines for what is called development work, or for extending the levels. New Yorkers passing along Broadway about a year ago could have seen these drills at work on the foundation of the new *Herald* Building. The drills are operated by compressed air transmitted from the surface.

Fresh air is naturally scarce throughout the mine generally. The atmosphere is bad because of the natural dampness, and is readily vitiated by the unavoidable use of lamps and by the frequently recurring explosions. Moreover, the foul air created by the explosions lingers so long (and while it lasts men are unable to work) that it becomes necessary to devise a means for supplying fresh air. So an additional shaft is sunk, as great a distance as possible from the first. This latter is called an air shaft. A circulation is thus created, and a better and more generally employed means in large mines is an air compressor—a machine that drives a constant and healthy current of air through the mine. This compressor, like the pumps, the engines and the hoisting apparatus, increases the necessity for more power and involves an increased consumption of coal.

When the ore reaches the surface it is not yet silver by any means. From the mouth of the shaft the ore is carried in the same car that took it from the "stope," perhaps 1,500 feet below the surface and three-quarters of a mile in the tunnel, to a rock crusher which grinds it up as a coffee mill grinds coffee. Rocks, large as a man's body, are reduced almost to pebbles by the powerful teeth of this machine. Thence it passes through a drier, which takes all the moisture from the ore. Thus dried, it is conveyed to the battery, or stamp mills, where it is slowly turned under stamps that resemble pile drivers—only there are a great many stamps, and they keep dropping upon the ore quickly and heavily until it is crushed or stamped to dust. Thence it is taken through a roaster—a Stetefeldt furnace—a furnace in which a chemical change is produced that releases the silver from the baser metals. The silver is then taken to what is called the amalgamating pans, which are tubs charged with quicksilver. The silver unites with the quicksilver,

forming an amalgam, hence the term amalgamating pans. The amalgam thus produced is placed in a retort heated to a point which renders the quicksilver volatile, and it passes off as fumes, only, however, to be reduced once again to solid quicksilver when these fumes come in contact with the water through which they are forced to pass. But the silver itself, practically pure at last, remains in the retort.

To this end men perish or waste their lives away seeking for silver mines; to this end shafts are sunk, tunnels are driven, "stopes" are run, air shafts are opened, and all the machinery of boilers, engines, pumps, drills, air compressors, crushers, stamps, roasters, amalgamators and retorts are employed. It can hardly be said, in view of these facts, that the acquiring of riches by the mining of silver is a pastime.

Another process of extracting the silver is by smelting. The ore is put in the smelter and heated to such a degree that the whole mass—minerals, rocks, earth—becomes veritable lava, everything being in a molten state. In this condition it is drawn from the smelter into tanks and allowed to cool. The precious metal, being heavier, sinks to the bottom and collects in the form of a button which is disclosed when the hardened contents of the tanks are broken up.

There is still another method—lixivation. In this the reduction of the ore is accomplished by the use of chemicals, and is too detailed and intricate to justify a brief explanation. But whatever the method, it is very costly—the cheapest way being always by the use of the most expensive machinery and appliances. Moreover, the process of reduction varies according to the presence in the ore of other metals than those sought for—metals that are practically valueless, or refractory—so called because increasing the cost of obtaining the gold or silver.

Were this all, the labor involved in the production of silver would still be a grave problem, even after it is known to exist in a mine in paying quantities. The work described so far is but part of the Ontario's troubles!

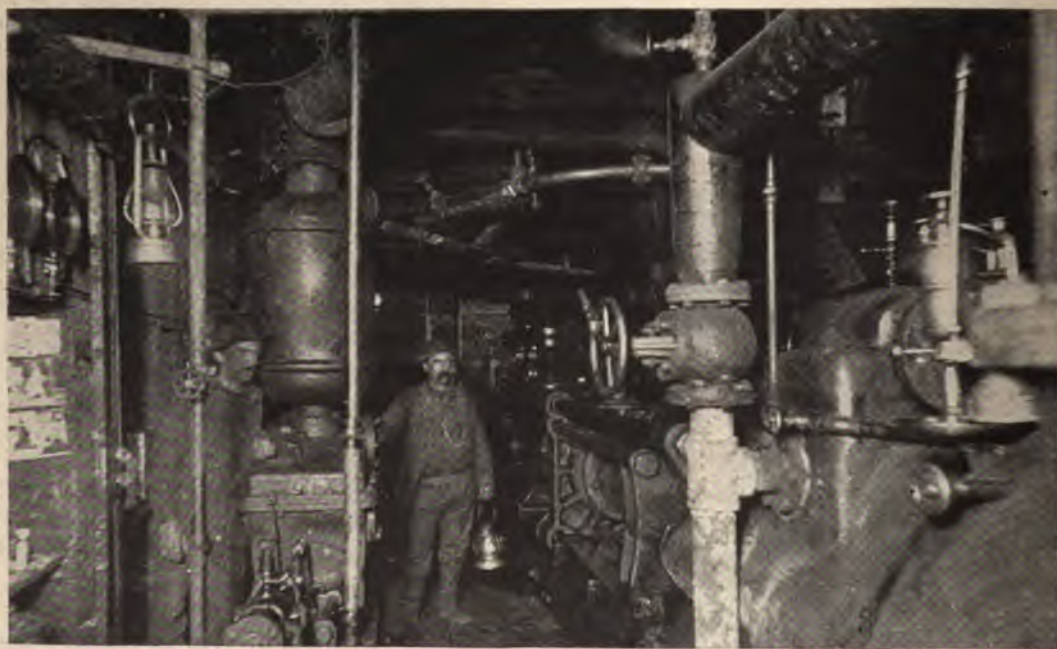
The presence of water in that mine became so burdensome, and the cost of lifting it to the surface so great when a depth of 600 feet had been reached, that it was decided, in the interest of economy, to run a tunnel on a gradually rising incline from a point outside the mine until the shaft had been connected with at a depth of 600 feet. To this end a tunnel, large enough not alone for water, but also to take the ore through, was driven in about half a mile. The results justified the undertaking. But when the mine had been opened to a depth of 1,200 feet the



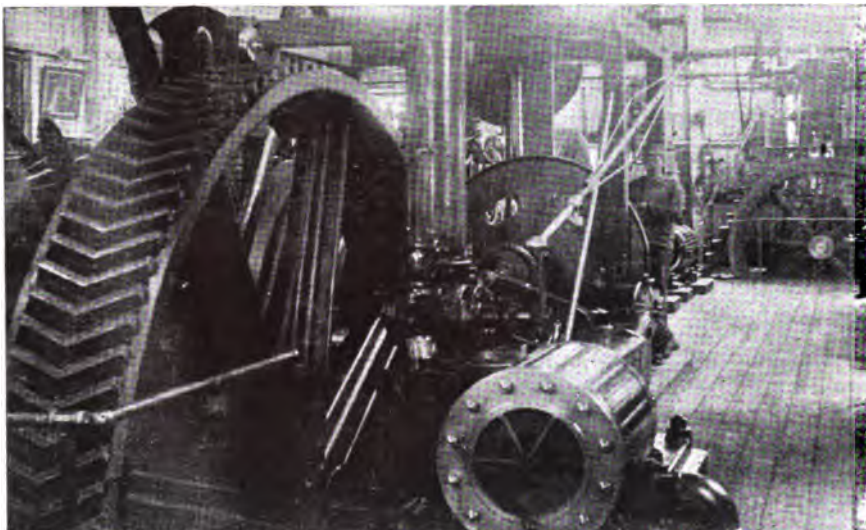
ONTARIO, SHAFT NO. 3—READY TO DESCEND INTO THE MINE.



BALANCE WHEEL OF PUMPING ENGINE—DIAMETER, 30 FEET; WEIGHT, 70 TONS.



STATION PUMPS, 800 FEET BELOW SURFACE,



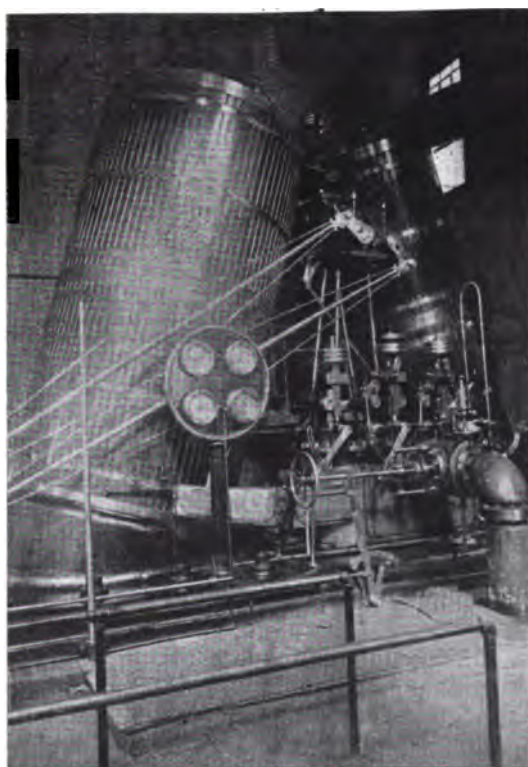
PUMP, HOIST AND AIR COMPRESSOR.

problem of handling the water was renewed with graver aspect, as by reason of the more extended workings the water had greatly increased, and it naturally sought the lower workings and had to be lifted to the 600-foot level. It was decided that it would be economy to build still another tunnel, this time connecting with the shaft in the mine at a depth of 1,500 feet. The work was begun some six years ago, and has been prosecuted with vigor and almost without interruption ever since. Mr. R. C. Chambers, who has directed all work of this mine ever since its discovery, states that it will be completed before the end of this year. It will be over three miles long, and will have cost over \$500,000. Despite these untoward circumstances, the Ontario is an exceptionally favored mine. It is not, therefore, surprising that like difficulties besetting many another property with prospects equally as bright have frightened its owners to abandon its development and working, or the mine has been rendered valueless by some of the many obstacles that have not been enumerated here, but which exist none the less in unhappy abundance.

The Bullion and Beck, another of Utah's great mines, is dry. In fact, the water used in it had to be brought to it at great expense, as also to other valuable properties in the neighborhood. The Bullion and Beck was relieved of the danger and cost above described of handling water in wet mines. Yet, after the property had been worked to a depth of 900 feet, the ore body and the miners parted company. Before ore was again discovered tunnels had been driven well-nigh on to 1,000 feet through solid stone and at an enormous outlay. Few persons will deny that

the courage to persist in this work merited the reward that followed when the ore was once more encountered. Suppose the combination of missing ore (as once in the Bullion and Beck) and of abundant water (as in the Ontario) should exist in one property? It is by no means unusual. Suppose, further, the combination exist and the ore body is never recovered? This is often the case.

All these difficulties seem to justify the contention of silver-mine owners that they do not observe any unseemly haste on the part of European and Eastern money lenders to abandon their present business ways and rush into the production of silver, despite the assertions that certain and



STEAM CYLINDER AND VALVE MOTION OF 3,000 HORSE POWER PUMPING ENGINE.

almost boundless wealth must follow the mining of silver.

RELATIVE COST OF PRODUCTION.

As to the relative cost of producing gold and silver, the best authority should be the man who produces both. Mr. J. R. Walker, president of the Union National Bank in Salt Lake City, has mined in Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Montana and elsewhere. He has mined both gold and silver, mines both metals to-day, and has mined them for twenty years. He should be good authority. In a letter dealing with the cost of producing gold and silver he makes the statements quoted here: "Where the mining of gold and silver is on the same lines, and both are reduced to metal instead of being found in a free state, the machinery for reducing gold costs about one-third what the machinery for silver costs. I know in my own mind that it costs just as much to produce 16 ounces of chemically pure silver as one ounce of chemically pure gold, and that is the ratio of the two metals; i.e., 16 ounces of silver at \$1.29.29 equals \$20.69 (about), which is the value of one ounce of gold refined to coinage standard. Veins of gold are generally smaller than those of silver; they do not require as heavy machinery to work them; nor are gold mines as a rule so much troubled with water. The expense of pumping is therefore not so great. Moreover, gold is more generally mined where food and wages are materially lower, as in California, where fuel is cheaper and where much of the work is done by water power. Silver-mining districts, on the other hand, are generally high in the mountains and distant from the great forests and coal beds; they are above the flow of water, so that water power cannot be employed; they are so difficult of access that the machinery, coal, timber, food—everything—can only be secured at the desired point at great expense. The cost of machinery for hoisting the ore and for pumping water is, on an average, about ten times as great for silver as for gold mines." (The pumping machinery on the old Comstock in Nevada, on the Ontario in Utah, on the Alice and Moulton, at Walkerville, Mont., on many of the Colorado properties—in fact, throughout the mining regions generally—are cases in point.) Mr. Walker adds: "I have yet to see a pumping plant on any gold mine the cost of which was not insignificant compared with the cost of like plants on the larger silver properties. The great gold yield of California and Australia was mainly the product of the pick and the shovel. There is no especial science either in the mining or the milling of gold ores. Gold ore, in what is called the free state, can be seen in a metallic condition at the time it is mined, and it is saved

by a very simple and comparatively inexpensive process. Silver is rarely found in a metallic condition. The separation of silver from other metals is a detailed, scientific and expensive process; and the average cost is nearly six times greater than the cost of reducing gold."

As in silver so in gold mining, courage and confidence are indispensable. While the returns may be large, they are not out of proportion to the hazard taken, and the treasure of human life sacrificed in the lust for gold and silver has involved a financial loss—to speak nothing of the sundered family ties, deserted homes and broken hearts—that the vast yield of the mines, brought to human knowledge as a result, but poorly repays.

RELATIVE VALUE OF GOLD TO SILVER.

There is nearly nineteen times more silver in the world than gold, measured by weight. For the five hundred years ending 1880, according to Mulhall, the total yield of gold in the world was 10,355 tons; of silver, 193,000 tons. In the thirteen years that have elapsed since the date of that computation the proportion of silver has slightly increased.

Is not the relative value of all metals—silver and gold included—one of quantity? Iron is cheaper than lead, lead than copper, copper than silver, and silver than gold; each metal in turn is more valuable than the ore named preceding because scarcer, or less available, or more difficult of production. Were all metals equally abundant, equally available and equally as cheap to produce, what possible claim could exist for a varying value? As they differ in these respects so they naturally differ in the estimation of men. This is nature's basis of relative value. Assuming, therefore, that the cost of producing the different metals is in proportion to the known quantity of each, there should be free and unlimited coinage of silver, just as of gold, the world over, at a ratio of a little less than nineteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold.

PRODUCTION OF PRECIOUS METALS.

Taking the figures of production as given by Mulhall, out of a total of 10,355 tons of gold, the American Continent yielded 4,262 tons—a little over four-tenths. To the total production of 193,000 tons of silver, based on the same computation, the United States, Central and Spanish Americas and Peru and Mexico contributed 161,800—or a little over five-sixths of the whole.

Estimating the production at its accredited value, and out of a total of \$14,675,000,000 in gold and silver the American Continent has yielded about \$10,000,000,000. It has therefore

produced about two-thirds of the metals which constitute the wealth measures of the world. The significant fact in this connection is that this continent has now only about one-fifth the world's coin in circulation, while that part of the world which produced less than one-third of the precious metals now owns four-fifths of the wealth measure made from these metals.

Of the present annual total gold yield the American Continent produces about one-third; of the total silver production our share is over five-sixths.

Having undoubted control of the coined money of the world, is it not wise financiering on the part of Europe to insist that a gold standard be established? If silver be recognized and the production of both gold and silver continue among the nations at the same ratio as at present our country would soon be the banker of the world. By demonetizing silver, and with the United States producing but one-third the gross annual yield of gold, the monetary prestige of Europe will remain fixed and this country continue a persistent borrower of that gold which she produced and which Europe has become possessed of.

FREE COINAGE AND RATIO.

Money, whether gold, or silver, or paper, is only a token of wealth. Speaking generally, gold and silver and paper are of value only as they represent so many days' labor in all the fields of human labor. Money is human labor stored up. Men accept money in return for their labor because with it they can buy the labor of other men in any of the infinite vocations of civilized life, and because also they can buy this labor at any time they want it. Deprive money of the fixed confidence it possesses in this respect, and it ceases to exist as a measure or standard for wealth. Neither gold nor silver is actual wealth to the extent that they are employed in representing wealth. If by the failure of the wheat crop in extended area there follows generally a diminished supply, the effect is to enhance the value of the wheat that can be marketed. Not so with gold; whether abundant or scarce, whether a specific quantity may have cost ten dollars or ten cents in human labor, its value is fixed, and fixed by law. The owner of gold, whatever its form—whether as gold dust, as nuggets, as jewelry—can have it coined into the legal currency of the country by government employes without cost to him and practically without waste. This is free coinage of gold.

Silver, on the contrary, is purchased by the government at the lowest figure. Hence, while silver is uncoined it has no fixed value. Friends

of silver demand for it the same friendly legislation that is given to gold, so that the product of silver mines, in whatever form presented, if refined to the legal standard, shall be coined at government mints into the legal currency of the nation, without cost to the owner and practically without waste. This, then, is in substance what is meant by those who demand the free coinage of silver.

The ratio that should prevail between gold and silver is a different subject. In 1873 (the year when legislation began which has resulted in the practical demonetization of silver) the law declared that sixteen ounces of coined silver should be worth as much as one ounce of coined gold as a legal tender. At that time and under that ratio silver was at a premium above gold, and its adherents claim that the gradual depreciation in value of silver since 1873 is chargeable to the unfriendly legislation then commenced. They hold also that a restoration of the conditions existing prior and up to 1873 would result in placing silver at a premium above gold, as it was in 1873.

Mr. Walker states that it costs as much to produce sixteen ounces of chemically pure silver as to produce one ounce of chemically pure gold. The contention here, however, is that nature declares one ounce of gold to be worth as much as a little less than nineteen ounces of silver; while gold monometallists aver that silver can only be viewed in the same light as any other commodity. Thus the controversy stands; silver, however, being practically demonetized and gold consequently enhanced in value.

GOLD AND SILVER A LOSS TO THE WORLD.

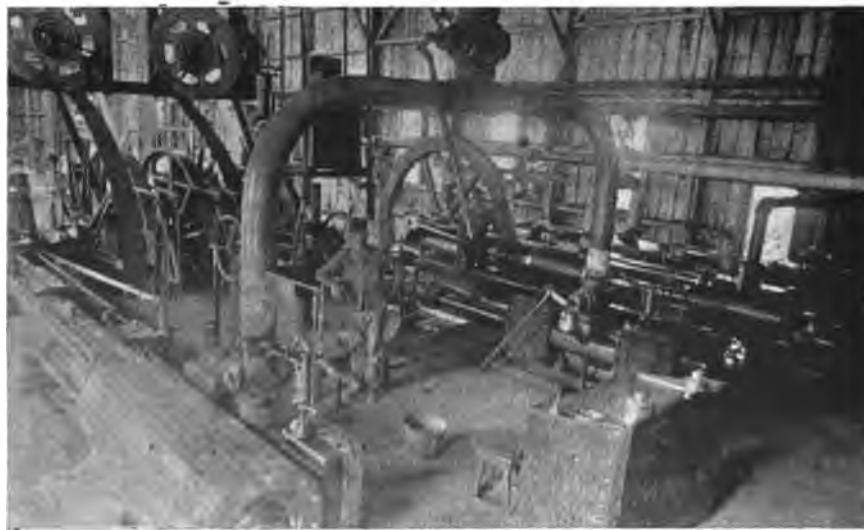
It may well be doubted if the world has not actually lost through the human labor involved in the production of its precious metals, unless we attach to gold and silver the uncertain value that legislation clothes them with because of their use in facilitating the exchange of human products. Neither is possessed of such especial beauty that it is, on this account, to be desired above all other metals. Their production is due first to the desire of mankind for rare or unusual adornment and embellishment. That they later became a medium for exchange among men is due also to their rarity and to the cost of procuring them. Their production ever has been, and presumably ever will be, uncertain—promising vast wealth to the very fortunate and assuring poverty to those that pursue them without the favors of fortune. Men who mine gold and silver are ever environed by the danger of a failing supply at any point or at any time. No amount of labor, how-



STATION AT 500-FOOT LEVEL, ONTARIO, NO. 3 SHAFT—CAR OF ORE EMERGING FROM TUNNEL.

ever persistent ; no degree of patience, however untiring ; no amount of capital, however boundless, will secure a profitable yield of the precious metals. It is found only where God suffers it to be. Herein lies the great difference between mining for the precious metals and the stabler pursuits of man. Experience is valueless, and judgment, however deserving of confidence, is unavail-

ing, in the location of profitable mines. These qualities are essential to good and economical business management ; but the fact remains that the chance investment of a few hundred dollars in the most inauspicious locations has brought men to almost untold riches ; while millions upon millions of dollars have been sunk in the most promising prospects and the end has been ruin.



HOISTING ENGINES AT NO. 2 SHAFT—200 HORSE POWER.



THE SILVER SHAFTS.*

By FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS.

AUTHOR OF "MR. GADSBURY'S BROTHER," "THE JOCELYN SIN," "OLD FORTY'S MASTER,"
"THE MUSCOE PLATE," "MISTRESS MARION," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED).



ADMUS HAUTON!" he said, far more satisfaction in his tone than that worthy certainly evinced at beholding Mr. Bland.

"Ah, Bland, happy to see you! Lovely weather," said Captain Hauton, suavely, very much as if they had parted yesterday.

He was dressed for traveling, with a jaunty cap over his short brown curls, just beginning to show here and there a silvered thread, adding to rather than detracting from the full-blown splendor of his appearance.

"I am glad to meet you, Cadmus. Can I have a moment's conversation with you?" asked Mr. Bland, securing him by passing an arm through his.

"Certainly," he said, with a careless laugh. "Not about my rich parvenu son-in-law, I hope. You know he shoulders his own sins, Heaven be thanked!" and Cadmus Hauton laughed gayly, showing a perfect set of teeth, almost unpleasantly white, under his slightly gray mustache.

"We don't ask you to shoulder Harvey's sins. That would be too much even for you," answered Mr. Bland, quietly.

"Pardonnez-moi!" pleasantly rejoined Hauton, shrugging his shoulders. "When I am asked for a moment's conversation I invariably expect an unpaid bill, or an inquiry into some old *diablerie* hushed up and forgotten long ago."

"Perhaps you are nearer the truth now," Mr. Bland rejoined.

"I thought something of the kind—experience, you know. I have been the devil, Bland, and nobody is more sorry for it than I am!" and Cad-

mus Hauton's mellifluous tones became confidentially deprecating in this burst of repentance. "What is it now, Bland? Just when I am going to settle down comfortably on Oscar Harvey's unequaled respectability and——"

"Money," interposed the lawyer.

"Precisely," was the unabashed reply. "A man must take care of himself in his old age."

"That does not necessitate the neglect of outside revenues, I take it?"

"By no means. I have always a shrewd eye to revenues from any source."

"Then," deliberately began the lawyer, "I will compensate you liberally for giving me the truth of that interview between Colonel Lawrence and John Harvey and his son Oscar. I will pay you a large sum for the missing papers."

The defiant smile on the dashing captain's lips became fixed and rigid as he listened. An expression of intense surprise, not in the least affected, flitted over his features.

"Oscar is going to reside here. It seems to me he is the proper person to demand this of," he replied. "How could I get such information?"

"You must answer that question," pursued Mr. Bland. "I want you to tell me in whose ownership the mortgage belongs, and where the missing money went; also where the proof can be found."

The lawyer spoke positively. If he hazarded mere suspicion the line between conjecture and knowledge was imperceptible to Cadmus Hauton, who certainly winced.

"I should be charmed to give any information in my power, but no one can expect me to be cognizant of old Harvey's trickery. I am sure——"

"Cadmus, we have known each other for more than twenty years—have we not?" asked Mr. Bland.

"By George, you are fonder of dates than I am! I never allow myself to recall anything happening twenty years ago," rejoined Marion's father, exerting his most delightful suavity. —

"Twenty years ago——"

"I was not in Virginia," interrupted Hanton, graciously.

"True, but five years ago you were on the balcony at Chandos Arms when Colonel Lawrence and John Harvey made their final settlement. I demand of you where the money went and where the missing papers are to be found. I have reason to know that you, and no other, can inform me of this; and I again remind you that I will compensate you liberally for that information," added the lawyer.

Hanton laughed, while he glanced keenly and warily into the other's unreadable face.

"Parbleu! you have been tracking me. Well, confound it! there's nothing for me to conceal. I'll tell you everything I know. Will you be in town some time? There are a hundred attractions—Lelhi at the opera house—a magnificent voice."

Mr. Bland rather abruptly interrupted the effusive review of inducements.

"I shall be here a few weeks on urgent business."

"I'll talk over this business with you. Lawrence is a good fellow. Excuse me one moment until I obtain a ticket for my friend—the beast was so slow, I didn't get it—and then you shall ask me what you please; anything, everything, all things." The captain laid his hand on his heart with a charming smile, and calling back, "One moment, Bland!" passed into the ticket office.

The lawyer watched the passengers absently. Now and then he glanced toward the crowd, in which Hanton's jaunty cap was visible. A shrill warning whistle startled him. He sauntered into the ticket office. The crowd had dispersed. Hanton was not there. The northern-bound train moved slowly away, and in one of the coaches he caught a glimpse of Cadmus Hanton's jaunty cap and slightly gray curls.

"A clever dodge," muttered the lawyer; "but it proves that there is something to reveal. I will find the slippery adventurer when I have need of him."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DELUSION OF NIGHT.

CHANDOS MANOR wore a somewhat less deserted aspect. The great drawing rooms had been duly opened, but those same drawing rooms were forsaken by visitors. A fresh stock of ex-

otics in the conservatory sent their subtle perfume through the luxurious apartments, but neither friend nor neighbor came to inhale their fragrance. The county families held aloof with severe silence. The Chandos friends fell away in startling uniformity. Marion held court in her grand home without courtiers—the mistress of a great fortune, shorn of its honors. She had not married for this, and had no thought of enduring the defeat of her ambition. The tide of public opinion surged against her, but Marion was conscious only of hot resentment against Oscar for making an egregious blunder.

"Of course I shall not stay here," she said to Mrs. Melvern in default of other listeners. "The miserable country neighborhood is of no importance. Oscar was such a fool to try and convict Lawrence of murder when he knew it was no murder! I never supposed Colonel Chandos was dead, but I had no reason to think otherwise. And then everybody is talking of your turning that girl adrift, aunt. A pretty pair of fools, you and Oscar!"

"Well, well, Marion, I didn't want them to find it out, and I don't know how they did, for I told everybody how ungrateful she was, and how abusive to me; and you knew how I cried to the Blantons that very day of the trial because she wouldn't stay—he! he!" giggled the old woman, with imbecile glee. "You said I did it as well as if it was all so."

"Nobody believed a word you said," angrily retorted Marion. "Nobody ever did believe anything you said. Everybody could see through your flimsy schemes and pretenses."

Mrs. Melvern smoothed her dyed hair and smiled incredulously. Her toilet evinced a newly developed effort at smartness. She wore a large breastpin containing intertwined locks of sandy and dark hair. The dingy blue hood and stuff cloak occupied a chair conveniently within reach. A long end of the checkered handkerchief hung from her pockets. A cheap shawl in gray and black plaids supplanted the ancient cloak. Mrs. Melvern was *en toilette* for company.

"You see, Marion, if nobody comes to see us we can save all the good things we have to give them to eat."

"Tut!" was the scornful reply. "I am not so penurious as to want to save. I want an opportunity to give them wines and grand dinners."

Before she could pour out more of her chagrined disappointment the drawing-room door was thrown open ostentatiously. With a gracious smile the sole guest at Chandos Manor appeared. The guest was in festive costume. His diamond studs glittered between lace frills. The fit of his

coat was a triumph of tailoring. The waxing of his mustache and arrangement of his curls must have excited the envy of the most artistic barber. He expected to be irresistible. If the hostess failed of her ambition the guest perhaps achieved his, for the guest was Cadmus Hanton. He favored Marion with a critical survey, taking in the minute details of dress.

"You do very well, my love. In fact, you may be a success in society with aid of a first-class French maid. Ah, my dear Mrs. Melvern, you look younger every day! Not even a gray hair. And I—ah, behold! Time will not stand still."

Mrs. Melvern skipped airily up to him.

"My dear, dear captain, you are the handsomest man I ever saw! Not a wrinkle; nothing on earth to show that you are a day over twenty. Why, you are dressed for company!"

"Only for the company of two such charming ladies," gallantly responded the resistless Hanton, with a comprehensive bow. "Allow me to sit by you, my dear madam?" he asked, drawing his seat nearer the elder lady. "I really think I'll marry the old hag," he added *sotto voce* to Marion. "She is seventy-eight, and can't live long."

Marion raised her eyes in swift surprise, dropping her crewels in utter dismay. However he might color it, Marion understood that her father conceived it to be a good idea to marry her aunt in order to retrieve his empty exchequer. She preferred to see him rich, but he should become so without loss to herself. His urbanity and flattery to Mrs. Melvern pointed to this. His return to the neighborhood unfolded itself in a double project. She supposed him a hanger-on of her good fortune. She found him an aspirant to a goodly share of it. Marion resumed her crewels. The black eyes brightened with a baleful glitter. The tightly compressed lips betrayed more of the spirit in which the daughter received the father's aggressive move than Marion meant to reveal.

"Oh, you mischievous fellow!" she became aware that her aunt was saying, in coquettish flippancy. "I don't believe a word of it. But there was a day when I had plenty of admirers. I really don't think I have changed much."

"Changed? Only for the better, much better. By Jove, I'd have known you anywhere! It's strange they have allowed you to remain single!"

The elderly dame looked at him sharply, with one thought uppermost in her mind. Love of self and vanity found a formidable rival in avarice.

"He is going to ask me for money," she reflected.

The dashing visitor became pathetically pen-
sive.

"So handsome and so rich!" he continued. "With such a fortune you might still shine in our set."

Mrs. Melvern laughed in great glee.

"You foolish fellow, Cadmus! I used to be thought handsome. I believe I look very much as I always did. I am a bit older, but I'm still full of life. Everybody tells me I'm a fine woman yet."

"I say so, and I fancy myself a judge of beauty," loftily responded the captain.

"Oh, hush now, you absurd wretch! You'll be asking me to kiss you next! I shouldn't wonder if you would dare to kiss me, whether I let you or not, you impudent fellow, you!" And the lady tapped his arm comically.

"If I was not afraid of incurring your anger," resumed Captain Hanton.—"The appalling old witch!" he muttered, under his waxed mustache.

"If it was anybody but you I'd box his ears; but you're too impudent, I declare! I believe you have a great mind to hug me! You good-for-nothing scamp, I'll scream for help! There now, the servants will find out what you're after. Do behave!"

A servant disturbed the coquettish dame in what apparently afforded her immense delight. The boy laid a post bag on the table before Marion and withdrew. Unlocking it, she emptied therefrom a little heap of letters.

"Here are letters for you, father; several for aunt, which I will read; and one from Oscar for me. I must beg you to excuse me—I will retire. Will you be so good as to come to my dressing room to-night? I wish to see you particularly."

Marion gathered up her letters and waited for his reply.

"Go 'long, child," urged her aunt, gayly. "We don't want you."

Cadmus Hanton smiled graciously.

"Nothing could give me more pleasure," he assured his daughter.

Marion swept out of the room in ill-concealed disdain. The same baleful light blazed in her eyes. The bang of the door was ominous; the tap of the flying footsteps, resentful. Apparently they conveyed unpleasant meaning to her father.

Captain Hanton tore open his envelopes one after another and tossed them aside in disgust.

"They are not love letters, are they?" demanded Mrs. Melvern, reaching after one of the missives, and catching his hand instead.

"They are some of my wild oats gone to seed," he returned, pensively, as he shook her detaining hand off. "By Jove, you are a generous, noble-hearted woman!"

"Sister Metella always said so," interpolated the old dame, interrupting a burst of ardor. "You must read Sister Metella's letters. They'll tell you all about the linen sheets."

"I'll do it some rainy day—anything you desire. I want to make you happy. What can I do to please you?"

"Oh, you impudent fellow, you want to kiss me again—he! he!" exclaimed Mrs. Melvern, apparently in great alarm.

"Confound the woman, I can't stand that!" ejaculated the ardent wooer to himself, disgust upon his well-preserved face. "I have a mind to confess some of my sins and tell the contents of those letters," he resumed. "Do you know what each of them contained?"

"I can't divine—tell me, you naughty fellow!" demanded the coquette of seventy-eight, an expectant look rejuvenating her countenance.

"By Jove, they were duns!"

"Duns!" echoed Dorothy Melvern. "Don't mind them."

"One thousand dollars would make me happy—let me have the money, and marry me afterward!" he exclaimed, frankly.

"Ha? What did you say, Cadmus? I'm a little deaf in this ear. The wind blows so, I can't hear!" screamed Mrs. Melvern.

"I say, lend me a thousand dollars to-night, and marry me to-morrow!" he shouted.

"Marry you to-morrow, Cadmus!" she echoed, in a mollified tone. "Well, you see, I would really like to get away from Marion. She thinks me an old fool. I will show her I am not. I can't marry you to-morrow. You see, I didn't know you were in love with me. But as soon as the lawyer can draw up the contract I'll marry you, Cadmus," consented the old woman, with a chuckle of delight.

"What contract?" demanded Hanton, a shrewd look in his eyes.

"A contract to settle the money on me. I'm afraid you will spend it. We can live here. It is not the least dull. You can read all my letters. I have a hundred of Sister Metella's and fifty of Sister Sarah's. They tell all about my linen sheets. Then, I've got Harbaugh's sermons and Major Melvern's letters."

"Will you show your affection for me by helping me to-night with the loan of a thousand? It's a mere trifle, a bagatelle—but I am in trouble."

"What did you say?" demanded Dorothy Melvern. "Speak louder. I can't hear a word you say. 'If I had a dollar in the world I'd lend it to you'—is that what you said? Ha? I'm a deaf in the left ear. Make me understand."

"I'll go and see my daughter. You must be

tired—pardon my keeping you up," he said, rising and beating a somewhat hasty retreat.

"I'll have the contract drawn up, Cadmus," she called. "Marion thinks I'm an old fool."

"Hang it, you are not fool enough to give me that money!" he ejaculated to himself, as he ascended the steps, quite as much in a rage as Marion had been. "The despicable old creature!"

Marion stood before an open traveling case when her father entered the dressing room. Evidently she was preparing for a journey.

"My dear, you seem in some confusion. Do I intrude?" he inquired, suavely.

"Not at all. Oscar desires me to come immediately to New Orleans. I shall close Chandos Manor and leave it day after to-morrow," she began.

"Ah, then it falls out quite pleasantly that I must leave to-night!" he responded.

Marion scanned his countenance suspiciously.

"Father, I may as well be plain—one is always plain in business. This is business, not sentiment, with me. If you propose any such absurd idea as that of marriage with imbecile Aunt Melvern permit me to say that I will not allow it. Her fortune is willed to me, and after all the trouble I have had with her whims I am not such a fool as to lose it."

"By Jove, Marion, those are strong words for a beautiful woman!" replied her father, with one of his most brilliant smiles. "Permit me to inquire if, while you are taking such care of yourself, you comprehend how I am to live?"

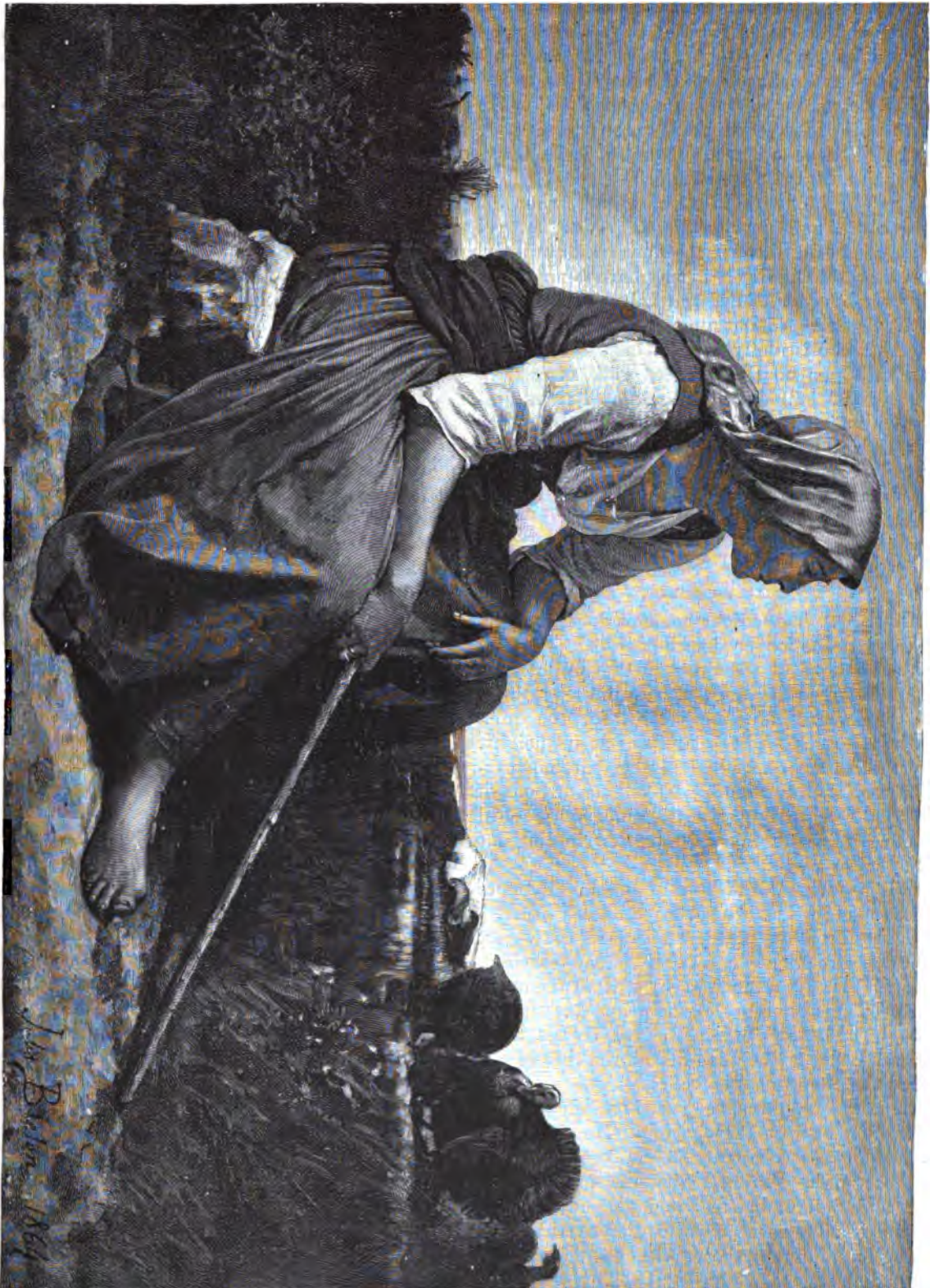
"Yes. Oscar may sometimes help you a little. You must trust to your wits, or marry some other fortune, and leave mine!"

"You are not quite sure of Oscar, my love?" he questioned, blandly deprecating in voice. "Quite right. He has refused my application for a small loan—rudely indeed; but I waive the rudeness; Oscar is unaccustomed to the courtesy of our class; it don't matter. But failing Oscar, my love, what other plan do you suggest?"

"I suggested your wits just now, but I offer no other plan. You can take care of yourself. You have always succeeded in doing that. It is of no matter of interest to me how you do it."

Marion spoke sharply. Hanton listened in the mildest serenity. She was hard, angry and unscrupulous. He concealed a rage quite as deep, but far more unscrupulous.

"Thank you, my love. It relieves my mind of a last anxiety to be assured that nothing can affect you that I do. When one fails at home one must rely upon outside revenues. Fortunately, I have outside revenues—it don't interest you, as you say, to know how they are to be



TURKEY MINDER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY JULES BRETON.

derived. I shall remind you of that hereafter, when I have taken care of myself. Adieu, my love. We shall meet in New Orleans."

Cadmus Hanton kissed the tips of his fingers to his daughter effusively. He might have offered his suave politeness to the marble figures in the hall below, for all the impression it made. He went to his dressing room and rang for a servant.

"I shall leave at eleven for the station. Bring me around a trap of some kind," he said.

It wanted four minutes of eleven when he opened the hall door. The trap was not yet there. He had thrown the door back abruptly. It may have been anger, it may have been haste. The chandelier still filled the hall with a flood of light. It streamed out upon the face of a man. Clearly and distinctly it defined the face and form of a man on the graveled walk, directly in front of the hall door. The line of light illumined him. There was ~~one~~ swift, instantaneous glimpse, and he had vanished in the shrubbery.

"By Jove," exclaimed Hanton, "I haven't seen him for twenty years, but that is George Chandos!"

CHAPTER XV.

"ELLE EST MORTE!"

MR. BLAND had tedious business detaining him in New Orleans longer than he deemed probable. The attractions of the Crescent City might have beguiled Cadmus Hanton into unlimited idling, but they waned, as time passed, for the quiet Virginia lawyer. The season was at its height, nevertheless Mr. Bland had neither part nor parcel of the dazzling round. He only leaned out of the window, inhaling the fragrance of tropical flowers, listening to musical laughter rippling out in the balmy night.

"I'll go for a stroll," he said to himself, more in the mood for his own society than any other.

Sauntering along the streets toward the water, a sense of strangeness crept over the lawyer which tempted him for a moment to halt at the opera house. The rich tones of the prima donna rang through the hearts of the audience. He wondered if it was Lelli, as the plaudits of the throng answered the choral notes.

The lawyer would have passed on, when a carriage grated against the curbing. He glanced at the fashionable occupants in careless curiosity, and recognized Marion. She was in exquisite toilet and radiant spirits; and yet, despite the brilliant beauty, he seemed to discern the eager craving for adulation, the reckless coquetry luring on an admirer, not her husband. This beautiful woman was Marion. That fashionable man at her side was not Oscar.

"Heartless as Cadmus himself!" Mr. Bland reflected, walking on unrecognized.

The great tenement houses and crowded quarters reminded him that he had walked far away from aristocratic regions. He paused and glanced about him. The locality was unfamiliar and novel. Liquid tones of half-sad, half-cheerful voices fell on his ear. The lawyer laughed a little at finding it impossible to understand how he came in this old street, and which way to return. A spacious antique house standing back in a courtyard teemed with a dull pleasant sort of vitality. He chose to ask the way at this door of what seemed once to have been a great mansion. What magnet drew him thither was unconfessed; what strange interest invested the locality he never defined. A sleepy Indian sailor, dozing on the step, opened his eyes reluctantly.

"Ugh!" he grunted. "Marie! Marie! Ah, *sieur* stranger, old Marie is *tend la belle*. The petite girl is sick of a fever, and old Marie is mother to her, you see, *sieur* stranger. Ah, the little sweet may die!"

Instantly the doorway had filled with tawny-faced women, noting the inquirer curiously. The speaker was a woman, wiry and dark, with sleeves rolled to the shoulder, baring arms yellowed and burned in the scorching sun, and toughened by hard, ceaseless toil. The mellow, eager tones dropped into compassionate pathos.

"She is not like us, *sieur* stranger, the *chère enfant*; and ah, *ciel*! she is sick—*elle est morte*, they tell it us to-night. Old Marie have no heart to talk."

Mr. Bland looked at the tawny faces, soft and well-nigh beautiful with divine pity. Something of interest stirred in his breast for the sorrow of some tenant among the scores under roof in the great barracks.

"Is anyone ill?" he asked. "Is she dangerously ill, and have you had the physician?"

"Ah, *sieur* stranger, it is the little sweet, the lovely angel. Old Marie is not her own *maman*. She had her long ago at Pass Christian—a cast-away, you know, *sieur* stranger—*pauvre enfant*!"

And the sigh of tender sympathy seemed to run around the circle in one soft echo.

"Has she no friends?" he inquired, touched by the naïve grief, and catching the infectious spirit of compassion.

"Non, non! She had *amis*—ah, so many did *lak* her, but they *fo'sook* her, *sieur* stranger; and old Marie have found her, cast away, ah, too late. *Elle est morte*, the doctor do say; and old Marie be broken-hearted—she do look so long, and now the *chère enfant* do die. She is not *lak* us, *sieur* stranger."

The woman stopped, breathless. A low wail drifted out through the open windows.

"It is old Marie," whispered the woman. "She have cried through all the day—*toujours, toujours*. Ah, *sieur stranger*, the little love be in my bed. I had only five, and I had rattah the beautiful enfant have dis place for her pretty head. Old Marie have hunted for such long years! She have not stay at Pass Christian because her heart ache for the little angel. And now she do die! She is not of the *canaille*, lak us, *sieur stranger*. She be une *grande dame*."

"Then what is she doing here, and how does it happen that she has been lost for so many years?"

Mr. Bland asked the question in almost a whisper; the miserable wail, low and continuous, half-moan and half-sob, sent an uncomfortable pang to his heart.

"Ah, *sieur stranger*, everybody knows old Marie. She have hobbled through the town for yeahs, hunting for her *petite enfant*," began the silvery treble, breaking again as the sobbing wail stole past them. "Armina venez—she do tell it to you. She lived at Pass Christian, when the *pauvre enfant* and sa *mère* washed ashore. She be English, *sieur stranger*, and old Marie have took the *petite enfant*. She love old Marie, but no lak the black old cabin and *gauche* ways of low-down folk. And, *sieur stranger*, a rich man take the little pickanin away for his own; and he have fo'sook her—the *petite castaway*. Old Marie find her down on the pier; the steamer have gone and lef' the enfant. Ah, le bon Dieu may have a *grande* pity for old Marie and save the sweet angel!"

The lawyer heeded the musical voice and gentle compassion of these tawny females in wonder. The house was old and crowded; the women were "low-down folk," but their hearts throbbed with a wonderful tenderness for the woe in their midst.

"Some frail deluded creature betrayed and abandoned," he reflected, touched by the universal grief, "and wandered home to die."

It might be as well to die now as ever, his calm philosophy argued. It might not fall to the lot of better people to die with such a halo of pathetic poesy about the dying pillow.

"Is there anything I can do to help the young girl?"

They had won a strange interest from the businesslike man dealing only with faults and crimes. Virtues brought him no revenues. Professionally he ignored them with a half-skeptical admiration. Nevertheless the motley denizens of the old tenement house moved him to kindness.

"Ah, non, non—she do die! Elle est morte, the doctor do say; and he have gone. It is le bon Dieu now. Venez, *sieur stranger*. Old Marie nevah sees any but her *petite enfant*. Venez and look on the deah angel. She is so beautiful and still, she can nevah see you, *sieur stranger*, not heah—ah, pas ici, bon monsieur. Venez."

The better and softer phase of humanity rose in the ascendant. The balmy night and dreamy starlight, the silvery treble and divine pity of these habitants of the antique mansion hushed the warning of worldly wisdom. He would see the fair fallen being. To these tender creatures she was still an angel. To the cold, practical world she must be ever a pariah.

"Venez, bon monsieur—you will see the sweet and her *maman*. Ah, ma *petite*!"

She turned to a door on the left and lifted the latch reverently. The low monody still drifted out, like a dirge over the dead. The room was lofty and spacious. Legible traces of patrician occupancy remained, but the prestige had vanished. Withered and weird was old Marie, moaning with heartbreak for her child. Bygone scenes peopled the great chamber. A shadowy past hung about it still. Fragments of artistic ornamentation moldered and darkened by age; marvelous carvings mellowed and decayed under the dust of years. And the girl—this fallen angel—was to all intents dead. The lawyer paused on the threshold. He peered through the dingy, misty light to the couch, while Armina trimmed the flickering, broken lamp on the table. It shed an uncertain radiance upon masses of golden hair tossed heedlessly back in all the *abandon* of death. One hand lay stretched out on the patched coverlet. It was slender and delicate. It was the hand of a *grande dame*, as the pathetic Creole had told him; but ah me! it was motionless and deathly white. The light coverlet defined a figure small and childish.

It might have been a form of chiseled stone, for all the vitality it seemed to possess. Old Marie never raised her head or ceased to moan. The tears rolled down the yellow-brown cheeks of the two women standing at the bedside. Something horribly familiar smote the lawyer with a dreadful alarm. One swift glance, and Mr. Bland crossed the great silent chamber and bent over to look into the fair face turned to the wall to die, as one of olden time under the royal purple. The dim light brightened feebly. He bent down, and recoiled with a cry of shocked amazement. The girl was dying, and she was—Flora Chandos!

"Good God!" he ejaculated. "Why did you not tell me? Go instantly for a physician—instantly, I say!"

Old Marie only went on with her wailing. The women shook their heads.

"He have said *elle est morte*," both answered.

"She is not dead. I tell you she must be saved!" he reiterated.

His fingers rested a moment on the blue-veined wrist. He could distinguish a feeble beat of a failing pulse, showing that life had not quite passed away from George Chandos's forsaken darling. The icy tip of the winged visitant might have touched Lawrence's promised wife, but she was not yet gathered under the fatal pinion. If only they had time—if relief came not too late. He wrote a line on a blank leaf in his pocket-book.

"Take this to Dr. Broissart," he directed, in a tone so imperative that old Marie lifted her bleared, wet eyes.

Amina clutched the fragment of paper eagerly.

"I will go. Ah, *sieur* stranger, *thass* is not the poor folks' doctor! He make the *chère enfant* well."

The moments seemed to lag in torturing weariness and suspense. In all his existence the lawyer never remembered the racking dread and anxiety of that brief space of waiting, uncomfited by knowing that Amina flew on her quest of medical aid. His fingers rested on the white wrist, and the pulse still answered its "ay or nay" to the question each loving watcher mutely asked. The rush of footsteps broke the painful stillness.

"He do come!" almost shrieked Amina, running into the chamber.

Dr. Broissart hurried to the bedside. A few questions were impetuously answered; prompt, vigorous measures taken with the manner of one who must do all in a time numbered by minutes. Old Marie gazed at him in an agony of conflicting hope.

"Ah, it be no the poor folks' doctor!" whispered the women.

The consolation had a tenfold significance to them.

"He have not took his hat and say *elle est morte*," reminded the tender Creole, in pitying effort to revivify old Marie's crushed spirits.

"Tell me what chance there is?" inquired Mr. Bland, in feverish anxiety.

The famous physician possessed himself of his gold-headed cane and brushed a speck from his sleeve.

"There is just one chance in five hundred," he said, deliberately. "She has been exposed to violent cold. She has had no competent physician."

"She have been cast away in the snow," inter-

posed old Marie, speaking for the first time.

"*Ma petite enfant* have took her death away up in the horrible cold in the North. She was a castaway when I first took her, my *pauvre* pick-anin, and she have come back a castaway, and I have took her again. Ah, my beautiful baby!"

Mr. Bland approached the bed, and stood looking down into the thin white face. Lawrence had gone in pursuit of her—a vain, fruitless search; Chandos believed her safe and sheltered, and here she lay in the antique tenement house, and the "poor folks' doctor," had said, "*Elle est morte*."

"You say she was a castaway at first? Where was she cast away?" he inquired.

"She washed ashore from a wreck at Pass Christian, the dead mother and the live child. Ah, *Dieu*! the storm blew a hurricane, and the ship went down. She be cast away—*sa mère* be dead—ah, *le bon Dieu*, I hark pity!"

The lawyer quitted the chamber in sheer restlessness, and sought the starlight in the deserted courtyard. The great eyrie apartment oppressed him. The carved dragon heads and moldered beauties, still striving to tell their sad story of past honor, seemed to grow spectral in the dim light of the crazy little lamp. He paced up and down in front of the wide double door. It had, perhaps, not been closed for a score of years. The Indian sailor dozed tranquilly on the step. Silvery-voiced, tender-hearted women flitted about in noiseless waste of rest, certain that the morning sun would usher in their round of toil—the morning sun which might yellow and blister their skins, but never harden their hearts. They hovered about the ghostly old chamber, watching the doctor and striving to catch some hope from his manner or expression. Dawn already glimmered in the east when Dr. Broissart came out in the misty, dewy air.

"Is there any hope?" abruptly demanded Mr. Bland.

"There is faint hope," briefly answered the physician. "The case has been neglected by her medical man, and the illness was severe, probably, from the first. She must have strained her powers in endeavoring to keep up after strength had failed. The old woman tells me she was wretchedly ill when she found her on the pier. There is some mystery as to how she came there in search of a steamer to Mexico. It is fortunate she failed of finding one."

"When can I have her removed?" inquired the lawyer, avoiding the physician's evident curiosity.

"Ah, pardon me, she is in good hands! She must stay where she is for the present. I will

see her early in the day. And now, by your leave, I will say good morning."

The physician lifted his hat politely. The lawyer returned the salutation with equal courtesy. The one walked briskly away. The other re-entered the house. No perceptible improvement convinced itself to his inexperienced eye. Old Marie was bending over the couch, scrutinizing the

"The bon monsieur knows we be poor, low-down folk," she apologized. "The chère enfant be lak to die, and Amine and me have put the children on the flo' undah the bed. Ah, non, they have not mind it! The beautiful angel will have be well, sieur stranger. Ah, le bon Dieu have a grande pity for old Marie and her cast-away!"



COUNTING STITCHES.—FROM THE PAINTING BY A. ECHTELER.

pale, unconscious face, and muttering to herself, while Amina and Rosine stood at the foot of the couch. Mr. Bland remembered that Rosine had said "there were only five" in her bed. In the clearer light of breaking day he could perceive a tiny foot visible between the curtains. A moment after a faint, sleepy movement attracted the woman. She pushed the little foot out of sight hastily.

That was what they termed her. She was only old Marie's castaway to these simple-hearted people. Nobody knew she had been anything else. They pitied her misfortunes and loved her, but she remained only "old Marie's castaway." The fisherwoman of Pass Christian claimed her; and, for aught anybody could tell, her claim had no precedence. At any rate, she held to it with unrelaxed tenacity.

The lawyer crossed the room just as old Marie smiled rapturously. Flora half opened her eyes, then closed them, and slept again.

"My pickanin, my petite pickanin!" she whispered, in tremulous tones.

The lawyer noted the changed countenance. She had fallen away to a shadow in the few weeks between his last interview and this. The long lashes cast shadows upon her thin cheek. She seemed too marvelously fragile and ill to come back to the buffets and pains of the world. Her beauty had lost for the nonce its healthful hues, but the *spirituelle*, utterly tranquil countenance gained a pathetic charm. The shining hair fell in waving luxuriance about the exquisite face.

"Marie," he asked, in a suppressed tone, "whose child is she?"

Old Marie started and glanced at him sharply.

"Sieur stranger, my pickanin is a *grande dame*, if you lak to know. Ah, I would have told it long ago if—if the lady had not said they would took her away and nevah bring her back."

"Do you know whose child she is, Marie?" he asked.

"Oh, oui, monsieur, I know whose child my pickanin is. I rattah have told it, but the little sweet— Ah, sieur stranger, if you had no baby of your own you would not be hard on old Marie. I could no tell. When the rich man took her away I have one great terror that I die and see her no more, and nobody know who ma petite was. Then, bon monsieur, I walk to the hotel and hask for the rich monsieur. Ah, he be gone, and my little love be gone! And then I see the sister of the rich monsieur. She say not to tell who the pickanin be, because she nevah come back to me. I tell her, sieur stranger, but I no tell the rich monsieur. Ah, I wanted my beautiful baby—my little castaway pickanin; but I nevah see her until I find her on the pier, and she put her arms around my neck and say, 'Maman, I am a castaway again!'"

"Do I understand that you informed the sister of this rich gentleman who the child was?" asked the lawyer.

"I tell her, sieur stranger; I show her the name on the gold clasps and clothes I have took from the child. Amina saw them on the petite enfant, and when the Gulf cast her on the sands she help take them off. I have them, sieur stranger, safe—safe for my blessed angel." And old Marie bent down and touched the burnished hair with her lips in loving fondness.

"What was the name of the rich gentleman?" asked Mr. Bland, with a desire for information.

"George Chandos, bon monsieur," was the prompt reply.

"And what was the name of the lady to whom you communicated this information?" he pursued.

"Mme. Melvern, sieur stranger, a sister to the rich monsieur," responded Marie. "She say no tell the rich monsieur—my pickanin would nevah come back. Ah, I lak to know that my pickanin should come again—but I nevah see her."

"Where are the clasps with the name which you found on the child?" persisted the lawyer.

Old Marie hobbled nearer to him, and shook her skinny fist almost in his face.

"Monsieur," she said, with derisive contempt, "do you think old Marie une fou? Non, non—when ma petite have been took from that bed she shall have her clasps and her name; but, sieur stranger, I tell it to her or the rich gentleman, not to no person else—non. I have tell it once to the wrong one. I tell it right this time."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SERPENT IN EDEN.

THE gate of the rose garden clicked as it shut behind the gentleman entering Marion's domain. The handsome mansion occupied by Oscar Harvey gleamed with light. The spicy fragrance of roses filled the superb drawing rooms. The spume and wash of the fountain, breaking over the water lilies in the great marble basin, never ceased its rippling cadenzas. The poesy and beauty of the scene met an unappreciative gaze, for the gentleman entering the grounds was Cadmus Hanton. The gentleman quitting this Eden of bloom was Oscar Harvey.

"Eh, bien! is that you, Harvey?" carelessly asked Hanton, stepping rather heavily aside.

"Yes; and you are just from Lelli, are you not?" demanded Oscar.

"Well, yes," yawned his father-in-law, with such a fashionably bored air that a keen envy stirred within Oscar's parvenu soul. "Charming creature—temper indescribable; but she is so confoundedly good to me that I am sometimes tempted to think of domestic life again. Where are you going? There's Viola Vece—five or ten minutes will pass charmingly with her."

"Ah, yes; Viola is worthy of twice five minutes," answered Oscar, patronizingly. "I really wish I had brought her a trinket of some kind. It pleases the little thing. The women expect it of me. I'll send Wilkins for a bracelet to-morrow. I wonder if she prefers pearls or diamonds!"

Hanton laughed with all the disdain a penniless man feels for prudence in expenditure.

"A man of your income could send her both,"

he said, in an insinuating tone. "I have a wonderful *penchant* for the ballet, you know; but I can't afford to be as generous as yourself."

An intense satisfaction beamed in Oscar's face. The perversity of human nature was such that his ambition centred in a desire to be irresistible to the sex, who only voted him tame, and remembered his reputed sixty thousand a year.

"I think I will cultivate Viola. She shall have the bracelets to-morrow—diamonds. I don't mind a thousand or two on such eyes as hers," asserted Oscar, as the two walked toward the carriage waiting for the master.

"Bien! It's a mere nothing to a man of fashion. I say, Harvey, I'm confoundedly hard up, as you know. I didn't come into a fortune by my father's death, you see; nor by any other means, fair or foul," he added, significantly. "I've had to do the best I could—live by my wits, in fact—and I want you to help me out."

Every vestige of satisfied vanity faded from the countenance fronting him. A hard, sullen look crept over it as Oscar listened.

"It's the old song," he began, fretfully. "You are always hard up. How do you know that I am not hard up, too? You seem to think I'm made of money. I want you to understand that when I married Marion I had no intention of saddling myself with your expenses."

Hauton took note of the dogged obstinacy and avoidance of his eye. A sneering smile curved his lips. The one man looked a hypocrite; the other, a knave.

"Why didn't your father leave you a fortune?" went on Oscar. "That's just the difference between us. Mine did leave me a fortune, and I mean to keep it."

"No; that is not quite the difference between us," replied Marion's parent, yawning again. "My father was not steward of a rich man. My father never put a noose around his neck, nor anybody else's money in his pocket—there, too, he differs from you, and your father also; and possibly you may not keep it—who knows?"

"I don't understand you."

"I can easily explain myself," interrupted the other. "But, once for all, I ask you for a loan. You have said that you would spend a thousand or two on Viola Vece. I ask you to loan me a thousand or two."

The elder man sharply watched the younger.

Oscar gave a harsh, vicious laugh as he answered:

"Once for all, I refuse. You have asked me for money before this, haven't you?"

"I don't remember—I really can't doubt your word," carelessly retorted Cadmus Hauton.

"Very well. I refused then, and I refuse now. I won't be harassed by a well-dressed beggar—you are nothing better. You say you have lived by your wits—let your wits continue to support you."

"Ah, très bien! Thank you for reminding me; and allow me to return the favor by saying most emphatically that they will do it, and commit no penitentiary offense either," Captain Hauton assured him.

"I don't know what you mean." Oscar avoided meeting his eye. A dim shade of uneasiness became perceptible. "You are always dropping hints. I don't care for them. Nobody will believe you, and you have no grounds upon which to extort money from me. I won't be blackmailed by any trumpery story with no proofs to back it. We are leaders of fashion here. I give to the churches and charities. Ask the ministers and philanthropists what they think of me. I neither drink nor frequent the gaming table. I am an aristocrat here."

"And a hypocrite everywhere," interposed Hauton, intense disgust in his tone.

"I am exclusive and fashionable, and nothing you can say will injure me, even if you desire to defame your daughter's husband; so understand me—I won't give you money now, or at any time. Good night."

"Good night?"

Cadmus Hauton lifted his hat in mocking courtesy. Oscar sprang into his carriage and drove away, leaving Hauton to walk back through the roses to the great lighted mansion.

Mrs. Harvey was just descending to the drawing room. Her carriage waited at the entrance. Two or three of the best men in the best circles were already in the drawing room to attend the handsomest woman in society on her round of gayety.

Mrs. Harvey's eyes searched the group in triumphant pride.

"You here, father?" she said, pausing in the hall.

The evening only verged its commencement, but her voice savored of weariness and some disappointment. Every accent sharpened into an unmelodious dissatisfaction.

"Behold me!" responded Hauton; and he, too, dropped his mellow tones.

Father and daughter had no desire to charm each other.

"What do you want—just as I am going out? We will be at the opera first; then at the *Valliantes' bal masqué*; later, for twenty minutes, at La Pierre's birthnight ball, and last at DeVaughn's supper. Possibly I will meet you somewhere—

not now." She made an arresting gesture with her fan. "Not now. You fatigue me."

"This place answers my purpose," he responded. "I have warned you, Marion, that I was going to the dogs. I have been unsuccessful in everything, and I am out of money."

"Pray, how does that concern me?" she inquired, icily.

"It may concern you—yes, it may," was the angry retort. "I've held off as long as possible. You have gone mad, I think, to provoke me so recklessly. Do you think you can defy the world with even twice sixty thousand a year?"

"Yes, I do."

The men in the drawing room would never have believed the harsh, biting tone was hers.

"Have you no conscience or honor?"

Scornful, incredulous wonder came into her eyes. A brilliant color flashed into her cheek, not now innocent of rouge.

"In polite society one has no conscience, and honor is for paupers with nothing else," she retorted, in angry mockery.

"Will you loan me some money? I must have it," he urged.

"No, I will not!"

Marion swept past him to the drawing room, thence to her carriage, a vision of glittering diamonds, costly laces, gleaming satin and false wooing smiles.

Hauton gazed after her tranquilly enough until the carriage dashed out of sight. Then he leaned against the pillar of the arched vestibule and laughed in loud, sonorous peals.

"The selfish little Satan!" he muttered, quite audibly. "But for that slip of Harvey's I believe Hauton in petticoats would be the better man of the two. It's good taste to arrange it amicably—but I'll buy those roans to-morrow."

He buttoned the light overcoat over his evening costume, and switched at the roses merrily in passing out of the garden of flowers. He neither appeared at the opera nor the half-dozen other places on his tablets. Less than an hour thereafter Cadmus Hauton walked into Mr. Bland's private apartment at his hotel.

"Positively, Bland," he began, with that brilliant smile of his, "you must excuse five minutes' tardiness. I pride myself upon punctuality, which is a rare quality for a man of my social disposition; but you comprehend that to be successful among women one must adhere to certain minor principles. I establish my character by keeping an appointment to the minute; in consequence, they consider it sacrilege to doubt me in any particular. Women are not logical; trifles are everything to them. They can't be punctual

themselves; at least that is my experience among the women." And Hauton stroked his mustache with a white hand, whereon glowed a conspicuous cluster of diamonds.

"Your experience on that subject is worth a mint," remarked the lawyer, at a loss to understand what it had to do with this appointment.

"Ah, yes; but life is a disappointment when one has no ties."

The melodramatic air was becoming to Hauton, but it tempted no question from the lawyer.

"A short time since," observed the other, "you honored me by an inquiry in reference to that beastly affair of old John Harvey."

"I believe I did," warily answered the lawyer.

"I have come here to-night to understand exactly what you wished to know, and what results you anticipate."

Hauton adjusted his eyeglass and gave the lawyer a shrewd glance. Under his delightful politeness Cadmus Hauton was well known in his own set as dexterous at a bargain.

"I wish to know whether or not Colonel Lawrence paid that money to John Harvey and his son Oscar. Both were present. I wish to know where the paper with the receipt for the money already signed went to that night. Moreover, I want that paper if it exists. You have nothing to do with results."

Hauton smiled in beautiful snavity.

"But it may be a very expensive thing to discover that paper. It involves large estates," suggestively remarked Hauton.

"We are prepared for heavy expenses," briefly responded the other.

"Understand, Bland," continued Hauton, with visible caution and craft, "I do not in the least know where this paper is. If I did, Heaven forbid that I retained the knowledge from Lawrence! But I have a small clew, and if my expenses are paid I may be able to work it out. Lawrence is a favorite, and I would do much to serve him. He has been so deuced unlucky!"

"What do you call expenses?" inquired Mr. Bland.

"Well, my clew is small and expenses will be large; but I will take the trouble for Lawrence—magnificent-looking fellow—egad, I will!"

"Cadmus, I have known you for twenty years," Mr. Bland commenced, deliberately, "under a variety of circumstances, not all bearing the daylight, and I have sufficient knowledge of you to perceive that you never came here to chaffer about a clew, nor for any especial affection for Lawrence—all that is not in your line. Now, what did you come for?"

"To give you valuable information—*tenez!*"



INCORRIGIBLE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY CARL VOSS.

evasively replied Hauton, bent on not committing himself.

"Then I repeat that I will give you ten thousand dollars for that information."

Hauton laughed his gay, bubbling laugh, as if the idea of ten thousand dollars was absurdly ludicrous.

"My dear Bland, I would gladly procure the information for nothing if in my power. Oscar Harvey would double the sum, but my conscience will not allow me to aid him."

"Tush, Cadmus! have done with your conscience. This is not the resurrection day, that you need exhume fossils. Give me the information and I will give you the ten thousand."

Mr. Bland paused. Hauton laughed again.

"You don't give me a show of humanity," he began. "My son-in-law would give half his income for that paper."

"True," interrupted the lawyer, "he might if he were not a fool; but he is a fool, and afraid to part with his money. He married your daughter to secure your silence; and, upon the whole, judging by her reckless expenditure, he paid heavily for the bargain. He won't pay more, Cadmus."

The confident assertion dashed the other's assurance. He collected his nimble wits.

"Tata, Bland. I have not said Oscar was guilty."

"No, you have not, Cadmus; but the truth is, I have not just turned my attention to this matter."

Hauton smoothed his mustache and settled his point-lace scarf with dainty grace as he glanced up furtively. The face opposite made no revelation.

"By Jove, you may as well say you have investigated the matter. Bland, I'll be frank. Harvey is confoundedly mean. He is such a hypocrite himself about appearances that he never dreams of my compromising Marion. But my daughter—ah, the ingratitude of children!—Marion is penurious with her sole parent."

"Why not come to business?" reminded the lawyer.

"You offer me——"

"Ten thousand for the information," interpolated the legal man.

"And for the mortgage, canceled by a receipt for the money?"

The suavity of the eager countenance decreased. The crafty shrewdness in the watchful eyes increased.

He waited breathlessly.

"Ten thousand more for the missing paper," returned the attorney.

"I may have to bribe largely to obtain it," suggested the captain, in wary caution.

"Do it out of the twenty thousand," was the unmoved reply.

"What security have I that the money will be paid?"

"My word, sir," responded Mr. Bland.

"True, your word is a bond; but, Bland, you'll allow me an extra thousand or so as a bribe to the parties?"

"Nothing more, Cadmus."

Hauton rose and buttoned his coat decisively.

"Bland, I can't think of it—positively cannot, unless you make it worth my while!" he exclaimed.

"Those are my terms—ten thousand for the information, ten for the missing paper," reasserted the lawyer.

Cadmus Hauton crossed the room. He opened the door, hesitated and returned.

"You are a Shylock," he said, impatiently. "But there is the paper. Make the best of it."

He tossed down a well-preserved folded sheet. Undoubtedly the document was a legal one, and equally plain was the man's knowledge of its import. Mr. Bland unfolded it.

"This is the mortgage—I drew it myself—and it is canceled. Now give your information," he said, in businesslike precision.

"Yes," added Marion's unscrupulous father, "it is canceled. I saw Colonel Lawrence pay the money to the Harveys. They knew that, and remembered it. In the morning, when Colonel Lawrence was found dead, that document was on the table at his bedside, along with two or three letters; one to yourself, another to his son, Lawrence Lawrence; and others to friends, I suppose, announcing the pleasant news. Oscar Harvey gathered them up into a packet—that paper with the letters. I observed that he dropped them into his coat pocket. I also noticed that, in arranging the man's effects, he never restored the packet of papers. At that time both the Harveys were ignorant of my presence on the balcony the night during their final settlement with Colonel Lawrence. I accompanied them back to Grayfriars purposely, for I fathomed their design. Oscar Harvey divested himself of his overcoat and flung it over a chair. Some one called him out. He was absent four minutes and a half. In that four minutes and a half I drew the mortgage from the packet of letters. Aware of the danger of possessing that paper, he returned to the room, took out the packet and deliberately burned it in my presence. The mortgage formally canceled was safe in my pocket, a fact neither of them guessed. I don't hesitate to avow that I

made good terms upon my knowledge. I absented myself, I held my tongue, and I held my grand *coup* in reserve. I committed a blunder in doing so, but I repair the blunder to-night. With John Harvey's connivance Oscar Harvey committed the fraud. If there is a penalty it falls justly upon Oscar, for the fraud was his. He had stolen the proof of payment. He has held

the Grayfriars estate for years, knowing that defrauded Lawrence. He has trebled his property by investments of Lawrence's money. Theft was his—the enjoyment of the wealth his. Egad, I don't in the least mind if he t on that old *diablerie*! He has refused to cash checks, and he is losing his money in foolish speculations, made to dazzle the public."

(To be continued.)

TO MARY WASHINGTON.

(Written after the Unveiling of the Monument at Fredericksburg, Va., May 13th, 1894.)

BY CHAPMAN ALDERSON.

Morn'g of our noble chieftain,
We thy praise do gladly sing,
In this land, where love and freedom
Crown and bless each living thing;
For it was thy hand that guided
Our great chief who led us free;
Thy pure love that formed the manhood
Which e'er owned its debt to thee.

We will ever hold thy memory
Sacred from the touch of time,
As a dream, a holy vision,
All of earth, yet so sublime!
We would crown thy name with garlands,
Such as holy angels wear,
Like to those thy radiant forehead,
Joyful now, doth ever bear.

We would not disturb thy slumbers,
"Dust to dust" hath been fulfilled;
We would call thy sainted spirit,
By its contact to be thrilled
With a sense of heavenly joy,
By its presence made more pure;
So that we would gather courage,
In our duty to endure.

Blessed are our noble mothers,
They to us are ever true,
And if we will read their actions,
Love so great seems ever new.
Sleep on, mother of our hero,
In thy lowly, honored bed,
Thou art numbered 'mid our holy,
Though to earth thy form is dead.

Though we ne'er can need an emblem
To our lips to call thy praise,
'Twas our noble-hearted women
This memorial *did* raise;
And the homes that worship mother
As their nearest, dearest tie,
Ne'er will sink or be dishonored,
Proudly they will live or die.

But this stone throughout the ages
Will reveal our nation's pride,
Spar our young to greater effort,
Give us strength to stem the tide
Of what troubles here may meet us;
Knowing that, when all is done,
We will find a rest in heaven,
Though our race was hard to run.

MARGUERITES.

(Villanelle.)

BY ERNEST DOWSON.

"A LITTLE, passionately—not at all!"
She casts the snowy petals on the air;
And what care we how many petals fall?

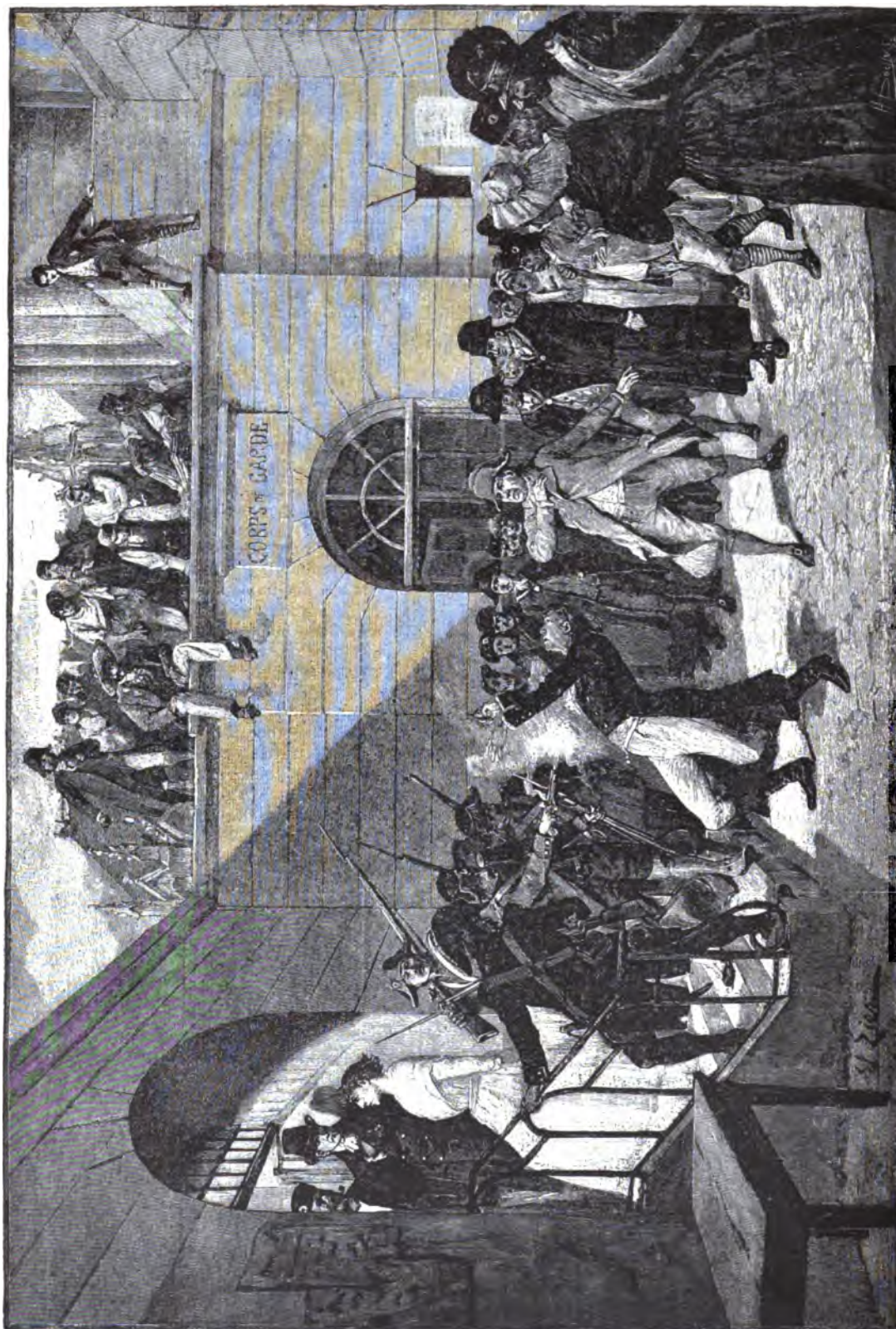
Nay, wherefore seek the seasons to forestall?
It is but playing, and she will not care:
A little, passionately—not at all!

She would not answer us if we should call
Across the years; her visions are too fair:
And what care we how many petals fall?

She knows us not, nor recks if she intrall
With voice, and eyes, and fashion of her hair
A little, passionately—not at all!

Knee deep she goes in meadow grasses tall,
Kissed by the daisies, that her fingers tear;
And what care we how many petals fall?

We pass and go; but she shall not recall
What men we were, nor all she made us hear.
"A little, passionately—not at all!"
And what care we how many petals fall?



"THERMIDOR."—CLOSING SCENE OF THE DRAMA BY VICTORIEN SARDOU.



BY M. J. JORDAN, B.A.

IN the year 1792 the French Revolution had sped three years of its onward course. The ardent desire for liberty which had animated the Assembly in its first struggles against the privileged classes, and which had united it by the famous oath of the "Jeu de Paume," still lived revered by the classes whose enthusiasm was based on philosophy and philanthropy, was still proclaimed by the great leaders of the people, and was yet little understood by the masses who clamored around Versailles on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789. A great change had, however, been effected in the views of all the public men of 1792 as to the most speedy if not the best means of arriving at the ideal of the Revolution, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity"; for, while in the first three years of the Revolution the scenes of violence which had accompanied the death of Delaunay and of poor François the baker were viewed with distrust, now the popular leaders actually encouraged the armed rabble to overturn laws which had received the solemn sanction of the nation. It was when the heads of the clubs, the leaders of the Assembly, the Mayor of Paris, put arms into the hands of the city mob, directed its action and connived at its excesses that the Reign of Terror really began. It was the "Terror" which directed the march on the Tuileries on the 20th June, 1792; it is to the "Terror" the murder of the Swiss Guards and of 400 citizens on the 10th August is to be attributed; the "Terror" is responsible for the awful massacres of September, for the death of the unfortunate King and Queen, for the brutality with which the young Dauphin was treated, for depriving the nation by the hands of the executioner of the eloquent Vergniaud and his companions in the Assembly, for sending the youngest and loveliest men and women of France to the guillotine, for corrupting and debasing the people and preparing the way for a dictator, who was not to be Robespierre, but Napoleon.

It was characteristic of the times that consist-
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ency as a factor in the political or social life was little considered. The country which had witnessed the abasement and flight of the powerful nobles, which had seen the descendant of the Grand Monarque led back a prisoner to the palace where he had so long ruled, which saw the Capucin forsake the hood for the red bonnet of democracy, and the cloistered Sister of to-day become the matron of to-morrow, expressed no surprise when the King's ministers threatened the King for exercising a right of veto which the Constitution had conferred upon him. The King refused to sign a decree providing for a camp of 20,000 men outside Paris, and expelling all priests who did not swear fidelity to the Constitution.

To the letter and expostulations of Roland the King's unvarying answer was that he exercised merely the rights which were bestowed upon him by the people. The ministers surrendered their portfolios. A new ministry was called together, which found itself unable to face the opposition which the King's veto had excited; and in the meantime a movement was started which threatened the lives of the King and Queen, and which struck a blow at French royalty from the effects of which it was destined never to recover. It was on the 19th of June that the chiefs of this movement assembled at Charenton, on the southwesterly side of Paris, to arrange the plan of attack on the Tuileries. Danton was there to indicate the purpose; Santerre spoke for the means, Marat the fiendish energy and Camille Desmoulins the childlike gayety of the morrow's insurrection. There was no difficulty in arranging the details of the plan. The Place de la Bastille, the Aventine Mountain of the inhabitants of the Faubourgs on each bank of the river, furnished a convenient meeting place for the insurrectionary army. On the morning of the 20th the narrow streets opening out on the great square where once stood the famous Bastille, the symbol of feudalism and of oppression to all who shared in the principles

of the Revolution, were crowded with dense masses of people hurrying to the rendezvous which their chiefs had designated. As the hours wore on this huge concourse formed itself into marching order, and when it filed into the Rue St. Antoine, on the stroke of eleven, some idea might be formed of its numbers, its strength and the elements of which it was composed. Twenty thousand men, women and children, taken from the many classes which lie between the *bourgeois* and the *rodeur*, had assembled at the call of their leaders, showing by their arms, their dress and appearance the various grades of society from which they were recruited. Apart from the bayonets and muskets with which the battalions who marched under Santerre were provided, there was no attempt at regular military equipment in the squalid crowd who had commenced their march to the tune of the Carmagnole. "Pikes, lances, spits, knives, cutlasses, carpenters' axes, masons' hammers, shoemakers' knives, paviors' levers, saws, wedges, mattocks, crowbars," were carried and displayed by the excited mob, as well for purposes of defense as symbols of militant patriotism. The gaudy splendor of the hordes of fallen women, the squalid rags of the miserable tenants of the Faubourg garrets, the sleek faces and "embonpoint" of Santerre and of his band of brewerymen, the pale faces and hollow eyes of the ragged crowds, the youth and beauty of Théroigne de Méricourt, and the brazen looks of the women who followed her, would have called forth pity or laughter if a desire for vengeance had not been so plainly imprinted on the faces of those who had come together for the purpose "of putting an end to the chateau."

The leaders of the crowds had at length reached the Salle de Manège, or riding school, in which the Legislative Assembly was then sitting. A petition was read pointing out the necessity of forming a camp outside the walls of the city, of expelling the nonjuring priests, and of recalling the ministers, notwithstanding the veto of the King. And then began the defile of the armed mob before the Assembly, which would have been so ludicrous were its meaning not so terrible; for the bands of butchers who carried calves' hearts on the ends of their pikes seem to have met only a half-hearted rejoinder from the Deputies whose hall they were profaning. But this display of enthusiasm before the Deputies of the nation left the work of the day only half finished. To achieve the object for which the sans-culottic army was put in motion Louis XVI. himself should learn from the lips of patriots the true necessities of the State, and for this purpose the Tuileries should be invaded.

The visitor to Paris to-day who stands with his back to the Luxor Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde and looks down through the avenues of chestnut trees across the Tuileries Gardens to the triumphal arch of the Place du Carrousel will scarcely recognize in the parallel lines of buildings on the right and left of the paved courtyard the theatre of the many scenes which are indelibly written in the history of France. In the gardens the terrace alone which skirts the Seine marks the ground where Louis XVI., in those days when neither prisoner nor king, loved to find recreation and peace. The "Pont Tournant," a kind of drawbridge turning over a deep fosse, which was the means of entry from the Place de la Concorde, has been supplanted. That part of the palace forming the front of the quadrangle toward the Champs Elysées was destroyed in the latest ebullition of ultra-democratic principles during the Commune in 1871. But in 1792 the Palace of the Tuileries was a complete quadrangle, inclosing four courtyards known as the "Cour des Princes," the "Cour Royale," the "Cour des Suisses" and the "Cour de Marsam," corresponding roughly with the main division of the buildings, and running respectively parallel with the river and the present Rue de Rivoli. That part of the palace which lay nearest the Seine and the Pont Royal was called the "Pavillon de Flore," and on the side of the Place du Carrousel opened on the "Cour des Princes." The centre of the chateau, looking on the gardens, was known as the "Pavillon de l'Horloge," and opened on the rear on the "Cour Royale," while the "Pavillon de Marsam," which would be that part of the building nearest to what is now the Rue des Pyramides, was entered from the Place du Carrousel through the "Cour des Suisses" and bounded also the "Cour de Marsam." The entry to the palace from the gardens was through the grand staircase of the centre building, or "Pavillon de l'Horloge," leading on the left to the chapel, Salle des Machines, in which the Convention subsequently sat, and to what was afterward known as the Salle de Liberté, to be rendered famous by the sittings of the Comité de Sureté Générale." This, however, was not the part of the palace which occupied the attention of the mob on June 20th, for they had known that the King's apartments were on the right of the grand staircase. Meeting with little resistance, they rushed up the stairs into the Salle des Cent Suisses, across the Salle des Gardes, where they first met the King, and carried him in their headlong fury into the Salle de l'Œil de Bœuf. The confusion which reigned on all sides, the hacking of hatchets and clubs on the ornaments on the walls and staircase, the breaking of

glass, the scramble for booty, the shouts of "Down with the veto! The camp of Paris! Give us back our patriotic ministers! Where is the Austrian?" echoed by a thousand voices from within and without the building, might have shaken the nerves of one whose reputation for courage was more respected than that of Louis XVI. But the King said to the few men who had formed a bodyguard for him against the pikes of the rabble: "Put up your swords; this crowd is more excited than guilty." The scenes which followed are familiar to everyone who has taken any interest in the history of the French Revolution. The resolute courage of the King when threatened with a hundred pikes and the angry shouts of the mob, the calm resignation of the Queen, the precocious sorrow of the young princess and the childish innocence of the Dauphin disarmed the most fanatical opponents of royalty. Santerre reflected the sentiments of his followers when he shouted to one of his subordinates to remove the "bonnet rouge" from the head of the Dauphin. "Don't you see," said he, "he is half stifled?" Guadet, the stern opponent of royalty, was no less impressed when, a few evenings afterward, on a visit to the Tuileries, he saw the young prince sleeping calmly, and stooped and kissed him.

The march on the Tuileries, then, on the 20th June, was a failure from the standpoint of the political chiefs who had prepared it. But the Revolution should be pushed forward at all hazards. Patriots from the south, the Marseillais, should come to Paris to fan the waning patriotism of their countrymen of the north.

On the 29th July, Danton, Santerre, Barbaroux, Bourdon de l'Oise, Camille Desmoulins and other popular leaders met at Charenton, where the Marseillais had already arrived, and arranged plans for the peaceful dethroning of the King. It was midnight when the chiefs met at a lonely house on the outskirts of the village, whither they had come by different routes. A terrible thunderstorm at this moment burst over Paris and its suburbs. An awful gale swept over the city, tearing up in its course crops and trees, hurling before it houses and church steeples. Torrents of rain fell, swelling the water courses on the streets like mountain rivers. For eight consecutive hours peals of thunder alternated with flashes of lightning which showed the awful havoc the storm was making. It was in this war of the elements that the conspirators swore to dethrone the French King, and outlined the means by which their purpose was to be accomplished. On the 10th August (the 30th July was the day originally fixed) the usual army from

the workshops and garrets of the Faubourgs was to be put in motion. The neutrality or co-operation of the National Guard and of the gendarmes was assured. Trains of artillery were placed by Pétion, the Mayor of Paris, in such weak positions as might be easily carried by the popular army. Meeting with no resistance from the troops in the Tuileries, the King was to be besieged in his palace until the Assembly conformed to the wishes of the people. Everything succeeded on the appointed day but the peaceful arrangements made to carry out the allotted programme. The Marseillais proved that Danton had rightly estimated the object of their visit. "They are not," said Danton, "come to Paris to look for prunes." The soldiers of the Swiss Guard were ruthlessly massacred. The King was made a prisoner, and at one o'clock at night conducted to a lodging on the top story of the Convent of the Feuillants. A few days afterward the King and Queen, their two children, and Mme. Elizabeth, the King's sister, were imprisoned in the Temple.

The fall of royalty seemed to insure the success of the Revolution, but at this moment a more formidable danger threatened patriotic France. No less a danger showed itself on the eastern frontier than that of a hostile army marching on Paris to avenge insulted monarchy, "Verdun had fallen." The King of Prussia was marching on Chalons. One question was much discussed in the clubs and at the Assembly. Was the Revolution a philosophical speculation of little importance to the nation, or was it a matter of practical politics which had already cost the French people some of its best blood, and for which Frenchmen were therefore ready to fight and die? "Vivre libre, ou mourir" had been a password of the patriots in the early days of the Revolution. If it meant anything, Revolutionary France would now assert itself against the allied aristocrats with the King of Prussia at their head.

At this juncture one man was pre-eminently distinguished by his influence over the people of Paris. He was George Jacques Danton. Born at Arcis-sur-Aube, his parents, though in humble circumstances, did not neglect giving him such an education as fitted him to become a member of the bar of Paris. His gigantic figure, powerful voice, ugly face, violent declamation, forgiving disposition and abandoned habits soon made him a favorite in the clubs. If not respected he was feared in the Assembly. In the Cordeliers Club where he was president, in the Jacobin Club where he was a *persona grata*, in the public squares where the work of enrolling volunteers



THE OPERA HOUSE, BOULEVARD ST. MARTIN, IN 1793.—FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.

was carried on, from the tribune of the Assembly, his stentorian voice was heard exciting the nation to vengeance on the invaders. "To conquer our enemies, to drive them back from the frontiers, what we need is audacity, again audacity, and always audacity," was the manner in which

Danton expressed what ought to be the determination of the French nation against the enemy who was threatening it. To make this determination unalterable, to erect an impassable barrier between the democracy and its former rulers, a scene of carnage was planned and carried out



GARDENS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL, AT THE EPOCH OF THE REVOLUTION.
FROM THE CONTEMPORARY DRAWING BY DEBUCOURT.



NECKER.



LAFAYETTE.



MIRABEAU.



LOUIS XVI.



BAILLY.



ABBE GREGOIRE.



MARIE ANTOINETTE.



ST. ETIENNE.



ROBESPIERRE.



DANTON.



CAMILLE DESMOULINS.

which has no counterpart in the history of the civilized world. A plot was concocted to murder in cold blood the prisoners in the different prisons of France. The scheme was referred to the sections for approval. Every scheme of violence which disgraces the history of this period was hatched in the meeting houses of the sections of Paris.

Before 1789 the city was divided into twenty-one quarters. By a decree of the King, April 23d, 1789, a redivision of it was made into sixty districts. The Constituent Assembly, by a vote of the 27th June, 1790, apportioned the city into forty-eight sections. Each section returned three members to represent its interests at the *Maison Commune*. The Council General of the Commune, or the Commune, as it is called, was composed of one hundred and forty-four members. The Municipal Council, composed of forty-eight members, also selected by the sections, was the executive of the Council General. A small committee was formed from the members of the Council General which was called the Committee of Surveillance. The Commune gradually usurped the power of the Legislative body; or in other words the rabble of Paris ruled France.

On the 26th of August the news of the capture of Longwy by the Prussians reached Paris. Danton immediately proposed in the Assembly that the barriers should be closed, and that domiciliary visits should be authorized. There was no opposition to this proposal. He then went to the Commune to conclude the police arrangements his *coup d'état* rendered necessary.

All kinds of vehicles were prevented from moving along the streets from four o'clock in the afternoon. Persons were warned to be indoors at six. Commissioners were appointed, accompanied by armed attendants, to enter the houses of citizens in the name of the law. All who were absent from their own homes were arrested as suspects. The denunciation of an enemy, a spy or neighbor was sufficient to bring the most upright citizen within the purview of this most drastic law. The next morning the sections, the mairies, prisons, convents and churches were crowded with the unfortunate suspects of the previous night's requisition. Many were set at liberty on a summary interrogation. The rest were lodged in the prisons of the city.

On the morning of August 28th two members of the Commune awoke the gravedigger of St. Jacques du Haut Pas. They ordered him to follow them to the Tomb Isoire, through which the millions of bones recently exhumed from the old churchyard of the Innocents had been flung into the Catacombs. Here they ordered him to make

an opening about six feet wide, an aperture large enough to admit the victims of the massacres. All was now in readiness for this wholesale immolation. On Sunday, the 2d of September, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, the cannon boomed out a warning that the bloody work was to be begun. Five or six carriages conveying prisoners started from the Hôtel de Ville across the Pont Neuf to the Abbaye (which to-day may be seen on the Boulevard St. Germain), just as the signal gun had for the third time made itself heard. At the Carrefour Bussy, where a crowd was collected for the purpose of enrollment in the lists of volunteers, a ruffian mounted the step of one carriage, plunging his sabre into the woodwork, and calling the attention of his fellows to the prisoners, who were nearly all priests. One of the occupants of the carriage used his cane in self-defense, when a sabre thrust from the Jacobin on the step put an end to his life. Then striking at the prisoners one after the other, the assassin soon dragged out four corpses on the pavement. A long line of blood marked the route of this funeral cortège to the doors of the Abbaye. Four of the prisoners rushed from the carriages into the meeting room of the section of the quarter, which was then in session, and had the good fortune to be saved by its president. But the escape of these four prisoners seemed only to whet the fury of the murderers. Maillard, one of the heroes of the Bastille, a noticeable figure on the 20th of June and the 10th of August, had formed a kind of revolutionary court in the porter's room in the entrance to the Abbaye. The prisoners first brought before this improvised tribunal were the Swiss soldiers who escaped the massacres of August 10th. They were condemned *en masse*; and then the fierce yells of the crowd, almost mad from the mixture of brandy and gunpowder they gulped down to stimulate their bloody zeal, demonstrated that no mercy was to be expected. Pikes, sabres and daggers, pistol shots and the butt ends of muskets did their fell work with no uncertainty. Night fell, and the butchers stood ankle deep in human gore. By the glaring light of the torches, the moans of the dying, the fierce struggle of some enraged prisoner with his murderer, the heaps of dead, the blood-stained arms of the wretches who were drunk with the blood of their victims, the courtyard of the Abbaye presented a very pandemonium. At daybreak the court announced a recess. President Maillard and his executioners slept soundly for some hours, and then preparations were made for a resumption of this hecatomb. Straw was shaken on the ground to prevent the actors in this awful drama from slipping. Women came with breakfast to

their husbands, as if they were engaged in the routine of everyday life. Assassination had become a trade in France.

The gory scenes witnessed at La Force, the Luxembourg, the Châtelet and at the other prisons were merely a repetition of the awful tragedy enacted at the Abbaye. But at the Conciergerie the barbarians surpassed themselves in cruelty. Here a woman's hand assisted in the work of assassination, and a woman's voice cheered on the fiends in their inhuman efforts. This woman was Théroigne de Méricourt, called "La Belle Liegeoise." She was a young woman of striking beauty who had been led from the paths of virtue by a young nobleman in the town of Liege, where her parents lived. Driven by shame to hide herself in a foreign country, she lived in England for awhile, and when the Revolution proclaimed death to the aristocrats she flew to Paris to avenge against a class the crime of one of their number. Clad in a blood-red costume, a sabre at her side and two pistols in her girdle, sometimes

surpassed. She was tied to a stake. Her feet, kept apart, were nailed to the ground. They cut off her breasts with their swords, thrust their pikes, which were reddened for the purpose, into her flesh, she being quite naked, and then burned her with bundles of lighted straw.

Over one thousand persons perished during these five days of continuous slaughter. Their bodies were thrown into the Catacombs. The assassins were paid by the Commune, and gave receipts.

Notwithstanding the horror which this wholesale shedding of human blood must have occasioned, we find society in Paris in the month of October engaged in giving its usual receptions. Dumouriez was the "lion" of the hour. The victor of Valmy at the age of fifty-six had saved the French Republic. About the 15th and 16th of October Mme. Talma, the popular *actrice* of the day, gave a reception in her house in his honor.

All the talent, wit and beauty of Paris were

Guillotin *Mardi Soir 21 Janvier 1790* *J. Robespierre*

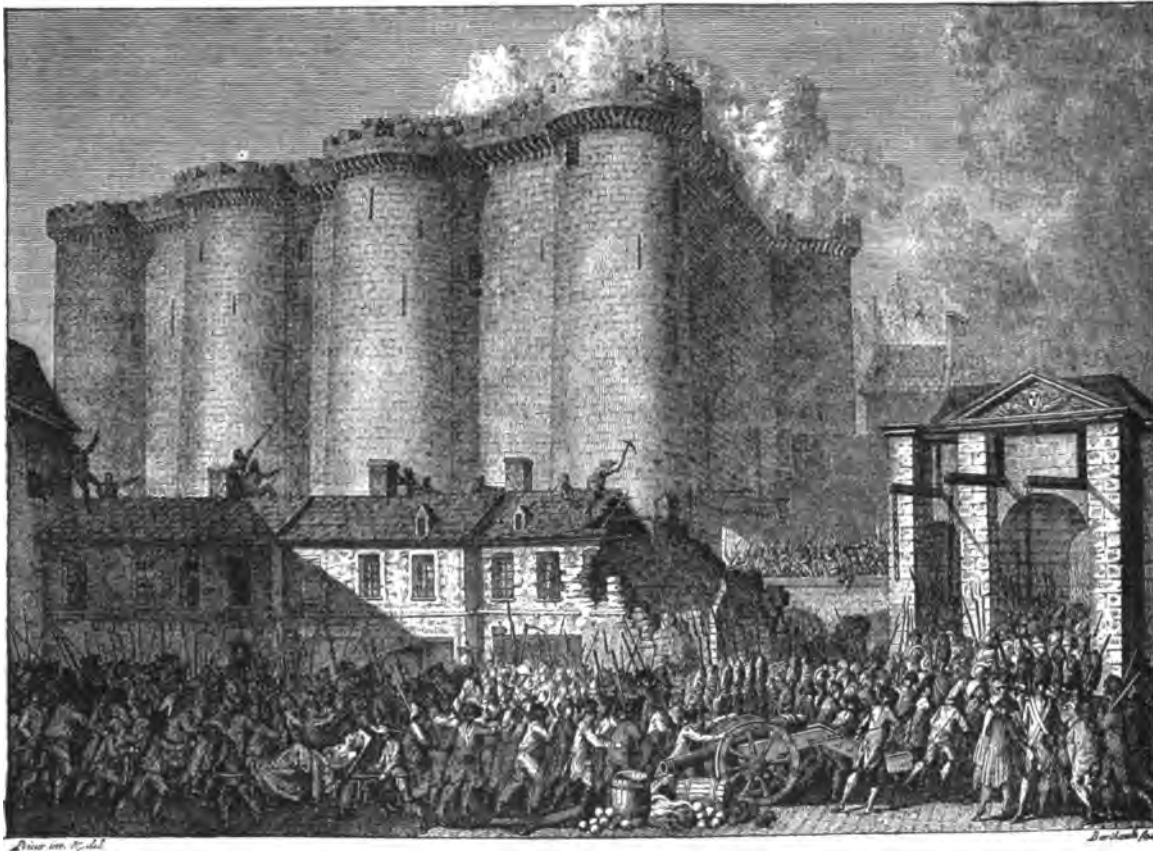
AUTOGRAPHS OF GUILLOTIN (INTRODUCER OF THE GUILLOTINE) AND ROBESPIERRE.

on horseback, her hair disheveled to the wind, she seemed the Medusa of the Revolution. The incarnation of womanhood violated by a member of a detested class, the women of the Faubourgs saw in her misfortunes the sins of the French nobility. Actuated at first by a desire for vengeance on the nobility, she lost her humanity in the wild scenes of blood in which she gloried.

A poor girl known as La Belle Bouquetière happened to be in the Conciergerie at the time of the massacres. Her offense was that of having wounded her lover, a subaltern officer, in a fit of jealousy. But the assassins of September in their blind thirst for blood knew no distinctions of crime. This girl, of uncommon beauty, on the decision of one of her own sex, Théroigne de Méricourt,* was subjected to cruelties which the refined torturers of Nero's court could not have

* The life of this woman reads like a romance. Having met at Paris the young man who caused her downfall, she had him put to death. During the Revolution she was one day attacked, stripped naked, and horsewhipped by four women. She became mad from the effects of it, and died after twenty years of the most awful agony in the Salpêtrière.

united at this *soirée*. The bloody massacres of a few weeks ago, the dangers of the day, were forgotten in the brilliant conversations of Marie Joseph Chenier and Dugazan, of the *savant* Millin and the Orientalist Langlois, of La Harpe and Chamford, of Ducis and Degouvé. Such was and always will be the social instincts of Frenchmen—to drown the sorrows of the past, present and future in the light amusements of the *salon* or theatre. It was not, then, to be expected that Parisians would forego the pleasures of the opera in the midst of the anxieties in which the nation was plunged in October, 1792. The talent of Gardel, who had improvised the ballet of "Télémaque and Psyché," was now directed in constructing a theatrical effect which would appeal to the patriotism, good taste, enthusiasm and love of amusement of enlightened Frenchmen. On the 2d of October the "Offrande à la Liberté" was brought out at the old Opera House in the Boulevard St. Martin, where the actors of the Royal Academy of Music had been playing since the house in the Palais Royal had been burned on January 26th, 1770. The play is the hymn of the Marseillais put in action. In the opening scene



STORMING OF THE BASTILLE, JULY 14TH, 1789.—FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT, AFTER PRIEUR.

Mlle. Maillard, representing Liberty, was seated on the top of a mountain. At the sound of a trumpet men, women and children, bearing arms, rushed on the scene, proclaiming by their actions their readiness to lay down their lives in the cause of liberty. All the popular players of the day lent their talents to the perfection of the piece. Mlles. Saunier Roze, Bigottini, Chamelroi, Mme. Perignon, and she whom Noverre called "the Venus de Medicis of the ballet," Mme. Gardel, had each rôles assigned to them in the "Offrande à la Liberté." When the words, "Liberté, liberté chérie" were sung the actors went on their knees before the Liberty on the mountain. The horses ranged in line of battle on the right and left, arched their necks, bent their knees as if in kneeling posture before the sacred Liberty, while the warriors on horseback presented arms. The indescribable enthusiasm which welcomed this tableau may well be imagined.

Among the matters of serious importance which were engaging the attention of France at this time was the suggestion of Dr. Guillotin.

One morning the prisoners in the Jail of Bicêtre were awakened by the continuous ringing of carpenters' hammers. Two tall posts were visi-

ble through the mists of this foggy morning. A group of four men stood at a distance examining the progress of the work. Amongst them was one between fifty and fifty-five years, above the medium height, with bright, open face and a gentle smile on his lips. This was Charles Louis Sanson, the public executioner, born February 15th, 1738, and already exercised in his craft for twenty years under the personal supervision of his father. The other three men, to whom he minutely explained the working of the guillotine (for this was the machine on which the carpenters were engaged) were his son and two aids. Between the two posts a large knife with a powerful iron back was seen to glide up and down with a kind of horizontal and perpendicular motion resembling the action of a saw. The blade of the knife had a convex shape, but, it is said on the suggestion of Louis XVI. himself, the blade took an oblique form, which it retains to the present day. The gate of the prison opened, admitting a large wagon. The four executioners approached it, and dragged out three lifeless bodies. One after another the corpses were pinioned to the plank, or "bascule," which stands in front of the upright posts, and is so arranged that when the body is

strapped to it a vigorous push forward will swing the plank on an iron pivot, changing its perpendicular to a horizontal position and bringing the head of the victim into position under the knife. Sanson disengaged the knife by lifting a handle at the right side of the machine. The blade descended with the rapidity of lightning, and the head of the victim fell into a box filled with sawdust prepared to receive it. This experiment completely satisfied the four medical men present—Cabanis, in whose arms Mirabeau had died; Louis, from whom the instrument was sometimes called “*Louissette*”; Pinel, the famous and humane reformer of the treatment hitherto given to lunatics; and Guillotin, the introducer of this new method of administering the death penalty. For Guillotin did not invent the machine to which he has given his name. The Marshal of Montmorency, says Puysegur, was decapitated at Toulouse “by means of a gibbet which is composed of two beams of wood. When the head is placed on the block a cord is loosened and a knife falls and severs the head from the body.”

Before the Revolution the capital sentence was

carried out on the Place de Grève, at the back of the Hôtel de Ville. By a decree of the Commune, August 23d, 1792, the guillotine was permanently placed in the Place de la Réunion, formerly the Place du Carrousel. When the Convention removed its place of sitting from the Salle du Manège across the gardens of the Tuilleries to the Salle des Machines in the Pavillon Marsan of the Tuileries Palace the guillotine was removed to the Place de la Concorde, then known as the Place de la Révolution, and erected between the place where the Obelisk of Luxor stands (formerly the site of the statue of Louis XV. and afterward of the statue of Liberty) and the entrance to the Champs Elysées.

After September 21st, when the Republic was proclaimed, the presence of the King in Paris greatly embarrassed the clubs and the Convention. Those in the city who were horrified at angry denunciations made against the King, the demagogues of the clubs were terrified into silence by the threats of the sans-culottes of the streets and of the tribunes of the Convention. That group of representatives from the south



THE CONQUERORS OF THE BASTILLE.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENG, PARIS SALON OF 1881

province of the Gironde known as the Girondins, at whose head was the eloquent Vergniaud, and whose policy was represented by the minister Roland, knew the position into which their action of August 10th had placed them.

The mobs they had excited to give *éclat* to the birth of the Republic by means of denunciations of aristocrats and tyrants, and vociferous proclamations of the principles of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, made their own terms as to the basis on which the new Republic was to be founded.

Through the skillful play of Robespierre the party of moderation and tolerance, the Girondins, were branded as traitors, and the King was abandoned to the mercy of the Jacobins. Taken to the bar of the Convention in December, he heard the indictment read against him with that calmness and resignation which belong to true courage.

The fidelity of the aged Malesherbes, the legal skill of Tronchet and the conclusive logic of Desèze's arguments, the three advocates who had undertaken the defense of the King, were unavailing against the clamors of the Deputies who sat on the Mountain and the threats of the mobs who filled the public galleries of the Convention. On the evening the death of the King was voted the hall of the Convention resembled rather the *foyer* of the Opera than a court of justice where so solemn a question was being debated.

The lower part of the hall had been converted into a *bar* for the accommodation of the friends of the Deputies, chiefly ladies who were attired in the latest fashions, spreading around the hall the aroma of perfumes, the rustling of fans and the chatter of light conversation. Attendants plied to and fro, carrying ices, oranges and liqueurs, while the more revolutionary *tricoteuses* descended from the galleries to the buffet to refresh themselves with copious glasses of bad whisky.

At last the supreme moment had arrived which was to determine the fate of the royal captive at the Temple. Vergniaud, the leader of the Girondins, who had so often poured out his crushing invectives against the violence of the Mountain, ascended the tribune. His face was deathly pale. His eyes were brighter than usual, although he scarcely ventured to show them, keeping his looks riveted on the marble slab of the tribune, which his hands clutched convulsively. His lips, which were unusually thick, were closely pressed together, as if refusing to pronounce the word which all knew had terrified his conscience. He paused for a moment. The final triumph of his party demanded the sacrifice. The Convention gasped with horror. His vote was given: it was for "death." The death of the King was deter-

mined upon, and the execution was fixed to take place in twenty-four hours, on the Place de la Révolution, now the Place de la Concorde, before 1789 the Place Louis XV., between the pedestal of the statue of Louis XV. (where the Luxor Obelisk now stands) and the Champs Elysées.

The King was not astonished at his sentence. He certainly displayed less agitation on hearing it than the Minister of Justice, Garat, who officially announced it to him. As the latter drove over to the Temple accompanied by the Abbé Edgeworth, an Irish priest whom the King selected to accompany him in his last moments, the state of his mind showed itself in ejaculations rather of his own misfortune than that of the King. "Good God!" he cried, "with what a terrible mission I am charged! What a man this Louis is! What resignation! What courage! Nature could never give such strength. There must be something superhuman."

The hour had now come for saying a last adieu to the Queen, his sister, Mme. Elizabeth, and his two children. At seven o'clock the King descended the winding stairs to the *salle à manger*, or prison dining room. The Queen, Mme. Elizabeth, the Princess Royal and the Dauphin entered. Oléry, the King's faithful servant, closed the door after them. The Queen threw herself into the arms of the King, who gently placed her on a seat at his right. His sister sat on his left, her arms and those of the Queen encircling his neck, each resting her head on his shoulder. His little daughter, her hair hanging wildly around her, her eyes red and inflamed, knelt at his feet, and the poor little Dauphin, reserved for a more cruel fate than any of those in that sad group, seated on his father's knee, looked with his imploring blue eyes into his father's face. How it would have intensified the agony of that meeting if anyone present could have then divined that this poor child would be allowed to rot away in a garret, his little body covered with sores—the effect of the brutal blows the infamous Simon the cobbler heaped on him—infested with vermin, reeking with filth! Providence spared Louis XVI. such awful foresight as he looked through his tears on the oval face, aquiline nose and chestnut locks of the young Dauphin.

This sad leave taking was at length accomplished, the unfortunate King tearing himself away from the fond embraces of his wife and sister, looking at the ashen face of his daughter, who fainted in saying "Good-by," and thrusting away from him the little hand of the Dauphin.

The morning broke, cold and foggy. Thousands of armed troops filled the streets. Santerre was at the Temple to accompany the victim to

the guillotine. At nine o'clock the King with the Abbé Edgeworth stepped into the mayor's carriage. The death procession moved on through lines of armed men, trains of artillery with lighted fuses preceding and following the carriage. Emerging from the Rue du Temple, the line of the Grands Boulevards was followed, turning at where the Madeleine now stands into the Rue Royale and drawing up under the shadow of the guillotine in the Place de la Révolution (now Place de la Concorde).

The executioners seized on their victim, bound him to the plank, pushed him forward under the knife, and as the rattle of the falling blade showed that the last moment had come the Abbé Edgeworth, who administered the last sacraments to the King, exclaimed: "Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel." A deadly silence fell on the crowd. The youngest of the executioners held up the bleeding head. The mob regained its spirits and danced round the bloody knife; but the excitement soon wore away, and Paris on that day was like a city of the dead, for the reign of blood was inaugurated side by side with that of Fraternity. "Sois mon frère ou je te tue"—Be my brother or you die—became the watchword of the clubs. "The tree of liberty grows," said Barère, "when it draws its nourishment from the blood of kings." Henceforth the tree of liberty was plentifully moistened by the blood of the most ardent patriots, the most enlightened citizens, the loveliest women of France.

The Revolution moved rapidly forward. In voting for the death of the King the Girondins sealed their own doom. By this act they alienated from themselves the support of all those Frenchmen who ardently desired a republic but hated blood. "The Demosthenes of the Terrace of the Feuillants" used his versifying powers on a new song, "Coupons la Tête aux Brissotins, Rolandistes, Girondistes." This song was distributed gratis each evening at the door of the Jacobin Club and in the galleries, "pour encourager les autres." Robespierre, always jealous of men whose mental powers were so superior to his own, and who might consequently impede his attempt at becoming dictator, stirred up, as he



Portrait de Marie Antoinette Reine de France conduite au supplice. Dessiné à la plume par David Espritateur du Courroux, et placé à une fenêtre avec la citoyenne Tullien, épouse du Représentant Tullien, de qui je tiens cette pièce.

C'est l'original existant dans la collection de l'auteur.

FAC-SIMILE OF DAVID'S PEN SKETCH, FROM LIFE, OF MARIE ANTOINETTE ON HER WAY TO THE GUILLOTINE.

alone knew how, the democracy of Paris against the Girondist party. Their power was broken in the Assembly. They were condemned to death, which they suffered with the magnanimity of martyrs. A few hours before their execution Vergniaud addressed his friends and fellow prisoners in these words: "Death is but the greatest act of life, since it gives birth to a higher state of existence. Were it not thus there would be something greater than God. It would be the just man immolating himself uselessly and hopelessly for his country. This supposition is a folly of blasphemy, and I repel it with contempt and horror. No! Vergniaud is not greater than God, but God is more just than Vergniaud, and will not to-morrow suffer him to ascend a scaffold but to justify and avenge him in future ages." The removal of the Girondins from the Convention left all power in the hands of a triumvirate—Robespierre, Danton and Marat.

The hand of a young girl rid France of the most objectionable, the wretch who was always clamoring for blood, "the friend of the people," Marat. Robespierre in his cowardice at least gave a semblance of legality to his death sentences. Danton had no desire to sully his name with the stain of blood. He was not naturally cruel, although willing to increase his reputation by sacrificing to the mob men whom his better nature would have protected. But Marat asked only the poniard of the assassin to deprive France of her worthiest citizens and hand her over to the hordes of escaped convicts who formed his body-

that his eyes seemed to swim in blood. As a sign of equality, he dressed in the most repulsive rags. He wore an old shirt unbuttoned round his neck, revealing a yellow sinewy throat. This was Marat, the most bloodthirsty fiend of the Revolution. When prostrated by physical suffering he was still writing out the lists of his victims, fearing that death would overtake him before his work of destruction was terminated. The fate of the young girl from Calvados who struck him down when in the midst of his campaign against humanity has become a household story. It is sufficient to notice here that, attracted by his



SITE OF THE BASTILLE, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

guard and supporters. Beginning life as a royalist, because he thought aristocratic patronage would give color to his self-assertion as a *savant*, he threw himself into the Revolution because he saw his superiority insured where all that was great and good would be swept away. Nature having marked him with ugliness that was almost revolting, he revenged himself on nature by the excess of his crimes. He was small, with a head so much out of proportion to his body that he seemed like one of those malicious sprites whom our ancestors thought vanished from sight at cockcrow and the ringing of church bells. His face was of a sickly pale hue. His eyes were small and leering, and his eyelids were red, so

crimes, she came to Paris to avenge her country on the author of so many of the inhuman acts which disgraced it. Ushered into Marat's presence while in the bath, and while he was taking a note of her grievances exposing his shoulders and hairy chest from beneath a dirty cloth, spotted with ink, which covered him, Charlotte Corday, seizing so favorable an opportunity, plunged a dagger into his heart. She was taken before the Revolutionary Tribunal, where her youth and beauty did not avail her against the sentence of death. She walked with a firm step to the scaffold, glorying in her act, satisfied that posterity would vindicate her name against the attacks of the infamous herd who paid homage to Marat.



VIEW OF THE CONCIERGERIE PRISON, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.—DRAWING BY LEPERE.

Scarcely had the gates of the Conciergerie closed on the tumbrel which carried Charlotte Corday to the guillotine than they opened to receive another woman, the victim of the Terror. This time it was Marie Antoinette, daughter of the famed Maria Theresa of Austria, and wife of Louis XVI., who had preceded her a few months to the scaffold. On the 2d of August, at two o'clock in the morning, she was wakened up to hear the decree read to her ordering her removal from her prison in the Temple to the Conciergerie, which she knew to be the threshold of the guillotine. No indignity was spared her. Rocher, the turnkey, puffed smoke into her face and sang indecent songs in her presence. The soldiers who guarded the entrance to her room lost no opportunity of making the most disgusting allusions in her hearing.

What greater sorrows could now be in store for her who had fallen from the greatness of a queen to that of a hated victim; who had seen her husband dragged to the scaffold, a few months previously; from whose arms a loving boy of but eight years was torn a few days before; who now left to the mercies of inhuman jailers a daughter of thirteen, and a sister (for so the Queen addressed her, although she was really sister-in-law of Mme. Elizabeth, who was sister to the King) who had taught her to forget her sufferings in the consolations of religion! Did she regard death with feelings of despair, or did she fly to it as the only shield from the cruel imputations, the prolonged insults, the barbarous treatment which her subjects heaped upon her? On leaving the prison she struck her head against the beam over the low door, and when asked if she were hurt she replied, "Oh, no; nothing now can further harm me!"

The cell at the Conciergerie to which Marie Antoinette was then conducted may be seen to-day as it stood in 1793, slightly changed in the course of one hundred years. After passing through the great courtyard which leads from the Quai de l'Horloge you enter a large hall, opening on cloisters which the guide will tell was the dining hall of St. Louis. Entering by a narrow door, you are led through a dark passage to a corridor with six or seven cells closed by oak doors covered over with thick nails. The proximity of the place to the river accounts for the dampness, and the absence of sunlight for the gloominess of the cells. In one of these cells, about nine feet long by three wide, the Queen of France passed her two last months on earth. Before the infamous judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal her trial was only a mockery. On October 15th, 1793, she was led into the courtyard of

the Conciergerie, where the tumbrel awaited her. Clad in a plain white dress, a white cap with a black ribbon the only badge of her mourning, her hands tied behind her back, she was taken across the city to the place of execution. The shouts of the mob subsided as they looked on her white hair, her beautiful face on which sorrow had made such havoc, her red, swollen eyes. She steadily mounted the scaffold—the plank seemed to move forward more gently than usual—the head fell. The prayer she had taught the little Dauphin was heard where most needed. "Almighty God, who created and redeemed me, I love You! Preserve the days of my father and my family. Protect us against our enemies. Give my mother, my aunt, my sister the strength they need to support their troubles."

On the register of general interments in the Madeleine Church is the following: "For the coffin of the Widow Capet, seven francs." Lamartine adds: "When providence desires to address men with the rude eloquence of royal vicissitudes it speaks with a sign more powerful than the eloquent discourses of Seneca and Bossuet, and inscribes a vile cipher on the register of a gravedigger."

The Revolution had begun to devour its own children. The prisons, convents, hotels, public edifices were not able to hold the thousands of prisoners whom the agents of the government found dangerous to the Republic. "Did anyone refuse to march to the frontier, or surrender his arms to those on their way thither—Death. Did anyone shelter an emigrant or foreigner—Death. Did anyone transmit money to a son or friend beyond the frontier—Death. Was an innocent correspondence maintained with an exile, or a single letter received—Death. Did anyone aid prisoners to communicate with their friends—Death. Was the value of assignats diminished—Death. Were they purchased at a premium—Death. Did two witnesses attest that a priest or noble had taken part in an anti-Revolutionary meeting—Death. Did a prisoner endeavor to burst his bonds and escape—Death pursued the very instinct of life. Death was soon suspended over the heads of even the judges." No wonder Guichard, commenting on the decree that all buildings should have the words "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" inscribed on their fronts, wrote:

"Sainte, auguste Fraternité,
Tu me ravis, tu me transportes;
Mais, étrange Fraternité,
Je ne te vois que sur les portes."*

* Holy, holy Fraternity, at thy sight I am delighted; but what a strange Fraternity that shows itself only on the doors.

Robespierre did not lack the means of putting this sanguinary law into execution. The Committees of the General Weal and of Public Safety furnished the victims. The Revolutionary Tribunal legalized the process which handed them over to Sanson. Each of these committees sat in the Palace of the Tuileries, the former in the Salle de Liberté in the Pavillon de Marsam, the latter in the Salle de l'Egalité in the Pavillon de Flore (see description of Tuileries above). Those who have seen Sardou's play of "Thermidor" as interpreted by M. Coquelin will remember the sumptuousness of the apartments occupied by the committees. Tapestries, clocks, mirrors, frescoes and gilding give a singularly brilliant aspect to the rooms where such lugubrious business was transacted. And it is curious to note that the sunny appearance of these rooms, so tastefully decorated, was in curious contrast with the looks and demeanor of the men who came there to do the bidding of Robespierre and sully the fair soil of France with torrents of blood. "The color of their faces was faded, without doubt by the painful and nocturnal work to which they gave themselves up. Their hollow and bloody eyes wore a sinister expression." One of the functions with which these committees were charged was to make out lists of persons suspected of being dangerous to the Republic, and to instruct Fouquier-Tinville, the notorious public prosecutor, to bring them before the judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal, which held its sittings in the Salle de Liberté and Salle de l'Egalité of the Palais de Justice. In the former of these rooms were judged the Girondins, Marie Antoinette and, after the Revolution of Thermidor, the infamous Fouquier-Tinville. In the latter sentence of death was pronounced upon Charlotte Corday and Danton.

All the prisoners who were destined for the guillotine were taken to the Conciergerie before being arraigned by the Revolutionary Tribunal. A narrow winding staircase led from the cells to the court. At the end of the hall were the busts of Brutus and Marat, for Marat was the Brutus of the sans-culottes, the slayer of the hydra-headed aristocracy. In front of these busts was the table at which sat the five judges. At the right of the judges sat the jurors, who were the robbers and cutthroats of Paris. Opposite the jurors was the bench of the accused, under which was the seat of the counsel for the accused, while the public prosecutor sat under the judges' table. A balustrade separated the public from the prisoners. Near the balustrade was the entrance to the cells. As a sample of the investigation which the judges made preparatory to passing sentence of death, I

will quote the following from M. Thiers: "Dumas, the President, to Dorival: 'Do you know anything of the conspiracy?' 'No.' 'I expected that you would give that answer, but that will not do. The next.' To Champigny: 'Are you not an ex-noble?' 'Yes.' 'The next.'" These extracts suffice to show how little the unfortunate prisoners had to expect from Robespierre's satellites. A young girl of fifteen was guillotined because she was a *fanatic*. An unfortunate man who said a cobbler, a municipal officer, put bad leather in his shoes suffered a similar fate. A man who lent half his fortune for the purposes of the Revolution and was never repaid, and therefore could not be a friend of liberty, was not considered a sufficiently patriotic citizen to be allowed to live. Another was put to death because his brother had been guillotined.

The author of these legalized massacres was Maximilian Robespierre, "the Incorruptible," "the Roman"; he who resigned a judgeship in his native town rather than pass sentence of death on a criminal; he who, alone of the Revolutionary chiefs, according to the tenor of his many speeches, possessed "virtue and humanity." There was nothing in Robespierre's appearance to designate him as the fountain head of the barbarous laws which in a few years sent thousands to death on the scaffold. He was of small stature; his head showed no intelligence; his forehead was small and retreating; his eyes were lustreless, generally concealed by spectacles; his face was of a livid hue; his thin pale lips were tightly drawn together, and seldom opened except to denounce "the assassins and wretches" whose daggers were pointed against himself as emblematic of everything great in the Republic. There was in his dress a neatness and precision in striking contrast with the unkempt appearance of the sans-culotte rabble who formed his bodyguard. His hair was powdered, and gathered in curls over his ears and temples. On great occasions he wore a violet-colored coat, buttoned over his thighs, opened over the chest, showing shirt frills of snowy whiteness. White or yellow breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes completed the costume of Maximilian. When he walked out he carried a large cane, and was followed by a powerful-looking dog. Crowds of Jacobins disputed with his canine pet the honor of attending Robespierre in his constitutional walks. He lived in the carpenter's house, No. 366 Rue St. Honoré, opposite the Church of the Assumption. As one passed along the Rue St. Honoré the house was easily distinguishable by the crowds of persons who sought an audience of the dictator. The Jacobin bodyguard, armed with swords and truncheons, kept

with difficulty a passage for the throngs of people, most of whom came to denounce unworthy citizens, some to beg the life of a victim, a father, husband, brother, sister or child. In the room which Robespierre occupied in the Maison Duplay (Duplay was the carpenter's name who owned No. 366) nothing was so remarkable as the precision with which the red volumes containing the lists of his victims were arranged. Busts of himself in bronze stood on pedestals, paintings of himself hung on the walls. This was his office (*bureau de travail*), where he was visited by his male and female spies, as Guerin and Tascheran; by his friends of the club, like the colored man Fournier; and by his companions in the administration, as the paralytic Couthon, no less cruel than Robespierre himself because he had the blindest manner, wore the sweetest smile on his face and fondled a little spaniel in his arms.

Robespierre was idolized by women. Mme. Jakin, a Nantaise widow, offered him her hand and an income of forty thousand francs. An old lady, the wife of a marquis, it is said, was constantly in attendance upon him.

His affianced bride was Eleanor Duplay, daughter of his landlord, the carpenter.

France had at last grown weary of the reign of blood. The closing scene in Sardou's "Thermidor" is no mere dramatic illusion. The scene of the innocent Fabienne led off to execution, and of the brave young officer Martial shot in trying to rescue her, had been too often enacted in reality before the eyes of Parisians. When Sanson the executioner, is made to exclaim by M. Sardou, "Moi aussi, j'en ai assez!" (I, too, have enough of this blood spilling), it was time for Frenchmen

to exert themselves to dethrone the cold-blooded and hypocritical Robespierre. The dictator felt that his reign was drawing to a close. "The ghosts of Danton, Hébert and Chaumette are walking among us," said one of his lieutenants. "I see," said Robespierre, "one hundred Dantons where Tallien sits"; and "I never see him without a shudder passing over me." His spies had informed him of the reaction among the people. His satellites in the government knew of the conspiracy that the committees were forming for his death. The great painter David, one

of his most obsequious panders, kept him posted on the work of the members of the Committee of the General Weal. So completely was the French mind demoralized by the Reign of Terror that the great name of David as an artist has been almost forgotten in that of the cowardly servitor of Robespierre. This is the man who exclaimed to Louis XVI., "I shall never paint a king again until I see his head on the scaffold!" And yet his great painting of the Coronation of Napoleon is to-day one of the show pieces in the Salon Carré of the Louvre.



MARIE ANTOINETTE IN PRISON.

The 9th Thermidor had come. The Convention fully realized that it was to make the last stand for liberty on that day. Robespierre knew that on the evening of that day his dictatorial power would be absolute or he would be on the way to the guillotine. Tallien, Barras, Legendre, Barère felt their heads were at stake.

Notwithstanding the intense heat of the day the Assembly was full to overflowing. At twelve o'clock Goupilleon rushed into the corridors, shouting to his friends, "Come—come to witness the triumph of the friends of liberty. This even-

ing Robespierre will be no more!" Tallien, whose love for Donna Teresa do Cabarrus, then a prisoner in Paris, transformed the Terrorist of Bordeaux into the hero of Thermidor, had effected a conciliation between the Deputies of the Mountain and the Plain. The Convention refused to hear Robespierre. In a paroxysm of rage he shouted, "President of assassins, for the last time I ask to be heard!" His arrest was decreed, and, with his brother, Couthon, St. Just and Lebas, he was escorted by gendarmes to a temporary prison in the Hôtel de Brionne. Meanwhile Robespierre's emissaries were not idle. Henriot, sabre in hand, galloped through Paris, striking terror into all who saw him or heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs. Robespierre was rescued from prison and carried in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville. The "Evening Gazette," as the death roll was called, was read that evening in the prisons. Young women with babes in their arms, venerable priests, old women tottering with age, poets and statesmen heard the summons to death read for the last time. On that night Robespierre, seeing that all was lost, in trying to put an end to his life shot away the bone of his lower jaw. The drunken Henriot took refuge in a sewer, where he was found only to be dragged to the death he had given so many. Robespierre's brother threw himself from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville. Couthon was found lying on a neighboring quay.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of July 28th, 1794, six carts were drawn up at the grand entrance to the Palais de Justice. Robespierre, his brother, Couthon, St. Just and Henriot occupied the first. They were led by the longest route to the Place de la Révolution, where the executioners were awaiting them. Crowds of people on the roofs of the houses, at the windows and in the gardens, clapping their hands and waving handkerchiefs, testified by their joy that the Reign of Terror was at an end. A woman, half frenzied, rushing through the crowd, ran to the cart where Robespierre's mutilated body was lying. "Wretch," said she, bending over him, "go down to hell with the curses of widows and mothers upon your head!" At about five o'clock the procession reached the guillotine. Robespierre walked to the scaffold with a firm step. The executioner snatched from his face the bloody bandage that held his broken jaw. There was a dead silence, the knife fell, and then a joyous shout of "Vive la liberté!" was heard all over Paris.

So the words of Vergniaud had come to pass, who, a few hours before his death, had said: "My friends, we have ruined the tree by pruning it. Robespierre cuts it. Will he be more fortunate than ourselves? No. The soil is too weak to nourish the roots of civic liberty; this people is too childish to wield its laws without hurting itself. It will return to its kings as babes return to their toys."

SISTER MARGARET.

LONG ago, in a time that the present knoweth not, up through the night of man's ignorance sprang a tree that, waxing strong, put forth many branches. Some of them budded and bloomed in the darkness, and their blossomings were superstition, hate, cruelty, deceit, injustice; while other branches reached forth to woo the glimmering light of reason, and sent forth the snowy blossoms of a deathless love, a tireless devotion, of justice, charity and self-sacrifice.

The tree still stands. The light has brightened and expanded. The darkness is but a shadow of its former blackness, and the noxious breath of its poison bloom is smothered beneath the warmth and fragrance of the flowers of light.

That tree is the lyre of the world. The silences of death playing through it quiver into sound. The winds of life's passions beating round and through it stir the soul of music into flame and touch the whisperings of a Yea to be. Its name

was carved in the heart of humanity in letters of flame and blood.

Religion, a delusion and a snare; a dream and a reality; a hope and a joy; a savior and a guide.

The Sisters in the Convent of the Sacred Heart were one and all tender to an unusual degree of Sister Margaret. She was so unassertive, so unselfish, so frail, so spiritual; she seemed even to these unworldly Sisters as one already standing on heaven's threshold, listening to its music and reflecting its light upon her face. True, now and then, stray thoughts and fancies of unfledged desires came to disturb for a moment the smooth surface of her life, but of these she spoke not. What need? They were but ripples of a moment, which subsiding left the sea as placid as before.

You would not have thought the Sister beautiful; for what has a nun to do with beauty? Her

garb is made to banish all such frivolous, earthly thought. But still, in spite of her unattractive garments, could your eyes have rested once on the face of Sister Margaret, you would have noted a charm therein that no outward covering could quite take away. What was it? Ah, friend! that you could not tell, nor I. Can we tell why the lark's song thrills in our hearts? Can we tell, when love cometh, what has caused it to bloom? Can we tell why one strain of music more than another wafts us to the edge of the infinite heaven? Ah, no! we feel it, we respond, but we know not why. It may be that it was that charm which causes us to think not of life after death, but of earth life uplifted; life's truest, life's best.

"But she is buried, buried deep. An innocent sacrifice to human blindness, and the dark clouds of superstition lie thick and heavy over her." So mused Dr. Golding, of St. Luke's Hospital, as he saw her in her sombre garments moving about from cot to cot, receiving loving looks from all. For she was the idol of the hospital, beloved of all its inmates. Her children she called them; and no hand was so cooling to the fevered brow as Sister Margaret's, no glance so helpful. And the music of her voice did oft succeed in fanning to new energy the fading spark of life where the mixtures of the doctor's skill had failed, though the hospital reports made no mention of the fact.

Strange, is it not, the magic of a tender voice, a glance, a gentle touch, to quicken and uplift the heart? Yet all have felt the subtle influence and responded to its power. The curing of the spirit, yea, it is the greatest factor in curing of the body. And Dr. Golding, temporary physician at St. Luke's Hospital, in place of Dr. Ryan, lately deceased, was a faithful minister of both.

Day after day the doctor and Sister Margaret met by the bedsides of the unfortunates; day after day Dr. Golding looked upon that spiritual face and thrilled 'neath the glance of her soul-lit eyes, the accidental touch of her helpful hands; day after day, till, almost unknown to himself, her presence became his food—a necessity of his daily work. Dr. Golding had often asked of himself, "Is she dead to all earthly passions? Has her beautiful woman nature been so long alone, like a star set far off in its orbit, that it is lost in contemplation of the great sun of all? Or is it but awaiting the time to come into its own, waiting for the door to be set ajar that it may enter into its kingdom of love?" So he set himself to watch and study if beneath the placid surface there was an undercurrent that could be stirred from its slumberous bounds; if so, surely a ripple would now and then break the calm. He persevered,

and at last was rewarded. A trembling of the eyelids underneath his studious gaze—a self-conscious movement that revealed a perception of something unusual and but dimly defined in her surroundings. Once, in giving her directions for a special case where skill and close care were necessary, because of the tender longing and warmth of his gaze, the lingering touch of his hands as they came in contact with hers while assisting him in the preparations, a delicate flush crept up along the whiteness of her cheek and the petal eyelids drooped. His heart swelled in a great throb of tenderness and hope. The harp was beginning to awaken and respond. It would find its voice in time. And if he could only make its melody his own! But for days afterward she did not look at him. It seemed that she vaguely realized the presence of an unknown element in her life that might revolutionize it; and her soul refused a willing disturbance of its quiet placidity.

Again they were brought together by the bedside of a dying unfortunate—he to battle with pain and death with his medical skill, she with a woman's helpful sympathy and tenderness.

The patient was a young woman prematurely aged by privation and suffering and vain striving. Life had dealt cruelly with her from the beginning. Born and bred in poverty, for her no flowers grew by the wayside, and haggard toil stole her rightful heritage of joy. Time trudged onward steadily, but youth lost its identity in her. Once, however, she caught the shine of a something beautiful—God's truth—love, with its earthly abiding place, home. But when her starving soul reached forth to bask in its radiance it slipped away; and only a hideous, jeering shape remained holding her over the precipice of despair. But Evil is merciful sometimes, and lets one little flower spring up on the very edge of the precipice to save the wanderer from destruction. Ay, God sent her one of His richest gifts—the mother love—to show her how to live.

From the cradle of disappointment and loss smiled a child, her baby; and self could not live there in the light of that smile, so it went off on a far journey and had forgotten how to find its way back.

She had been brought in the day before, the victim of a careless driver, broken, disfigured, suffering great physical agony, yet clinging to her child, which she would not allow taken out of her sight. She had been trampled by the horses' feet, but had saved the child. The little golden-haired boy rested now asleep in Sister Margaret's arms, and the mother even in the agony of death could not forget her little one. It was the bur-

den of her greatest pain, and she pleaded with them not to let her die, for the child's sake.

"I will not die! I must not die! See, the innocent darling would go all wrong, all wrong, in this dark world if its mother could not watch over it. Oh, save me! Doctor, Sister, save me! Why, Sister, you do not know, but if God had not given me that baby I would have gone down, down into—hell!"

The poor woman looked to see the nun draw away from her with a shudder; but nay, Sister Margaret's hand only clasped hers the closer, and the tender eyes bent down on her with the Christ-like compassion.

"Doctor, Sister, I am not fit to die, not fit! I am bad, so bad! I would sell, ay, sell my soul for my baby! Heaven will not open for such as I."

The doctor bent over her and said, in a voice that thrilled through the soul of Sister Margaret and rang like a heavenly chime through all those dead years of her life:

"Heaven will open for you, my poor girl; thy great love shall redeem thee. And listen; believe the truth; from that home you shall watch over your child, which Sister Margaret and I will accept as our sacred trust, to guard, to keep and care for; you shall watch over and guide it far better, my poor girl, than ever you could do on earth. And let your heart rest; it shall be well with the child."

She looked up at him, gave one deep, long-drawn sigh, like the last vain struggle of a worn-out spirit, and lay still, so still, they thought for a moment life had ebbed too far for its return; but soon she opened her eyes.

"Lay him here, my baby, close to my heart, while yet it beats for him. Close, close, my dear one, the only sweetness God sent into my life!" Her voice was going. "Deal gently, gently, with him—O Lord—and be—merciful—to me—his—mother!"

She tried to raise her hands in prayer, but they could not lift above her poor tired breast. No sound broke the stillness as Death's shadowy wings hovered for a moment over them and passed into that deeper stillness that pulses nearer than we know.

Tears wet the white cheeks of Sister Margaret as she prayed, and when she lifted the sleeping child from its dead mother's arms she whispered, softly:

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Then the doctor murmured low as he looked into the tear deeps of her shining eyes:

"And love shall redeem the world."

She did not turn or look away from him this

time, but, as if the truth had settled forever in her soul, she gave him one look and bowed her head in silent response.

That night the nun carried with her into her barren cell what the sister nuns would have called a sinful thing—a slip of paper, closely written, that Dr. Golding had slipped into her hand on his last rounds for the day.

"I beg of you, do not destroy it unread," he had said, in undertone.

She lit her candle and spread the paper open with trembling hands and a strange flutter at her heart—strange to her; for what did she know of love and love's ways, she who had given her life so early to this sisterhood; who had thus cast aside unread and unstudied the book the Creator had opened for her? As she read the little note a flood of happiness swept over her, and her spirit grew radiant with a great influx of melody and light:

"I call thee, O my beloved! I call thee from the grave. Though thou art buried, my love has found thee, and it knows thou art not dead. Yea, and love is strong to resurrect its own. Come forth from thy sepulchre into life's sunshine and joy. The loving God ne'er meant His children should o'ershadow life with death to swell the anthem of His praise. The waves of human joy surge round that sepulchre of life, but the buried heedeth not. Eyes have they, and they see not. Ears have they, and they hear not. But love has breathed upon thine eyelids. Love has whispered in thine ear. Come, O my beloved! hasten to the heart that is waiting for thee."

Her heart was singing like an æolian harp.

Suddenly a thought came that sent the flush creeping from cheek to brow and left her chilled as with an icy breath.

"It is unholy—unholy! Have I not given my life to God? And would I be false to my vows? O heavenly Father, it is so sweet—this love that has crept upon me here in the midst of Thy good work, that floods my lonely soul with such rapturous delight! And must I cast it away, and lose this star of life?" A wave of passion swept over her and racked her body and spirit as she knelt on the hard bare floor and prayed as she had never prayed before. "Oh, it is so sweet! How can I fling it away as evil?—I who have never known even a mother's love, O Lord, and have passed like a lone wanderer on life's road, tasting naught of all its joys, of which others drink so deeply but the one blessed joy of doing for Thee! It is so sweet, O Lord, and the self cries out, 'I am incomplete. Give me this love by which I am broadened, rounded to fairer shape—by which I see, and learn, and climb!' O Mother of Christ, thou wert loved; thou didst not cast it away! While thou wert on earth thou didst not walk alone!"

All night she fought the battle in the silence and the dark ; all night one star, larger, brighter than the rest, and beautiful in its far-off loneliness, looked down through her prisonlike window and kissed her hot eyelids, as if striving to imprint beyond effacement the seal of the infinite truth, love, love, love, upon her struggling spirit. Did it succeed ? Did love's presence within the convent's walls make restless the pure sleep of the

those eyes, and read, and whispered to his soul, "Thy love is thine."

The next day Dr. Golding resigned his position to Dr. Reynolds, a man of ability and faithfulness. And the day after he gave up his labors in the hospital.

The same day Sister Margaret disappeared, though no one thought of connecting her disappearance with Dr. Golding's departure. Not,



"THE LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIRED BOY RESTED IN SISTER MARGARET'S ARMS."

Sisters ? Did they dream of walking with the shining presence and wakening with the kiss upon their eyelids, cross themselves and offer penance for their sinful waywardness in sleep ? Did they dream of the "might have beens" ?

The next day Sister Margaret went about her hospital duties pale and passionless as a snow-drift. But her eyes were like two coals of fire that told of a burning within that must in time consume the frail shell. Dr. Golding looked into

though was found in her cell a note to the Mother Superior, saying : "Some influence, God's power, or"—here was the sign of the cross—"the devil's, drives me, beyond my strength to resist, out into the world, to live, to struggle, to enjoy, to suffer and endure as a part of that world. I am breaking my vows. Pray for me—pray for me that I may be kept from all other sin."

The Superior alone knew the contents of the note, and she said to herself : "Wait ; she will

come back. She is one of Thy dearest, O Lord. We love her. Bring her back to Thy fold."

Some days after she received a letter from a sister nun in a city a night's ride distant, begging her to come immediately; she was needed; an important, a pressing duty.

She went.

She found in a private room of the hospital Sister Margaret, with life slipping from her like a crushed flower bleeding its perfume away. She lifted her frail arms at sight of the Superior and whispered, brokenly:

"Mother, I have sinned, but my vows are still unbroken. I am still the bride of the church. Forgive!"

The Superior took her in her arms, this Sister whom she loved, and the whole secret—the love, the temptation, the struggle, the flight, the torture of conscience, and at last the victory over self—was breathed out on her breast. She had done her usual day's nursing, gone her last rounds among the patients, giving words of solace and cheer, but with a guilty feeling in her bosom, and then stolen fearfully away, taking the train alone, to escape detection. But all the way her conscience had whispered, "False, false! Judas denied his Lord." Through all that terrible ride she had suffered hideous tortures; and when he met her as planned, at the end of the journey, his power over her, the strength of her own love, battling with her religion and her newly awakened conscience—though her conscience and the church won—the strife had been a hard one for her fragile body; and when she made her last effort and bade him go from her something seemed to give way at her heart, and the lifeblood oozed in a bright-red stream from her lips. In an agony of fear and sorrow he had carried her, at her persistent wish, to the hospital, where she felt she would rather be among the world's unfortunates. At her desire he had sent for a sister nun to be with her.

"Oh, Sister Mother, I love him still! I cannot tear that out; it is God's law. I feel, I know it. Conscience saved me from breaking my vows by an earthly marriage, though my life is the penalty of the battle."

When the Superior went out of the room she came face to face with Dr. Golding walking up and down before the door; and the unmistakable

misery in the man's face touched her woman's heart and made her voice less stern as she answered the trembling inquiries on his lips. "She is dying, but she is still the bride of the church. Go." And she motioned him away.

With painful entreaty he said: "Let me but see her a moment. Just to say farewell."

"No," she answered, sternly; "no more unholy passion. Her last thought must be of sacred things."

"Unholy!" exclaimed Dr. Golding, with sudden indignation, rising to the man's mastery in his righteous wrath. "Unholy! Say not so. Love—it is the holy of holies. The very essence of the great God Soul. And when you deny its presence, bar it out of your life, you bar out God's highest and best. You deny God. I will see her; and I will say to her, 'Go home to heaven with love's holy kiss on thy brow and thou wilt rise the nearer to the Great Source of all Good, and hear the sweetest melodies in that infinite and everlasting Harmony.' Not love, but superstition, has killed her."

He passed by her, and walked into the room with the mastery of right, and knelt at the bedside whence was passing away the pure and gentle but fettered spirit whom God's law had made for his soul's help and joy, saying in the pathos of a forced resignation as he softly breathed his farewell kiss above the eyes that looked on him with such sorrowful pain:

"Farewell, my love, for a little while. Where thou art going thou wilt see the truth in all its beauty and perfection. Thou wilt see and feel for me, and love me still. We shall be united there. Thou art mine, and I am thine. Farewell."

One frail hand fluttered upward and rested on his head; and when he passed out with head bowed on his breast he heard one long sigh, and her prayers rose on silent wings, fore messengers of the soul so soon to follow.

Dr. Golding lived for years a credit to his profession and a helpful friend to the suffering and the needy wherever he found them, but he never married. The little golden-haired boy which became his by adoption grew to a worthy manhood. None but the Mother Superior ever knew the true story of Sister Margaret's disappearance and death.

JULES CHÉRET AND HIS PARISIAN POSTERS.

By ROBERT H. SHERARD.

It is M. Jules Chéret's idea that the most beautiful thing in the world is a bouquet of flowers, and it is his desire and ambition that each piece of work, pastel or poster, signed with his name, should produce the same effect of joy and life and color as does the sight of a nosegay. To this ideal the artist claims to have remained faithful from the first, since the time when, an exile in London, he designed pictorial show cards for a Regent Street perfumer and illustrated covers for a Strand publisher, till to-day, when he is giving the finishing touches to his one thousand three hundredth *affiche* or pictorial bill. It has been said of Jules Chéret that as time has gone on, and principally in order to distinguish his work from that of the hundred and one imitators of his style, he has modified his process, both in respect of draughtsmanship and of coloring, and that a very great difference, not to say improvement, is to be noticed between his latest work and that with which attention was first drawn to him some two and twenty years ago. This statement can be denied, and is denied, by none more warmly than by the artist himself. M. Chéret





claims to have followed without a single deviation the line which, when he first began to paint for the streets of Paris, he struck out for himself; and this, indeed, he considers one of the triumphs of his artistic career—to have found his road at so early a period, and to have followed it to the end without wavering. His object was to produce “joyful, living, nosegay” work—to quote his own words—to brighten up the gray monochrome of the Paris streets, and to prove that a piece of work can be a work of art, even if only printed on paper and destined to be pasted in the street.

The striking originality of M. Chéret's work, both in the matter of color and of design, results, no doubt, from the fact that he is the pupil, that is to say, the unconscious imitator, of nobody. His pictures are his own absolute creations. If influence of any sort may be traced in his work it is at the best but a souvenir of Watteau and of Fragonard seen with the most modern of eyes, and this influence M. Chéret is the first to admit, though he prefers to describe himself as working at the suggestion—in the pathological sense of the word—of Correggio, Franz Hals, and, above all, of Tiepolo, engravings of whose works cover the walls of his *atelier*. And though, no doubt, traces of the influence of Franz Hals may be found in some of the male figures of his more emblematic designs, just as to some degree also the ethereal poses of the Parisian artist's females may have been inspired by the soaring divinities



of the Venetian painter, there is certainly no living artist whose artistic atavism is less easy to define than Jules Chéret's. To begin with, his chief in most cases unnatural. It is contested that no men or women ever ran or danced or leaped as Chéret's men and women run and dance and leap.



PANTOMIME.—PANEL BY CHÉRET.

originality consists in a way of depicting movement which academically is wrong, and which his critics are never tired of reproaching him with. The attitudes of his figures are, it is pointed out,

Certainly, after the strict rules of draughtsmanship, the designs are incorrect, and no one is more ready to admit this than the artist himself. He will, however, defend himself by saying that

what he above all desires is to produce the effect of life and movement, that the means are justified by the end, and that in criticising the representation of a movement it must be remembered that when a person runs or dances or leaps each single movement of the many that combined to produce this effect of running, danc-

of life and movement, the effect invariably aimed at by the painter. Idealization and intensification—not to use the word exaggeration—are, indeed, the principal factors in M. Chéret's artistic process, and just as there never were such postures as he depicts, so never either were such men and women seen as his. And this, perhaps, is



PORTRAIT OF CHÉRET, BY J. BERNARD.

ing or leaping cannot be detected, and that it is the artist's right to choose which of the many single movements may best represent the entire combination. In other words, Chéret's designs may be compared to instantaneous photographs of moving beings, idealized and intensified to the point at which they shall best produce the effect

the chief charm of the painter who has come in an age of the crudest realism. His women are one and all idealizations of that particular daughter of Eve whose generic name is *la Parisienne*, a woman as distinct and different from the rest of her sex as the Japanese *moumémé* is distinct and different from the Georgian or the Circassian, a

combination of grace, elegance and femininity artificially produced and enhanced by the arts and manufactures of the coiffeur, the mantle maker and the perfumer. To some extent typical of this most modern of human products are Mme.

remembered that M. Jules Chéret never uses a model for his designs, that his women are the pure creations of his brain, that his hand is guided by memory and imagination alone, and that it is one of his principles that exaggeration of type is indispensable if a striking effect is to be produced.

In the matter of color, in which M. Chéret's originality is not less pronounced than in his design, it is economy rather than taste that influenced him in his choice. A separate stone having to be engraved for each color used for printing his *affiches*, he was obliged, taking into consideration the purses of his clients, to limit the number of his colors, as also the quantities to be used in each *affiche*. Rarely has economy in the matter of artistic production been productive of such excellent effect. It has been given to M. Chéret to draw from the three primordial colors of red, blue and yellow—"the three shrillest trumpet notes," as he calls them—effects which other artists disposing of all their palettes may well envy. Strangely enough, the artist is alone to regret the restraint which a necessary economy imposes, and it is to his pastels, rather than to his *affiches*, that he points as the realization of his ideas on color, in the application of which he describes himself as being strongly influenced by the Japanese in their enthusiasm for bright tones. But in his color, as in his designs, the object of his artistic work—that is to say, to produce an effect of joy and life as in a nosegay of flowers, is never lost sight of. M. Chéret is not only a painter, he is also a poet and a philosopher.

It will be a revelation to many to hear that this joyous and exuberant artist, whose delight in life and movement and gladness is revealed on every wall in Paris, is one of the warmest admirers of that most melancholy of philosophers, the German pessimist, Schopenhauer. It is difficult to understand his assertion that he has been more influenced by his study of the mournful reflections of the calamitous philosopher of Frankfort than by any other books which he has read, unless, indeed, it was by contrast and contradiction, the resolve coming to him to show in Schopenhauer's despite that life is beautiful after all, that women and wine and song were rightly exalted by German philosophers of a more genial temper, and that if black there must be in this world, it should only, as in his posters, be used to throw into stronger relief the joyous brilliancies of the red and the blue and the yellow. However this may be, the philosopher in many of M. Chéret's posters peeps out behind the painter. It is possible that in his heart of hearts some element of satire influences him when he depicts his *Parisiennes*,



Réjane, Mme. Sizos, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, and the little milliner girls of the Rue de la Paix; but in no one person is the Chéret type, which is a synthesis of a dozen types, to be found. That this is so will be all the more apparent when it is



and, above all, their male companions; but if satire there be, it is so delicately applied that it is most generally overlooked. It is in other ways that the philosophy of M. Chéret manifests itself. Look, for instance, at the famous poster which he designed for the advertisement of M. Emile Zola's novel "La Terre." It is in its way as remarkable a work of art as Millet's "Homme à la Houe," or any other of the Barbizon poetizations of the sombre dignity of toil. This poster represented a weather-beaten peasant sitting by the wayside, and in the background was a melancholy landscape, with laboring horses dragging a heavy plow. This *affiche* produced an immense impression in Paris, and no doubt contributed in a large measure to the success of a book of which M. Zola has but little reason to be proud. All the pitiful story of the French peasant was in this figure and in this scene, and their creation at once raised the artist to the highest ranks. It is not, however, M. Chéret's fortune to be at liberty to choose subjects so entirely suited to his genius as was this. By the very nature of his enterprise he is obliged to apply his talents to such subjects as his customers propose to him. One day it is a patent rice powder, another day a mowing machine, on a third a popular amusement resort, on a fourth a kind of petroleum or a specialty in straw hats that he is obliged to illustrate. Yet never did

any Pegasus in any plow make a braver appearance. It is his to beautify and to idealize whatever he touches. What *tableautin*, for instance, could be more charming than the poster, a reproduction of which is given on page 204, advertising the Poudre Diaphane?—one of the Chéret *affiches* which is most eagerly sought after by the collectors. Side by side with this may be ranked his poster advertising Grévin's waxwork show and depicting the representation of the scene in the Opera foyer. But out of the thirteen hundred *affiches* which he has produced—from the first, which was an advertisement of Valentino's dancing rooms, down to the one which he is finishing to-day, and which has this peculiarity, that for once the ballerina whom it is destined to advertise is shown in pink instead of the familiar vermillion—it would be difficult, so little has the artist's execution and formula varied, to pick out and select work as more remarkable than all the rest. Still, what may be considered Chéret's very best work are four panels, which were specially designed to meet the wishes of those who so greatly admired his work that they used to cover their walls with posters bought from the bill stickers or from agents who came by them by nightly larceny. These four panels are entitled



SE VEND PARTOUT



respectively "Music," "Dancing," "Comedy" and "Pantomime," the third and fourth of which are illustrated on pages 205 and 200. These panels, as are the others, were specially designed for decorative purposes, and are printed in eight colors on thick paper. The dress of the figure which idealizes Comedy is in satin, of crushed cherry color. The naked breast is lighted up with moonbeams. The hair is of that Venetian red which Sarah Bernhardt made fashionable, and with which, perhaps as a consequence of this, Chéret has endowed his typical *Parisienne*. In her hand, too heavy for her taper fingers, she holds a Pierrot mask, toward which she smiles; falling from her are other masks which in her caprice she has discarded. Behind her appears the serious countenance of M. de Pourceaugnac, the grinning face of Scapin, escorted by the comic apothecaries of the tradition of Molière. In the panel entitled "Pantomime" we are shown a coquettish Columbine playing with her fan while Pierrot whispers words of love in her ear and Harlequin menaces with his bat. It was, doubtless, after looking at these panels that Huysmans wrote of Chéret's work: "Il y a mille fois plus de talent dans la plus mince des

affiches de Chéret que dans la plupart des tableaux d'un Salon."

Now, though Chéret has shown that when he is free to choose his subjects, and can give his artistic instinct full course, he can produce, as in his pastels and in these four panels, specially designed and executed for the lovers of his art, most excellent work, it is still not at all to be regretted that circumstances make it necessary for him to devote his time almost exclusively to the special work with which his name is connected. We might possibly be able to spare Chéret the pastelist, or Chéret the decorator, but one does not see what Paris would do without Chéret *l'affichier*. The very difficulties which the imposition of an often repellent subject lays upon the artist seem only to inspire him to greater triumphs. And doubtless also the contrast between the subject and its execution has much to do with the very sincere pleasure that the contemplation of these posters evokes. What, for instance, could be a more charming poetization of that most prosaic of commodities, a patent toilet soap, than the picture, a reproduction of which is shown on page



203, which represents the daintiest of damsels just about to use this particular article? The advertisement is there in every detail, from the name of the manufacture in largest of letters down to a representation not only of the soap it-

self, but of the box in which it is sold, none other being genuine. Yet so deftly are these commercial items introduced into the picture that they in no way interfere with the artistic enjoyment that one feels in contemplating it. This



COMEDY.— PANEL BY CHÉRET.

is the idealization of that art which the magnates of the Beaux-Arts so long refused to recognize, and which is known in France by the generic name of "les arts industriels."

M. Chéret proposes to hold an exhibition of as many of his posters as he is able to bring together in London and elsewhere. The exhibition will unfortunately be incomplete, he having neglected to keep copies of all his works. Such as it will be, however, this exhibition cannot fail to be one of the most interesting to which the art-loving public has been invited for many years past. In-

teresting, not only by reason of the genius that inspired and executed these works of art, but by the intense modernity of their *raison d'être*. Here is work for the delight of the people, which sprang into existence, not at the bidding nor under the patronage of the great, but as an envoy from trade to the passers in the street. Here is the artist turned *trouvère*, and singing in the streets. It is one more proof of the democratic spirit which is the life breath of trade, and a guarantee of the benefits which that democratic spirit must confer on the masses.



A HUNTING LAY.

BY ELLIOTT LEES.

He buckled girth, and tightened rein,
And bade his mare take heed;
She snorted answer back again—
A fair and gallant steed!

He held her straight across the down,
She left afar his peers,
The fresh wind in his face was blown,
The pack sang in his ears.

He held her straight adown the hill,
Her hocks beneath her bent,
None, without instant fear of ill,
Could follow where she went.

He held her straight across the plain,
She strained against the bit;
Her courage heightened his again,
His knowledge lent her wit.

Rough dikes, high piled from ancient days,
Strong fences of the past—
She left them all, and went her ways,
A gallant mare and fast.

The blackthorn twined across the path
Hid yon sweet pack from view;
She smote the growers in her wrath,
And clove the fence in two.

He spied the oak rail, nor would stop,
Yet drew the long reins' tether;
Full two foot clear she spurned the top:
Ah, how they laughed together!

The stream where marsh and river meet
Her heart made light of gladly,
And, as it flashed beneath her feet,
His own was beating madly:

Yon loud hound concert, close at hand,
His very soul had stirred,
And she—his mare—could understand
The music that he heard.

And when he lighted off the mare
At that long gallop's end,
Was ever maiden half so fair?
Was ever such a friend?

THE LAST OF THE LEVERIDGES.

BY J. H. WALWORTH.

PART I.



F men really are "the outcome of their ancestry plus their environment," as some ethical explorers contend, Horace Leveridge was no more responsible for his thistle-down habit of floating airily over the surface of things when in pleasant mood than he was for his straight black eyebrows and classic nose.

His brows, by the way, had a trick of contracting suddenly, in moments of anger, contracting his clear gray eyes into the likeness of storm-swept lakelets.

Nor, still clinging to the ethical sagas, was he to be held any more responsible for the imperious temper which made him thoroughly obnoxious at times than he was for the supple tigerish grace of his long, lithe limbs.

His ancestry had endowed him with great physical beauty, arrogance and a hopeless inheritance of debt. His environment had educated him into a lazy indifference to the moral aspect of debt, a keen appreciation of its inconvenience, and imperious intolerance of contradiction in any shape.

It was his misfortune to have been morally constructed on the plan of a certain South American pond weed, which flings no anchoring roots earthward, but is born upon the bosom of the waters at the will of the winds, carrying its hyacinthine spikes, nevertheless, as proudly as the firmest-rooted oak carries its centenarian's crown.

Such as he was, he was about to be married. Among his inheritances was a beguiling tongue, which made his success with any woman he chose to woo a foregone conclusion.

None the less it was with a sense of difficulty overcome that he slipped the engagement ring on Mona Tomlinson's finger, having beguiled her into the belief that Horace Leveridge, plus the Leveridge plantation, tradition, debts and fading magnificence, were worth accepting.

Warning voices and evil prophecies were not lacking when "Mona's folly" was proclaimed among the Tomlinson kin.

She met all of it with smiling confidence and the assurance that "husbands, unlike poets, are made, not born."

She rather prided herself on the neatness of this retort. It had the crisp clearness of an epigram, combined with vague wisdom. Perhaps she was repeating it for the twelfth time, on the

eve of her wedding day, to her only bridesmaid, who had arrived simultaneously with the bridal veil.

"Then you propose to manufacture your husband?"

"Precisely. I regard him as so much raw material, *voilà tout!*"

Mona placed the groom's gift upon her friend's lap—a pair of antique diamond bracelets worth several times the value of his debt-encumbered plantation. The bridesmaid turned them over mechanically. It was of Mona and Mona's future she was thinking sadly just then.

"A Leveridge worked into shape by a woman! The Leveridge obstinacy is historical, my dear."

"I beg of you, Aline, not to talk as if I must stand in abject awe of my new name."

"It is the oldness of the name that fills me with abject awe. We are such mere crudities of yesterday, such ephemera, by comparison! His diamonds are certainly beyond criticism. I hope you may find him as flawless. For such gems as those I might be tempted to risk it myself."

Mona had taken the jewels from her and was clasping them on her round wrists, turning them briskly about the better to catch the glittering prismatic sparks. Some of their brightness, and perhaps a glint of their hardness, were in the glance she presently turned upon her friend.

"Risk what?" she asked, brusquely.

"Mr. Leveridge's established reputation for selfishness and bad temper. You know as well as and better than I do, Mona, what people say of him."

"Day after to-morrow, Aline, you would not dare tell me that Mr. Leveridge was selfish or bad-tempered."

"No. It would be too late then."

"It is too late now."

"Mona! Oh, my darling Mona!"

It was a cry of distress from a tried and loving heart. Mona leaned forward to clasp the anxious face between her hands. She kissed her friend tenderly on both cheeks.

"Allie, you were always the dearest little sim-pleton in existence, but an awful coward, dear. Never fear for me, child. I have one great advantage over all those dead-and-gone Mesdames Leveridge, who, tradition hath it, must have lived in the domestic insecurity of Blue Beard's wives."

"What advantage?"

"The advantage modern civilization gives the universal woman. Marriage does not necessarily mean bondage for life. And if you have not forgotten your classics you will remember that even that marital monster met his match. Alliterative, you perceive. I intend to mold, and not be molded."

"One cannot mold granite, Mona."

"One can chisel it, though. It repays one better, too, in the long run."

"How dreadfully presumptuous! But women are presumptuous—before marriage. What tools?"

Miss Tomlinson's laugh was always baffling. One was never quite clear whether she was laughing at or with one. She had taken the bracelets off and was carefully tucking them into their pink wool nests. She prolonged the task so deliberately that Aline concluded her last question had fallen on deaf ears. Presently, with a ripple of that baffling laughter, Mona answered it:

"The tools? They must be left to the exigencies of the moment." She pointed to an open escritoire. "There is work for me and you to do. That old desk must enter the prim precincts of the Leveridge library swept and garnished from all its guilty secrets."

They seated themselves before the desk and looked smilingly down into the chaotic litter of old letters, perished nosegays, photographs, and other insignia of acknowledged belleship.

"You never were in earnest in any of those old affairs, Mona?"

"Yes, once, desperately. At least, I thought so for a little while." She leaned forward, and lifting a photograph from the mass before her, flung it into Aline's lap with a laugh. "You were in Europe at the time. That is why you never heard about it. Why—Aline!"

The mocking laugh died on her lips. Her face expressed blank amazement. The pallor of a ghostseer had spread over Aline's sweet face. She sat staring at the pictured face, entranced.

"Aline! Aline!"

Mona called her name sharply twice before she looked away from the photograph with the long, shuddering sigh of one opportunely aroused from a hideous nightmare. Mona was kneeling before her, covering the picture with her folded hands. For a long second they looked into each other's eyes. Then Mona said, timidly:

"Would you mind talking about it, Allie?"

Aline made a gesture of impatience.

"Why should I? I was engaged to be married to him, when mother's failing health took us all to Europe for a year. He was in the Custom-house at New Orleans then. Some one wrote me that, while on a visit to his grandmother in Terre-

bonne, he had met a lady who captivated him so that he could talk of nothing else. Strange I should never have thought of you in that connection! In my next letter I charged him jestingly with it. He answered so seriously that I was compelled to release him from a bondage grown irksome. That is all."

"Imbecile! He shall be the very first to burn. There! I wish it was the man himself. After all, Allie"—she had risen to her feet, and stood watching the blackened remains of the photograph curl themselves into charred fragments and float up the broad flue—"it was you he loved, and you only. I was amusing myself for the summer, and he, poor dolt, could not help himself. I understand some things better now."

Aline pushed her chair softly back from the desk, and got up with a faint, apologetic smile.

"I am ashamed of my own foolishness. I am going to my room, Mona. Perhaps it is the wedding wreath and veil. I did not tell you they are like the ones I had selected in Paris for my own use. I will be quite myself again by teatime."

Mona sprang after her.

"Say that you forgive me, Aline, before you go; and kiss me."

"There, and there. I have nothing to forgive, my dear."

"Where is he?"

"I do not know."

"Alive or dead?"

"I do not know."

Then the door closed between them, and Mona, standing there alone, registered a vow that, if Raphael Warner were alive, she would bring him to Aline's feet a penitent suppliant for pardon.

Then she returned to the old desk, and selecting the fuel for her sacrificial fire, did not desist in the work of destruction until lamps were brought in and tea announced.

The next day the old desk, innocent of any reference to a past that was "Mona Tomlinson's and not Mrs. Horace Leveridge's," was transferred, with a few other of her personal belongings, from the old home to the new.

* * * * *

Mr. Horace Leveridge, not in his thistledown mood, sitting on his front gallery, in the fresh crispness of an October morning, had been aware, for several moments, that his wife was standing in the open doorway behind him. But his mood was distinctly ungracious, and he chose to ignore her proximity. It was one of his marital privileges.

She stood with her hands clasped loosely in front of her, her serious eyes fastened on the dew-drenched cotton fields before them.

Her face wore a baffled expression. She was still looking for the right tool. After all it was not granite, but thistledown, she was called on to shape. Her perplexities had added a touch of extreme pathos to the beauty of her face without marring it.

She came forward and stood by him. He was moodily embracing one knee with both hands and frowning upon the world. She laughed, a trifle nervously.

"I have been watching you for a long time, 'Race."

"I hope you found it profitable."

"Your very back indicates dissatisfaction with the world."

broad glossy salvers of the magnolias full of uncut gems."

"And the mule, with its bur-bedecked tail, kicking the diamonds to flinders. Come down out of the clouds, Mrs. Leveridge."

"And begin the day in the cellar," she said, not without bitterness. "Perhaps your fences are out of order," she added, with dry practicality, "and the stock breaks bounds."

"That is just like a woman."

"What? Breaking bounds?"

It was a feeble jest sponsored by a feeble smile. It partook of the failure of all things that morning.

"To enumerate a man's failings before giving



"MONA FLUNG HER HANDS ABOUT HER HUSBAND'S ARM WITH A CRY OF TERROR."

"I don't deny it."

"Now, if you were an artist, all this October beauty of earth and sky would console you for so much."

"But I am not an artist. I am a cursed debt-ridden planter, floundering deeper in the mire every day; and the 'morning glory's amethystine cup' that you are pleased to enthuse over is, in plain English, the confoundedest of tie vines that tangle the fields into an infernal snarl."

"But you need not deny the beauty of the world just because you have mismanaged your little corner of it. Look at the diamond embroidery on those fleecy bannerets of cotton, and the

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him his breakfast. The list will be lengthened by this. I forgot it."

He drew from his side pocket a heavy envelope and handed it to her.

"From California, I see."

Mona held the envelope in unsteady hands. She could feel the startled blood dyeing neck, cheek and brow with the stain of suspicion that she could not avert.

She hated herself for her lack of composure. She hated Horace for his ready suspicions. She hated Rabe Warner for the idiotic consciousness that had made him return a senseless carte. Through the thin veil of her drooping lids she

could feel the scorching intensity of her husband's gaze. She knew he was interpreting her hesitation by the lurid light of jealousy. In the midst of this inward tumult throbbed a pulse of gladness. She knew where Warner was now, and she could bring him to Aline's feet.

Horace broke the silence harshly.

"It is rare to see a woman hold a letter so long with unbroken seal."

"It is not a letter," with sullen composure.

"Oh!"

"And I have not opened it simply because I know what it contains."

"Ah!"

"It is an old carte of mine. You can open it yourself if you wish. So you see there is not much room for curiosity." She turned her eyes full upon him. "Of course you knew I had had my full complement of a society woman's experiences, but—'Race!'"

It was a cry of physical terror. Then she caught her full red lips with her sharp white teeth in sudden repression. "Had a Leveridge ever actually committed murder?" she wondered.

Horace looked quite equal to it at that moment. Better have the whole miserable business over at once by showing the picture.

She smiled bravely, and tapped the envelope against her left hand.

"I can safely say that, but for some recent occurrences, this admirer's very existence would have been forgotten."

"Some recent occurrences?" His voice was thick with rage. "Perhaps you would be so good as to explain."

"No. I am sorry to disoblige you, but I cannot do that."

Outwardly she was perfectly composed. She was running one slim finger beneath the flap of the envelope. Of course, the "imbecile" had not written anything!

But the imbecile had. About the carte was folded a closely written half-sheet of paper. Mona ran her eye hastily down the page.

It contained an impassioned plea for her intercession with Aline. Aline was the burden of its cry—Aline, whom he loved with "deathless love."

She could not let Horace see that letter. It was Allie's secret, not hers. Perhaps he would slay her where she stood. But a few swift motions of hand and wrist, and Horace Leveridge stood glaring at his wife across the fluttering fragments of the note.

"I am sorry," she said, striving to speak composedly, "but it was not meant for any eye but mine. You must take my unsupported word for

it, Horace, that there was not a word in it you might not have addressed to another man's wife."

She could feel the fiery heat of his breath upon her cheeks as he sprang toward her. Was he going to strike? Such things had happened with less provocation than she had just given.

Slowly around the corner of the house old Munson came, as was his daily custom, leading Mr. Leveridge's saddled horse.

With an oath Horace flung himself upon the brute, digging his spurs mercilessly into his flanks. His right hand was still clinched over the fragment of the letter he had torn from Mona's slim fingers.

Under the shelter of the trees that shut him from her view he spread them out upon the pommel of his saddle. Two words and a signature rewarded his pains—"Deathless love" and "Rafe Warner."

"That much gained. As for her——"

PART II.

THE clouds rolled by eventually, as every cloud will; and the shadows lifted, as every shadow save that of an infinite doom must; and there came a day when Mr. Leveridge was pleased to say to his wife:

"You are looking done up. I am going over to Holcombe for the day. I want to see about a team he means to sell. I am going in the drag, and it won't inconvenience me in the least to take you along."

Mr. Leveridge never cheapened his own suggestions. He preferred always to be the giver, and not receiver, of a benefaction. Mona repeated his words with impalpable irony:

"If it will not inconvenience you in the least to take me with you I believe I should like to go."

"It will be a deuced bore to spend the day, especially if Holcombe should chance to be out of the way. I would as soon spend the day in the family burying ground as with an old woman who has outlived everything but memory and wrinkles. I will be at the door with the drag in fifteen minutes."

"Everything but memory and wrinkles."

Mona, tying her bonnet ribbons under her chin, peered questioningly into the glass. How long before she should reach that desolate pass? There were already the parallel lines on her smooth forehead which could not be coaxed out. And those dark rings under her eyes were dismal novelties. Perhaps ten years from now people would shun her as Horace shunned old Mrs. Holcombe. It would be hard to grow old gracefully in the Leveridge mansion.

But with the swift motion of the horses and the soft sounds of the forest life, filling her veins with a fresher current, she forgot to moralize, and conscientiously dwelt upon the sweeter aspects of life.

"We are in for it." Horace looked sour, as he climbed back into the drag after opening the big gate leading into the Holcombe premises. "George is away from home."

"In for what?"

"The old lady and *in memoriam*. I have half a mind to turn back."

"I am very tired, Horace."

He flicked his horse's ears impatiently with the lash of his whip.

"Then you can stop indoors and talk graveyards and drink tea while I am trying the chestnuts."

This programme agreed upon, they drove briskly up to the front door, which was standing open, giving them a glimpse of unwonted activities beyond. Mrs. Holcombe met them at the threshold, with her eyes full of excitement and her mouth full of pins.

"Think of it, my dear—twenty-five years since we have seen each other; she living in California and I in Louisiana all that time, and both of us old women now! George has gone out to the landing for them."

"You are looking for friends?"

"Friends! Relatives! My own darling sister Sidomi and her only child. Dear me, I am all of a flutter!"

"And we are in the way," said Horace, still seated in the drag.

Then he made known his errand. Mrs. Holcombe heard it with horror.

"You want to buy those fourfooted devils! Not with my consent. At least not unless you promise never to take this dear child behind 'em."

She put an arm protectingly about Mona's slim waist. They were standing on the doorsteps just where Mona had sprung lightly from the drag before hearing the news.

"That is farther on," said Horace, laughing lightly. "Did George drive them out to the landing?"

"Drive them out to the landing! Do you suppose I want my only sister killed before I've laid eyes on her, and twenty-five years gone by?"

"Then they are in the paddock, and if you will keep Mrs. Leveridge for a little while I will take a spin down the Colton road with them."

"It will be a spinning head they will give you; but I never did hear of a Leveridge listening to common sense, so you may go, so long as you leave your wife safe in my hands."

Perhaps the task of driving the chestnuts from the paddock into the stable yard and harnessing them to the drag consumed more time than he had allotted; or perhaps the exquisite pleasure of feeling the fiery brutes gradually succumb to the control of his masterful hand was too exciting to be quickly foregone. Here was something fresh to conquer; something worth subjugating; something to *break*.

He wished he had not brought Mona; then he might have driven straight home without having to go back to the house and pick her up. The chestnuts should be his at any price. He consulted his watch and exclaimed:

"The devil has flown away with the moments, and there is no time for changing horses again. Those people will be arriving, and it will be awkward all around."

It was already awkward for Mona—frightfully so. Who could have divined that Mrs. Holcombe's "Sidomi and her boy" were Rafe Warner and his mother?

They—she and he—had made the most of this strangely brought about meeting. Aline! There was nothing else in common between them. It was all arranged—how Allie was to be beguiled to Leveridge Hall in ignorance of his proximity, before Horace drew the foam-flecked chestnuts to a stand before the carriage block.

No one was visible but Mona and this rather striking-looking nephew of Mrs. Holcombe's. The two long-parted sisters were chattering in the guest chamber upstairs, and George was superintending the unloading of the baggage van.

"I thought you never would come," said Mona, going swiftly toward him from the gallery seat, accompanied by the stranger.

"You will have to go back behind the new team. There is no time for changing."

"You can manage them doubtless. I am not afraid."

Then she turned and mentioned a name, not clearly and deliberately, as was her fashion in introducing people, but with a clumsy shyness that surprised no one more than herself.

Why should she bungle over Warner's name? Why should she be glad, at that moment, that Horace, ashamed of his brutal outrage of months ago, had never referred to the letter with the carte, nor ever learned the name of the sender? That was her mistake.

They had passed the outer gate before the chestnuts, restive and impatient, were quiet enough for conversation.

"What did you say the gentleman's name was? You did not give it very distinctly."

"Warner."

"Warner! Mr. Rafe Warner?"

"Yes."

"By ———?"

The oath was accentuated by a fierce cut of the lash across the flanks of the chestnuts. They bounded forward in maddened fury, blows falling fast and thick upon them. Mona flung her hands about her husband's arm with a cry of terror.

"Horace, you are going to kill us both! You are demented! You do not understand. Lay down the lash, Horace. Listen to me, husband! Raphael Warner is Aline Meriwether's lover—has been all his life. I have promised to bring them together at my house. Are you listening, Horace? Do you hear? Do you comprehend?"

She was shrieking the words into his ears. She had as well flung them to the winds. He was running a race with death, and no one knew it better than he.

With his feet firmly planted against the dashboard, and the reins wound about his hands until the veins stood out upon them like whipcords, he sat with his blazing eyes fastened upon the road before him.

"Who should conquer—he or the chestnuts?" Life resolved itself into that question.

He flung Mona's clinging hands off with an oath. He had heard every word she said, and he believed her. If they escaped destruction he would tell her so and beg her pardon; but "Who should conquer—he or the chestnuts?"

With wild snorts of terror the brutes were dashing along the wooded road, swinging the drag like a cockleshell from side to side.

The wind had lifted the brim of Horace's broad sombrero and pressed it backward, leaving his blanched face and bloodless lips fully exposed. His eyes glowed like freshly lighted furnaces. Another turn of the taut lines about his corded wrists. Who would come off best?

Mona sank upon the bottom of the drag, limp and faint. Destruction was merely a question of seconds. She felt strangely indifferent to her fate. Only she hoped they would not suffer long—she and Horace. And she wished those set, drawn lips of his would relax and give egress to some word that would tell her he understood and believed.

On, on, faster, still faster, now rushing with smooth vehemence along the grass-fringed verge of a smiling brook, now thundering noisily over the wooden bridges that echoed the sharp blows of their iron-shod feet with hollow thuds, sped the chestnut horses, bearing the last of the Leveridges forward to his certain doom.

Rescue was impossible. They both knew it.

There was no one along the lonely country road to attempt the impossible. The brutes had conquered. Horace knew it. Mona lifted her eyes heavenward. She was not praying. There was no time for prayer. She was just longing for a little space of life to make Horace understand.

Was her task of "molding" to end thus? Failure was writ on all things. Not on all! A black-winged bird in a turquoise sky soared majestically over her head; on serene, slow wings, perfectly poised, far above the world of tumult and mistakes she was rushing out of. There was no failure there. Would those brutes never exhaust their demoniacal strength? Would Horace never turn his blanched face from their tossing manes? Would this thing never end?

Perhaps, after all, she was getting rid of a load of years she should not have known what to do with, with a great gulf of misunderstanding forever broadening between her and Horace.

If Horace would only speak to her just once—one word—three words, "I believe you"! He should.

She knelt upon the swaying floor, steadying herself by a fierce grip of the seat. She brought her face close to his.

"Horace! husband! Look at me. On the brink of eternity, as we both stand, I want to hear you say, 'Mona, I believe you'!"

For a moment his blazing eyes were averted from the heads of the brutes over whom he had lost all control.

"We are lost! I have murdered you! I believe you, and I love you!"

A smile of seraphic content spread over Mona's beautiful face.

"The river! God! is there no escape?"

It was a cry of mortal agony wrung from a man's soul in extremity. With superhuman strength he wrenched the horses' heads to one side. A violent, downward plunge! The earth seemed slipping away from their flying, thundering hoofs. The world reeled. Mechanically Mona flung her hands outward and grasped—something. Then her busy brain stopped its work like a watch whose mainspring snaps.

* * * * *

When they found her the yellow plumes of a broken golden-rod lay across her closed lids. Him they never found. On the brink of the river, where, in one last plunge for freedom, the chestnuts had left it, spurned and wrecked, they found the drag.

The last of the Leveridges, still clinging to the reins with deathless determination, they had carried with them to a watery grave. The current of the river, swift and turbulent as the hot cur-

rent of his own ungoverned passions, had carried him forever beyond the ken of man.

The blossom tide of the golden-rod was over long ago. The ashen tints of gray November wrapped earth and sky. Aline Meriwether still lingered at Leveridge Hall, a loving ministrant to Mona, bent, yet not broken.

But Rafe was growing impatient, and the hour had come when she must leave Mona in other hands. She kneeled before her friend, as her friend had once kneeled before her, penitent and remorseful.

"Mona, darling, you once asked my pardon for an uncommitted injury. How can I ever ask yours for—"

"Hush!" Mrs. Leveridge laid a thin, slim hand on her friend's quivering lips. Then, after a little while: "It was not your fault. It was not mine—at least, I hope not. I bungled so. Perhaps I had not found the right tools," with a wintry smile, "or else I wearied in welldoing.

I grew so tired sometimes, so very tired! Poor Horace, I am glad he knew the truth before——"

Mrs. Holcombe, commenting on the tragedy, found one glimmer of consolation amid its darkness:

"I am thankful there are no children. The Lord made the Leveridges out of queer clay—very. If the dear Lord ever repented of anything He must have repented for having sent Horace Leveridge into the world."

To which her Sidomi, cooing contentedly over Rafe's brightening prospects and restored health, answered, briskly:

"A strange lot, the Leveridges! Now, my Rafe, there is a man for you! If that poor young thing could only have found such as he! But they are not plentiful. One Rafe Warner is enough for such a world as this."

"And one Horace Leveridge is more than enough," said old Mrs. Holcombe, grimly.

She found it hard to forget that "trick" of taking Mona behind the chestnuts.



KLUKITAT INDIANS.

ISLE OF THE DEAD.

BY EDWARD B. MCDOWELL.

BEFORE the white man came, when dusky tribes alone camped upon its wooded banks, the Columbia River had for its name Wauna, musical Wauna.

Later, when the flag of Spain sailed up its blue stretch, a christening in a strange tongue proclaimed it St. Roque.

The poet sings, "Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save his own dashings."

But these are all the same; it is a river of many names.

More than two hundred years ago, so tradition has it, there existed a powerful compact of some twenty or thirty tribes, constituting the Confederacy of the Wauna.

Among the allies were numbered the coast Indians of the far north and the tribes who roamed

the warm valleys of California. These were banded together to hold in check the invading hordes, their hereditary foes, from over the Cascades and the plains beyond.

This portion of the Columbia River Valley was once the great council grounds of the chiefs, the very heart of an empire whose death shroud was spread before its written history began. The imagination fancifully plays with its long-lost greatness as with "a breeze which blew a thousand years ago."

Though the Confederacy of the Wauna is dead, yet the posterity of many of its ancient tribes still eke out an existence there in degraded wretchedness.

Many of the tribes live only in memory, for their numbers have long since been gathered to the peaceful spiritland.

Here the nation of the Klikitats yet pitch their wigwams by the great river.

Here sizzles the spoil of the chase or the river's catch over the crackling camp fire of an evening, as in the days of the great confederacy.

Here are appetites as keen as in the olden days, but, poor creatures, their numbers how shrunken and their hearts how saddened!

Here are emaciated countenances, in the red glare of the camp fire, which wear expressions of sorrow, the result of the pangs of grief which the memory of the past has occasioned, and looks of calm resignation to the inevitable destiny which they well know awaits their race.

Several miles down the river from The Dalles, a thriving little city of several thousand inhabitants, the traveler can see from the car window, as he glides along the south bank of the Columbia on the Union Pacific Railroad, a small rocky island which rises in midstream some twenty feet from the water. Its entire area cannot comprise more than two or three acres.

Such islands are common, but this one possesses a conspicuous feature which at once attracts the attention of the passer-by, and an occasional one stops off to pay the place a visit.

Above the stunted and parched vegetation which covers the island there towers a monument of light-gray granite, after the obelisk pattern, thirteen feet in height, surmounting a pedestal of masonry constructed from the local basalt rock. The apex of the column is twenty-one feet over all.

Surely this is a telling tribute to some sleeping tenant of the lonely and barren isle.

Memaloose Island (Isle of the Dead) the Indians call it.

From time immemorial it has been used as a place of burial by the Klikitat tribes.

It is a noteworthy fact that almost every native tribe has some peculiar characteristic pertaining to its habits or customs.

Nature establishes a condition, and man awakens to its existence.

The tribes of the plains lay their dead to rest upon a crude scaffolding, several feet from the ground, or weave a staging in the branches of trees sufficiently high to be out of reach of the vicious and hungry coyote, whose cowardly presence is ever a watchkeeper environing death.

The islands of the Columbia, many of them, have been and are now used as places of sepulture for no other reason than that they afford safe burial grounds against the encroachments of wild beasts.

We find the earliest authentic records of Memaloose Island in the writings of Lewis and Clark, whose exploring expedition landed here in 1805.

After a Klikitat dies he is strapped astride his horse, sitting erect as though alive. Then the mournful funeral procession, chanting the death wail, moves toward the river.

Imagine the horrible aspect which the corpse presents, wriggling and bobbing about spasmodically.

Presumably this bears to the savage fancy a semblance of forced vitality, or prolonged existence, in a rather incomprehensible sense.

Canoes await the funeral train at the water's edge. The silent equestrian is transferred from his faithful bearer of the chase to the slender shallop floating on the river's surface, which shall bear to their final resting place the very hands which shaped its graceful figure from the forest pine.

The dead is carefully swathed in a covering of skins and blankets, in which are inclosed many of the deceased's worldly possessions. These for the most part are implements of warfare, to be used in the after life.

In the construction of his "deadhouse," or sepulchre, the Klikitat Indian possesses an individuality all his own.

From fallen trees are split rough planks of cedar and made into crude vaults or huts, about ten feet long, eight feet wide and six feet in height.

A noticeable characteristic is that these houses always stand east and west, with the door toward the rising sun.

Crude pictures of men and animals are often found decorating the entrances.

That these picture writings and the invariable east door had some significance touching upon the religion and superstitions of this strange race there is little doubt.

But as to the meaning which these rough carvings undoubtedly once represented we can only conjecture. Of their teachings the Klikitat of to-day knows nothing.

The dead are piled one upon another like cordwood.

When Lewis and Clark touched Memaloose Island and there were thirteen of these burial huts, many of which were crowded to their utmost capacity. But alas, to-day how changed! Eleven of the original thirteen are missing, and their scattered contents are buried beneath the ever-shifting sands. Only two tumble-down huts remain to mark the site of this once populous city of the dead. These, like the obliterated ones, have been rifled and torn almost to the ground. By whom? No one seems to know. And those in official position apparently care less.

The grave-robbing minions are white men, as might be reasonably expected.

To the Indian's credit it may be said, and truthfully, too, that, regardless of the highest standard to which his stealing propensities may be developed—and absolute qualification is the accepted rule—he would not for his life disturb the grave even of his most hated foe. So much for the Indian.

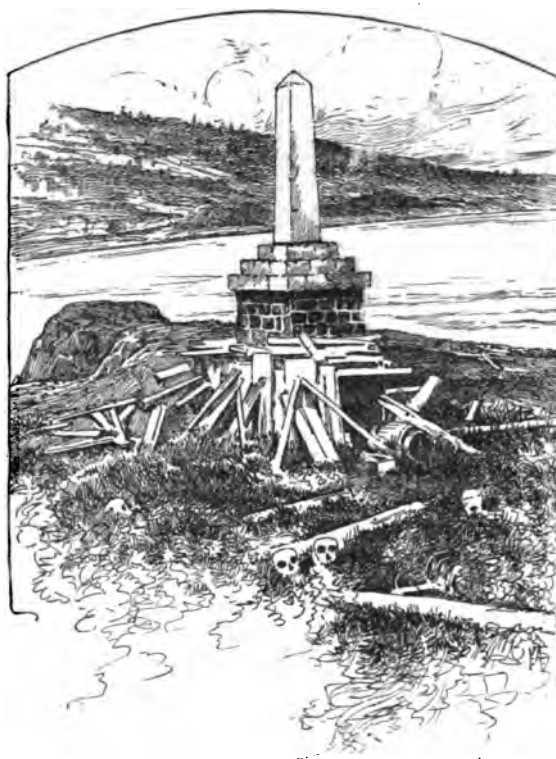
What a flattering commentary on our boasted civilization if we might speak as becomingly of the white man!

The marauding curiosity hunter's acts of desecration are appalling. A hut is unroofed, a body dragged from its family pile, the sackcloth ripped open and robbed of the few broken implements or trinkets with far less feeling or reverence for the defenseless dead than that which a wild beast instinctively displays when in the death presence of one of its kind.

Stone axes, arrowheads, spearheads and the more modern weapons have been found and carried away in great numbers. These are invariably found broken in pieces.

One might be easily led to believe that these valuables were defaced with the design of rendering them worthless that they might not be stolen away. On questioning an old Indian regarding it he replied that when a man died he was "kokshutt" (broken), and that in order to use his weapons or possessions in the next life they, too, must be "kokshutt."

Before the railway had pushed its way up these wooded shores the pine-clad mountains on either bank had looked down for generations on the "Isle of the Dead" and its wealth of moldering treasure, but had never seen the hand of violence laid upon those who slumbered there. The railroad came. The dead were outraged. The first



MONUMENT TO VICTOR TREVITT.

assault was made by the construction forces of this beacon light of progress, the railway.

It was their favorite pastime, after working hours, to plunder the charnel houses and carry off bones and trinkets without limit.

As we stand before this disordered depository of death thoughts take shape which seem to whisper sentiments of condolence and regret into the ears of a much-wronged past. And it is not strange. A more congenial retreat for meditation cannot be easily found.

Within the unroofed walls of the sepulchres are tiers of corpses in varied conditions of preservation. Without, a thousand scattered remnants dot the earth for rods around.

On the bottom are layers of well-seasoned mortality, overlaid with stratum upon stratum of crumbling cerements, through which bone and shrunken flesh protrude.

Not much larger can this ash heap grow. The fuel pile of the Klikitat is well-nigh spent.

As he walked in life, so he sleeps in death, uncovered to the warm sunshine of midday and the cool shadows of the night alike. Even yet he is a communer with nature, and will be till the last vestige of his crumbling frame shall have been turned into dust.

A line of swarthy kings lie here. Brave chieftains whose memories and deeds yet live in wild

tradition sleep, unidentified, with their brothers of the common blood. Grinning visages of death, disjointed segments of humanity, all jumbled and tangled in uncanny conglomeration, how horrible to look upon! There, aside, lies a massive skull with eyeless cavities gazing toward the sky in tireless watching. Here, at your feet, stretches an arm and hand through the seared and yellow grass. Its delicate lines bear evidence of effeminacy. The knotty biceps of a warrior's arm never covered its lighter framework. A softer, gentler one was this, a woman's.

shoulder blade. Beneath this grewsome roof a mouse had built her nest and was rearing her young, unmolested, with a bountiful base of food supplies close at hand.

The animated barking of the guide's dog attracted our attention toward another quarter. There we found two skulls wedged between some pieces of timber, presumably just as they had been fastened when the walls collapsed. Their jaws were firmly interlocked. An unwholesome sight, one may easily imagine, but it appeared not to annoy the canine in the least. With snarls and



ROOSTER ROCK, ON COLUMBIA RIVER.

The little babe, swathed in a sack of softest furs, has for its slender bones a resting place with its elders.

Yonder an open jaw holds the delicate framework of an infant's hand. There beside it rests a skull balanced on the hollow of an upturned foot, as though an act in jugglery were about to begin. But the juggler, what of him? His foot alone is visible above the tangled mass.

One of our guides chanced to overturn, near the edge of the well-strewn circle, a detached

yelps he tugged and pulled in vain effort to displace them.

A lever was brought and placed in position to pry them loose, but only a portion of the necessary weight was applied, when from out of an eyeless loophole a sleek-coated snake thrust its black head and flourished a diabolical length of tongue. It seemed a message of defiance from race to race through a creature most despised by both.

One white man's bones are scattered here-



CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA.

abouts. Victor Trevitt, in whose memory the monument above mentioned was erected, sleeps with those whom he loved and guided. He was what is called a "squaw man," having an Indian wife, and by reason of his intimate relations with the tribes wielded a strong and good influence over them. Before his death he expressed a desire to be buried on Memaloose Island, after the manner of the people who had honored him and sought for so many years his counsel.

When a young man he came among them to hunt and trap the plentiful game which abounded along the banks of the Columbia. And here he tarried in the chase till the tide of years had whitened his locks and rounded his shoulders with the infirmity of old age.

Shortly after his death some of his white friends placed this monument upon the island.

The Indian evidently does not appreciate the spirit in which civilized mankind pays tribute to the dead. But no matter, he has good reason to look with suspicion on the usurping methods of his paleface brother.

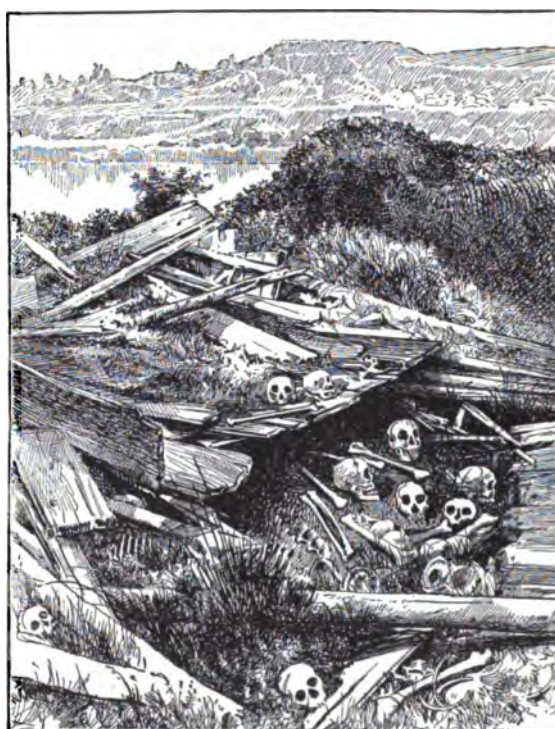
From the day the monument was built Memaloose Island has not been used by the Indians as a place of sepulture.

This furnishes quite convincing proof that the savage understanding has been offended.

However, other islands, near by, have received the divided quota severally, which till then had gone to the principal and older burying ground, "Isle of the Dead," or Trevitt's Island, as it is

sometimes called. But even the newer ones do not escape the vandalism of the thieving white. Is it just that such wrongdoings should go unnoticed?

If the lawmakers of the States of Oregon and



ON MEMALOOSE ISLAND.

Washington do not soon awaken to the duty, so long incumbent upon them, of taking some radical steps toward the punishment of these inhuman sneaks, then the vigilant hand of mob rule might be justly excused as a final desperate expedient.

True, the Klikitat is not the personification of all that is manly or noble.

Nor is his present broken and deplorable condition an enviable one.

Yet he is human, and should be accorded a burial after the customs of his race, and should receive the protection of a law which would guard the grave of Indian and white man alike.

Millions were the acres his fathers owned.

But to-day a sacred patch wherein he may lay to rest the remains of his departed brother he cannot call his own.

Even though his earthly presence may be obnoxious; should not the laws which appeal to the instincts of humanity alone afford protection to his bleaching bones?

The Portland *Oregonian* some time since spoke of "some interesting Indian mummies" as follows:

"They were discovered one year ago on Long Island, in the Columbia River, buried in a mound of sand.

"One of them is the figure of a full-grown adult, evidently of great age.

"The other is of a young child. Both are perfectly preserved, having hair and teeth intact.

"The skull of the younger one has been removed, showing the covering of the brain.

"The moccasins are yet on them, and are hardly changed.

"They will be sent to the World's Fair for exhibition."

Such gush, to people who live along the Columbia, would appear to be the very acme of absurdity. For, in the first place, these Indians have no knowledge of the art of embalming their dead, and, what is most probable, never had.

By reason of the remarkably dry atmosphere of Eastern Oregon a curing or drying process takes place, which, of course, does preserve the body

for a much longer time than, for instance, would the more moist climate of the Middle States.

Undoubtedly soon after these "mummies" had been laid to rest the drifting sands of the river quickly overspread them with its dry mantle.

But the courageous and would-be "discoverer" with his spade and pickax comes along, undoes the charitable turn of nature, and bears away his trophies in mercenary glee.

"Mummies, evidently of great age," on which are buckskin moccasins, "hardly changed" by time, must, indeed, be quite as ancient as the specimens from far-off Egypt which knew the Sphinx and Pyramids 4,000 years ago. What nonsense!

That these "mummies" were sent to the Fair at all is quite as unlikely as the theory of their great antiquity is unpalatable.

The man who extracted them from the bank of sand certainly would have proved a greater curiosity than the loud-smelling curios which "yet had moccasins on them."

In fact, he might ornament the dime-museum stage with profit, now that the Fair is over.

As an ethnologist and theorist his memory shall live—well, till if by abbreviated movements he shall succeed in locating and opening another pile of sand with as fruitful results.

The great "tree of science" owes a twig to this man.

And why not?

But a greater debt than this he owes to those—if there are any—who may be ambitious, like himself, to cover themselves with morbid glory. It is this: That he should confess whether the sense of smell ever had residence in his brain at all; and if so, did he anesthetize or hypnotize it upon that occasion?

It seems very plausible to suspect that the olfactory mechanism must have been tampered with, else he could not have done that grave-opening job to a finish and lived to tell about it.

WHO KNOWS?

BY AMY ELIZABETH LEIGH.

WHAT freight to-morrow brings,
Of joys or woes—
Hark how the little linnet sings!—
What freight far-off to-morrow brings,
Who knows?

To-day the sky shines blue,
Fresh blooms the rose,
And you have me and I have you:
And whether to-morrow blooms rose or rue—
Who knows?

FALCONRY.

BY MARY V. WORSTELL.

THERE is a certain old saying, very quotable in the early summer, to the effect that "all work and no play" has a deplorable effect on a lad named Jack. The great age of this proverb is due to the profound truth it contains rather than to the rhetorical beauty which enfolds it. One must play occasionally in order to work well, for labor and recreation should go hand in hand. And as far back as tradition reaches we find records of sports, most of them flourishing for a time and then declining. Some games, like tennis, enjoy a revival, after years of comparative oblivion.

What sport was the most ancient? Probably hunting; but if very old pictures and sculptures are carefully studied it will be found that falconry, or "hawking," as it was often called, "followed hard upon." Falconry is probably the oldest sport of which any record has been preserved. Hunting could not always be called a pastime, for men had to hunt and kill game for food; but if their nourishment depended on the game caught by their hawks and falcons many might have starved.

Antiquaries tell us that the art of falconry was practiced two thousand years before the Christian era, and that it had its origin in the Far East; that it was introduced into England about the ninth century, and there flourished for nearly a thousand years. Its decline dates from the introduction of a certain clumsy instrument that brought down game as surely as a sparrow hawk; so they gave the weapon the name of an inferior sort of hawk. They called it a "musket." Probably for a similar reason the name "falcon" was given to a kind of cannon used in the sixteenth century. Year by year muskets were improved, and year by year hawking was favored less and less, until now it is wholly confined to some few countries in the northern part of Africa. The introduction of firearms completely did away with the great expense of training and maintaining falcons and hawks.

But falconry found favor in those far-away days when to be able to row, run, leap, wrestle, cast darts and hawk was considered the proof of a complete education. Thus, in an old chronicle we find that Olaf Tryggesson, a king of Norway, acquired the following royal accomplishments: "He was stronger and more nimble than any man in his dominions. He could climb up the rock Smalserhorn, and fix his shield upon the top of it; he could walk round the outside of a boat upon the oars while the men were rowing; he

could play with three darts, alternately throwing them in the air, and always kept two of them up while he held the third in one of his hands; he was ambidexter, and could cast two darts at once; he excelled all the men of his time in shooting with the bow; and he had no equal in swimming."

Another Northern hero modestly makes the following list of his own accomplishments: "I know how to play at chess; I can engrave runic letters; I am expert at my book; I know how to handle the tools of the smith; I can traverse the snow on skates of wood; I excel in shooting with the bow; I use the oar with facility; I can sing to the harp; and I compose verses."

While one cannot but suspect the genuineness of walking on oars, as well as the merit of the verses so complacently claimed, these examples will serve to show what constituted a highly bred gentleman of ancient times.

Hawking could be practiced on horseback, in the fields and open country, where the royal or knightly sportsmen rode forth, a brave cavalcade, on horses richly caparisoned, their hooded birds poised erect and stately upon their carefully gloved hands. Ladies, too, indulged in this elaborate pastime, and their appearance gave an added charm to a scene where knights, horses, hounds and hawks made a spirited, living picture.

In the woods and coverts the falconer was obliged to go on foot, and then a special outfit was necessary. A picture published in Chambers's "Book of Days," volume 2, page 212, shows no less a personage than King James I. in his hawking dress; and though his costume looks absurd enough to us, we may be sure that in the sixteenth century it was considered very appropriate and very magnificent. The bag attached to the royal girdle is to hold the hawk's hood and the "jesses," or thongs, which held the bird till the falconer discovered suitable prey. The long staff was to assist the sportsman in leaping brooks and ditches.

It is recorded that once when Henry VIII. was hawking in Hertfordshire he attempted to cross a muddy ditch with the help only of his pole. But alas for the royal calculation! Instead of vaulting lightly over, he fell into the ditch headforemost, and would surely have stifled had not John Moody saved his corpulent majesty from a watery grave—and by the same act rescued his own honest name from oblivion. "And so," says

the devout historian Hall, "God, of Hys goodness, preserved hym."

The falcon is a very beautiful and stately bird, and it is capable of rising to a height from which a human eye could distinguish only the general features of the landscape. Yet a falcon's sight is so wonderful that it can discern a small object at a great distance, and can descend upon it with unerring accuracy. A French naturalist has calculated that the keenness of this bird's sight is nine times that of the farthest-sighted man.

Falcons are divided into two general classes, the long-winged, or "noble" falcons, which rise to a great height and then drop directly upon their prey; and the short-winged, or "ignoble," which pursue their prey through the wood, and which overtake it by "raking," or chasing. The first are called "rowers," because they use their wings after the manner of oars; and the second, "sailors," because they fly best with the wind. Herons, rooks, hares, partridges, rabbits and wild fowl were the usual "quarry," or prey, sought for.

The different names given to hawks were varied enough to puzzle any but an expert in this sport. Here are the names of a few, summarized in Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler." They are

credited to an enthusiastic falconer, who says: "You are to note that they are usually distinguished into two kinds, namely, the long-winged and the short-winged hawk. Of the first kind there be chiefly in use amongst us in this nation the gerfalcon and the jerkin, the falcon and tassel gentle, the laner and laneret, the bock-erel and bockeret, the saker and sacaret, the merlin and jack merlin, the hobby and jack. There is the stelletto of Spain—the blood-red rook from Turkey, the waskite from Virginia. And there be of short-winged hawks the eagle and iron, the goshawk and tarcel, the sparrowhawk and musket, the French pye of two sorts. These are reckoned hawks of note and worth, but we have also, of an inferior rank, the stanyel, the ringtail, the raven, the buzzard, the forked kite, the bald buzzard, the hendriver, and others that I forbear to name."

The same worthy man says in praise of his birds: "In the air my troops of hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods; therefore I think my eagle is so justly styled 'Jove's servant in ordinary'; and that very falcon that I am now going to see deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun's heat, she flies so near it, but her mettle makes her careless of danger; for then she heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height I can make her descend by a word from my mouth, which she both knows and obeys, to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation."

The training of a hawk was a long, tedious process, but the science was thought a necessary part of the education of every young man of rank. Young birds were taken first to a dark room, and fed at short intervals, so that they became gradually tame and docile. When at length taken to the field the hawk wore a hood made of leather, often highly ornamented, and surmounted with a small bunch of feathers. On the legs were the "jesses," little thongs of leather about eight inches long, to keep the hawk within reach; and on the back part of each leg a little bell was fastened. These were light, so as not to impede the bird's flight, and they were very musical, one being half a tone below the other,



THE FALCON.



MERLIN POUNCING UPON SMALL BIRDS FRIGHTENED BY A LOCOMOTIVE.

so as to produce a pleasing sound whenever the bird soared aloft. Referring to this, these lines occur in an old play :

" Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semi-tune above the other :
Methinks these Milan bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk."

When a falcon is molting, or changing its feathers, it is said to "mew," and the Royal Mews, or stables, at Charing Cross were originally devoted to the royal falcons ; but during the reign of Henry VIII. the birds were removed, and the place converted into stables. The old name, however, clings to the place to this day.

The laws of falconry, the many special names employed, and the etiquette connected with it, were endless. For instance, the frame on which hawks were sometimes carried was called the "cadge," and the one who carried it was called the "cadger"; two hawks flown together were called a "cast"; cutting the beak or talons was called "coping"; the "quarry" was the bird or beast that the hawk flew at ; and to approach a hawk when she had killed her quarry was to "get in"—which, by the way, does not sound altogether antiquated. In short, to learn the many special terms employed in falconry is much like learning a new language.

In old books on the subject are given not only the terms employed, but also the prayers which were to be said at certain times while indulging in the sport !

The ailments by which the bird might be

afflicted, and the means for its relief, also received due attention. Here is a prescription for a sick hawk, copied from "The Gentleman's Recreation," published in 1677 : "Take germander, pelamountain, basil, grummel seed and broom flowers, of each half an ounce ; hyassop, sassafras, polypodium and horsemint, of each a quarter of an ounce, and the like of nutmegs ; cubebs, borage, mummy, mugwort, sage and the four kinds of mirobolans, of each half an ounce ; of aloes soccotrine the fifth part of an ounce, and of saffron one whole ounce."

This mixture weighed over nine ounces, and yet formed but a single dose. If it was frequently administered the decline in the art of falconry might be easily explained.

During the many years that falconry flourished a man was known, not by the company, but by the hawk, he kept. In the old times hawks were as beloved as faithful dogs are to-day. Indeed, one enthusiastic sportsman said that if he had to choose between his friends and his falcons he would not hesitate for a moment to give up his friends ; for he believed that a cast of hawks were the truest friends a man could have. And when we consider how fearless these beautiful birds were, and how gentle, faithful and affectionate as well, we can realize how falconry became, indeed, a royal sport.

To each class of men was assigned a particular bird : thus, only a king, a royal prince, or a man of the very highest rank, was allowed to fly the splendid white hawks of Norway and Iceland ; the falcon gentle was assigned to a prince ; an

earl was allowed to fly a peregrine falcon; the falcon of the rock was a duke's hawk; the squire's was a lanner, the goshawk was a yeoman's, and the tercel was the poor man's. Young gentlemen had their own hawks, and it was one of their few diversions to train and make tractable the smaller birds, such as sparrow hawks and merlins. Indeed, some became so proficient in the art that one writer very ungallantly remarked that falconry was becoming "effeminate."

A fine falcon cost as much as a fine horse, but parting with a bird for money was not considered merely a business transaction—it was an especial favor as well. When so great a value was placed on a hawk we can easily fancy how severe the punishment would be for stealing or concealing one. During the reign of Henry VIII. any person taking the eggs of a falcon could be imprisoned for a year and a day; during Elizabeth's time this was reduced to three months, but then the offender had to find security for his good behavior during seven years, or else remain in prison all his life.

In France the office of grand falconer was very important, and he was well paid. This dignitary had fifty attendant gentlemen and fifty assistant falconers. He not only had the care of many hawks, but from him a license must be obtained by every person in the kingdom who sold the birds. On state occasions this officer had to accompany the King. Louis XI. of France was particularly extravagant in regard to his falcons, for he employed over a hundred falconers, and owned a proportionate number of hawks. When Edward III. invaded France, as Froissart tells us, he was accompanied by thirty falconers, so that when the affairs of state pressed too heavily he might find recreation in his favorite sport.

The pursuit of waterfowl is so often mentioned by writers on falconry that this form of hawking must have afforded the greatest amusement of any.

A picture in Strutt's "Book of Sports," copied from a Saxon manuscript written near the end of

the ninth century, represents a Saxon nobleman and his falconer with their hawks. They are by the river waiting for the quarry.

Two other pictures were found in a manuscript written in the early part of the fourteenth century. We see a party of men and women hawking by the waterside. The falconer is frightening the fowl (and perhaps the reader also), to make them rise. The hawk is in the act of seizing upon one of them.

Poets, painters and sculptors—how irresistibly this quaint old sport appeals to their love of the picturesque! Which of our great poets has not preserved in verse some old legend of falconry? Lowell has likened truth to a falcon, ready to descend upon "fraud and wrong and baseness." Both Tennyson and Longfellow have told the story of Count Federigo and his beautiful falcon. Hawking was very popular in Shakespeare's time, and all through his plays are frequent allusions to it. Sometimes it was called "birding" instead of hawking. One of Shakespeare's characters is made to say: "We'll go a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush."

In practicing falconry man only took advantage of an instinct of the hawk when he trained it to hunt for him. To-day, in its natural condition, the hawk is as keen, intelligent a hunter as ever. Quite recently an engine driver on a Scotch railway noticed some merlins flying close to the train, partly concealed by the smoke from the engine. As the train thundered along many frightened little birds flew upward, only to be pounced upon and eaten by the merlins.

It is not probable that falconry as a sport will ever be revived, yet a new field of usefulness is opening to these strong, swift and fearless birds. It is reported that the Russian Government has decided to use falcons in place of carrier pigeons, and if this is done other European armies will follow Russia's example. In experimenting with falcons it was found that they could carry documents weighing over four pounds without impeding their flight or losing speed.

A COMMUNICATION FROM MARS.

—th, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR: Just as we were in conjunction with Mars, that ruddy planet being well down in the southern sky, I became, by a process known only to my Mahatma and myself—with which I certainly shall not acquaint you at the current prices for occult literature—the owner of a letter, addressed by a *savant* of Mars to his younger brother, living on the other side of the Gulf of Indrafal,

which is on the southeast limb of the planet, midway between the South Pole and the Equator. I send it to you free of duty including the signature, at the risk of involving the writer in a tariff discussion with Major McKinley or Professor Benjamin Harrison. CHAMPION BISSELL.

BELOVED BROTHER: My solar indicator has supplied me with much interesting if not spe-

cially valuable information from our neighboring planet in the direction of the sun. This planet, known to us by the name of Vulta, but called by its own inhabitants "The Earth," as if there was no other earth except their own agglomeration of matter, can be studied by us with larger results than any other member of our system; and it is not our fault if the results are not flattering to the denizens of that sphere.

The improvements in our electro-biological instruments made since our sun left the constellation Hercules and took up his present quarters in Ophiuchus give us a powerful grasp upon the manners and customs of the Vultane races, which it is safe to state they do not in the least degree share. Indeed, the ignorance of these poor creatures of yesterday, whose genesis only dates back one hundred thousand orbital revolutions of their planet, while ours originated over eighteen millions of our longer revolutions ago, is truly pitiable. At the time I write Vulta is between us and the sun. Vulta is a mass of matter only visible in the celestial spaces to observers who are in a position to see the sun's rays reflected from its surface. Now, while Vulta is directly between us and the sun, it should be plain to the dullest comprehension that while the Vultanes get an excellent view of us we cannot see Vulta at all. With a good electro-biological indicator an expert observer can both sense and hear whatever goes on in Vulta in localities with which his battery is in direct connection; and I have been infinitely amused at the vagaries of certain Vultanes who profess to be instructors in scientific topics, and who call upon their friends and neighbors to open up communication with us by means of geometrical figures which when drawn would be wholly invisible to us. Can they not see that the very cause that makes us brilliant to them makes them obscure to us? But perhaps we should excuse such folly in these newly created Vultanes as we can excuse folly in children and unreason in idiots.

After a few millions of orbital revolutions it is to be hoped that Vultanes will have learned something, and it will then be worth our while to exchange intercourse with them. At present the advantage is all on our side, and it amounts to very little at the best. What good does it do a philosopher to talk with a baby? Even when the baby grows to be a youth and is at school, even at a higher grade of school, an educational association with him is of doubtful benefit to the grown-up sage. Schoolmasters are usually men of minor minds and low average of thought. It will be a long time before we can learn anything from the Vultanes. They can only amuse us.

Vulta, alleged by its inhabitants to be "The Earth," is indeed in a pitiable state of newness. It would appear that the primeval chaos has hardly fully disappeared. It is almost entirely flooded with a water of great saltiness, unfit for use in any direction—too weak for brine, too salt to drink—so that its habitable surfaces are most restricted. These in their turn are greatly encroached upon by luffy and jagged mountains and extensive reaches of barren sand, the latter evidently beds of dried-up seas. As if these natural disadvantages were not enough, the Vultanes have divided themselves into a great number of what they call nationalities, the chief occupation of which consists in fighting each other, and in preventing themselves and their own fellow citizens from enjoying the fruits of the labor of other nationalities by a curious and elementary scheme of taxation styled a tariff. It is alleged that this taxation enriches the people who pay it. Thus, if it were possible for us to project a few hundred tons of some one of our delicious fruits upon Vulta, the Vultanes of that district upon which the fruits might fall would not be permitted to consume them unless they first paid a penalty, or tax, on them to a portion of their population called a government. This is declared to be one way of making them rich.

If you do not understand how a race of beings arrive at such conclusions you must remember how infantile this race is, how limited are, and have been, its opportunities for learning, and how hampered it is as to means of locomotion. The people on Vulta have not yet been able to devise any method of locomotion that carries them over more than one of our *radoes*, sixty of their so-called miles, in one-twenty-fourth part of a diurnal revolution of their planet. This, with the aid of machines and long lines of parallel steel bars laid on the surface of the ground, by which a journey is restricted to a certain route. Now, you and I are able to walk off at any time and get over twelve *radoes* between sunrise and sunset; and by using any one of a dozen rival machines propelled by simple engines under our own control we can fly completely round our planet during the time it occupies in one revolution on its axis. The great difficulty with Vultanes' existence and locomotion is the enormous pressure exerted upon the unfortunate inhabitants of the sphere in the direction of its centre. The poor creatures are kept small in size, and are so pulled toward the centre, that he is a vigorous Vultane who can jump his own length on a level surface. What a contrast to our happy lot! We are so lightly held down to our planet that not only do we grow to twice the size of the Vultanes, but we can project

our bodies into space with one-fourth the exertion demanded from them. My electro-biological indicator gives me other details touching these poor little creatures. They have in several of their nationalities what they call parties, the object of these parties being to elect rulers who extract the substance of the common people, being careful to leave them just enough to live on and no more. The idea that all the inhabitants of a planet should dwell together like one family, having a community of interests and no rulers at all, does not seem to have occurred to them.

Then for their currency they depend upon

One very peculiar feature of the Vultanes is their practice of naming the planets after a lot of mythical characters whom their ancestors used to worship, after they had invented them, such as Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, etc. They call our planet "Mars," and Mars they say was the god of war. Our system of nomenclature—Planet No. 1, No. 2, etc.—is far better. It may be a trifle monotonous when we get among the asteroids, but not as perplexing as the lot of the Vultanes; they have completely exhausted their vocabulary among the asteroids, and have given up finding any more.



A SIMILARITY OF TASTES.

Duchess (showing family pictures)—"THAT PICTURE SHOWS ONE OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF OUR ANCESTORS INDULGING IN HIS FAVORITE PASTIME OF HAWKING."

Mr. Thomas Trotter—"AH! THAT'S VERY INTERESTING, AS I BELIEVE THAT ONE OF MY ANCESTORS WAS EXCEEDINGLY PARTIAL TO THE SAME PURSUIT."

metals, which each nationality stamps, and which are continually being melted and restamped to suit the whims of the various rulers. How absurd and wasteful! How much better is our system, by which every person above a certain age is permitted by the consent of all others to issue a fixed amount of paper currency payable in his or her services! When this has been entirely emitted, if none returns for redemption it is taken to mean that our planet has no use for him or her, and he or she is quietly removed by a committee.

On the whole, my dear brother, we ought to be very well satisfied that we live on our own smooth, snug planet, and not on rough, chaotic, ignorant Vulta, which, among other peculiarities, half the time bakes with fierce heat, and the other half shivers with intolerable cold. Perhaps a few hundred million orbital revolutions hence it may be worth while for some of our descendants to visit Vulta; but at present let us consider it wiser to remain as we are.

Your brother,

MOMO MOMARDI.



"SHE ADVANCES A STEP NEARER TO THE NOW SHRINKING WOMAN."

LEX TALIONIS.

BY VIOLET ETVNGE MITCHELL.

It is the season at St. Petersburg, and thousands of fair women and brave men throng the city; but among all the beauties who are the fashion there this winter none has a lighter heart or a more faultless form than Kartolka, the daughter of Basil Petrovski, one of the richest bankers in the gayest of gay capitals.

The great event of the season, a ball given at the house of Princess P——, is just over, and the guests have all departed, leaving two women standing alone beneath the brilliant glare of a chandelier in the ballroom. They are the Princess P—— and Kartolka Petrovski, and from the

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excitement of their manner it is evident that something more serious than the frivolities of a ball is occupying their attention.

Kartolka speaks.

"It is not a question of whether he will do it or not," she says, imperiously. "He must do it! No man yet has ever disobeyed me."

The princess takes a step forward, and lays a hand blazing with rubies upon the arm of her companion.

"Kartolka," she whispers, "do you realize what you will be doing? Risking the life of one man on the chance of saving another. It is a

dangerous mission, and what have you to offer in return if he fulfills your bidding? Men do not cast away their lives in the heyday of health and prosperity except for glory—or love.”

“Love!” cries Kartolka, angrily. “Who would suppose I should give my heart in exchange for such a service? I shall show him my favor, but as to love—pah!” She walks impatiently up and down, the long train of her crimson satin dress winding in sinuous folds behind her, like the motions of some gorgeous reptile. “It is not so much to ask of him!” she exclaims. “And as to danger—what is danger to a man? All that he has to do is to call on the chief of police, declare that on him alone rests the crime for which Paul has been arrested, and for which he has been imprisoned. They will then liberate Paul.”

“And cast Ivan into the darkness of one of our country’s vilest prisons, there to lie until our most gracious Czar sends him to Siberia!” interrupts Marie, excitedly.

“You jump too quickly at conclusions!” cries Kartolka. “Why talk of Siberia? He simply becomes a prisoner for a short time. The Fortress of Petropaulovski is not a pleasant hotel, I confess it, but his sojourn there is simply an incident—a temporary inconvenience. Paul’s idiosyncrasies in regard to politics have lately caused the eye of suspicion to rest upon him, but there is no proof that he wrote the letter which caused his arrest. I have been told by men who are in high favor in official circles that it would take but a breath—piff! just like that—to reinstate him in favor.”

“You play with men’s lives as with a game of cards!” cries Marie, but pauses, for at the door, parting the heavy blue velvet curtains with both hands, stands one of the men of whom they have been speaking.

Ivan Romanoff is not a handsome man, but tall, well made, and bearing about him that indescribable air of high breeding which is inborn. A true heart, a pure life, a gentle spirit, a lion’s courage—that is how women speak of him, and many would fain have won his love. But he cares for only one—Kartolka. And she? Oh, well, he is to her a game of chance, a refuge from *ennui*, a resource. She loves his cousin, Paul Romanoff, and was to have been married to him next month; but a strange thing has happened—Paul has disappeared.

One night he dined at the table of Count S—, and at midnight left the house with a party of friends. They parted with laughter and merry jests, Romanoff going straight on, alone, to his apartments, which, however, he never reached, nor was he seen again by his friends.

Investigation was, of course, made, and through official influence and the use of rubles it had been ascertained that a letter, bearing about it a breath of anarchy, had been dropped by him at the dinner table of his friend. Picked up, and used as a tool of revenge by a political rival, it had ended in his imprisonment.

As Ivan enters the room he sees only Kartolka. He never sees any other woman when she is present; and neither he nor she notices the delicate bloom which, like the soft tints of a blush rose, overspreads the pallor of Marie’s face.

Kartolka is mistress of her art; do her that justice—she is no bungler.

Dropping all her hauteur of manner, she smiles, and Ivan, in the light of that smile, draws near the whirlpool, nor heeds the danger, if only she beckons.

“How fortunate!” she exclaims, caressingly. “We were just talking of you.” (His face flushes with pleasure.) “I have a mission of importance for you to perform. You know that I am anxious about Paul. It has been discovered by Count S— that he is imprisoned for having about him a letter which, while not in his handwriting, lays him under the ban of suspicion. The chirography is disguised, and so cleverly that no one has yet been seized on as its author. Of course, investigation has been very difficult, but I am assured that, owing to the favor in which his father was always held at court, and the position which he personally took in the Olavski matter, a mere trifle would be necessary to open the doors of Petropaulovski and liberate him. It has occurred to me”—she pauses and floods him with the glory of her sweetest smile—“that you might do this for my sake.”

“I?” stammers Ivan. “Explain yourself.”

“If some one should confess that the implicating letter was written by him,” she says, speaking slowly.

Romanoff has become very pale, and the pallor of his face contrasts strangely with the now crimson cheeks of Princess P—, who, unnoticed, reclines on a divan within hearing, the skirts of her yellow velvet gown falling like showers of gold upon the waxed floor.

“I understand you, I think,” he says, between his closed teeth. “I am to confess an act of which I am not guilty, that the doors of his prison may be opened. Has it occurred to you that they will probably close on me?”

His dark eyes are fixed piercingly upon her, and you can almost hear the beating of their two hearts in the oppressive silence which has not yet been broken by her answer.

But she recovers quickly.

"Alr," she cries, "that may be possible! But you have a subtle hold upon the Czar's favor, which even Paul lacks. There is not one chance out of a thousand that you will be held there." She bends forward and whispers something in his ear. "Do you think she will allow you to come to harm?"

Ivan turns away, and with his hands tightly clasped behind him walks the length of the ball-room. Then he returns, and standing where the light falls full upon his face, pauses before Kartolka.

"And suppose," he says, without emotion, "that I succeed; that, having won for Paul the liberty you covet, I can still command the second opening of prison doors, and return myself—what then?"

"We shall see," she says, lightly, though her hand trembles slightly as she extends it to him. "I think I can reward you. Anyhow, fulfill my request. Women's hearts are changeable. I cannot promise. Surely you cannot forget that it is I who ask the favor?"

Romanoff smiles bitterly.

"You are right," he says. "I shall never forget that. You are the only woman in Russia who would dare to ask it. I will undertake the mission, and if—such a thing is possible—our plans should miscarry and I do not return—" He leans forward and whispers one word, which issues from his lips like the hissing of a serpent—"Exile!"

She hears it and smiles; but Princess Marie, with a heartbreaking sob, rises from the divan, only to fall in all the splendor of her golden drapery at their feet.

Romanoff bends over her, and gently placing her on the lounge again, chafes her hands until her eyes open, and a little pink flush, like the heart of a seashell, overspreads her cheeks.

"Marie," he whispers, "will you pray for me?"

It is all the consolation he can offer her, but she takes it, and the crimson-garbed Kartolka, standing impatiently beside them, has a nature too soulless and coarse to comprehend the delicate meaning conveyed.

"Go!" she cries, with the gesture of an empress.

And he goes.

* * * * *

It is night, but in the cell where lies the once proud Ivan Romanoff darkness reigns eternally. He has been there a month, and hope (born of the knowledge that official influence can turn wheels within wheels) is deserting his breast.

Even the buzzing of a fly has been an event to

him during the past four weeks; and once, three days ago, when an inmate was moved into the cell adjoining his, excitement had caused his heart to beat so violently that he found himself unable to eat.

But now, alas! he begins to see that none of these things mean anything for him, and to-night as he lies on the floor of his cell, thinking of Kartolka, his thoughts are not tender ones.

"She is dancing, I know it," he mutters. "She would dance over my grave. I was a fool to let her deceive me! How small her hands are, and how white! I could not tell whether the diamonds which sparkled upon them were as bright as her eyes. Ah! she loves diamonds, and power, and I had power; but now—Ha! what was that?"

Romanoff has sprung erect, and shaking off the lethargy of despair, strains every sense to catch a repetition of the faint but unmistakable tap upon the wall which had aroused him.

Stealthily, as a panther creeps, he feels his way to the spot, and applying his ear to the stone, listens.

Out in the hall paces the gendarme; any moment he may open the door, and, throwing the light from his lantern, penetrate with its searching rays the furthest corner of the cell.

But he will risk that.

Taking off his shoe, he knocks gently with it in return, for his hands are tender, and the rough stones scratch them.

Then a great disappointment comes to him, for the tapping ceases, and in spite of his frantic efforts to renew communication with his fellow prisoner he hears nothing more all day.

But next morning, while eating the black bread which constitutes his breakfast, it comes again. Breathless and excited, he again responds, and this time receives a decided answer. It is a long time before he can understand the message conveyed; but his brain is active, his senses are acute, and he discovers that the taps are simply a changing of the alphabet into figures.

Little by little he spells out the question:

"Who are you, fellow prisoner?"

Then the guard's hand on the key alarms him, and he crawls away a few paces and lies down, feigning sleep.

All that day and the ensuing night there is a tireless succession of taps, only interrupted by the sound of that constantly returning footfall in the hall.

The news which is conveyed to him is not encouraging, and when the morning of the third day breaks, and a thin streak of sunlight penetrates Romanoff's cell, it finds him standing with folded arms and the shadow of despair upon his face.

"To be married!" he mutters, and with a groan his head sinks low upon his breast. "To be married to-morrow, the man for whom I have given up life, hope, youth, fame, everything, and the woman who, by her veiled promises, lured me to make the sacrifice! Fool that I was!"

The opening of the cell door startles him again. He turns, and sees several men in uniform enter his room. Then, with a smile which betrays nothing but the proud spirit of a man who scorns to show his suffering, he speaks.

"I understand," he says; "my fate is sealed—Siberia!"

* * * * *

It is eight o'clock on the following evening, and Kartolka, dressed in green velvet and sables, stands by the window, impatiently waiting for a sleigh which is to convey her to S—, at which place she expects to find Paul; for they have decided that it is safer for them to fly beyond the danger line, and to-night, after a hasty bridal, they are to leave the country together.

There is a light step on the velvet carpet, and Princess P—, clad in a long black cloak, enters.

"Kartolka!" she says, breathing heavily but restraining herself, though a peculiar glow in her eyes and the quick throbbing of her bosom under the black cloak bespeak, more eloquently than words, her emotion.

Kartolka turns impatiently.

"The sleigh!" she cries, "the sleigh! Why does Johann delay so long? I would not have taken him—he is so old and so slow—but that I knew he could be trusted."

Suddenly she perceives the expression of Marie's face, and her hands, ever restless and active, undo with a nervous gesture a fur boa which incircles her throat and appears to choke her.

The two women stand there face to face, and neither speaks; but perhaps two characters were never more fully reversed.

Kartolka, intrepid, daring, shrinks before the accusing eyes of the fragile and timid Princess P—, who, like a young sapling, sways to and fro with the storm of anger and indignation which she can hardly restrain.

"Ivan!" she cries, harshly, all the music gone out of her young voice, "your toy, your plaything—what of him?"

Through the cold, clear air comes the merry tinkle of sleigh bells and the sound of horses' feet. Kartolka refastens her boa and runs fleetly to the door.

"Adieu!" she cries, still smiling. "I shall go with Paul as far as France, if all goes well. Don't be a fool, Marie. I would not go into hysterics over any man. Ivan will escape. He is smart

enough for that. Here! give him this ring and my thanks when you see him!" And she throws on the table a magnificent emerald ring of great value.

The door closes. Once more the frosty air is merry with the tinkle of sleigh bells, reverberating again and again through the starlit night, and finally dying away in the distance.

Marie picks up the ring and puts it on her finger.

"Oh, my love! my darling!" she cries, while great tears chase one another down her cheeks. "And this is the value she sets upon your life and freedom, while I would count no sacrifice too great for your dear sake! And yet—you love her best!"

* * * * *

They have forget-me-nots in Siberia. The snow is not there always, but it never ceases to be winter in the hearts of those who come within its gates.

A pale-faced woman is plucking a handful of the blue flowers and bedewing them with tears, which she quickly dries, for in the distance come a number of men, and one among them must not see her weeping or the light and life of his heart will fail utterly—she must be his sun; and a smile irradiates her face as he approaches. Can you recognize them?

Nay, I wonder not that you fail to see any resemblance in that middle-aged woman to the once fair Princess P—, while her companion—ah! to her alone will he ever be Ivan Romanoff any more.

Seven long years has he been in Semipalatinsk, and seven long years has Marie been with him. Wait. I know what you would ask me: "Is she his wife?"

Yes, she has been allowed to hallow the sacrifice. Following him through inconceivable hardships and difficulties, she thanks God for the privilege to share his sufferings. Down at his feet she lays her social caste, her fair young beauty, her life, and Ivan, awakening to the value of the jewel, wears it in his bosom.

Day after day comes and finds no change in the dreary monotony of their lives. Nay, I was wrong; a change is coming, but so gradual, so subtle is its approach that even Marie sees not the hovering wings of the angel, nor knows that Ivan is dying.

* * * * *

It is again midnight, and once more a ball is making gay the residence of a leader of fashion; but this time it is in Paris.

The snow falls heavily, but the guests are not inconvenienced, for they come in warm carriages and walk up the carpeted stairs under canopies

that shield them from the wind and sleet. Within the house it is summer; roses bloom everywhere, and rare orchids and tropical plants are used in rich profusion.

One guest there is who arrives late and is apparently unknown, for few glance toward her and no one speaks to her. Her face is pale, and her snow-white hair gives her the appearance of a woman of sixty.

Quiet and unassuming, in a dress of dead-white satin, she moves listlessly among the dancers, apparently wishing to avoid observation.

The ball is at its height. The hostess, the beautiful and rich Kartolka Romanoff, radiant in crimson velvet and diamonds, looks not much older than she did eight years before, when she sent Ivan Romanoff to St. Peter's Prison.

Passing a large mirror, on the arm of a gentleman, she sees reflected in its face the figure of the unknown lady.

"Who is that?" cries she, pausing to look over her shoulder at the uninvited guest.

The white woman moves slowly toward her, so slowly and so mechanically that one would think she was in a trance.

Face to face they stand there, the gay leader of fashion in her crimson velvet and diamonds, the stranger with nothing suggestive of life or hope about her. Face to face.

Not a glimmer of recognition lights up Kartolka's eyes as above the joyous notes of the band rises the sound of the white woman's voice.

"Is your husband here?"

Kartolka bends her head. Something about the guest tells of such unmistakable high breeding that the question "Who are you?" dies upon her lips.

"Can I speak to you both for a moment, alone?"

The hostess raises her eyebrows. It is the only symptom of surprise she allows herself to show, and beckoning to Paul, she smilingly leads the way into a small audience chamber on the left of the ballroom.

The gay revelry goes on, and the sound of merry laughter and pattering feet penetrates the small room, but no sound issuing from it reaches the ears of the dancers. Let us listen to what is being said there.

The white lady has paused directly under the glare of a large chandelier.

"Do you recognize me?" she asks, turning to Romanoff and his wife.

They are silent. Slowly there is creeping into the man's mind a recollection of the voice which now addresses him, but Kartolka remains impassive and unmoved.

"I ask because I have a message to give you," says the guest, speaking slowly, while her dark eyes burn like coals of fire. "The friend to whom you sent this ring returns it;" and she places in Kartolka's hand a gorgeous emerald ring, whose green eye casts baneful light around it. "He has no further use for it where he now lies! And I"—here she advances a step nearer to the now shrinking woman—"I returned all the way from Siberia to thank you for the price you paid for his life and my youth and beauty. The ring is from Ivan, but this is from me!"

And quickly, so quickly that Paul cannot stop her avenging hand, she springs forward, and with the agility of a panther plunges to its hilt a knife into the breast of Kartolka.

"Do not trouble yourself to punish me," she says, quietly, allowing Romanoff unresistingly to seize her hands, while hundreds of excited men and women rush in, responsive to his call. "Nothing can pain me any more!" And smiling, her head falls like that of a tired child upon Romanoff's breast.

"The fiend!" cries a man, pushing his way through the crowd and shaking his fist furiously in the dead face.

But a woman, upon whose cheeks tears shine brighter than the diamonds on her bosom, whispers, laying a hand upon his arm:

"God shall judge. I think He has forgiven her. See how she smiles!"

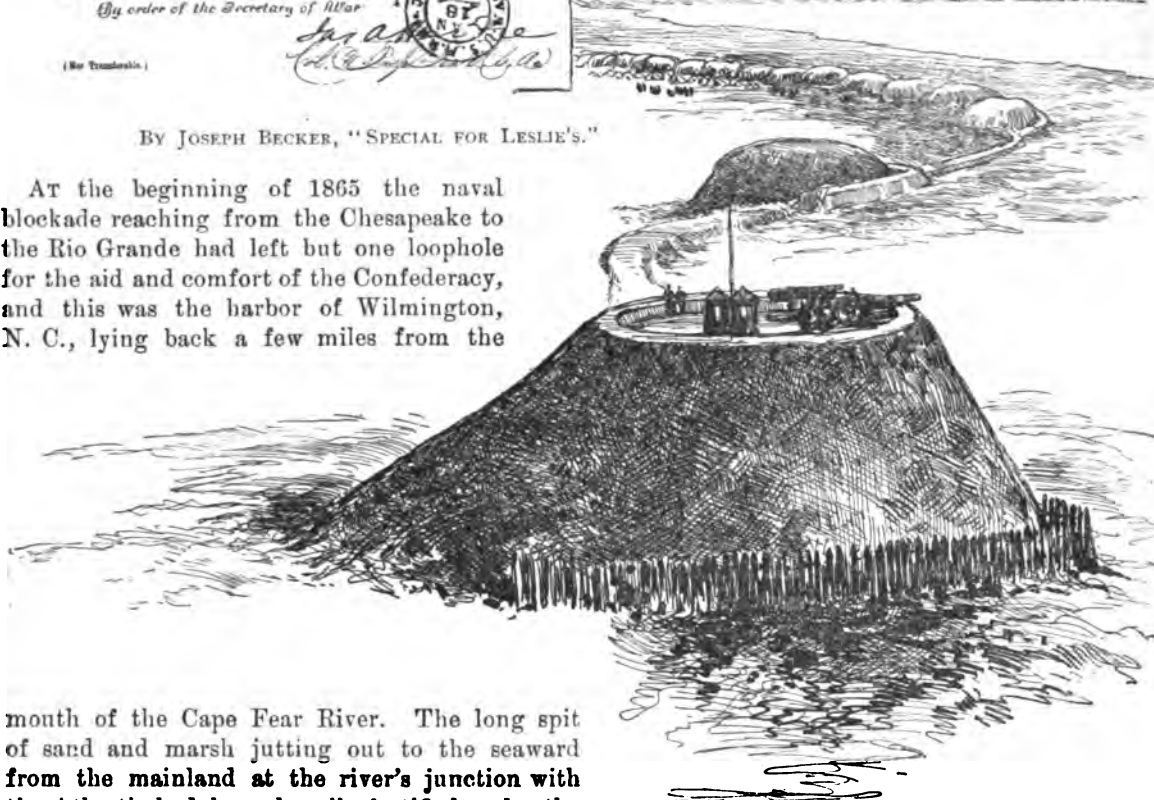


FORT FISHER AND WILMINGTON

No. — War Department.
 Washington, D. C. January 15, 1865
 Pass
 To Joseph Fisher, Captain
 United States Army
 Fort Fisher, N. C.
 By order of the Secretary of War
 J. A. M. [Signature]
 (No Transmittal)

BY JOSEPH BECKER, "SPECIAL FOR LESLIE'S."

At the beginning of 1865 the naval blockade reaching from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande had left but one loophole for the aid and comfort of the Confederacy, and this was the harbor of Wilmington, N. C., lying back a few miles from the



MOUND BATTERIES AND FORT FISHER.

mouth of the Cape Fear River. The long spit of sand and marsh jutting out to the seaward from the mainland at the river's junction with the Atlantic had been heavily fortified under the direction of General Braxton Bragg, the "Little more grape, Captain Bragg" of the Mexican War, and was considered the one remaining impregnable rebel fortress. The marshes protected it on the riverside, while heavy cannon guarded the approach by sea. In addition the sloping sand of the beach had been planted thickly with ground torpedoes, connected by wires with batteries within the fort, while a tangled network of wire had been snarled over them with the design of hindering an attacking party until they could be exploded. Where mound batteries and earth-works were lacking palisades of cypress logs, many of them two feet thick, guarded the inclosure. The extent of the work was astonishing, extending nearly a mile in one direction and half a mile in another.

Once under the guns of this barrier, the swift

but frail blockade runners were safe. Guided by a well-understood code of signals, they dropped across from Bermuda and Nassau or down from distant Halifax, and made port with ease. The blockading fleet had to keep to the open sea and frequently to make Port Royal in nasty weather; and, while many of the runners were caught, enough got through to keep the Confederacy in touch with the rest of the world, and to bring in medicines, ammunition, guns and wares.

The fort had been reconnoitred often enough, the importance of taking it was fully understood; but its defensive character was well enough known to prevent any moderate undertaking. When, in December, 1864, General B. F. Butler, in co-operation with Admiral Porter, took a great

military and naval expedition against the fort and failed, with victory seemingly in his grasp, a howl went up from the North that precipitated Butler's removal from command, and incidentally started an unending controversy—with which, however, I have nothing to do. General Grant's determination to send a second expedition under General Alfred H. Terry to take the fort, with the assistance of Porter's fleet, was reached in secret, and was well at sea before its object was known, even to its commander. The fall of the fort on January 15th, two weeks after the Butler fiasco, aroused immediate newspaper interest, and I hurried to join the expedition and illustrate the fort, with the intent of following up the other operations which were a necessary sequence.

My general pass got me a berth on the *Quaker City*, a side-wheel boat that had done duty by turns as gunboat and transport, and a few hours' sailing from Norfolk brought us to the fleet, in the mouth of the Cape Fear River. This was the greatest aggregation of war ships assembled during the Rebellion, and embraced half a dozen monitors, the famous *New Ironsides*, and, together with such ships of the line as the *Minnesota*, now the apprentice training ship in New

York harbor, the *Colorado*, *Ticonderoga*, *Wabash*, *Susquehanna*, *Brooklyn* and *Powhatan*, long since broken up, and a legion of lighter vessels, including some converted blockade runners, made up a fleet that could throw six hundred tons of metal at a broadside. The monitors—or at least some of them—are rusting away in the James River now; but of all the famous fleet, the brave little *Yantic* is the only one to-day in the active service of the navy.

Fort Fisher had been built to resist a prodigious bombardment, but nothing like the one it was subjected to. So long as its guns were serviceable the fort was invincible against an assault; these destroyed, it was only a question of superior force. The fleet smashed the guns and Terry's soldiers did the rest, but not until the Confederate garrison under Colonel William Lamb had made a valiant resistance.

The flag of the whole country was flying over the fort when the *Quaker City* rounded to. I made haste to put off with an accommodating boat's crew. My general pass entitled me to be treated as a person of distinction. It had even curtailed the lofty impertinence of the toy officer who snubbed me when I boarded the *Quaker*

North Atlantic Squadron,

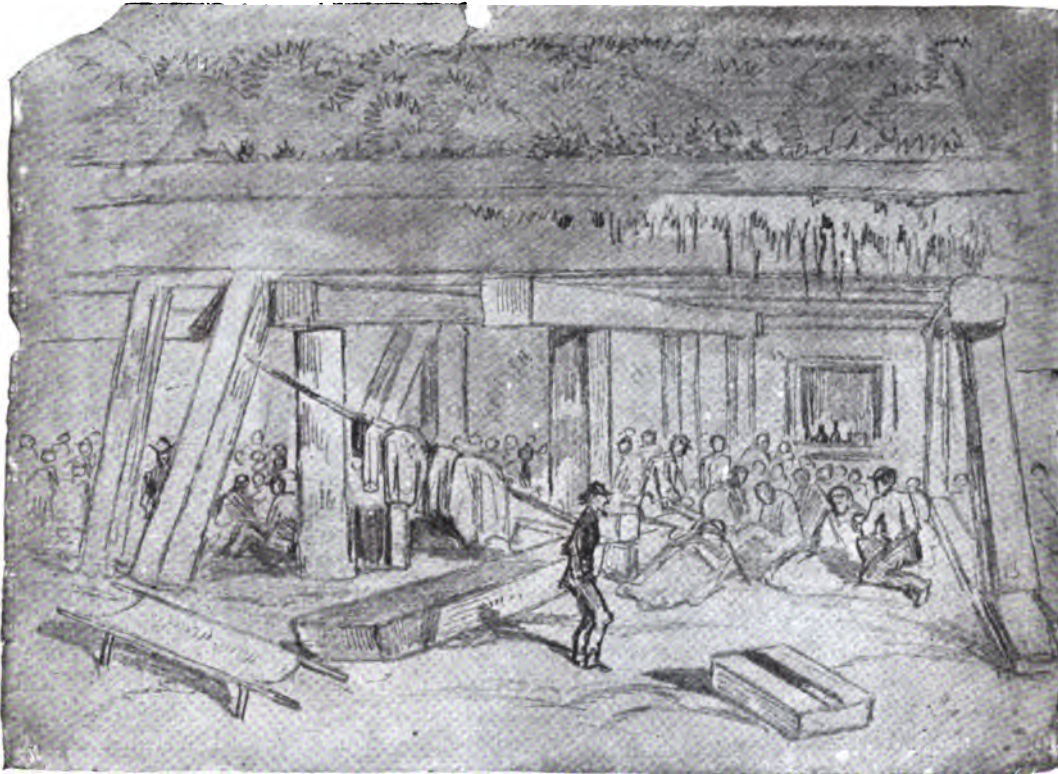
U. S. Flag-Ship "Albatross,"

Cape Fear River Jan 25 1865

All Naval Officers will afford Mr. J. O. Becker all facilities in their power towards accomplishing his purpose of sketching the defenses of Cape Fear River &c.

Any Officers are requested to convey this pass & permit Mr. Becker to visit any place within our lines.

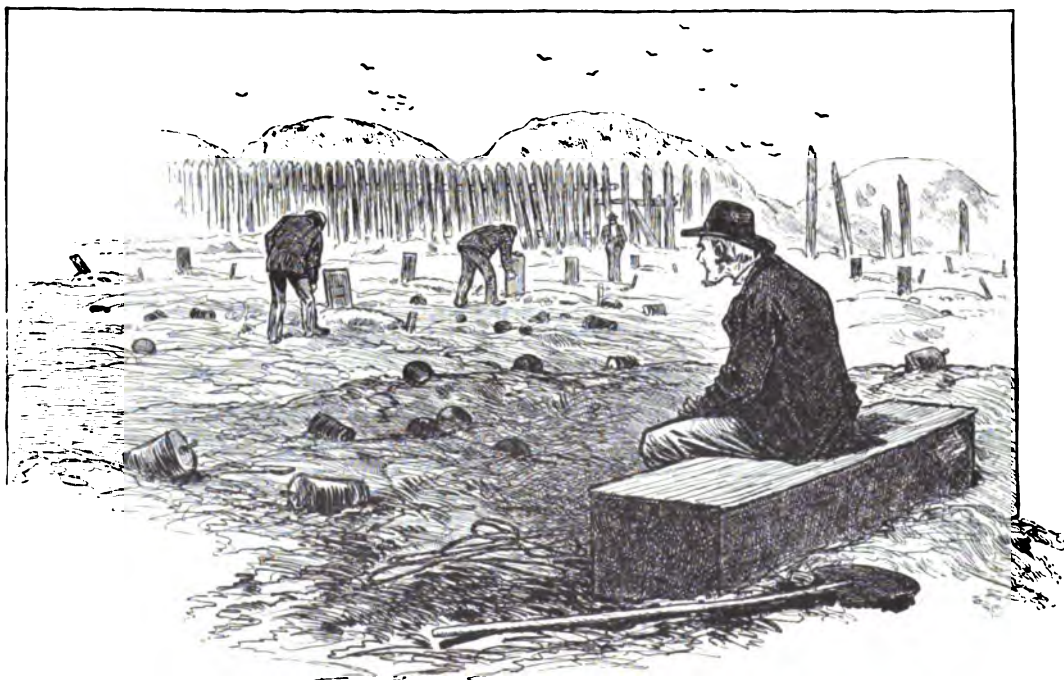
By Order of Rear Admiral D. D. Porter
R. M. Whelle.
Rear Admiral.



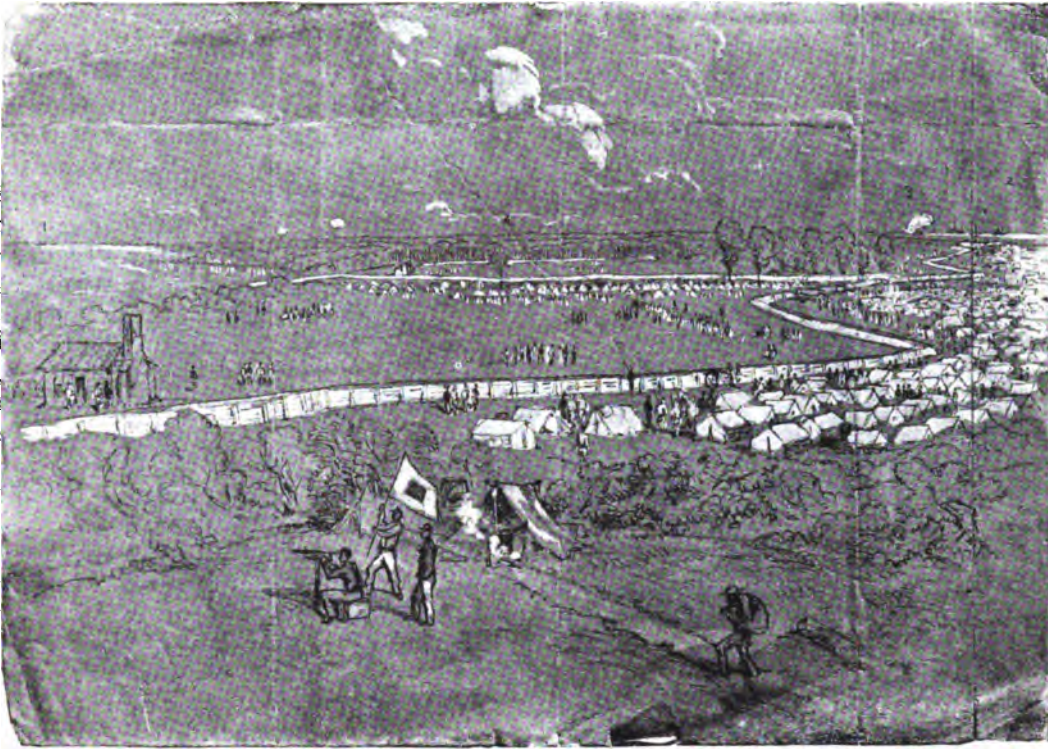
BOMBPROOF OF FORT FISHER USED AS A HOSPITAL.—FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

City. and it was now potent in getting me off. Tar had to receive the prescribed treatment We landed ingloriously, tipping over in the heavy surf, and were in such peril that one Jack

for resuscitating a drowned person for half an hour before he came to. The flagship *Malvern*,



A NEW ENGLAND FATHER "WAITING TO TAKE HIS BOY BACK NORTH."



THE UNION LINES THREE MILES ABOVE FORT FISHER (AFTER THE CAPTURE OF THE FORT).
FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.



EFFECTS OF THE BOMBARDMENT.—FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

lying in the river, responded to a signal and sent a boat to take me off to her. I presented my credentials to Lieutenant Commander K. Randolph Breese, fleet captain, who gave me a general pass for use on the vessels of the fleet and was exceedingly kind about everything. I had a letter from Mr. Leslie to Admiral Porter, who was one of his intimate friends, and who gave me a seat at his table in the cabin of the *Malvern*. The *Malvern* had been a blockade runner, and like most of her class was a side-wheel boat, very swift and beautifully fitted up.

So secretly and swiftly had the expedition succeeded that the blockade runners were not posted. Two ran in from sea and displayed signals which were properly answered by the fort. The disgust of the English speculators on board when they found they were trapped was something to remember.

There was mourning in the fleet over the loss of the tars in the naval brigade, who, gathered from many ships and without knowledge of land

tactics, attempted to storm the fort from the ocean side, and who were entangled among the torpedoes, which fortunately failed to explode, but who suffered heavily from the musketry and light guns on the redoubts. Especial was the grief over the gallant Lieutenant S. W. Preston, who led the forlorn hope. He was one of the most popular officers in the navy, of great talent and unflinching courage. The sailors were buried where they fell, and the soldiers, too, for that matter. For days afterward gray-haired men from distant New England villages were scattered over the sandy reaches, waiting to take their "boys" home. The ready army undertakers were on the ground, searching among the rude board grave marks for the names of the missing ones. Few men there were from the big cities to seek their slain, but from New England the fathers always came.

Under the bombproofs in Fort Fisher were the Confederate sick and wounded. I never saw more misery than here. The two attacks had told heavily, and men lay about in the grewsome caverns, with gaping, festering wounds. The surgeon had been killed, and they got little or no attention until after the fight—a good while after, in fact. Maggots were devouring the flesh of living men. It was too horrible to describe.

I never saw so much iron in shape of projectiles anywhere as within and about Fort Fisher. The fleet had hurled more than fifty thousand missiles at it from three to eleven inches in diameter, and I know that more than a thousand tons of them were afterward picked up. Yet so strong were the works that, aside from the shattered cannon, they were little harmed. The army, which carried the fort by assault, after much desperate fighting, got in more readily than might have been supposed. I know a breach in the palisades where two huge logs were found loose was pointed out to me as the key to the initial success.

We led an easy life on the

*Provision Return for Co. "D," 15th N.C. Battalion
Light Artillery for 41 days, commencing
December 10th 1864, and ending December 21st 1864.*

Post or Station Fort Fisher N.C.	Rations of							Remarks
	Wheat	Indian	Wheat	Wheat	Wheat	Wheat	Wheat	
	111	2	11					

*The A.S.D. will issue
according to the above return
App'd
Capt. Mann
Capt. [Signature]*

*J. T. Adams, Capt.
Comdg. B. Battery*

*113
124*



"KINGDOM COME!"

flagship. There was not much ceremony, although the admiral felt all of the honors of his rank.

I did not like Porter. He was very boastful. It was his delight to fill in the dinner hour with his theories on the right way to conquer the Confederacy. It was clear from his conversation that he believed but one person could accomplish it satisfactorily, and that was himself. He was especially severe upon the Army of the Potomac, from the men to the generals, and seemed to enjoy repeating loudly a set phrase that if circumstances had given the navy the work to perform that had fallen to the lot of the army it would be soon ended. These strictures were greeted with reverential assent by the officers around the admiral's table, but they filled me with anger. I had been with the Army of the Potomac in battle and siege, from the Wilderness to Petersburg. I had seen its columns march unflinching

to destruction, and I knew that braver or more devoted soldiers never went to the sacrifice. It was easy for this naval officer, sitting at his luxuriously laden table, to devise schemes of conquest, but the hungry, ragged troops in the trenches before Petersburg were giving up their



SERVING RATIONS TO NEGROES AND POOR WHITES AT WILMINGTON.



THE WAR ARTIST IN LOVE

lives while the Porter part of the navy kept comfortably out of range and had not dared even to venture up the Dutch Gap Canal.

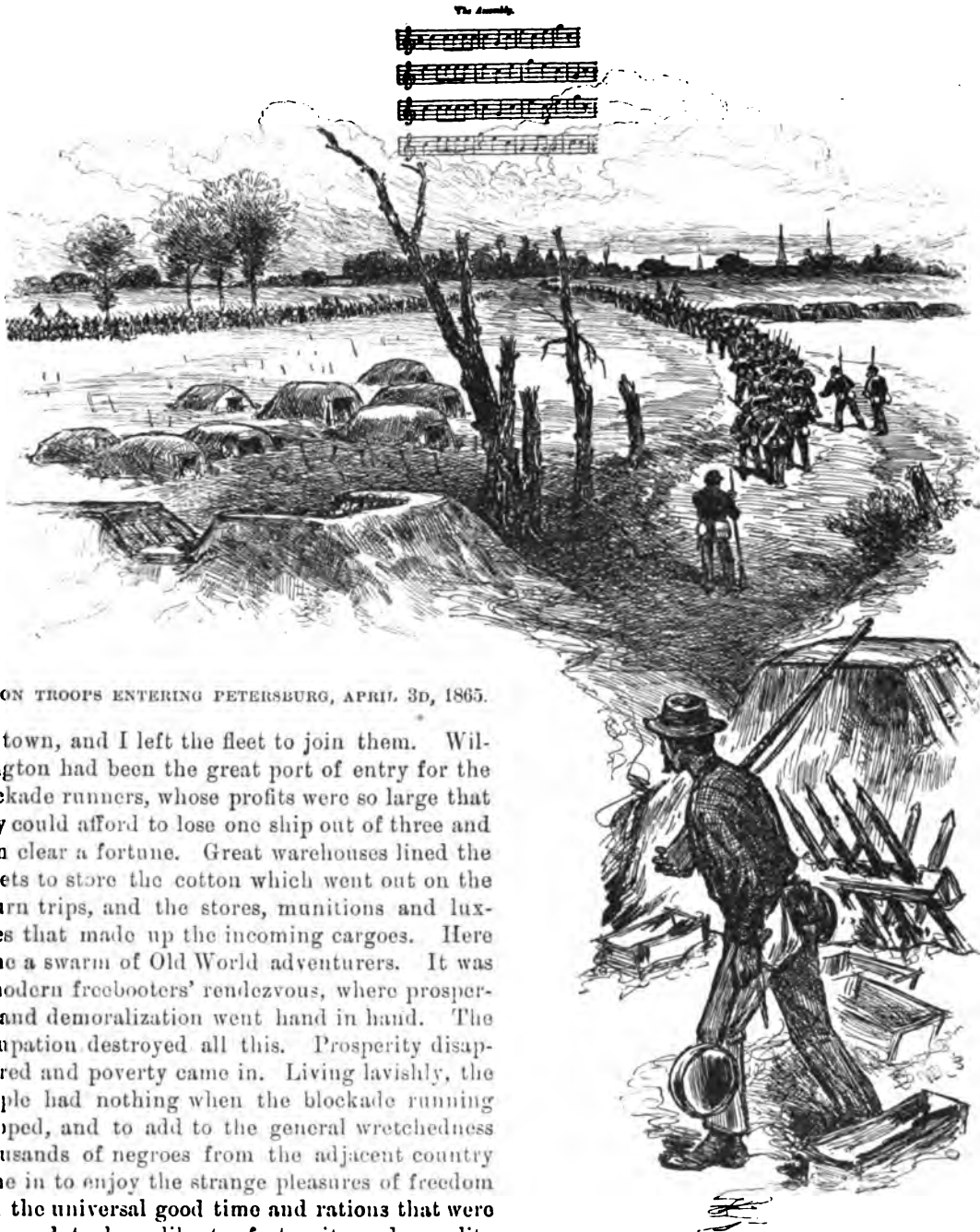
These reflections bred in me a prejudice against the admiral, which he soon reciprocated. I did not show him my sketches, as he broadly hinted I should, and kept my own counsel while on the *Malvern* and with the fleet. Porter wrote to Mr. Leslie expressing the opinion that I was loafing, as he never saw me doing anything. Luckily the same mail carried fourteen sketches of Fort Fisher and the fleet, so I did not re-

quire any special vindicating. Mr. Leslie wrote back to the admiral that he was satisfied with my exertions, and that ended the matter, though it did not please the admiral.

But I am frank to confess that a loafing period followed. Wilmington fell soon after the taking of Fort Fisher. The Confederates realized that, with Sherman marching up the coast and the blockade runners completely cut off, there was no use in bothering about Wilmington. The Federal forces took prompt possession of



PLACES OF REFUGE USED BY THE CITIZENS OF PETERSBURG DURING THE SIEGE.



UNION TROOPS ENTERING PETERSBURG, APRIL 3d, 1865.

the town, and I left the fleet to join them. Wilmington had been the great port of entry for the blockade runners, whose profits were so large that they could afford to lose one ship out of three and then clear a fortune. Great warehouses lined the streets to store the cotton which went out on the return trips, and the stores, munitions and luxuries that made up the incoming cargoes. Here came a swarm of Old World adventurers. It was a modern freebooters' rendezvous, where prosperity and demoralization went hand in hand. The occupation destroyed all this. Prosperity disappeared and poverty came in. Living lavishly, the people had nothing when the blockade running stopped, and to add to the general wretchedness thousands of negroes from the adjacent country came in to enjoy the strange pleasures of freedom and the universal good time and rations that were supposed to keep liberty, fraternity and equality company.

In a little time ten thousand helpless blacks were thronged about the city, a burden upon the commissary, who did his best amid infinite confusion and misery. The poorer whites fell in with the negroes, and the equality of hunger brought them together at the pork barrel and biscuit box.

It was pathetic to see the negroes come wandering in. They traveled in companies, usually with some patriarch at the head, feeling their way timorously until safe within the lines. Wandering

along the river, well inland, one day, I came with a companion upon a band of these black refugees. They were led by a bent old African whose snowy hair and dignified manner bespoke him as a person of importance. When he saw us he was some distance from the head of his band. He turned around and faced them, holding up his long staff warningly. They stopped and huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep until we assured the leader that they had reached "Kingdom

Come" and that this was indeed the Year of Jubilee, and also told them where they could get something to eat. They were so childlike in their innocence and ignorance that it seemed cruel to turn them loose on their own resources and the scant tenderness of the War Department.

There was little to do in Wilmington, so I fell in love. At least I think that was it from the symptoms as I now recall them. I boarded with a shoemaker whose household contained a bevy of girls, of the soft-voiced Southern sort, one of whom, who can be called "Molly" without fear of identification, took much interest in art and the special artist. I suddenly became tired of the war and of making pictures of guns and drums and warriors, and wore out my pencils in picturing the fair face of the lazy-laughing Molly. In this way winter slipped into spring. I was very uncomfortable, and spent much thought in meditat-

ing solemnly upon my future course. Should I abandon my career, let art go to the dogs and settle down as a Carolina cracker? That was the question. Like most such problems, it was decided for me. One day, late in March, I went to the post office and found there a peremptory letter from Mr. Leslie ordering me back to Petersburg and rather intimating that I was wasting my talents. It dazed my youthful head. I went back to the house in a mental maze, with the letter clutched in one hand and the envelope in the other. As I sat by the window in my room on the ground floor, pondering over the first crisis I had ever met, something fell from the window above and struck on the broad sill beside me. It was a small box filled with fine snuff, and with it was a little stick with a tuft of cloth tied over the end. In a minute more the owner came in and claimed it. It was Molly. The maiden "dipped"!

I was cured in a flash. In another hour I had started back to join my old love, the Army of the Potomac.

I reached Petersburg none too soon. The activity of the Army of the Potomac had been renewed with immense energy. The signs pointed to the swift crumbling of the Confederacy. On the 1st of April the direct assault began on the defenses of Petersburg. Sheridan's cavalry had well-nigh cut the beleaguered town off from its back door into the lines of Lee's army, while the fierce assaults of Wright's corps and the brigade under General Nelson A. Miles were made in a determined purpose to take the town. But it is no part of my tale to describe military manœuvres. The events followed swiftly upon each other. By the 2d of April, though often repulsed, the outworks of Petersburg were taken, and early on the morning of April 3d the brave soldiers of the South, who had for ten months defied the best fighters and the best generals of the North, wasted and famine-stricken, stole out of their pits and battlements, and made haste to join Lee in a last stand for their lost cause.

The news that they were departing came with the dawn. Every heart in the army leaped for joy. The men felt that the end was now scarcely more than a matter of hours. They had rested on their arms preparatory to a general assault in the morning, but now the attack was nothing but a scamper. With a cheer column after column "legged it" up the hillside and into the empty city.

I skedaddled after them as fast as I could run. Every man vied with his fellow to be the first inside.

JOHN BREWER'S RESTAURANT.	
No. 10 Bank Street.	
BILL OF FARE.	
Ham and Eggs,	\$1.15
Sausage and Eggs,	15
Beef Steak,	75
Venison,	1.15
Mutton Chops,	15
Pork Steak,	15
Wild Ducks,	50
Partridge, each,	10
Rabbits, do.	20
Squirrels, do.	15
Oysters, per Fry,	15
Do. do. Stew,	15
Do. do. Scollop,	15
Turkey, per Dish,	15
Fish, do. do.	15
Coffee, do. Cup,	5
Tea, do. do.	5
Butter, with each Dish,	2

A PETERSBURG MENU, AFTER THE SIEGE.

Here indeed was every sign of the exhaustion of war. Not a soul was in sight. The houses to the number of fully one-third were in ruins. The spires of the churches had been used as range finders by the Federal gunners, but these had escaped. Not so the houses around them. They were riddled.

Deep down in trenches were the wretched quarters in which the people of Petersburg had passed the siege. Cook stoves stood without the holes in the bank into which the refugees fled at the shriek of a shell. What they cooked is a mystery. There was not a crumb or any live thing to be found in the town. Even the rats and cats were gone.

Straggling down the main street, my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a restaurant sign. The shop was open, and the wide-swung door revealed the proprietor, a beaming black man, who seemed to be awaiting custom. I was the man for him. Long diet on army stores had whetted my appetite for a square meal. With a flourish he produced the bill of fare. I reproduce it here so it can be seen that it was indeed tempting.

"Doan' min' de prices," he said. "Dey's all Confederate money. I'se got a barrel full ob it in de back room, all I'se got to show fur feedin' de swaggerin' oficers dat come here as proud as ef dey owned de place, an' order as ef dey were kings. Take yo' order, sah?" he concluded, with a flourish.

I began at the top. "How about ham and eggs?"

"Ham's all gone, sah, but I'se got some aigs."

"Any sausage left?"

"We'se out ob sassage, sah, but we has de aigs."

"Well, beefsteak will do. How about that?"

"De Confederates done et up all de beef las' year."

"Well, I'd just as soon have some venison."

"Dey ain't no venison, sah. De Con——"

"Mutton chops?"

"De chops is out, sah."

"Then give me some wild duck."

He rolled his eyes despairingly. "Dey ain't no wild duck heah, boss," he said.

"No partridge?"

"No, sah."

"But you can get a rabbit?"

"Rabbit's all cotched long ago, boss. Guess dey ain't no rabbit lef' in Virginny."

"Nor squirrels?"

"No squirrels, sah. De sharpshootahs done got 'em all."

"Well, then, trot out some oysters."

"Fo' de Lord, boss," he groaned, "dey ain't been no oysters fo' a yeah. I'se just got aigs, an' not another livin' thing, an' dat's de troof."

It was. He had three. I ate them. They were not fresh. My host was deeply interested in the Yankees. He was a free negro, but none the less concerned. Did I think we had come to stay? I did indeed. He grinned widely at this, and invited me to take all the Confederate money I wanted out of the barrel in the back room. I stuffed my pockets with it, and gave him fifty cents, which was worth more than the barrel full, and then started on a chase after the army that ended at Appomattox.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE TALE OF A SKELETON.

BY W. DE WAGSTAFFE.

I AM a physician, and my skill is to probe the ills of humanity with a scalpel rather than the pen. I believe, however, that there are mysteries in the hollow shell that serves to frame our beings which the surgeon cannot fathom—sacred mysteries which the pen alone can convey. I have never tried myself to attain that proficiency in writing which belongs to the pages of a magazine, therefore this manuscript is the only one I ever completed. It was written when I was much younger than I am now, and consists mainly of a statement of facts that I set down on paper for the purposes of record only. Circumstances surrounding the narrative which this manuscript

reveals have induced me to publish it. There is a woman somewhere in the world who, when she reads this tale, will answer the plea it makes to her. I do not pretend to any profound knowledge of psychology; I do not believe that sentiment acts upon the same motives or from like consequences in any two women. There are two classes, the good and the bad, and the distinguishing degrees of virtue and villainy are so minute that there must be a difference of sentiment in every woman.

She for whom this manuscript is revised may be an angel or a fiend, a nun or an adventuress, I cannot tell, and the voice that could alone speak

of her is hushed forever. It is not from motives of sympathy alone for her that I give this story to the world, but from a strange affection I have conceived, from long intimacy perhaps, with the skeleton that hangs in my closet. In life he was a man I admired. His sudden end came before years could sanction the achievements to which he aspired.

An earnest curiosity to find the woman who destroyed his prospects, a vague sense of the comfort that it would give me to know the truth of his strange end, in which I participated, have urged me to publish the facts below.

If she by chance should read these facts, a letter addressed to Dr. F. G. Anderson, St. Francis's Hospital, New York, will enable her to perform those last rites to a memory that should be sacred; for if ever love was earnest and truly pledged, that love was his for her.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

There is a male skeleton in my office that as an anatomical exhibit is very valuable. The bones are wonderfully well formed and perfect; the skull shapes all that health and brain could indicate for science. It has hung in my closet for ten years, but it does not really belong to me. I have done all in my power to find the person for whom I am not unwillingly testator, but without success. Perhaps that is because the rightful owner is a woman, and women do not value skeletons as a rule. This woman, whoever she may be, did not even value the soul that worshiped her within this clay temple that hangs silent and deserted, like an empty church, in my cupboard. The doctors know too much about organics to indulge in the beliefs of idealists, but I confess a certain weakness of spirit, a strange reverence and almost



1. PETERBURGH DURING THE BOMB IN 1865. 2. PETERBURGH IN 1886

TWENTY-ONE YEARS AFTER.

affection for my skeleton. There is a memory that fills the hollow sockets in that skull with tender eyes, a fancy that makes the bony hand stretch forth to clasp mine in the old cordial grip of friendship, a recollection of breadth and strength about the spare shoulders and dangling legs that recalls the figure of an athlete, the character of a fine young man. I dust these bones every morning as if they were some precious bric-a-brac, and all this illusion is the picture that men call mem-

a bullet, which had sped on its way when sent, and by its battered shape evidently fulfilled its destiny. Do not shrink, fair reader, for about these grim scraps of the past are wrapped the tenderest associations, the finest texture of man's nature—bravery. Could you clothe that skeleton as I may, by memory of its term in life, you would have loved the handsome fellow that he was. You would have followed him with your eyes and perhaps your heart as quickly as you now turn



ory. Around the bony neck hangs a strange jewel. It is all part of my duty as testator to see that it is safely guarded, for some day I may be called upon to account for my trust, and I must then deliver all that is required of me. The relic hangs on a thin golden chain, a woman's necklace. It is attached to this gold thread of metal—a rough piece of lead. It hangs from the centre of the chain as a locket in front. A close inspection of this odd jewel will reveal the fact that it is

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away from that weird mockery death leaves us of the flesh, yonder in my closet.

His name was Donald Grant, and when I first knew him he was a medical student; he attended my lectures. He lived very modestly, as his slim income compelled, and we resided, as it happened, in the same street. He differed from the conventional student in that he was more reverent than any. He never used the details of his work for the expedient of some coarse wit. Serious,

almost glowing in his solemn eagerness, he promised it to a great man some day. Perhaps he is greater after all in that unsought world where he has been in person, only a spiritual master. The needs of a civil life do not concern this remote era at that point where the woman for whom I was to become guardian of so strange a gift appeared. The exact date of their acquaintance I do not know, for I only had suspicions of some such influence in his life; his acknowledgment to me came swiftly as his end. I may not, however, that he had loved her silently some time before he ever told her of his feeling, because it would be like him to guard what was most sacred from her.

It was late on the night of November 7th, 1881, that the servant from the house where he was lodging came to me with a message requesting that I come to his room. It was not unusual that he should wish to see me, because I looked upon him as an exceptionally clever student, and had often enjoyed a chat with him upon medical science. The notion suited me exactly. I was alone that evening, and had grown weary of my own society. I had made it a rule never to carry my prizes as a professor outside the lecture room, and those students whom I cared to know personally regarded me perhaps with more fellowship than some of my more dignified colleagues.

When I entered Grant's room I was surprised and somewhat uneasy by his appearance. He was reclining on a lounge, his hair disheveled, his eyes fast on some spot in the ceiling above him, and his face was deathly pale.

"What's wrong, Donald?" I said, as indifferently as the custom would allow.

He turned his head wearily toward me, and putting out his hand, said, in his usual serious manner:

"Doctor, you will forgive me for disturbing you, but I have a case I want to ask you something about."

I took a chair beside him, and mechanically felt his pulse. He smiled sadly as I did so, and before I could speak anticipated my intention.

"I'm all right, am I not?" he said.

His pulse showed strong nervous excitement, and my first impression was that he had been drinking.

"What have you taken?" I asked, with professional abruptness.

"Scotch whisky," he replied, smiling.

"How much?" I asked.

"Enough for a slight cold—that is all;" and he pulled his arm away from me.

"You have been studying too much," I sug-

gested, diagnosing this as a possible cause for his excitement.

"Perhaps," he said, with the old sad tone that seemed to be a minor cadence running through his whole nature.

"I will prescribe something to quiet you," I said, looking around for a pen and ink.

He laid his big hand on my arm to detain me, and shook his head as he said:

"Later I may need your help; just now I want your advice on a suppositional case."

I yielded to his request and kept my seat.

"Doctor, you are a surgeon. Did you ever consider that a woman's heart might have a spirit in the organism that you have often dissected with your knife?" he asked.

"The heart is an organ, with a physical function to perform, as you know. I cannot reconcile scientific fact with imaginative theory," I said.

"Are you a cynic, doctor?" he asked.

"No; but I cannot talk sentiment from a surgical standpoint."

"Do you believe that a woman can be loved by a man with all his soul and not return his devotion in any degree?" he asked, with eager earnestness.

"Such instances are of constant occurrence," I said, carelessly.

"They are quite common, I suppose," he said, by way of comment.

"What is your medical precedent?" I asked.

"It is more ordinary than I believed, after all," he said, wearily.

"Well, what is it?"

"There is a friend of mine who loves a woman with all his being. She has acknowledged that she does not love him."

He paused here, and even the simplicity of his narrative seemed to struggle for further expression.

"She has never loved him?" I asked, by way of relieving his embarrassment.

"My friend tells me he thought she did; yet she never told him so. Perhaps it was only the reflection of his own great love that seemed to be hers. She led him to believe that she preferred him."

"Go on," I said, confident that some odd theory would be the result of his argument.

"Well, now that he has found out the truth, he does not care to live. It is a strange case, is it not, that the body should be ready to yield its physical unity with life by the mental compromise to betray it to the mortal enemy?"

"Is he a young man?" I asked, with interest.

"In years, but not in hopes," he said, sadly.

"Such friends are not healthy companions."

Donald. Forget this case. It is morbid, unnatural, wicked," I said, with more vehemence than was necessary, perhaps.

"What can he do? His whole professional future—his great ambition, his long, silent work—has no mission to fulfill. His glories were to be the forfeits he should pay for her. She will not have them. Poor fellow, he greets death as a friend, whom before he always hated."

"This is a boy's first outburst of undisciplined emotion. He will overcome it again and again," I said, laughingly.

He rose from the lounge, more stern in countenance than ever as he said:

"I have advised my friend to kill himself."

"He will not do it. You will see him in the morning," I said.

He sat down at his writing desk, and leaning his head on one hand, he wrote. How often have I seen his firm, determined face since then, as he sat there in the glare of his student lamp, writing that last message to the living! I did not at the time attach much importance to the act, for Donald Grant was so different in all things from others. He was so serious, so heart-full in every deed and thought.

When he had finished the letter he sealed it in an envelope, addressed it and tossed it carelessly aside on his desk; then he turned to me calmly, and said:

"That is a letter of some importance. Perhaps after he is dead she will read it."

"Why do you interest yourself in a love affair? I thought you never cared for women?" I said, in query.

"There are secrets in every man's life, I suppose," he said, dreamily.

"Some are remembered too long. They were best forgotten."

"Men are forgotten, but their thoughts often survive and carry out some mission."

"They are the great men, not suicides," I said, earnestly.

"Life is not a gift we ask for. We return it at our own risk. What matter if we leave love or hate, great fame or great shame behind us? We cannot make the mistakes for which we suffer in life when we draw nearer to divinity in that great oblivion beyond."

"He must wait till we are called," I said, moved by his strange eloquence.

"When that time comes is best known to the bravest man."

"But what of those you willingly leave behind? Some woman who cares for you?"

"She would love the body. If she could see the skeleton, would she love that?"

"That is horrible!" I said.

"Can she see the love in a man's heart?" he asked.

"Would you die because she could not?"

"I think so," he said, waveringly.

"Kill yourself for a woman?" I said, now thoroughly alarmed by the strange turn of his argument.

"Yes, for one woman. Women have sent souls to heaven before now."

As he spoke he drew from his pocket a revolver. I jumped to seize it. He anticipated me, and leveled the barrel at my head.

"Stand back, doctor! You shall see me enter eternity, without even a drop of medicine," he said, with awful mockery in his words.

"For God's sake think!" I said, hoarsely.

"I have thought, and this is my conclusion," he said, looking at the pistol in his hand, which he still pointed at me.

"You will be a suicide?" I said, endeavoring to rouse his contempt.

"As a skeleton I can serve science; as a living man I have no heart to serve a soul," he said, with a choking voice.

"Why do you kill yourself?"

"For a woman!" he said, hoarsely; and quickly turning the pistol till the muzzle aimed at his heart, he fired, and fell bleeding at my feet.

I have related the conversation as nearly as I can remember it, and so shocking was its end that I believe my mind has recalled all that was said correctly.

Death was immediate, for hardly had my hand touched the body when the heart ceased beating. I waited for the sound of the pistol shot to arouse some one. Nobody came, and the silence was more dreadful than at any death scene my practice has ever revealed. I examined his desk, hoping to find some address, or some letter that would tell me something of his immediate friends or relatives. In so doing I discovered the letter he had written but a few minutes before, and the envelope was addressed to me. I tore it open, and by the light of the same lamp which he had used I read as follows:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR AND PROFESSOR: When you read this letter much that may seem horrible in the deed that I commit will be forgiven. If your soul were as skilled in sentiment as is your knife in surgery, you would penetrate all that I am writing to you now, as you sit opposite. I once believed, as you do, that flesh and blood and bones were all the substance of creation—all else mere waste of nervous tension.

"When I believed all this the woman for whom I had chosen the profession, that I might do her more honor as a man of name and wealth, suddenly destroyed my theory of creation. When she deserted me I found in me some-

thing greater than organic mechanism—I found a spirit that rebelled against the body. An angry spirit at first, full of revenge and evil, then changing to the calm of inevitable submission, which kept on crushing my ambition, my future, my work, into a dust of unimportant hopes. I struggled against this, but mine was a wounded spirit, and only she could heal it. I realized that it would die alone as it was left, without its spiritual mate; that it chafed for the freedom which, whispering, it told me awaited it beyond the frame that held us both to this world. Its promises, that breathed of achievements not for a year or a century, but for eternity, became alluring, and I have stood as near the eternal threshold as I am to-night before. I go, without reproach to her, without fear, for I am more full of spiritual ambition to be gained in the spirit world than I could ever be on this side of the unknown. The miracles of medical science are nothing to the miracles Christ performed on earth; and all His knowledge was love, and He, too, died. The love that woman gives to man is but the beginning of that greater love that heals all hurts and blends mere organism with ethereal mystery. Though she was false, perhaps ungracious, without her memory death's sting would still have held me a coward among the rest. Without her spirit that first reached mine I should have been like other men, an automaton of fleeting years. Think, as you read these lines over the senseless shape at your feet, that Donald Grant, on earth no more, has solved that miracle men call eternity, and show him the respect in memory his new estate commands.

"I hereby notify the coroner that I killed myself of my own free will. Further, I desire that my body be delivered to my beloved professor, Dr. F. G. Anderson, on the following conditions, if he will have it: Should he consent, I desire that he perform two acts of kindness, that I am sure he will not refuse me. First, to probe for the bullet that stops my life; and second, that, instead of burying my body, it shall be dressed to hang as a skeleton in his office. My reason for these things is a strange conception of my own. I wish the bullet that has torn my heart to be sent to

the woman whom I loved, and my bones are hers to juggle as she pleases. These gifts I leave to Dr. Anderson as trustee for her, to be surrendered at her command. There is nothing more to say, except that word which saints and sinners utter most feelingly of all—farewell.

"DONALD GRANT."

This strange communication I have copied verbatim from the original. To save it may indicate a mind unbalanced; but then even the utterings of the apostles are incomprehensible to some. It is needless to add that my student's instructions were carried out to the letter. I have done everything in my power to know who the woman is. I searched his effects without finding a photograph, even a letter, of hers. Grant was strange in that he was a personality distinct from all men. Love, that is only a passing spasm with the average man, took the form of divinity in such a temperament as Grant's. I almost excuse the conventional crime of suicide in the unconventional depth of feeling that urged my friend to kill himself. He violated neither his conscience nor his religion; for where other men have committed self-murder Donald Grant expiated the fate of a mind too ideal for those mere "automatons of fleeting years." The dainty golden chain is the only trophy of a woman that I found in his desk. It now adorns a neck less lovely, no doubt, than the one it first ornamented. This is the story, briefly told, that pledges a splendid skeleton to the woman who, reading this, upon sufficient proof may claim the cavern of a splendid fellow.

CHESS AND CHESS PLAYERS.

By G. H. D. Gossip.

At the present time, when the attention of chess players all over the world—from Cuba to Moscow, from Edinburgh to the antipodes—has been concentrated on the great struggle for the chess championship and a stake of \$4,000 in the match won by Lasker (at New York, Philadelphia and Montreal), a brief sketch of the careers of the two acknowledged champions of the game, as well as of some of the leading players of the day, coupled with various notable historic incidents connected with chess, or its illustrious votaries and distinguished masters of the past, can hardly fail to command a certain amount of interest.

Chess is not only the oldest but also the most intellectual and fascinating pastime that the brain of man has ever invented. Its variations and combinations are infinite; while the theory

of the openings, that lead to the boundless ocean of the middle game, offers a wide and inexhaustible field for new discoveries to the analyst. Age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety. Alone of games it can boast of a history and a literature of its own, and the story of the romantic career and adventures of Leonardo da Cutri and Ruy Lopez, the one captured by a corsair, the latter created Bishop of Segovia by King Philip II. of Spain, as well as of Paolo Boi, Greco and other famous players of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, would form an interesting volume well worthy of perusal even by those who are not chess players. The great match between Il Puttino and Ruy Lopez, played at Madrid in presence of Philip II., his queen, Anne of Austria, Don John, the conqueror of the Turks at Lepanto, the

de Ierma and other eminent personages, forms the subject of an historical painting by the late Professor Mussini, of Siena; the portraits of these royal and distinguished patrons of chess having been copied by that artist from their portraits in the Madrid Gallery. Il Puttino was victorious, and the King conferred great favors on him as well as on his mitred opponent. A beautiful photograph from this picture appeared some years ago in the *Nuovo Rivista degli Scacchi*—an Italian chess magazine edited in Rome by the late Mr. Bexley Vansittart.

ceive 1,000 scudi—a stake, considering the relative value of money in those days, superior to the \$2,000 a side of the recent championship match.

Leonardo purposely lost the first two games, upon which the King rose to leave the apartment with an unfavorable opinion of the skill of the Italian; but Leonardo threw himself on his knees saying: "I beg your majesty not to go, for that which I have done has been purposely contrived in order to display my skill the more clearly. Your majesty shall behold that, of the three following games, I will win them all, and that with-



Lasker (winner).

Steinitz.

MESSRS. LASKER AND STEINITZ, IN THEIR RECENT MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

King Philip did not believe that his favorite Ruy Lopez, who had hitherto proved invincible, could be beaten; and as Il Puttino (whose real name was Leonardo da Cutri) was then on a visit to Madrid, he determined on seeing them play a match. The two champions were then brought into the royal presence, Ruy Lopez being introduced by a grandee of Spain, and Leonardo by Count Crancio. Bending in lowly reverence, the King commanded them to rise, and to play upon a certain table, so that his majesty might clearly see the moves; fixing the conditions of the match that the first winner of three games should re-

out much difficulty; this I undertake to perform on pain of losing life. Know, moreover, O King, that for this thing came I hither purposely, having been moved thereto by the unseemly deportment of Ruy Lopez when he conquered me some time back in Rome."

At this speech the King consented to remain, and then indeed was the proud boast of Leonardo made good, he winning the three games in succession, and thus honorably fulfilling his bold engagement. The King thereat greatly admired the Italian's skill, and loaded him with favors, presenting him on the spot with the 1,000

sendi, a richly ornamented jewel and one of the royal ermine mantles; bidding him, moreover, ask what boon he would, it would be granted. Leonardo merely demanded that his native place should be exempted from all fiscal taxation for a certain period—a request that was at once granted for twenty years.

Leonardo and his great rival Paolo Boi were styled the Light and Lustre of Chess. The former was miserably poisoned, through jealous envy, in the forty-fifth year of his age, Salvio tells us, at the court of Prince di Bisignano, in Calabria; and Paolo Boi was also poisoned by his servant for the sake of his money. In the present day chess champions do not play in presence of kings, nor are they poisoned either through jealousy or for their money, of which they possess little enough. But it would be idle to deny that jealousy still exists among them, for human nature is ever the same in all ages.

Famous conquerors or warriors, from Tamerlane, with his "grand chess" played on a board of a hundred instead of sixty-four squares, and Charlemagne, whose chessmen of St. Denis are still preserved in Paris, to Gustavus Selenus, Charles XII. of Sweden, Frederick II. of Prussia, Marshal Saxe and Napoleon, have played it, as the pastime most worthy of their leisure hours; and in addition to the emperors, kings and queens who have been devotees or patrons of the royal game of the *Schah*, figure conspicuously the names of a host of celebrities in science, art or literature—amongst these, those of Buckle, Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, Leibnitz and Euler may be mentioned in the foremost rank. A game of Rousseau's, won by him of the Prince de Conti at the Château de Montmorency, has been preserved, and was published a few years ago in the London *Chess Monthly*; while Voltaire often played at the Café Procope, in the old Latin Quarter of Paris. Among the crowned heads of Europe who play and patronize chess are the King and Queen of Italy and the King of Sweden, and the present Sultan is said to be very fond of the game. The marble chessboard of the Great Mogul at Futtipoor Sikra, in India, which covers an area of several acres, still testifies to the antiquity of chess; and it is related of Tamerlane that, before laying siege to a town, he would send a herald to inquire if there were any good chess players within its walls, whose lives were invariably spared while the rest of the inhabitants were remorselessly put to the sword. The "grand chess" of Tamerlane, with more pieces and thirty-six more squares than our game of the present day, must have been immensely more difficult and complicated than our modern chess.

The Emperor Paul of Russia once paid a visit to that famous Parisian chess resort, the Café de la Régence, in Paris, where the writer has often, in the '60's, seen the late President of France, Jules Grévy, the late Admiral (then Captain) de St. Bon, Italian Minister of Marine, and the eminent Russian *littérateur* Tourgeneff absorbed in their favorite pastime as a relaxation from the more weighty affairs of state and literature; and it is well known that our Morphy used frequently to cross swords there with the late eccentric Duke of Brunswick.

Historic reminiscences like these shed a halo of romance and glory, possessed by no other game, over this truly royal, yet withal cosmopolitan, pastime, which is adapted equally for the camp or the court, the cottage or the drawing room, the fireside, the café or the club.

When art was at its apogee chess was in its golden prime. Before and since the days of Leonardo da Cutri and Paolo Boi there have been many able writers on chess. Greco, Salvio, Cascio, Carrera, Ponziani and others, the latest of whom dates from the seventeenth century, have made valuable contributions to the theory of the game, and the *début* invented by Bishop Ruy Lopez, which still bears his name, is yet the most popular of all open attacks. But the players who have been universally acknowledged to be far superior to all their contemporaries have been three Frenchmen, the first of whom lived in the last century—the gentle Philidor, the fiery Labourdonnais and the *preux chevalier* Deschapelles. Of these, the first was an eminent musician and composer; the second, a grandson of a French governor of the Mauritius; the third, an officer of the first Napoleon. After Labourdonnais came Anderssen, a Prussian professor, from whom the sceptre of chess was wrested by Morphy, an American. Since the retirement of Morphy—whose advent and career resembled that of a meteor—from the chess arena Steinitz has sat for many years on the throne of chess. To the many other renowned players of different shades or degrees of strength in this and the last century the beautiful line of Shelley,

—"Like stars
To their appointed heights they shine,"

may be appropriately applied; but the only acknowledged kings of chess have been the players whose names are quoted above.

At last the hitherto invincible Steinitz has been vanquished by the young German, Lasker, who has thus far shown himself superior to the only two other possible claimants to the throne of chess—Tchigorin, of St. Petersburg, and Tar-

rasch, of Nuremberg, who recently played a drawn match in the Russian capital; for the former has been twice defeated by Steinitz. The following will be found a correct record of the wonderful exploits of the two Titans who have lately wrestled for the chess sceptre.

Wilhelm Steinitz was born at Prague, Bohemia, in 1836, and is consequently now in his fifty-ninth year. He learned chess from an old tutor, and the following is the record of his hitherto unparalleled achievements in public matches and international, masters' and handicap tournaments all over the world.

In 1862 he defeated Signor Dubois, the renowned Italian expert, in a match in London, by 5 games won to 3 lost and 1 draw. In the following year he was also victorious in three successive matches in the British metropolis over Deacon, Mongredien and Blackburne, with scores respectively of 5 to 1, 7 to 0 and 7 to 1, exclusive of drawn games; his defeat of the last-named English master being a crushing one. In 1866 he achieved, perhaps, his greatest success by beating Anderssen—a professor of mathematics in Breslau University who had been crowned as king of chess in 1851—after a severe struggle, by 8 won to 6 lost games and no draws. This match was also played in London, and its result placed him on the throne of chess, which he has till recently occupied. In the same year he also defeated Bird by 7 to 5 and 5 draws, and in 1867 Fraser, of Dundee, by 3 to 1 and 3 draws. In 1870 he again encountered Blackburne, the famous English exponent of blindfold chess, in London, and for the second time inflicted on him a crushing defeat, with 5 won to *no* lost games, his opponent being only able to draw one game of the six contested on this occasion. In 1872 he gained a similar decisive victory in London over the late Mr. Zukertort, of Berlin, by 7 to 1 and 4 drawn games. In 1876 he defeated Blackburne for the third time in a set match, winning all the seven games played. In 1882 he beat Mr. Martinez, of Philadelphia, with an exactly similar score, and in the following year also by 3 to 1 and 3 draws, defeating also the late Mr. Sellman by 3 to 0 and 2 draws. In 1883 he vanquished the late Captain Mackenzie by 3 to 1 and 2 draws; Señor Golmayo at Havana by 8 to 1 and 2 draws, and Martinez in a third match by 9 to 0 and 2 draws. In 1885 he beat Sellman for the second time by 3 games straight. In 1886 he conquered Zukertort for the second time by 10 to 5 and 5 draws, thus proving the truth of his often-expressed opinion that match, not tournament play, is the only *true* test of skill; Zukertort having won first prize in the London Inter-

national Tournament of 1883 and been rashly dubbed "champion" by his overzealous admirers. In 1889 he defeated the famous Russian expert Tchigorin in Havana by 10 to 6 and 1 draw, and in 1891, also in Havana—the El Dorado of chess—Gunsberg, by 6 to 4 and 9 draws, and in 1893 he again beat Tchigorin for the second time in Havana in a set match, by 10 games to 8, exclusive of draws. Thus of twenty-one matches played in twenty-one years from 1862 to 1891 *he has not lost one*—a truly wonderful record, made by no other player living or dead.

His tournament successes have been almost equally surprising. In international or masters' tournaments, at Dublin, 1865; Dundee, 1867; London, 1868; London, 1871; London, 1872; Vienna, 1873, and Vienna, 1882, he won the first prize, i.e., came out first above all other competitors in *seven* tournaments. In 1867, in Paris, he won the third prize, the first prize being gained by the late Baron Kölsch; and in the same year he carried off second prize at Dundee; and in 1883, in London, he took the second prize. Only on one solitary occasion, viz., in a handicap tourney in London in 1872, was he unsuccessful in winning a prize; and of 196 games contested in tournaments he won 136, drew 34, and only lost 26.

Thus it will be seen that his tournament as well as his match record is unparalleled and unprecedented.

In comparing him with Morphy, the London *Chess Monthly* says: "It has been attempted to draw a comparison between Steinitz and Morphy. No such comparison is possible. Morphy was undoubtedly the greatest genius (?) who ever lived, whilst to Steinitz will be readily accorded the palm of being the most talented living player. Morphy had no special style; he was a genius. He played open games and close games and brilliant games, and accommodated his style to that of his opponent."

Impartial and competent judges will differ *toto celo* with the above estimate, as far, at any rate, as the *Chess Monthly's* definition of genius is concerned, if not as to a comparison between these two great players. A comparison is clearly possible, and the only possible ground for thus dogmatically asserting the unquestionable superiority of Morphy exists in the fact that Morphy defeated Anderssen easily by 7 to 2, exclusive of drawn games; whilst Steinitz could only vanquish Anderssen by the narrow majority of 8 to 6; and furthermore that Anderssen was at the zenith of his career when he encountered Morphy, but was an old man, whose powers were on the wane, when he fought Steinitz. On these grounds

alone can Morphy's superiority, as a match player only, be argued. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that Steinitz has been victorious in many more matches and tournaments alike than Morphy, and has a far longer record of successes emblazoned on his escutcheon. The reasoning of the *Chess Monthly* is therefore pre-eminently fallacious; for the comparison of the different styles of play will not hold water. On the hypothesis that the style of the modern school, introduced by Steinitz, is superior to that of the old masters, still practiced in Morphy's time, there can be no doubt that Morphy or any of his illustrious predecessors could have adopted it or adapted their play to it, in the same manner as Showalter, the present American chess champion, whose play combines the Fabian tactics of the modern school with the more brilliant and attractive combinations of the old school and an attack on the King's side. The relative skill and strength of masters living at different epochs must ever remain *quæstio vexata*.

The assertion that Morphy was a great genius is absurd, unless by genius be meant only "chess" genius; for it by no means follows that because a man has a great genius for chess that therefore he possesses the qualifications of a great warrior, statesman or scientist. On the contrary, great chess players, as a rule, with comparatively rare exceptions, as, for instance, Buckle and Andersen, are simply great chess players and great at nothing else. To quote Fuller, an American writer, in his criticism of Morphy: "His (Morphy's) was *not* a high order of intellect." Had Napoleon devoted his whole time and energies to chess, instead of to conquering Europe, he would, no doubt, have been a great chess genius; for he was proficient in mathematics.

If, however, a comparison between the pygmy warriors of the chessboard and their giant counterparts of the Kriegspiel, or game of war, be permissible, one is inclined to agree with the *Chess Monthly* in one respect, viz., that "Morphy had the genius of a Napoleon, whilst Steinitz is the Von Moltke of chess—the result of a life of hard study and intense love of the game." Morphy, whose mother was French, had the intuitive quickness of perception, fire and vivacity of the more naturally gifted Latin race; Steinitz, the slower perception, yet withal the superior profundity, of the Teuton. Napoleon's definition of genius as applied to war is applicable also to chess. "Military science," says Napoleon, "consists in calculating all the chances accurately in the first place, and then in giving accident exactly, almost mathematically, its place in one's calculations. It is upon this point that one must

not deceive oneself, and that a decimal more or less may change all. Now, this apportioning of accident and science cannot get into any head except that of a genius; for genius must exist wherever there is a creation; and assuredly the grandest improvisation of the human mind is the gift of an existence to that which it has not. Accident, hazard, chance, whatever you choose to call it, a mystery to ordinary minds, becomes a reality to superior men. A man to be really great, *no matter in what order of greatness*, must have improvised a portion of his own glory—must have shown himself superior to the event which he has brought about. For instance, Cæsar acted sometimes with weakness, which makes one suspect the praises that are lavished on him in history."

Without denying the possession of genius to Steinitz, it may be safely asserted that Morphy and Andersen possessed greater chess genius. But no great player, not even Jaenisch or Von der Lasa, has contributed more to the progress of chess by his scientific and painstaking analyses in the *London Field*, the *International Chess Magazine* and the *New York Tribune* than Steinitz. He has rendered thus immense services to chess. As a theorist, however, he cannot claim as high rank as a practical player. His peculiar crotchets and idiosyncrasies lessen the value of his theory—and his pet moves of Q to B 3 in the Compromised Defense to the "Evans" Gambit and of Kt to K R 3 in the "Two Knights' Defense" have long been discarded and proved to be bad by other great experts, and his "Modern Chess Instructor," valuable though it be, is not free from errors. As he is now in the sear and yellow leaf, being in his fifty-ninth year, his powers must be slightly on the wane, and although hitherto invincible, he is bound sooner or later to be beaten by a younger man; for, as he himself admits, the physical strain of a severe chess match is far greater than that of a prize fight, and success as a practical chess player depends quite as much, if not more, upon physical strength, endurance and tenacity—upon the ability to endure with unflagging energy, sometimes for a dozen hours at a stretch, the stifling atmosphere of hot and crowded rooms; in a word, upon sheer animal or brute force—than upon genius, learning, skill or natural aptitude for the game. For this reason alone so many brilliant and ingenious players in the past and present, like Kieseritzki, Pollock, Delmar and a host of other able experts, have failed to attain the highest chess honors. They lack the physical stamina and power of endurance to withstand the severe mental strain in an asphyxiating atmosphere.

Emanuel Lasker was born at Berlinchen, Prussia, December 24th, 1868, and is therefore only in his twenty-seventh year, or not nearly half the age of his veteran opponent. After learning the game when twelve years old, he only first measured his skill with better players seven years ago. He first distinguished himself in June, 1889, by winning first prize in a tournament at the Kaiserhof (Imperial Hotel), Berlin, without losing a single game, and subsequently in the same year won the first prize in the Minor Tourney at Breslau. At Amsterdam, in August of the same year, he carried off the second prize (Burn being first), losing only one game to Van Vliet, beating the late Herr Bauer and Gunsberg, and drawing with Burn and Mason. In December of the same year he also defeated Bardeleben in a set match by 4 to 2 and 2 draws; beat easily in matches Mieses, Bird and Blackburne with scores of 5 to 0, 6 to 0 and 6 to 0 respectively. Previously to this last encounter he had won first prize in the British National Masters' Tourney of 1891 in London, and last year he won first prize in the Impromptu International Tournament in New York, winning all thirteen games played—a grand achievement. Like the great Napoleon and Anderssen, Lasker, it may be added, is a mathematician, and has given lectures on the higher mathematics.

The other foremost American players, who rank among the *Dii Majores* of chess and stand next to Lasker and Steinitz, are Showalter, of Kentucky; Pillsbury, of Boston; Hodges, of Tennessee and Staten Island, and Mason, all of whom are native Americans. The last-named master, who has proved himself as a match player equal, perhaps, to any living expert except Lasker and Steinitz, has long resided in England. *Per contra*, several English and foreign masters, like Burn, Lee, Pollock and Jaznogradsky, are now living in America.

After the four American players above named come many lesser lights of the chess firmament—D. G. Baird and J. W. Baird, Moehle, Delmar, Martinez and Reichelm; Kemeny, of Philadelphia; Max Judd, of St. Louis; Burille,

of Boston; McLeod, of Montreal; Orchard, of Atlanta, and others.

Jackson W. Showalter, the present American champion, first came into prominence by winning first prize in a correspondence tournament of the *Elmira Telegram*, playing forty games and winning them all. In 1888 he won first prize at the United States Chess Association Congress at Cincinnati without losing a single game; Moehle, securing second prize, and Lipschütz third. In the New York International Tournament of 1889, although not a prize winner, he came out pretty close behind Mason and Max Judd. In the United States Chess Association Tournament at St. Louis in February, 1890, he won again first prize without losing a single game; Pollock being

second, and Lipschütz again only third on this occasion. About this time he won nine straight games of Lipschütz (including the two games in the St. Louis Tourney), at Cincinnati, Georgetown, Lexington and Indianapolis, winning a purse of \$50 offered by the Indianapolis Club. In 1890 he also played two matches with Max Judd, each for a stake of \$250 a side, losing the first by 7 games to 3, but winning the second by 7 to 4, and although Max Judd won the first three games, he only won one more, Showalter afterward winning six straight games. In the same year in the



MRS. SHOWALTER.

Chicago Tourney of eight players he again won first prize, Nedermann being second and Pollock third. In 1891 he was, however, defeated in a match in New York, played under somewhat unfavorable conditions, for a stake of \$750 a side, by 7 to 1 and 7 draws, by Lipschütz; but in the same year he again won for the third time first prize in the United States Chess Association Tourney at Lexington, only losing 1 game to Pollock, and also subsequently defeated Pollock by 6 to 4 in a match. In 1893 he took third prize in the Impromptu International Tourney in New York, but was beaten by Lasker in a match at Kokomo, Ind., for \$500 a side, by 6 to 2 and 2 draws, making, however, a much better fight against that eminent player than anyone who has yet crossed swords with him, with the exception of Barde-

almost gloomy in his solemn eagerness, he promised to be a great man some day. Perhaps he is greater, after all, in that unsought world where bodies need no physician, only a spiritual master. The details of his clinic life do not concern this record save at that point where the woman for whom I was to become guardian of so strange a gift appeared. The exact date of their acquaintance I do not know, for I only had suspicions of some such influence in his life; his acknowledgment to me came swiftly as his end. I imagine, however, that he had loved her silently some time before he ever told her of his feeling, because it would be like him to guard what was most sacred even from her.

It was late on the night of November 7th, 1881, that the servant from the house where he was lodging came to me with a message requesting that I come to his room. It was not unusual that he should wish to see me, because I looked upon him as an exceptionally clever student, and had often enjoyed a chat with him upon medical science. The notion suited me exactly. I was alone that evening, and had grown weary of my own society. I had made it a rule never to carry my privileges as a professor outside the lecture room, and those students whom I cared to know intimately regarded me perhaps with more fellowship than some of my more dignified *confrères*.

When I entered Grant's room I was surprised into some anxiety by his appearance. He was stretched on a lounge, his hair disheveled, his eyes fixed on some spot in the ceiling above him, and his face was deathly pale.

"What's wrong, Donald?" I said, as indifferently as the question would allow.

He turned his head wearily toward me, and putting out his hand, said, in his usual serious manner:

"Doctor, you will forgive me for disturbing you, but I have a case I want to ask you something about."

I took a chair beside him, and mechanically felt his pulse. He smiled sadly as I did so, and before I could speak anticipated my intention.

"I'm all right, am I not?" he said.

His pulse denoted strong nervous excitement, and my first impression was that he had been drinking.

"What have you taken?" I asked, with professional abruptness.

"Scotch whisky," he replied, smiling.

"How much?" I asked.

"Enough for a slight cold—that is all;" and he pulled his arm away from me.

"You have been studying too much," I sug-

gested, diagnosing this as a possible cause for his excitement.

"Perhaps," he said, with the old sad tone that seemed to be a minor cadence running through his whole nature.

"I will prescribe something to quiet you," I said, looking around for a pen and ink.

He laid his big hand on my arm to detain me, and shook his head as he said:

"Later I may need your help; just now I want your advice on a suppositional case."

I yielded to his request and kept my seat.

"Doctor, you are a surgeon. Did you ever consider that a woman's heart might have a spirit in the organism that you have often dissected with your knife?" he asked.

"The heart is an organ, with a physical function to perform, as you know. I cannot reconcile scientific fact with imaginative theory," I said.

"Are you a cynic, doctor?" he asked.

"No; but I cannot talk sentiment from a surgical standpoint."

"Do you believe that a woman can be loved by a man with all his soul and not return his devotion in any degree?" he asked, with eager earnestness.

"Such instances are of constant occurrence," I said, carelessly.

"They are quite common, I suppose," he said, by way of comment.

"What is your medical precedent?" I asked.

"It is more ordinary than I believed, after all," he said, wearily.

"Well, what is it?"

"There is a friend of mine who loves a woman with all his being. She has acknowledged that she does not love him."

He paused here, and even the simplicity of his narrative seemed to struggle for further expression.

"She has never loved him?" I asked, by way of relieving his embarrassment.

"My friend tells me he thought she did; yet she never told him so. Perhaps it was only the reflection of his own great love that seemed to be hers. She led him to believe that she preferred him."

"Go on," I said, confident that some odd theory would be the result of his argument.

"Well, now that he has found out the truth, he does not care to live. It is a strange case, is it not, that the body should be ready to yield its physical unity with life by the mental conclusion to betray it to the mortal enemy?"

"Is he a young man?" I asked, with interest.

"In years, but not in hopes," he said, sadly.

"Such friends are not healthy companions."

the first game and winning the next three games right off. She also won a majority of games of Mr. Arthur Peter, who took first prize in the "Free-for-all" Tourney at Kokomo. She has now been challenged by Miss Worrall; but at present holds the title of "queen of chess," abdicated by Mrs. Gilbert, of Hartford, Conn., who once immortalized herself in the Correspondence Match America vs. England by announcing a mate in twenty-three moves in one game, and also a mate in eighteen in the other companion game, to her astonished opponent across the Atlantic.

America boasts of a host of eminent problem composers, such as Loyd, Shinkman, Wainwright, Orchard, Cook, Werner, Carpenter, Wheeler, Robbins, Tinney, Thornton, Cumming, Bettmann, Hoffmann, Carney, Teed, Joseph, Babson, Green-shields, Fritz Peipers, and others less known to fame. Problem composing may be said to be the poetry of chess. Mr. J. G. White, of Cleveland, O., and Mr. E. B. Cook, of Hoboken, N. J., possess the two finest chess libraries in the world, containing many ancient Arabic and mediæval manuscripts.

PICTURES OF WILD ORCHIDS.

BY HELEN M. INGERSOLL.

THERE ought to be some legend accounting for the origin of the lady's slipper, or cypripedium, or moccasin flower, as it is variously named. When I first saw a company of them scattered through the warm woods on Burlington Island in the Delaware the last name seemed more appropriate. "Lady's slipper" suggests the gravel walks and hard floors of civilization rather than the mossy wood paths trodden by moccasined feet. I pictured some sylvan god finding a pair of the small doeskin shoes of the forest, thrown aside by an Indian girl and holding the curves of her shapely foot, taking a fancy to change them into flowers that he might always see them hanging from their tall stalks as he passed that way. A pretty sight he must have thought them, with their inflated toes of translucent pink, embroidered with delicate lines of deeper color, and an ornament of green leaves about the heel.

Doubtless the Indians that once frequented this island had noticed the resemblance to their own foot-gear. Doubtless, too, the stout Hollanders who supported the Dutch tavern at the southern end of the island had stooped to pluck the dainty things when they appeared in late May. Perhaps, who knows? a bunch of moccasin flowers was resting in a Delft "stein" when murder was done in that old house, and Indians ran riot. At any rate, for years the flowers have been blossoming there, luxuriantly one season, perhaps scantily the

next, spilling their sawdustlike seeds from ruptured capsules, and intrusting them to the wind to be scattered far and wide.

Some of the moccasin flowers are yellow, and one is pure white with splashings of purple. The latter is most secluded and hides away in damp spots in the forest, avoiding cheerful roadsides and sunny glades.

Another orchid, perhaps not so familiar as the moccasin flower, grows in the marshes of the Hackensack Valley, known to botanists as the "beautiful" calopogon. Buried in the mud is a tiny round bulb, from which rises a stem and a single long narrow leaf. The stem bears at the top two or three large mauve-pink flowers which nod among the tops of the tall grasses. Many of these orchids are scattered over the marsh and make it fairly brilliant in early June. They are rather hard to pick, nevertheless, for there is almost always water with deep mud about them, and ugly gray snakes abound among the tussocks of "onion grass" where they grow. Sometimes, however, the calopogons creep up on to drier land.

It may be well to say here that the "lip," a distinguishing feature of our orchids, is that part of the corolla which, as a rule, is the most conspicuous portion of it, and is usually nearest the ground. As a matter of fact, the lip is the upper of the three petals (the flower having a perianth of three petals and three sepals, mostly alike in color



PINK MOCCASIN FLOWER.



POGONIA.



CALOPOGON.



TWISTED LADY'S TRESSES.

and texture), but a half-turn of the ovary reverses its position in most cases, bringing it underneath. This lip undergoes all sorts of changes of form.

In the calopogon, however, the half-turn of the ovary mentioned above does not take place, and here, therefore, the lip is in its proper position—on the upper side of the flower. It is large, with a narrow base, and beautifully bearded with various colored hairs, that seem too heavy for it, for, instead of standing straight up, the lip often falls down over the rest of the flower.

There is another orchid, the snakemouth (pogonia), which is said to rear its single rose-colored flower wherever the calopogon grows, but I have never found it in such company.

About the end of July the habenarias make their appearance. Their flowers are somewhat insignificant, taken separately, in most of the varieties, but are often crowded into showy spikes. Those who have seen the yellow fringed orchis speak of it in glowing terms. It is bright orange yellow in color, and its lip is adorned with long hairlike fringes. In the same genus are the purple fringed orchids, one, a small plant, fragrant, and common in bogs; and another, mentioned by Thoreau in his "Maine Woods" as "rising ever and anon with its great purple spikes perfectly erect, amid the shrubs and grasses of the shore."

Just back from the Hudson River, near Kingston, is a very small bog, apparently a paradise for

orchids, as many different varieties are found about it. Here grows the ragged fringed orchis, another habenaria, very common in this part of the country—a tall, robust plant topped by a long cylindrical spike of greenish flowers, with beautifully fringed lips. It is found in shady damp places, and often surprises one who is pushing at hazard through a tangled growth of underbrush.

Before the habenarias have finished blooming the lady's tresses (*spiranthes*) have come into sight amongst the meadow grasses, or even on hillsides. Two distinct kinds may be found in the same field. In one a slender stalk rises leafless to about the height of the surrounding grasses. A series of frosty white flowers winds about the top of the stem, like the thread of a screw. The

blossoms open first at the bottom of the series, in accordance with a scheme of cross fertilization. Another species, resembling the former somewhat, but in which the flowers are differently arranged upon the stem, grows near by. A cross section of its spike will show the arms of a Maltese cross outlined in flowers. This plant has both root and stem leaves when in flower.

A close inspection of the flowers, which are very small, shows that the apex of the lip is curved toward the stalk, and that the edges are crinkled and crimped. These two orchids are among the most common of this family near New York, and I have found them even in the city of New Haven growing vigorously in vacant lots where the soil has never been disturbed.

The heat of July and August brings out the



LADY'S TRESSES.



GREAT PURPLE FRINGED ORCHIS.



YELLOW MOCCASIN FLOWER.

coral roots and rattlesnake plantains. A common species of the coral roots (*corallorhiza*) deserts the damp resorts beloved of most orchids, and sends up its curious fleshy, purplish stalks along dry, sandy wood roads. Like that other orchid, Adam-and-Eve, which often has two or more bulbs strung together, the chief interest of these plants lies in the roots. The tan-colored, purple-spotted flowers are odd enough to attract attention, to be sure, and have a wide-awake look, but the knobby roots are so like coral as to have given rise to the common name. It is a curious plant, anyway, with no leaves and no green color, easily passed by as one saunters along the wood roads where it grows, catching the hot sunshine as it glances through the open space.

Other things besides orchids love these tracks left by the woodman. Many plants struggle out from under the trees into the genial sunshine. It is here that tiny soft newts crawl about after a hard shower has drowned them out of their retreats. Snakes loiter in the ruts, and hate to move from the place where they lie, stupid with heat, until the departure of the sun chills them. Indeed, I once saw a most formidable copper-head, whose brown and yellow tones blended with the dusty road, moving away from my path, as I was bearing home in triumph my first coral root. That orchid is always associated in my mind with deadly serpents.

Why the goodyeras, or rattlesnake plantains, should also be connected, as from their name seems to be the case, with those dangerous animals, I do not know. Possibly they were at some time or other used as a medicine for snake bite. More probably, some one, noting their thick leaves, relieved by conspicuous white veins, was reminded of the markings of a rattlesnake's back. At any rate this is the only one of our Northern orchids that can boast of ornamental foliage, most of the others being content with merely plain leaves, or none at all.

The flowers are of not much account, however, being very small and greenish white, with globular sac-shaped lips, forming a crowded spike, rising from a cluster of root leaves. One species is extremely small, the leaves being hardly an inch in length, the other larger and somewhat downy. Both are found in open woods where sunshine can sometimes reach them.

It will be seen that I have omitted mention of many an orchid and have skipped all subtle botanical distinctions, but there are seventeen genera here in the Northeastern United States, some containing only one species; others, like the *habenarias*, having as many as eighteen. The most beautiful ones, the *arethusa*, the *calypso*, the

white orchis the "nun of the woods," as Wilson Flagg puts it, I have not seen and dare not describe, lest some one more fortunate than I should complain of my lack of feeling.

GEOGRAPHICAL NEWS.

BY GEORGE C. HURLBUT, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

ONE of the most famous of African explorers, Captain Verney Lovett Cameron, met his death on the 26th of March last by a fall from his horse on the way home from a day's hunting. Captain Cameron (then lieutenant) commanded the Livingstone relief expedition which left Bagamoya, on the east coast of Africa, for the interior early in 1873. The march was long and painful; Cameron and his European companions sickened, and after six months of toil native carriers met them in Unyanyembe bearing Livingstone's body. Cameron pushed on alone to Lake Tanganika, and made a survey of the southern half. From native reports he became convinced that the Lukuga River, the outlet of the lake on the west, communicated with the Lualaba, and that this would bring him to the Congo; but lack of means forced him to give up the idea of descending the river, and the feat was achieved by Stanley three years later. Leaving the lake, Cameron continued his journey to the west, and in November, 1875, arrived at Benguela. His book, "Across Africa," recorded his observations during this remarkable expedition, which won for him the gold medals of the principal geographical societies. In 1882 he visited the Gold Coast with Burton, and for the past ten years was interested in African trading companies. By what is well described as a strange and mournful coincidence, the *Mouvement Géographique* of April 1st publishes side by side the news of Cameron's death and the report of the exploration of the Lukuga by Delcommune, in the autumn of 1892. This exploration confirmed the fact announced by Cameron so long ago that the Lukuga was the outlet of Lake Tanganika. The river flows in a general east and west direction, but with a bend to the north. Where it leaves the lake the altitude is 2,700 feet, and it descends from this height by a succession of rapids till it unites with the Lualaba (the Upper Congo) in a valley 1,100 feet above the sea. The whole course of the Lukuga is 312 miles, and it is not in itself an important stream. Delcommune found the population denser in this valley than in any other part of Africa visited by him. The people are of the Baluba race, independent and high-spirited, and their villages stand in large plantations of manioc. The houses are square, with rounded thatched roofs, and the domestic animals are goats and poultry. Hippopotami and crocodiles are found in the river. Delcommune and his companions, the first Europeans ever seen by the people of this valley, were everywhere kindly received. A southern affluent of the Lualaba, the Lubudi, was explored, also in 1892, by Messrs. Francqui and Cornet. This river, previously almost unknown, flows from the mountain group called by the Portuguese Mount Kamea, the southern slopes of which give rise to the Zambezi. The basin of the Lubudi is bounded on the northwest by the line of summits in which the Lulua and the Sankuru, branches of the Kassai, have their origin; and the river unites with the Upper Lualaba below the Nzilo Falls.

AS THE *terra incognita* of Africa diminishes the question of the boundaries assumes a practical importance. The

doctrine of the *hinterland*, or right to the land lying back of the coast settlements or colonies, with its vague promises of empire, was naturally destined to a short duration. England and Portugal have defined, perhaps temporarily, their dividing lines in South Africa; a treaty has laid down the boundary between English and German East Africa; France and Germany have settled their respective claims to the *hinterland* of the Kamerun and the French Congo; and the Congo Free State has just come to an agreement with Portugal concerning the district of Lunda, in dispute between them for a long time. There are several other boundary questions, such as that between France and England in the Niger country, and that between France and the Congo State, still unsettled; but there seems to be a tacit accord among the Europeans to divide among themselves in a friendly spirit the lands they acquire in Africa by fair means and foul. This looks like an improvement on the sixteenth century, when the whites killed each other as well as the red men.

THE Germans on the Benue have examined the geology of the country, which Dr. Passarge reports to be characterized, beyond the alluvial plains of the Niger mouth, by sandstone plateaus bounding the valleys of both rivers and surmounted by crystalline rocks. In the valleys are hills of volcanic origin. In the sandstone region the soil is laterite in extensive plains. Dr. Passarge fixes the position of the Kasa Hill, near the town of Yola, in N. Lat. $9^{\circ} 15.9'$, E. Long. $12^{\circ} 46.5'$. This longitude is about six minutes greater than that of Mizon's observations, and it is evident that this important point of Yola is put too far to the west on existing maps. In Eastern Africa the Germans are actively engaged in fixing geographical positions between the coast and the Victoria Nyanza; and this is their rule in all the colonies.

IN Asia Dr. Sven Hedin, who has undertaken to cross the continent from west to east, writes under date of February 18th, from Margelan, in Fergana, that his journey had so far been successful. He expected to reach Kashgar at the beginning of April and to go from there to Lah, at which place he would decide upon his route through Thibet, probably in the direction of Nan-Shan and thence by way of Ala-Shan and Ordos to Peking. A most adventurous journey, made in Thibet by Miss Annie K. Taylor, is noticed by Mr. W. W. Rockhill, in a letter to the *Geographical Journal*. Miss Taylor left Tan-ghan, in Kan-su, September 2d, 1892, with five Asiatics. She crossed the Yellow River into the Golok country, and over the difficult pass of Rab-la, to the town of Kegu. The tea road was followed beyond this, where available, and at last the Bo-chu River, which confines the Lhasa district, was nearly reached, when the whole party was captured and turned back. From Kegu, on their return, they passed along the tea road to Ta-chien-lu, and thence descended the Yang-tse River to Shanghai.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THE Australians have been paying much attention during the last few years to the subject of artesian wells, a matter of immense importance in a large part of their civilized domains, and without which much expansion of frontier seems impossible. In New South Wales wells have been sunk in widely separated districts of dry plain, and powerful streams have been struck at a depth usually

of about 350 feet, but sometimes 1,200 feet of depth have been necessary. These are in the great cretaceous basin, which covers an area of nearly 100,000 square miles. The government has sunk many experimental wells and encouraged others, but no use of the water for irrigation has yet been made, the country being largely devoted to pasturing, and the water principally required for the use of the stock and the home stations. In the adjoining colony, Queensland, many deep wells have been bored, several of which give above 200,000 gallons a day, while one, 1,370 feet deep, at Charleville, yields the enormous flow of 3,000,000 gallons a day. This is said to be equivalent to an annual rainfall of 29 inches on 91 square miles. The most important question is the proper control over these artesian waters, the misuse of which has been repeatedly brought to notice. The discovery of artesian water is a positive godsend to the colonies. It renders the climate regeneration of the continent through irrigation and tree planting possible, and it would therefore be nothing short of a national crime, through want of care and economy, to kill what may be truly said to be the goose that lays the golden eggs. The supply in the cretaceous basin cannot be illimitable, for it is only the rainfall reappearing on the surface of the earth, but it is quite likely that many thousands of wells may be sunk with undiminished success. The various colonial governments are spending vast sums of money on artesian operations, and private individuals are equally enterprising.

TREES are now often felled by electricity—a plan which nature put in practice long ago. The modern artificial method is as follows: A platinum wire, heated white hot by the current, is used, stretched between two poles, as a saw. There is less work than with a saw, no sawdust is produced, and the charring of the surface of division tends to prevent decay. In some cases the time required to fell a tree by this method is only one-eighth of that necessary for sawing.

THE destructive effects of projectiles on the human body were the subject of a recent lecture by Professor V. Horsley at the Royal Institution in London. The speed of the projectile was regarded as an important factor in the effects produced, and also its sectional area and weight; but Professor Horsley regarded the constitution of the body struck as having the most important bearing on the behavior of the bullet striking it. He asks, Why does a bullet simply perforate some substances, such as wood or iron, while in others, such as clay, brain, etc., it exercises a bursting action? The answer, he says, is quite simple; the destructive effects vary directly as the viscosity of the body. This was established by some remarkable researches made by Huguier, who suggested, from observations on dead organs, that the cause of the great disturbance was when the tissues contained water in large quantity, and that the energy of the projectile being imparted to the particles of water caused their dispersion. This suggestion was shown to be correct by Kocher. If a shot be fired through two tin canisters of equal size, the one full of dry lint and the other of wet, it will simply perforate the former, but cause the latter to burst explosively. In the same way shots fired into dough have more or less disruptive effect, according to the amount of water in the dough; the more fluid the substance the greater the destruction. Now, in life the brain is a more or less fluid body; hence a shot fired into the skull must have a disruptive effect, and the brain substance must be driven against the internal surface of the skull. Professor Horsley then passed to the "pathological" side of the subject, and described

experiments which show that the first cause of death in such cases is not arrest of the heart and syncope, as the textbooks affirm, seeing that the heart continues to beat. It is rather arrest of breathing; and if artificial respiration be quickly performed recovery from the otherwise fatal arrest may be obtained, as has been experimentally proved. The practical deduction from this fact is that, with wounds in the head from rifles and revolvers, the first thing to be done is to employ artificial respiration rather than to give stimulants, as is not unfrequently done, especially by non-professional persons who witness accidents arising from gunshot wounds.

THE interest of naturalists has been much aroused by the recent arrival in England of two complete skins and skeletons of the so-called white rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros simus*), which has of late become very rare. Perhaps these represent the last living specimens. This species is the largest of the rhinoceroses, exceeding in bulk any other animal except the elephant. These two were six feet nine inches and six feet six inches high at the fore shoulder, and sixteen and fourteen feet long (to tip of tail) respectively. It long ago received the name *white* in some unaccountable way, for it is actually of a darker lead color than the ordinary African species (*R. bicornis*). It inhabits South Africa south of the Zambezi River, and was formerly very abundant, but has now been nearly or quite exterminated. It differs from the ordinary species in size not only and in the greater length of the foremost of the two horns (which in the above instances measured one foot eleven inches and one foot seven inches), but particularly in not having a projecting, flexible, prehensile upper lip, fitted for grasping bunches of leaves and browsing. In this species the upper lip is very short, giving a square aspect to the mouth, and the animal subsists altogether by cropping grass. It is greatly to be hoped that a living pair may be obtained, so that the species may be perpetuated in captivity; but there is much reason to fear that this is impossible.

ANOTHER attempt to photograph the sun's corona in full sunlight will soon be made by Professor George E. Hale, who is now abroad and will visit Mount Etna specially for the purpose. Professor Hale's persistent efforts to discover a way of achieving this much-sought-for result will (says *Astronomy and Astro-Physics*), we believe, be rewarded with success before long.

THE recent discoveries of electrical science in the productions of oscillation of high frequency are opening some exceedingly interesting lines of inquiry in electro-therapeutics. The experiments of Dr. d'Arsonval, of Paris, have been especially suggestive, as they throw light upon the relations between electricity and the nerves. Without going into the method of producing, or certain peculiarities manifested, it is sufficient to say that the phenomena noticed accompany the use of an oscillating current, and the most remarkable of these phenomena was the fact that a really strong current of this kind can be passed through the human body without the slightest consciousness of it. This current possesses enormous inductive power, and it would seem as though every part of the body would become the seat of an electro-motive force, and the whole person would be uniformly penetrated by currents having their origin in the interior of the tissues. That this is so was shown by D'Arsonval, who carried an incandescent lamp on his forehead mounted upon a single turn of wire, separated by a little space from a crown. The crown, when traversed by an oscillatory discharge, develops in the ring a current sufficient to keep the lamp lighted, showing that

the head itself must be traversed by similar currents. Another experiment proves the existence of currents in the human body produced by auto-conduction. If a person enfold in his arms a solenoid, and complete the circuit by an incandescent lamp which he holds in his hands by the handles, the current will pass down his arms and illuminate the lamp.

A LONG account of the origin and growth of the common garden strawberry of England and America, contributed by L. H. Bailey to the *American Naturalist*, comes to the conclusion that our most excellent berry is a direct modification of the native Chilean plant and fruit. The modified type has driven from cultivation the Virginian berries, which were earlier introduced into gardens, and the original type of the Chilean berry is little known, as it tends to disappear quickly through variation when cultivated. This conclusion is of great interest to botanists, for if it is justified, a type of plant has been differentiated in less than fifty years so completely that, in the first place, three species have been erected upon it, and, secondly, rarely associated by horticulturists with its present species.

CLOUDS vary greatly in height, and it is sometimes easy enough to measure them, and on the other hand it is often very difficult. Two ways are open. One is by triangulation upon the cloud between two observers at a considerable distance apart. Another way is to observe the illumination of lofty clouds before sunrise or after sunset, and calculate their height by the angle with the horizon. By the latter method Professor Cleveland Abbé, of the Naval Observatory, Washington, lately discovered that a cloud must have been at least ten miles high, since it was near the zenith and was illuminated an hour and forty minutes before sunrise. The present writer has repeatedly stood upon mountain tops a mile and a half above the general level of the surrounding country and seen light clouds floating at a vast height above him, while, perhaps, at the same time a low cloud would cut off the base of the mountain from view.

A VERY interesting description of the formation and behavior of a waterspout in the Red Sea has lately been furnished to *La Nature* by a French officer. On a clear, calm day, with the thermometer at about 90° Fahrenheit, a vapory protuberance issued from a great cloud and lengthened itself slowly, like a tentacle, toward the sea, which rose with a violent boiling action underneath it. Presently a whirling tongue of water rose until it effected a union with the "tentacle" of the cloud, and the waterspout was formed. It was now shaped like a long hour-glass, but the lower part was much smaller than the upper, and almost transparent in the middle, but solid and well defined at the base and edges. This changed to a regular cylinder, leaning somewhat, as if by the wind, and surrounded by a gray vapor. Then it began to grow slender and to twist and wave about, grew more cone-shaped, almost detaching itself from the water, and gradually growing more and more slender until it appeared finally as if it were only an undulating cable reaching from the cloud, which had by this time nearly disappeared, as if emptied down the swaying pipe, and this suddenly vanished. The whole phenomena occupied about seventeen minutes. Its analogy with the sandstorms of the adjacent deserts will be realized. These whirling "sandspouts" occur in summer, and are due to the influx of bodies of cold air from the south, where the heavy rains are falling and cooling the atmosphere. The same influences would act, of course, over the surface of the narrow sea separating Arabia from Egypt.

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M. CASIMIR-PERIER, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

BY FREDERICK S. DANIEL.

THE foul assassination of Carnot ought, of right, apparently, to have the effect of consolidating the French Republic, his life and his example having contributed to that end. In these times that run so swiftly even the shock at the news that such a man had been struck down came not wholly as a surprise. Individual fanaticism removes a Lincoln, a Garfield; organized fanaticism removes a Carnot. These are truly home-thrust illustrations of the truth that, under the ever more rapidly changing state of human affairs, the instantaneous, broadcast fermentation of wild fancies that utterly ignore common sense and universal experience, and that are based chiefly on savage instincts—however temporarily noxious in their impotency for achieving pretended

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good aims, and therefore needing repression—is, of course, an obstacle that besets civilization on its road to a higher development. Briefly, the same old causes remain at work in the realm of good and evil, but their effects appear sharper and quicker since scientific discoveries have enjoined the present speedy gait by which all are forcibly whirled along.

All nations have come into a knowledge of their new standing and of their liabilities amidst the generally altered situation. War has been openly and formally declared against them by the modern philanthropists, "the friends of mankind," with dynamite in their hands and pockets, and from these "friends," bearing gifts and offering handshakes not of the right sort, mankind clamors to be saved. The revolutionary spirit afloat is strong, but the nations have already proclaimed that they will suppress the new and undesirable friendship. If so, discipline is required, though not of the old style, exclusively at least, for this is justly an era of improvements. Precisely in Dante's "Hell" one of his many Italian occupants of its many fire-and-brimstone lakes is made to report, on arrival there for cause, these precise words upon the affairs of the upper crust: "*Le leggi vi son, ma chi pon mano ad essi?*" Laws there be, but who puts hand to them? In other words, he wished to convey that laws are good things when enforced, that is, absolutely enforced; otherwise they are mere farces and gewgaws.

Dante might make a similar mundane report to-day and it would hold good. French indulgence in excessive levity and mockery is itself taxable for a share of the vast fund of mischief which filters in and through extravagant noddles the world over; only a share, however, be it remembered, for there have been and are far vaster influences at work to produce the prevalent spirit. No nation has been uninfluenced by that French mischief, that French example; there are many communities to-day copying France wholesale, in art, fashions, modes, society, hazardous thinking and talking, and all the rest. Italy, since Napoleon I., has been an annex receptacle of French extravagances and styles, mainly the things exported, while the better qualities, the things of value, which sustain France as a nation, have quietly remained unnoticed within her own limits for use; Russia continues adding on French varnish to its rude empire; even the grand, sturdy old "Vaterland" has been unconsciously touched, though slightly, by French influences during this century; while England, only twenty miles away, has been far less impressed than America with its fresh, new conditions, ever covetous of "adapta-

tions," coming from any quarter—"And why not?" is the quick native demand!

Meanwhile, though the electric pen, reaching to every mind simultaneously, is mightier than any sword or other implement, and though it be wielded in the service of fanaticism, there is no end of presidents and kings, however uneasy lie their heads wearing crowns or plain hats; as soon as one is killed another steps into his place. So Perier clutches the reins from his predecessor's hands, and there is nothing changed in France: the President is dead, long live the President! according to the old French formula, adapted to republican institutions.

President Carnot was assassinated at Lyons on June 24th, the anniversary of the battle of Solferino, which was gained by the French army and virtually established Italy as an independent nation. The assassin was an Italian Anarchist, twenty-one years old, named Caserio. The President was at Lyons visiting the exhibition, and, while driving at 9:15 p.m. from a banquet to the theatre, the murderer jumped out from the immense throng cheering in the street, and, under cover of presenting a huge bouquet of flowers, sprang on the footstep of the carriage, and drawing down the six-and-a-half-inch blade of a dagger concealed up his sleeve, plunged it with all his strength into the abdomen of his victim, who died three hours afterward at the Prefecture in great agony, without obtaining relief from his sufferings through surgical attention; in fact, as usual in such cases, the surgeons added enormously to his pain, as he himself exclaimed, while bearing their manipulations with comparative fortitude and patience. The news spread swiftly to every part of Lyons, and infuriated crowds attacked Italians wherever seen in the streets, sacked an Italian restaurant and threatened the Italian Consulate, which the police had the utmost difficulty in protecting. An hour after the occurrence Paris was dumfounded by the startling news, which was telegraphed throughout the world, that thus heard it even before France herself was aware of it. The President had been disinclined to make the trip to Lyons, owing to his engagements at Paris; but, because anarchistic threats were addressed to him, that if he went his life would be taken, he considered it his bounden duty to attend the exhibition, and reached the city on the day previous to his murder, attended by members of his cabinet and staff. He was received at the station, according to French custom, by the Mayor and other local officials, who, in twenty-seven carriages drawn by horses draped with the national flag, escorted him and his party to the City Hall. Cheering crowds packed the streets

and gave him such a welcome as he had never before received in the provinces, and rarely had been accorded him in the gay capital itself with its two and a half million inhabitants. At the City Hall a luncheon was served, and in the evening a dinner in his honor at the Prefecture Palace, from the balcony of which he reviewed a large torchlight procession, followed by fireworks and an illumination of the city. The programme for the next day was submitted to him in detail, and he expressed his satisfaction with the arrangements, which included, as the chief attraction, his fatal drive through the streets to the theatre. He was in a peculiarly happy mood next evening, during the banquet at the Chamber of Commerce, elated by the cordiality of his reception, both by the guests within the building and by the vociferous crowds outside in the street. When the procession moved toward the theatre the demonstrative enthusiasm of the crowds surrounding the carriage easily enabled the assassin to push his way forward quite unnoticed and to leap on its step to strike his blow. The carriage stopped, for the President with livid face had fallen back against the cushions, and an outcry arising, the people seemed suddenly to go mad with characteristic French excitement. As the assassin sprang down, in his effort to escape, he was seized, and would have been torn and trampled to death but for police interference, which extricated him from the hands of his captors and hurried him off to the station house, the police being guarded by a detachment of cavalry as they pulled him away from the scene amidst the citizens' shouts of "To the lamppost!" Instantly the gay festivities of Lyons were changed into mourning, the exhibition was closed, and the public buildings were draped in black, as the head of the state had been "annihilated," suddenly and mysteriously, even in the city making so profuse a display of its hospitality and affection. It had not been thought that the President would run any real risk in visiting Lyons, as, throughout all the anarchist outrages, the Presidential mansion at Paris, the Elysée, had never been molested, a fact that had been more than once made the subject of comment, and it was fancied that its occupant was regarded as too innocent a personage to be personally made a target of by the accomplices and followers of Vaillant, who attempted to blow up with dynamite the Chamber of Deputies in December, 1893. Yet, however universally liked and respected the President was, the gang of conspirators had already passed sentence of death upon him, and its execution had been awarded, by casting lots, to the young Italian, Caserio, a week before the trip was decided upon.

The other two French rulers stabbed to death with knives were Henry III., the last Valois king, and his successor, the renowned Henry IV. of Navarre, the latter dying by the hand of Ravallac, a religious zealot, self-appointed to do the deed. Indeed, in escaping from the toils of assassins, the extended series of French sovereigns, kings and emperors were peculiarly fortunate. Many attempts were made, during the long centuries, to end only in failure. The two Napoleons were remarkably lucky, for they were frequently waylaid and attacked in the streets of Paris. Napoleon I. narrowly escaped the "infernal machine" of Fieschi, with which that Italian tried to take him off the European scene. Napoleon III., in 1858, was also attacked by Orsini, who vainly exploded bombs under his carriage as he was visiting the imperial opera house of the Rue Lepelletier. Fieschi and Orsini thus made themselves, to their infinite gratification, historical characters in the "grand phantasmagoria" of Napoleonic legendry. Both Italians, Orsini was a member of the old "party of action," a brotherhood conspiracy organized by Mazzini, outwardly for the "good of mankind," but secretly for the purpose of freeing Italy from the Austrians and the Pope and setting her up as an independent nation. It was believed that Napoleon III. was prevailed upon by this particular attempt on his life to grant his assistance on the Italian side. Orsini's "party of action" was the first model of the kind in European politics, and seems to have been copied essentially in the modern lines that are being worked upon.

The origin of French republics is recent, being a little more so than that of the United States, dating from the year 1789, when the first upheaval for liberty was made on the European Continent and the fetters of the dark Middle Ages were burst asunder by the French people. After the execution of the then reigning King, Louis XVI., the first French republic saw the light of day, and was duly proclaimed to the European world, which straightway refused to acknowledge it, and moved on Paris with allied armies to squelch it and restore the ousted Bourbon monarchy. The republic, however, declined to be squelched, held out stoutly, and in the most frenzied style withal, during a dozen years, or until Napoleon himself had to substitute his empire for it. Well, it was for this first republic, so founded and battled for, that the grandfather of the late President worked with such energetic genius, as War Minister, that history has proclaimed him to have been its starter and savior during that long stretch of trouble and combat known as the Reign of Terror in history. In a just measure,

therefore, it may be said that the illustrious Carnot laid the foundations of the first republic and of the Napoleonic empire. His son, who was the father of President Carnot, was a member of the legislative body under Napoleon III. and a literary character, but was without any of the marked ability of the celebrated founder of the family. The first republic never had, nominally

Brumaire." This method of inaugurating an empire on the corpse of a republic was again put into operation by Louis Napoleon, a nephew of the mighty Corsican, in the year 1851, on another celebrated date night, "the 2d December." The second republic having been founded on the Revolution of 1848, Louis Napoleon hastened from exile back into France, and through the



M. THIERS.

a "President," its chief officer being called "Consul," after the old Roman appellation, and Napoleon Bonaparte was chosen to fill the office. It was a choice exceedingly unpropitious as far as the duration of the republic was concerned, for, in a few brief years, he boldly replaced it with a coinage of his own private make, namely, an empire, sprung on the republic's Assembly, which he militarily closed up on the night of "the 18th

talismanic effect of his bare name coaxed the voters to elect him President—and he was the first to bear the title of "President of the French Republic." Like his great uncle, he, too, soon grew ambitious and greedy, and resolved on the aforesaid night of December 2d, 1851, to reinaugurate the Napoleonic empire. No sooner resolved than done, through the agency of a large standing army, lying idle and waiting for something to



A GARDEN PARTY AT THE ELISEE.

turn up; and the next morning, the 3d, France woke up and found itself once more an empire. Changes of this character at short notice have been the rule in France. The new empire was flush with soldiers, and during eighteen years made a big military and court splurge on the Continent. It even went so far as to send an army across the ocean to found an empire in Mexico, just over our frontier; but in this it was miserably balked by the Mexicans, morally supported from Washington. It was such a demoralizing failure for Napoleon III. that he seized the first opportunity of recuperating his lost prestige by picking a quarrel with Germany; but here again he was forced to take such a fall that he lost his crown, and, two days after, the third and present republic was started by MM. Favre and Gambetta in the City Hall, at Paris, September 4th, 1870, with the city on the point of being besieged by the German army, victorious in the fight, but the Parisians, as ever, buoyant and gleefully shouting the old familiar shout, "Vive la République!" Come the 4th of September, it will be exactly twenty-four years old, having lasted longer and weathered more storms than any other *régime* of government the land has had since the days of King Louis Quinze, noted for shoe heels. Besides, of the three, it is the only one that has deserved to bear the title—its two predecessors having been the merest "simulacres," not even sorry skeletons, of republican institutions. It has a parchment Constitution, that is, one written out of hand from temporary views, and not one that has grown out of the life of the people, as the English and American; nevertheless it has worked very well so far, and remarkably skillfully and smoothly in the recent emergency, when the situation was exceedingly delicate and strained, and when the whole machine might otherwise have flown to pieces.

Up to date the present republic has had five Presidents, to wit: Thiers, MacMahon, Grévy, Carnot, and the incumbent, Casimir-Perier. No one thought that it would manage to survive long the ending of the terrible war amidst which it was born, the consequent curtailment of territory, loss of standing as one of the directing great powers, and impoverishment through the huge indemnity of a billion dollars in cash exacted by the conquerors of the soil. Standing in March, 1871, before the thoroughly disorganized and demoralized country, without armies or funds, mutilated, degraded, with an imposed foreign occupation and a communistic insurrection imminent at the capital, the republic bravely mastered even these uniquely critical conditions, and in less than two years had suppressed the gigantic Commune, recaptured Paris, organized an army and the nec-

essary machinery of government, collected the requisite cash for the Germans and freed the land of their presence.

Fortunately the septuagenarian President, the first one elected, was enabled to perform these very arduous labors, which reflected so much credit on his patriotic ability. Thiers was an experienced statesman, and doubtless he it was who saved the republic under those startling circumstances of almost a paralyzing character; he, at an age when most men are either utterly invalid or dying, being equal to cope with them, triumphantly plucked the flower of safety out of the republic's nettle of danger. His last two years of service were the best of his life, which, at its very ending, had thus secured an opportunity to enroll his name famously in French annals. As the little old man, so low of stature and broad in corpulence, with close-shaven face and keen eyes behind steel spectacles, drove about Paris in his cab, the remark followed him through the streets, "There is Thiers!" his mere name considered greater than his office. He died in the satisfaction of knowing that he had deserved well of his country, which was not ungrateful; but he resigned the Presidency, in 1873, before his death made the occasion for a grand pageant. He had petulantly threatened to resign so often in the Parliament, that ambitious intriguers got together in May, 1873, and forced the members to take him at his word; so when his resignation was next offered it was accepted, and Marshal MacMahon was elected in his place as the second President. Thiers, shrewd and patriotic, knew that the situation no longer needed him and retired willingly, though his vanity was for a moment ruffled by the tricky manner in which he had been caught.

The Presidential term was fixed at seven years upon the election of MacMahon, one of Napoleon III.'s marshals, a warrior who had won considerable distinction in the Crimean and Italian campaigns only to lose it entirely in the war with Germany in 1870. He reorganized the army and suppressed the Commune of Paris with a strong hand, but this could not restore his vanished prestige. He behaved well as a President who did not meddle with civil matters, but left them to his ministers, and "represented" in the capacity of a military ex-magnate reposing on his faded laurels in the Elysée Palace, though he was hardly looked upon with pride by his fellow countrymen, so ill adapted to countenancing either bad luck or lack of brilliancy; and the only thing brilliant about the aged marshal at last was his uniform to which he stuck. He served six of his seven years, then resigned in

consequence of a disagreement with his Liberal ministers on the subject of military appointments, and only died last October, when a grand military turnout at his funeral was the sensation of a day at Paris.

President Grévy succeeded him in the Elysée, and, though a noted lawyer and well versed in politics through long parliamentary service, his inability as an executive was conspicuous, his first term a failure throughout. Re-elected, notwithstanding, he encountered at the beginning of his second term an enforced public disgrace through certain swindling financial transactions carried on by his son-in-law, and which were supposed, very unjustly, to reflect on him. In reality he had nothing to do with them, and his reputation for integrity was, as it remains, well established. The French lay claim to a peculiarly nice code of delicacy, and so they thought best to enforce it against President Grévy by calling for his retirement. His lack of "representative capacity" was greatly against him while in office, and he was criticised severely as being unfitted to maintain its dignity—indeed, as an inadequate head of the state for dealing with foreign nations and their diplomatic corps. The plain old lawyer had done his best, but became disgusted and soured, and was only too glad to go into retirement for the remaining years of his life.

The fourth President, henceforth to be known as the Martyr President of France, was elected on the 4th of December, 1887; so that he came within about five months of completing his seven years' term. The republic is deeply indebted to Carnot—verily a rare man in France, and especially appropriate under the tentative formation of a new and difficult system of government such as the republican. His efforts in its behalf may fairly rank with those of Thiers himself—Thiers was the starter, Carnot was the preserver. He did not possess Thiers's brilliant shrewdness or valuable experience, but he was gifted with high qualities that enabled him to do the state excellent service. His characteristics of strong common sense, steadiness and modest firmness presented a most salutary example before his countrymen, one which certainly had its influence on them, and this was his chief and great merit. This was the unconscious work that he performed, and which went really further in preserving the life of the constantly threatened republic than the work which he actually aimed to do, and which, of course, was thoroughly well done. Modestly he kept in the background during the last seven years, but his was the real power exerted, and this fact is now generally perceived and admitted. Elected largely through

accidental circumstances, indeed mainly on account of his historical name, he not only added lustre to it, but outlined a sensible public course that it would be well for his country to maintain. Under him the rivalries of parties striking at the life of the nation were leveled in a temporary measure, the army was strengthened, and a dignified, advantageous foreign policy adopted. In the brief durations of the many ministries constitutionally necessitated by parliamentary voting of the most fickle, fluctuating character, his power remained steadfast on deck, his firm hand controlled the wheel of the ship of state. His thorough training and practical experience as an engineer stood him in stead in building up good politics as well as public improvements, and in both lines his skillful and upright management bore good fruits. His sole ambition looked to the greater welfare of France, and if the latter had required his re-election he would never have hesitated a moment in acceding to such requirement, though no one can say whether he would have thought best at the close of his term to run as a candidate again, or not to run. His whole career warrants the belief that he would have alone been guided by the actual circumstances bearing on his relative usefulness, for he was not one of the kind who take delight in power for itself, or rather for oneself and family.

Marie François Sadi Carnot was born at Limoges, the town celebrated for porcelain manufacture, on August 11th, 1837. He was generally addressed as "Sadi," a name given to him because he was born about the time his father happened to be indulging in Oriental mythologies and literatures. The education of the young Sadi Carnot was mainly for the profession of civil engineering. He entered the École Polytechnique at Paris in 1857, from which he was graduated with high honors, and was afterward graduated the first in his class from the École des Ponts et Chaussées, of which he was appointed counsel and secretary, as his proficiency had already attracted attention. In 1864 his marked talents secured him the position of government engineer at Annecy, in the Savoy Alps, which position he held until the commencement of the war with Germany in 1870; and while stationed in this severely mountainous region he published several valuable treatises on engineering, connected chiefly with bridges and railroads. Alpine tunneling was investigated by him, and he planned and built the great Collonge bridge over the Rhone, in which work he introduced a new system of tubular foundations. In the war of 1870-'71 he was appointed a prefect in the Lower Seine department, and was also intrusted with the task of organizing the

national defenses in three other departments. He, too, acquitted himself well as an "organizer," and only surrendered at Bordeaux on the expiration of the second armistice with the German invaders. He was immediately elected to the National Assembly, helped to make the present Constitution, and was the most able debater in the body on his

and he was the only member of the cabinet who had the courage to admit that there had been corruption. He was a moderate Republican, of the type of the two premiers under whom he served, and went out of power when the cabinet resigned in December, 1886. His experience as a cabinet minister was now to be of use to him in



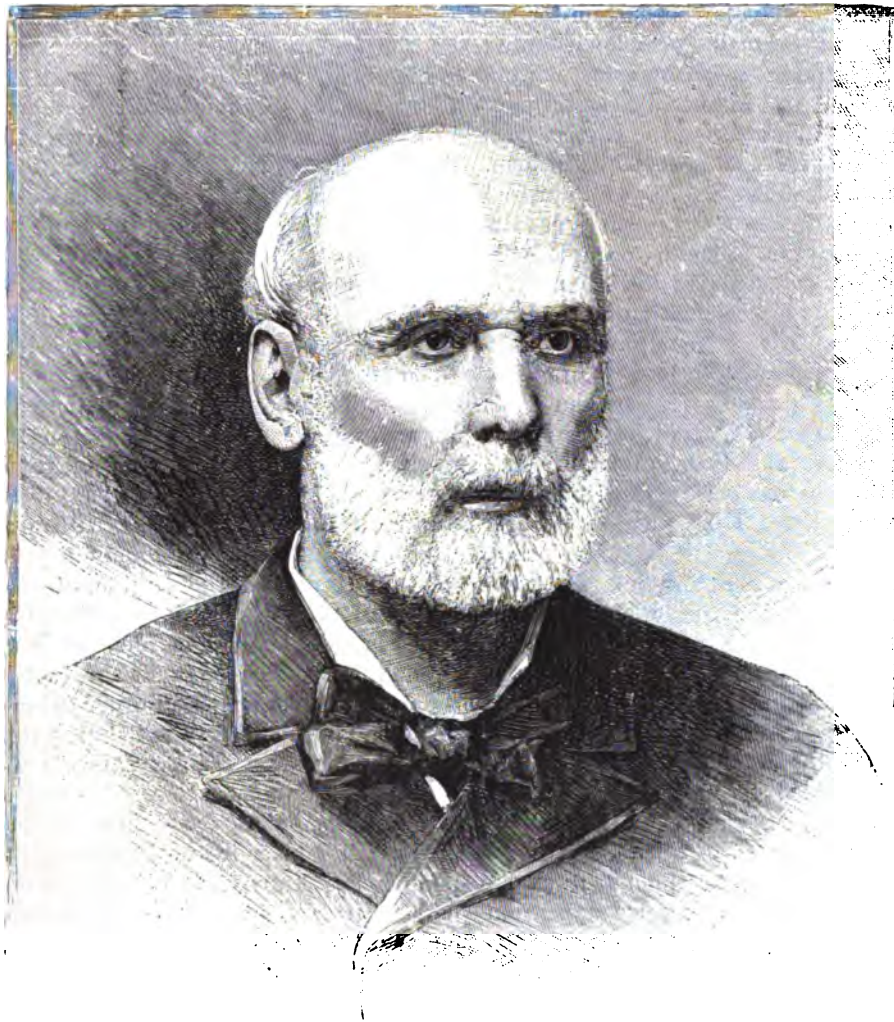
MARSHAL MACMAHON

specialty of public works. He served also in Premier Ferry's cabinet until it was dissolved in 1881. He was re-elected to the Assembly in 1885, and the next year became Financial Minister in Premier Freycinet's cabinet, and contended for strict economy in the management of the Treasury. Disclosures were soon made that deficits in its administration had been made by his predecessor,

a still higher office, namely, the supreme leadership of the nation. The announcement of his candidacy for the Presidency was a surprise at the very critical juncture of the damaging disclosures in regard to the son-in-law of the incumbent, Grévy; but, even after the lapse of a single day, such was the popularity given to his candidacy by the known dignity of his character and the up-

rightness of his political career, that it was affirmatively voted upon at once by the assembled Congress, on December 4th, 1887. In his address of acceptance the new President said, "All I possess of strength and devotion belongs to my country"—and assuredly his life and death confirmed the assertion. "The country" was the watchword, the guide, of his administration. The mere fact of his presence at the head of the exec-

vidually was, yet backed up by the Bonapartists and Royalists, might have seized Paris and so usurped control over the entire country. Moreover, he succeeded in suppressing these attacks through his talents as a civilian, thus succeeding, without military fame, where success was hardly to have been expected in a military land, so used to the rule of "generals." Personally of a quiet, unobtrusive character, amiable though firm, he



M GRÉVY

utive power, the prestige of his name, individually as well as historically, and the general confidence felt by all in his fairness, contributed mainly to the preservation of order and peace in the various French crises passed through in the last seven years. Imminent danger of the republic's overthrow was again and again met and skillfully warded off, thanks to him alone; but for his management, Boulanger, weak as he indi-

demeaned himself faithfully according to the letter and spirit of the law creating his high office, unswerving devotion to the interests of the republic having been his single aim, as it was his chief hold and strength in the popular heart. As a true executive, obeying the law and seeing that it was obeyed, he is altogether to be ranked above his predecessors in the Presidency.

In his social life President Carnot was a general

favorite, and under his *régime* the Elysée was the scene of elegant entertainments, the abode of good taste, of brilliant receptions and dinners, according to the best rules of etiquette which Paris has the privilege of setting. The expenses of the Presidential palace are borne by the public Treasury up to the limit of sixty thousand dollars, all over that sum having to be taken out of the Presidential salary, fixed at one hundred and twenty thousand dollars per annum, with sixty thousand dollars additional as allowance for traveling expenses, since it is the custom for the head of the nation to make occasional grand tours through the provinces. Americans, hailing from a "sister republic," were treated with great courtesy at the entertainments of the Elysée, both by the President and his wife, who, as its hostess, presided, as it were. The Elysée was improved under their sway. It never was precisely a suitable executive mansion, though occupied by President Napoleon, previous to his *coup d'état* of 1851, and given by his occupation quite a historical reputation. His entertainments in it were noted, also somewhat notorious in an objectionable sense. His dancing parties and balls drew within its walls many of the prettiest Parisiennes and strangers, as he was unmarried, and it was known that he was seeking a helpmate to solidify his claims; there, too, at length he first met his future wife and empress, Eugénie. Mme. Carnot strove to render the palace more attractive than it had been in the past, especially than it was under the Grévy term, and her success in doing so was admitted. A Parisian herself, and the daughter of a distinguished lawyer, she was married to M. Carnot in 1864, and has three sons and a married daughter, two of the sons being in the army, and the third still a student in the School of Mines. Mme. Carnot as the mistress of the Elysée was as much of a favorite socially as was politically her husband to whom she was devoted. Her recent refusal to receive a pension on account of his murder, and just because of the manner in which the French people have mourned his loss, to cite her words, is, from the peculiarly delicate standpoint of the country, accepted as evidence of sincere devotion to his memory—though she was not left in needy circumstances by the death of her husband.

The body of the murdered President was conveyed to the Elysée, where it lay in state before throngs of visitors during the three days prior to the imposing funeral at the nation's expense, on Sunday, July 1st, just one week after the assassination. The obsequies were on the grandest scale that Paris ever witnessed, an unparalleled homage of civilization to his memory, a mighty

dirge of the great nations in his honor. Throughout the line of procession the mourning people were packed, and marvelously wrought floral treasures were heaped, and for these matchless flowers the gardens and fields of every nation had been ransacked; no less than twelve hundred wreaths of unprecedented beauty were borne on cars in the procession. It was, in addition to its higher and more significant meaning, the most imposing spectacle at which the pageant-loving citizens ever assisted. The principal buildings were draped; crape was worn by everyone, either on the arm or in the buttonhole; the horses of vehicles carried small flags in groups of three or four fastened to their bridles and harness; and in many other ways a high degree of tasteful ingenuity was displayed in the decorations. Around the coffin at the Elysée were placed the wreaths sent by the Czar of Russia, the King of Portugal, the King of Spain, the King of Belgium, the King of Roumania, the Bey of Tunis, the Queens of England and Holland, the King of Norway, the Emperor of Germany and the President of Venezuela (the latter noticeably being the only American republic that officially contributed a wreath). In the march from the palace through the streets to the Church of Notre Dame, in which the services were held, was the martyred President's successor, in full evening dress, with a broad crape band upon his hat and a diamond-studded plaque with the cordon of the Legion of Honor across his breast. His life had been expressly threatened if he marched in the line, and hence, contrary to French precedent, he went on foot the entire route behind the hearse in order to emphasize his sorrow and his duty. The church itself was superbly draped and thronged, inside and outside; and, after the impressive services ended, amidst a formal ceremonial, the coffin was borne to its final resting place in the Pantheon, the national temple consecrated to the illustrious dead. Temporarily it was laid in the crypt between the remains of Rousseau and Voltaire, and then placed in the vault beside the elder Carnot, of revolutionary fame.

No sooner had the assassin dealt his fatal blow than the sympathies of the entire world were showered upon the bereft nation: kings, emperors, governments hastened to telegraph condolences directly in their own names to the afflicted widow and chiefless government. Queen Victoria and Emperor William, as next-door neighbors on either side of France, were warmly demonstrative in the messages they hastened to telegraph, laying aside their past bitter war memories. Italy, too, hastened to express its sympathies, which the French Government, unwilling to tax a

whole nation for the act of the assassin because Italian born, very sensibly decided to accept, despite the not unnatural, freshly heated bitterness revived between Frenchmen and Italians on the first publication of the news. And at the end all the great nations of the civilized world were present through the right royal testimonials specially sent. Kings and emperors themselves had paid a handsome tribute to a French republic. This was, indeed, a splendid solace to the sorrow of France, and it may safely be concluded that the national vanity, having been sincerely touched by these demonstrations, will at least for a season see that the present government be given a fair chance, in and out of Parliament, to repress the disturbing elements and promote the general prosperity. All potentates and governments on this score are of one mind and linked together by a "fellow feeling"; it was for this very solid reason that they gave their sympathies to attest their condemnation of the crime. Recent experiences were too keenly appreciated in all countries to allow of any hesitation or delay in taking due notice of the tragic event at Lyons. The lives of all the great crowned heads of Europe have been threatened, if not attacked, within the last two years, and the crowned heads are at length compelled to react, their governments already combining international measures of safety for all concerned, peoples and chieftains.

The two legislative bodies of France were convoked in Congress at Versailles three days after the murder, when a member of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Casimir-Perier, was elected, on the first ballot, to be President for a new term of seven years, dating from June 27th, 1894. There are only full terms, according to the Constitution, which confines the election in the hands of the two legislative bodies, instead of turning it over to popular voting. One-third of the votes in this special electoral college were cast by pronounced Socialists against the new President, who has the reputation of being a very strong man, as incorruptible

and courageous as Carnot, and also of a historical family, his grandfather having been Prime Minister of King Louis Philippe. Two days after his election an Anarchist placard addressed to him was posted on the same spot of the Paris market house where a similar placard threatened the life of Carnot just before he went to Lyons, and this threatening missive was in these words: "Casimir-Perier, you will go on the road of Carnot; soon we will give you a date." This cheerful making of dates for his destruction with the present head of France did not deter him from walking through the crowded streets to honor his butchered predecessor and friend. The document is almost a farcical commentary on these times "out of joint."

President Jean Paul Casimir-Perier was born at Paris on November 8th, 1847. He received his degree at the Sorbonne College; on leaving which, he was appointed a captain in the National Guards. During the war of 1870, for his bravery



CARNOT, AT 21, AS A PUPIL AT THE ÉCOLE POLYTECHNIQUE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1857.

on the battlefield, he was created Knight of the Legion of Honor. He was elected several times, after the close of the war, to the Chamber of Deputies, but in 1883 resigned his seat because a law was passed excluding from office all members of former reigning families, on the ground that it was impossible to reconcile his political sentiments with his family duty, his grandfather having been the Minister under an Orleanist king, and still later he resigned a public office owing to the parliamentary act expelling the Orleans princes. His loyalty to the republic being suspected, the Orleanists proposed to him to join their ranks, a proposition which he indignantly rejected with the answer that he "would rather be a citizen in a republic than a duke in a kingdom." In May, 1893, he was elected to be President (Speaker) of the Chamber of Deputies, which office he held until appointed Premier by Carnot on December 3d, 1893; and on the fall of his cabinet he was re-elected Speaker, and now is President of the republic.

M. Casimir-Perier is a millionaire, and will maintain at the Elysée the social distinction it enjoyed under his immediate predecessor. His wife is



M. SADI CARNOT, ASSASSINATED AT LYONS,
JUNE 24TH, 1894.

a countess, and has been always conspicuous in the circles of the old noble scions of the Faubourg St. Germain; on his side his family have American affiliations. The new President was somewhat of a military bearing (having been a captain in actual service), with pleasing, polished manners and the easy grace so often accompanying his countrymen in high official positions. In a speech delivered when Premier and Foreign Minister he thus replied, in advance, to the parties now threatening his life: "Never have the politics of abstract formulas been more condemned than now by France; never have been more energetically preserved, in the face of the theories of certain schools, the maintenance of order and the defense of the principles given to us by the great Revolution—liberty and individual property." His policy of moderate republicanism and hostility to communism has never wavered from the first moment of his entry into public life, and in his speech of acceptance he pledged himself to continue it in his Presidency. It remains to be seen whether circumstances will permit him to carry out his beneficent idea.

HISTORY OF THE ELYSÉE PALACE.

EACH apartment of what is now M. Casimir-Perier's official residence has been the background of scenes which have made history during the past two hundred years. From the days when the Marquise de Pompadour plotted with Choiseul the confusion of her enemies, or wrote, on the dainty star (Etoile) stamped note paper, epistles to Maria Theresa and her other foreign allies, in order to insure the continuance of the war which she believed would end by associating her name

with one of the finest pages of French history, to that on which Napoleon I. signed his second abdication in the room where thirty-six years later his nephew awaited the result of the *coup d'état*, the Elysée has been associated with great epoch-making events. These are reviewed most interestingly by Marie Adelaide Belloc in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

During the first few years of the eighteenth century the whole side of Paris now known as the



Count Münster, German Ambassador.

General Gallifet.

Mme. Carnot.

President Carnot, M. Jules Simon.

A RECEPTION BY MME CARNOT AT THE ELYSÉE.

Baron Kohnenhefm, M. Brisson.
Russian Ambassador.

Champs Elysées and the Quartier de l'Etoile was a wooded suburb quite out of the town; and when the boy king, Louis XV., in order to please the Regent, gave a piece of land therein to the Comte d'Evreux, he doubtless thought that he was bestowing on his cousin's friend a gift which was far from valuable. But M. d'Evreux knew what he was about, and, after marrying one of the greatest heiresses of the day, the daughter of the financier Croizat, he commissioned Molet to build him the finest house in or near Paris. Very little of the great architect's work now remains, though those who have added to and altered the original construction of the Hôtel d'Evreux, as it was then called, have made some attempt to keep on the original lines of Molet's plan.

At the death of the Comte d'Evreux, Mme. de Pompadour, then at the zenith of her glory, and, it must be added, unpopularity, bought his Paris "hôtel" for the then enormous sum of 730,000 francs, and persuaded the King to give her a large kitchen garden and park which were for sale close by. The Parisians were anything but pleased to find the notorious marquise established in their midst. But, notwithstanding the difficulties which had surrounded her acquisition of the Hôtel d'Evreux, as it was still styled for many a long day, Mme. de Pompadour took a great fancy to her Paris home. She refurnished the whole house, hanging her own apartments, which were situated on the first floor, with beautiful Gobelin tapestries, stamped with two LL's (Louis), surmounted by the royal crown.

Some of the most splendid *fêtes* ever given in France took place during the years of Mme. de Pompadour's reign at the Elysée. She finally enlarged her garden by taking in some land which belonged to the Paris Municipality; and an incident which occurred at one of her receptions was for a few days the talk of Paris and Versailles.

At that period Watteau was all the fashion, and his dainty shepherds and shepherdesses the only mode. Instructed to try to surpass himself in prodigality of invention and splendor of decorations, the marquise's steward imagined an innovation which he thought would give a unique *rayonné* to one of his mistress's coming *fêtes*. Accordingly, the finest gallery in the palace, decorated with mirrors and blazing with wax candles, was set apart to be the scene of a kind of pastoral play; and there, on the eventful day, or rather evening, were stationed a flock of live sheep and lambs, washed, and perfumed with sweet scents, garlanded with rosettes of pale pink and blue ribbons, and shepherded by rosy-cheeked Phyllises and Corydons. Not a word was told to the marquise's guests of the charming surprise awaiting

them; and when the great folding doors were thrown open, and the Arcadian scene revealed, both courtiers and ladies fell into ecstasies at the sight. Not so the actors in this novel drama: heedless of the efforts of their attendants to restrain their terror, the flock of sheep, baaing and squeaking, fled in wild confusion toward the end of the gallery; there their leader, a fine ram, with horns gilded for the occasion, seeing his own reflection in one of the mirrors, thought himself in the presence of an enemy, or maybe of a rival, and rushed forward, together with all his comrades. A scene of the wildest confusion ensued: tapestries and sofas, embroidered chairs, marble consoles and the remains of costly mirrors strewed the beeswaxed floor with wreck. The ladies fainted and went into hysterics, while their cavaliers roared with laughter. But, notwithstanding this contretemps, *fêtes* at the Hôtel d'Evreux still remained the order of the day whenever Mme. de Pompadour was in Paris.

On the favorite's death her hôtel became by her will the property of the King, and for awhile was given over to be the temporary resting place of crowned heads visiting Paris.

In 1773, being in want of money, Louis XV. sold his old friend's house to Beaujon, one of the wealthiest and most opulent financiers of the day. It was during his short stay at the Elysée that the present fine garden was laid out as it now is, and he spent a considerable sum in altering and remodeling the interior of the palace.

In 1790 the Hôtel Beaujon was sold to the Duchesse de Bourbon, and it then became known for the first time as the Elysée Bourbon. But, though the duchesse, doubtless, did not realize the fact, France was already in full revolution. The Bastille had fallen the year before, and soon Mme. de Bourbon had to leave her charming house and join the great band of *émigrés*. The Elysée then became the property of the state, which probably saved it from being sacked or burned. Indeed, it is worth noting that this palace is one of the very few French royal residences which have never passed through the hand of the spoiler.

During the Consulate a few popular *fêtes* were given in the gardens, and then Napoleon awarded it as residence to Murat, who shortly after returned it to him. The Emperor was extremely attached to the Elysée Napoléon, as it was henceforth called. It was there that he retired, sombre and broken-hearted, after Waterloo, and signed his second abdication in favor of his son on June 22d, 1815. A few weeks later the Emperor's study became the temporary business room of the Duke of Wellington, and later that of the Emperor of Austria.

When Louis XVIII. returned once more to Paris the Duchesse de Bourbon put in a claim to the Elysée, but she was persuaded to accept the Hôtel Monaco in exchange, or compensation; and on the marriage of the Duc de Berri he and his bride took possession of the Elysée, it being their official residence until the duc's assassination, after which the Duchesse de Berri refused to stay in a house which to her was so full of both happy and painful associations.

It was during the time that the duc and duchesse lived at the Elysée that the chapel was decorated in the Sicilian style; but otherwise the apartments are substantially what they became after Beaujon's slight alterations.

For eighteen years the Elysée remained empty; but in 1848 the new government, or rather Parliament, assigned it as residence to the President of the republic. Curiously enough, this led to the palace which had been Mme. de Pompadour's town house becoming the cradle of the third empire, for it was there that the Prince President (as he was even then called, much to the indignation of the Republicans) and half a dozen faithful friends arranged and carried out the *coup d'état*.

After the flight of Louis Philippe, in the February of 1848, several months of political agitation had resulted in the bloody June insurrections; on the 29th of the same month General de Cavaignac was appointed temporary President of the republic; but in the following December it became apparent the Napoleonic legend was still dear to the French heart, for Louis Napoleon, the discredited prisoner of Ham and Boulogne, was proclaimed President by an immense majority, to the astonishment of all Europe. It was then that the future Emperor of the French took up his residence at the Elysée.

In 1850 De Beaumont told Nassau Senior that "those who from interest or from passion had resolved that the republic should fail thought that the best mode of ruining it was to put Napoleon at its head." But others, who may be said to have represented the Imperialist interests, declared that what France really wanted was a strong autocratic head, and significantly pointed out that on the Sundays of that eventful year the Paris riffraff flooded the Louvre galleries, not to admire the masterpieces on the walls, but to note which rooms contained articles of value, with a view to future loot! Be that as it may, for nearly two years the slow hatching of the third empire took place in the splendid rooms which the Prince President had assigned to himself in the Elysée.

The Liberal ministers with whom Louis Napoleon had begun his Presidential career had

made room for others. A group of English men and women, Grotes, Seniors, Miss Clarke (Mme. Mohl), who were closely linked with Cousin, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, De Beaumont, Dunoyer the economist, and many other French Liberals, became more and more uneasy. Then, on December 2d, 1851, came the half-expected, yet wholly unprepared, *coup d'état*.

Mr. Senior tells a curious anecdote *à propos* of how Napoleon III. spent the early morning of that day. Four generals, Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Bedeau and Changarnier, *les vainqueurs d'Afrique*, as they were called, were to be arrested. At six o'clock the Prince President, watching for the dawn, went into the gardens of the Elysée, and asked the sentinels if they had heard trumpets. On receiving a negative reply he walked up and down restlessly for ten minutes. At last the *fanfare* was heard. "Ah!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands, "ils sont tous *attrapés*." I have also been told by an eyewitness that the succeeding days, when the boulevards were being cleared, and those who happened to be in the way were remorselessly mowed down by the bullets, were spent by Louis Napoleon quite alone in one of the smaller rooms of the suite latterly occupied by M. and Mme. Carnot. There he waited, his feet on the fender, his veiled eyes staring moodily into the wood fire, till they came and told him it was safe for him to go out.

During the third empire the Elysée Napoleon became once more the temporary abode of foreign sovereigns; and, among others, the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Austria and the Sultan all staid there in turn, and the palace was more than once spoken of as a possible residence for one or other of the Emperor's numerous relations. Fortunately, these propositions were never carried into effect, for when the Communards held Paris the Elysée was not considered worth burning or sacking, being apparently thought to be on the same level as any of the other fine houses which grace that narrow, busy thoroughfare, the Faubourg St. Honoré.

After the Franco-Prussian War the Elysée once more became the official residence of the *chef d'état*; but during M. Thiers's brief reign the palace resembled more a well-ordered, methodical house of business than a state residence. Paris was slowly recovering from the effects of the siege and the Commune, and the group of elderly Republicans gathered round the President thought more of restoring self-respect and confidence to the country than of surrounding themselves with the insignia of office; at that time no one dreamt of reproaching the President and his wife with their plain living and high thinking, and the



MME. CARNOT DISTRIBUTING GIFTS TO POOR CHILDREN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

economy afterward made a subject of reproach to M. Grévy was considered meritorious in the man who had arranged the treaty of peace, and perhaps saved his country from dismemberment.

On the night of May 24th, 1873, M. Thiers resigned the Presidency of the republic, and was succeeded by Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta. Already popular, both as a soldier and as a man, the marshal and his beautiful wife won the hearts of the Parisians; and the Elysée was soon spoken of as having all the charm and brilliancy of the Tuileries, *minus* the imperial extravagances and the political corruption. Although gracious to her husband's Republican *entourage*, "Mme. la Maréchale," as she was most often styled, gathered round her the remnants of her old world, and the Elysée became a social and intellectual centre, frequented by many whose political opinions were widely divergent from those of their host and hostess.

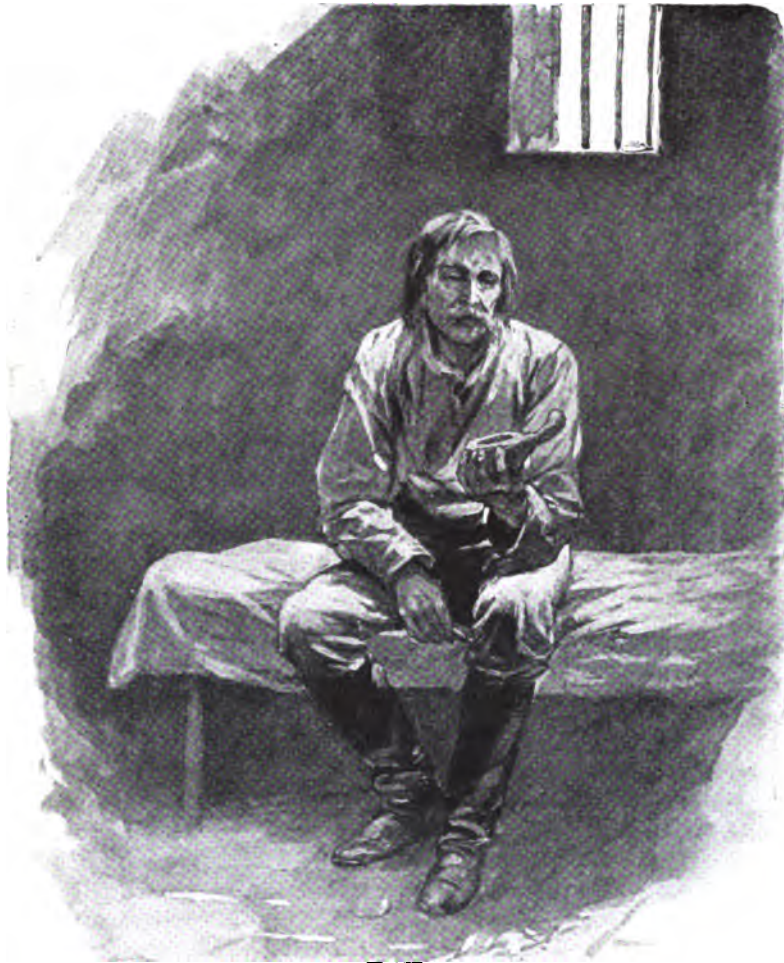
For six years the Duke and Duchess of Magenta held a kind of semi-royal court, this being especially the case during the Exhibition year of 1878, when *fêtes*, dinners and balls were the order of the day; but when the President sent in his resignation, on January 30th, 1879, he is said to have found that his own and his wife's ample fortune had disappeared in the vortex; and had it not been that the duchess shortly after inherited a considerable legacy, the ex-President's old age would have been spent in serious difficulty and poverty.

It is unnecessary, in attempting to give a sketch of the history of the Elysée, to do more than allude to its eight years' occupation by M. Jules Grévy. Doubtless warned by what had befallen his predecessor, his first action was to cut down all expenses and to reduce himself and his family to a meagre, if stately, simplicity of existence.

The only notable event which occurred at the Elysée during M. Grévy's Presidency was the marriage of his daughter, Mlle. Alice Grévy, to M. Daniel Wilson. The ceremony took place in the chapel of the palace, and was the only wedding ever celebrated there.

On one point, however, it is but fair to say a word: The few in a position to really know the truth have always declared that M. and Mme. Grévy spent the whole of their official income on their official duties.

Certainly, if this be true, M. and Mme. Carnot contrived to make a much better show on the income of 600,000 francs (\$120,000) than any of their predecessors. This sum, allotted in the first instance to M. Thiers, is still considered sufficient to keep up the dignity of the President of the French Republic; yet had it not been that Mme. Carnot, to whom the spending of nearly the whole of her husband's official salary fell, was an exceptionally clear-headed and intelligent woman, there could not but have been a repetition of the MacMahon *fiasco*, for every year the President of the French Republic finds his duties become more onerous and his expenses greater.



"THE TALL MOUNTAINEER HOLDS IT TENDERLY."

A MOUNTAIN GOURD.

BY ETHEL HATTON LEITNER.

ONLY a little gourd; yet the tall mountaineer holds it tenderly in his big rough hands as he fashions it, with his jackknife, into a dipper for his little girl.

The walls of his prison seem to close in and suffocate him.

He looks up through the iron bars, and the clouds begin to shape themselves into his beloved mountains. Again he sees them, as he last beheld them, silhouetted against the golden ocean of the sunset, where all the light of day seemed surging, and where the sun set like a mighty star.

The wind, heavy with fragrance, sweeps through a magnolia forest, stirring the great wide-open blossoms until the trees looked as if they were

filled with snowy pigeons, fluttering ready for flight.

Here sparkled the spring that rolls down from the mountains with its message so exquisitely sad that the winds rush sobbing away to the pines.

Or perhaps it comes down softly, whispering sweet songs to the flowers that kiss their pretty faces in its waves. Or tumbling, plunging in mad glee, dashing against the rocks, until the water is full of silver arrows and glittering stars.

As different as can be are these voices of the mountains.

But the sun sinks.

"Who! who! who!" comes warningly from the distant hills.

The white cranes lift their slim green legs and circle away in snowy wreaths as the moonshiner stoops and drinks from the large gourd (every mountain spring has its drinking gourd) and picks up the little cup he is making for Baby Gnita—little dreaming where he will finish it.

"Who! who! who!" comes the owl's cry again.

Six gray shadows creep nearer in the dim light. Slowly the mountaineer lifts his six feet of gaunt humanity and turns toward the mountains; that stand now, in the twilight and distance, like gray-veiled nuns, solemnly watching the gradual lighting of God's starry candles in the deep spaces before His altar.

Suddenly the gray shadows which have followed him leap out and surround him.

The walls of the prison bend closer.

Ah, he remembers!

"Will you take this to my little girl?" he begs a visitor who has told him that he is going to Narcooche Valley, in North Georgia, as he hands him the little dipper and describes the peak at whose foot his hut lies like a little brown nest.

The visitor promises. He also promises to return and tell the moonshiner how his young wife and child are.

But he did not keep his promise.

It was a terrible winter, and the mountains were snow-bound when he reached them.

The barren land had yielded little enough when the father and husband was there to make the miserable corn it produced so sparingly into whisky, which alone he could sell for enough to procure the bare necessities of life.

Even the Swiss settlers, to whom the land had been given, were grumbling, and threatening to leave or sell.

But no one would buy; so the frightened wife, with the assistance of neighbors scarcely less poverty-stricken than herself, had her corn made into meal. That was soon gone, and little Gnita, already ailing, grew wan and sick.

There was no money for bread, much less for the other necessities of a fragile child.

So one morning, when the mountains in the snowstorm looked like great shining-robed angels, with their white wings whirling yet about them, the wind, their harper, came down from those great white thrones with a strange, sad message they could not understand.

But little Gnita did, and the white lids fell over the blue eyes like flakes of snow over violets; and the dark lashes came down like soft shadows upon the white rose of her cheek—once as daintily pink as the petal of a peach blossom.

The wind sang a lullaby and swept with trembling fingers the green harpstrings of the pines.

Gnita slept.

How could the visitor tell the father in his lonely prison that those little lips would never drink from the tiny cup he had so lovingly made for her?

That in the cup of life so bitter a draught had been held to the small mouth that she put it meekly away again and fell asleep?

He could not carry back the little gourd.

Here it is, like its story, a poor and common thing, but real.



"GNITA SLEPT."

THALATTA.

BY DON CARLOS SEITZ.

THE still waters rippled with the touch of the breeze,
The soft-blowing breeze,
The tempting breeze.
"Let us wrestle together, still waters!"
The tempting breeze whispered.
The waters murmured: "Let us wrestle!"

Into the wide arms of the wind
Rose the dark waves, the combing, threatening waves.
"Let us destroy!" cried the wind.
"Let us destroy!" moaned the waters.

Over the ocean the laden ship labors.
Stout is the heart of her master,
Strong her timbers and cordage—
Stronger the wind and the waves.

The towering masts topple,
Ocean craft fails; vain prayers ascend—
The sea swallows all.

The wind dies away sighing,
The calm waters ripple;
But the souls——?

WHERE THE BREAKERS ROAR.

BY S. H. FERRIS.

"SHIPS are but boards and sailors but men," and until some shrewd observer discovers the means—possibly the scientific use of oil—whereby the raging waters of the ocean, when stirred by the storm king, can be stilled, men who go down upon the sea in ships will meet the fate of those luckless mariners of old, Jonah, Mardonius and St. Paul, and be shipwrecked. So long, too, as ships are possessed of the uncomfortable habit of becoming stranded on the coast, and human lives are involved in death dangers in struggling with the furious forces of Old Father Neptune, so long will the work done by the coast guard of the United States Life-saving Service be an appreciated necessity.

Everyone is not aware of the fact—and inland people are generally wholly without knowledge on the subject—that during a large portion of the year the whole 10,000 miles of coast line of the

United States is under the watch and ward of a stalwart body of surfside sentinels.

From Quoddy Head, in Maine, to the Straits of Vancouver, in Washington, during every hour of darkness and storm a silent guard is pacing the ocean's shore, with eyes peering out over the waste of waters, endeavoring to discover the first evidences of a vessel or ship in distress. And when the watchers find an endangered craft the apparatus of the Life-saving Service is summoned into use, and this noble department of the government does the work for the imperiled mariner that the whale did for Jonah. It takes the sailor from the very jaws of death, from the breaking shrouds, the trembling mast top, or the sea-washed deck, and with the lifeboat, life car or breeches buoy carries him through the fury-born billows to a haven of safety on shore.

The modern system of life-saving service origi-

nated in the mind of Mr. Lionel Lukins, a London coachmaker, about one hundred and ten years ago. Why the necessity of providing means for the rescue of shipwrecked seamen should have made an impression upon the senses of a prosaic dweller in the world's greatest city is not apparent. But certain it is that in 1785 Mr. Lukins secured letters patent upon a peculiar craft that he had constructed, and which he described in a pamphlet as being an "unsubmergable boat."

This unsinkable craft at first received but a poor reception at the hands of the practical British people. Four years later, however, an event occurred near South Shields, at the mouth of the Tyne River, England, that made the inhabitants of Mr. Bull's tight little island turn their attention to the fact that an "unsubmergable boat," if such a thing could be made a reality, and not the phantom of an inventor's brain, would be the means of accomplishing a vast amount of valuable service during storms on the coast.

One day during the year 1789 the ship *Adventure* was stranded near South Shields. The waves ran high, and a furious surf broke upon the beach. For lack of a suitable boat for breasting the breakers and rowing out to the wreck hundreds of people gathered on the shore and stood helplessly, idly by and saw more than a score of sailors drop one by one into the relentless embrace of the sea.

It was, indeed, a sad scene, and when twenty corpses lay on the shining sands next day the people of Great Britain cried out in horror that something must be done to prevent such terrible sacrifices of human lives.

Mr. Lukins and his curious buoyant boat now came into general notice, and the people of South Shields offered a prize to be given to the inventor of the most suitable craft that could be used for the purpose of defying the surf and the heaving bosom of the ocean, and rescuing endangered mariners from stranded vessels.

The London coachmaker, however, as is so often the case, failed to reap the reward of his enterprise. Mr. Henry Greathead presented a boat in competition for the South Shields prize, and his invention was decided to be better adapted for the purposes intended than was that of Lukins.

The Duke of Northumberland became interested in the prize-winning boat, and thirty of the crafts were built under his patronage, and distributed for use at the most dangerous points on the British coast.

In 1823 the Royal Lifeboat Institution, the paternal relative of our own Life-saving Service,

was organized in England by Sir William Hillary. From the date of its birth until the present time this grand organization has continued to furnish the coast-guard service of Great Britain. When the work that has been performed by it is viewed in the aggregate the name given to it—"the noblest philanthropic enterprise in the world"—seems not undeserved.

Since 1823 the Royal Lifeboat Institution has never ceased to fight an organized battle in behalf of sailors against death in the surf. More than 50,000 lives have been saved by its efforts, and untold millions of dollars worth of property have been rescued from destruction.

In many respects the English coast-guard system is inferior to that of the United States. Houses are maintained at all of the more dangerous places on the British coast, which are equipped with lifeboats, life cars, breeches buoys, and a variety of other apparatus for life saving.

There are no regular crews of surfmen employed at these houses, nor is any regular system of coast patrol maintained. If a wreck occurs volunteers man the lifeboats and beach paraphernalia, and their services alone are depended upon to perform rescue work.

The necessity of providing succor for mariners shipwrecked upon the coast of this country was not fully appreciated by the people of the United



HON. SUMNER I. KIMBALL, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT
OF THE U. S. LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.



SUPERINTENDENT THOMAS J. BLAKENEY, TWELFTH DISTRICT. U. S. LIFE SAVING SERVICE.

States until 1837. In this year Congress passed an act authorizing the President "to cause any suitable number of public vessels adapted for the purpose to cruise upon the coast during the severe portion of the year to afford such aid to distressed navigators as their circumstances and necessities might require."

Revenue cutters were detailed for the

performance of the laudable work required by this statute. The aid rendered to stranded vessels was not, however, of such a character as to prove entirely satisfactory, and it became apparent that some kind of a coast-guard life-saving service should be established on shore.

In 1848, therefore, Congress, after considerable urging, appropriated \$10,000 to be used "for providing surfboats, rockets, carronades and other necessary apparatus



LIEUTENANT JOHN DENNETT, U. S. REVENUE MARINE SERVICE—INSPECTOR OF LIFE-SAVING STATIONS ON THE ATLANTIC COAST.

for the better preservation of life and property from loss by shipwreck on the coast of New Jersey lying between Sandy Hook and Little Egg Harbor."

Every year after the passage of this bill the coast Life-saving Service was extended and perfected. The system in vogue, however, was patterned after that of the Royal Lifeboat Institution, and no paid crews of surfmen were maintained.



CAPTAIN H. M. KNOWLES
THIRD DISTRICT, WAKEFIELD, R. I.

The volunteer boatmen made many a thrilling rescue of storm-tossed seamen from stranded ships, but there was one great weakness in the service as it was operated. The maintenance of the system made necessary the employment of several salaried officials. Politicians, with their usual avidity, seized upon this fact as an opportunity for rewarding friends for



CAPTAIN CHAUNCEY C. KENYON, BRENTON'S POINT STATION, NEWPORT, R. I.



CAPTAIN ALBERT CHURCH,
NARRAGANSETT PIER STATION, R. I.

party services, as though the imperiled sailor clinging to the icy rigging of a wrecked craft swept fore and aft by winter seas could care whether the man who appeared upon the beach in charge of the lifeboat was a Republican, a Democrat or a Mugwump.

In the apportionment of the spoils of office unsuitable men secured positions in the service, and interested parties finally succeeded in prevailing upon Congress to place the coast-guard system entirely beyond the reach of politics and politicians.

In 1871 the sum of \$250,000 was appropriated, and the Life-saving Service was established upon a thoroughly systematic basis as a regular department of the government, with Mr. Sumner I. Kimball, the present efficient general superintendent, at its head.

The political faith of aspirants for office no longer affected appointments to responsible positions. Inefficient officials were replaced by suitable men. Paid crews of sturdy, strong-armed surfmen were installed at the various stations. New buildings were erected, and old ones were repaired. Such new apparatus as necessity seemed to demand was secured, and a regular system of coast patrol was instituted. And from 1871 until the present time the United States Life-saving Service has steadily increased in efficiency, and to-day it is acknowledged by the seagoing men of the world as being without a peer. Not a single week of the year passes without some noble deed performed by the brave and ever-watchful surfmen being recorded upon the pages of contemporaneous history by the daily newspaper press.

How valuable the work performed by the Life-saving Service is, is shown by the fact that since it has been established the number of lives lost in shipwrecks on the coast has decreased more than seventy-five per cent! At a single point on the Atlantic's shore, Peaked Hill Bars, on Cape Cod, during last winter the coastguardsmen saved 42 seamen's lives, and rescued more than \$300,000 worth of property from destruction.

An incident that occurred during the month of December, 1893, illustrates the way in which the life savers' work is done.

It was the afternoon of a typical New England winter's day. The air was filled with flying snowflakes, and a cold northeast storm was sweeping over the barren sand dunes of the Cape Cod coast. A patrolman from the Highland Life-saving Station was making his regular journey in the face of the biting gale along the ocean's shore, when he discovered a ship being driven by the brisk wind directly toward the beach. It was apparent that little short of a miraculous happen-

ing could save the craft from meeting dire disaster.

The intelligent surfman immediately reported the fact of his discovery to the keeper of his station, who, after examining into the circumstances, notified the crews at the two other stations nearest to his of the condition of affairs.

The Highland captain then called his own crew to prepare for duty. The lifeboat and beach apparatus were then gotten into shape for service and taken to the shore. Soon after the crews of the two other stations appeared upon the scene ready for action.

The ocean was convulsed with the agony of the storm, and the waves that ran almost mountains high broke into surf with a crash upon the sand.

The short winter afternoon was expiring into twilight, and the increasing snowfall had shut off all view to the seaward.

Yet across the pallid waste of waters came the noise of the groaning of the surf upon the bars located a short distance off from the coast.

The surfmen stood in silence patiently listening for any sound that should indicate the fate of the endangered ship. At last a crash was heard, and then terrible shrieks of agony from human throats came borne upon the wind. The vessel had stranded, and the sea, if it had not already swallowed up the sacrifice offered by the storm, was waiting to receive it.

The life savers could not see the wrecked ship because of the blinding snow, but they knew that somewhere out on the ocean near them were seamen in fearful distress.

The task of trying to reach and rescue the imperiled sailors was almost a hopeless one, yet the brave surfmen did not hesitate to encounter any danger to save human lives.

The lifeboat was brought down to the water and launched, but the waves took it as though it was a cockleshell and threw it back upon the beach. Nothing daunted by this experience or subsequent similar ones, time after time the attempt was made to breast the breakers, but the surf forcefully resisted every effort made to pass its confines.

Over and over again the life savers were thrown into the sea and compelled to struggle to the shore as best they could. Although panting and trembling from their violent exertions, their bodies covered with ice, they continued to throw all of their energies into attempts to get the lifeboat out through the surf, yet each one of them knew that if they succeeded in their efforts perhaps death might be waiting for them in his ghastly craft out on the bar.

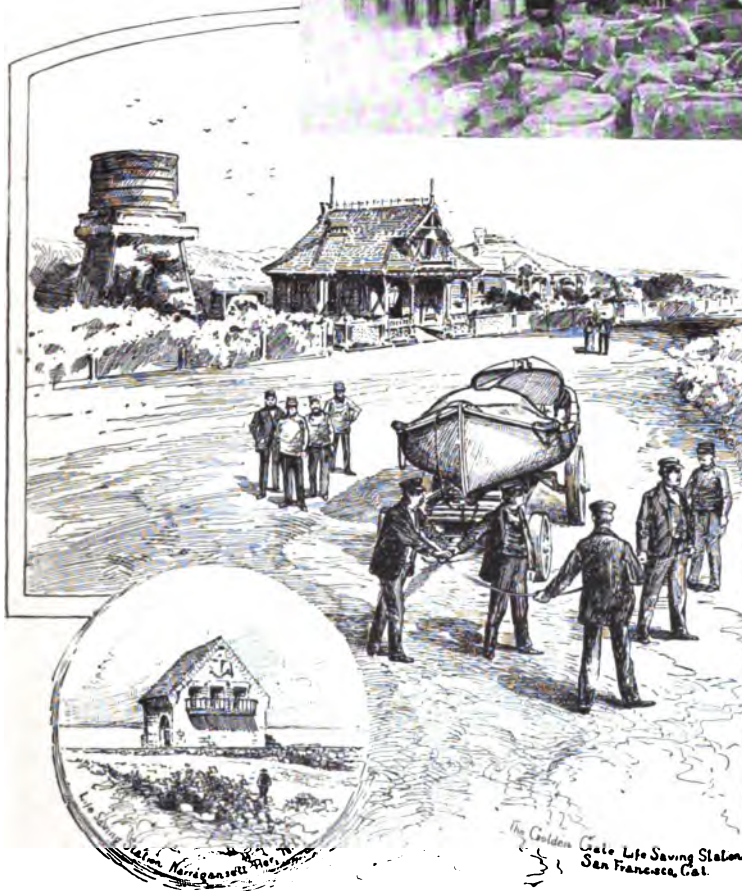
Fear did not hinder their efforts, however, and

they only paused long enough between their attempts to launch the lifeboat to try several times to send out a breeches-buoy line from the Lyle gun.

Once the life line reached the stranded ship, and the sailors commenced to haul it on board their craft. But just as the hopes of rescue began to grow the rope parted, and then recourse was had again to the lifeboat.

So through the long, cold, dreary night the battle against death and the sea was waged. The midnight hour passed; the morning hours advanced. If the wrecked ship could have held together until daylight the hopes of saving the poor seamen might have been realized.

But just before day-break a mighty moan and mingled cry of terror and despair came in over the surface of the great deep, and a little later big pieces of wreckage began to float ashore. Then the life savers knew that a portion of



A GROUP OF TYPICAL LIFE-SAVING STATIONS.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM COULSON, U. S. REVENUE MARINE SERVICE—INSPECTOR OF LIFE-SAVING STATIONS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

their work was done. Another duty remained to be performed. Through the rest of the night and the next day a patrol was kept up all along the shore, for it was thought that perhaps some sturdy seaman might survive the perils of the sea and breakers, and be cast upon the beach more dead than alive, but with the breath of life yet remaining in his body. One such poor seaman was at last discovered, and he was quickly carried to the nearest life-saving station, where, after hours of patient labor he was finally resuscitated.

From his lips it was learned that the wrecked ship was the *Jason*, an English-built craft, bound for Boston, and that all of the other members of the crew had lost their lives when the vessel broke up.

During the days that followed twenty corpses were borne in by the surf, and friends came to receive them. The rescued sailor was cared for and sent upon his way. The world read the story of the awful tragedy in the newspapers, and the humble Cape Cod surfmen took up again the burden of their routine lives just were they had left it when the patrolman discovered the *Jason* in a dangerous position that stormy December afternoon.

The life savers are not always successful in preserving their own lives while attempting to rescue others from perilous positions. The members of more than one brave boat crew have succeeded in launching their life craft, and pulled out through the breakers never again to return to the shore alive.

One bitter cold winter's morning the sloop *Trumbull* struck on Peaked Hill Bars, Cape God. Captain D. H. Atkins called out his crew of surfmen, and they succeeded in rowing out to the wreck. In attempting to board the craft, however, the lifeboat was capsized, and the men were thrown into the freezing water.

Several efforts were made to right the boat, but all of these failed. The seas rolled back and forth over the craft, and the life savers were in imminent danger of death. The brave men struggled



KEEPER AND CREW OF THE HUMBOLDT BAY (CALIFORNIA) LIFE-SAVING STATION.



LIFE-SAVING STATION ON THE PRESIDIO GROUNDS, SAN FRANCISCO.

manfully to get the boat to the beach. Finally one of them, Sam Fisher, who is now the captain of the Race Point life-saving crew, said: "Captain Atkins, I am ready to obey orders; but give me a chance for my life. Let me swim ashore."

"Your best chance is to stand by the boat," the captain replied; "but any man that wants to can swim if he likes."

Three of the crew left the upturned lifeboat, that was swiftly floating down the coast with the rapidly moving current. These all reached the shore alive, but in a senseless condition.

Those who remained with the boat were ultimately overwhelmed in their battle with the sea and drowned. A little later their lifeless bodies were thrown up on the beach by the surf. It was Captain Atkins's own son, a patrolman from the High Head Life-saving Station, who, in making his regular rounds, found his father's corpse just at the water's edge.

If it is true that "greater love hath no man than to lay down his life for his brother," what shall be said of the brave men of the Life-saving Service, many of whom annually imperil their ex-

istence, and often surrender up their lives, in attempts to render aid to those who are total strangers to them?

More than ten thousand miles of seashore are comprised within the scope of the protecting operations of the United States Life-saving Service. Every possible variety of coast conformation is represented within this extensive territory.

Where the Atlantic's waves roll a large portion of the beach is composed of sand. Off from the shore, at varying distances of from one to five miles, are many dangerous reefs and bars, that are an ever-present source of menacing danger to navigators. At other points on the country's eastern boundary are high rocks and cliffs, that lift their heads proudly above the surf that dashes impotently at their feet. Near these are numerous sunken shoals and ledges.

The weather on the North Atlantic is usually quite free from disastrous storms during the months from May to September. There are, of course, days in summer when Boreas and Neptune combine to make miserable the lives of seamen, but such days fortunately are rare, and scarcely



RETURNING TO STATION, AFTER A WRECK.

any wrecks occur upon the coast during the season of warm weather. When winter arrives, however, with its cold, ice and impenetrable snowstorms, sea disasters become frequent.

On the last day of August each year the vacation season ends for the Atlantic coast surfmen, and they gather at their stations prepared for several months of dangerous and trying service.

Each station's crew is made up of seven men, and a captain or keeper, who remains on duty during the entire year.

At the midnight hour on the last day of August two surfmen start out from each Atlantic coast station. They go down together to the side of the sea that "bares its heaving bosom to the moon." Here they part company, and each one begins a lonely patrol by the ocean's side, their only companion being the silent, mysterious and awful waste of waters that break into foam upon the sand at their feet.

Through all of the long hours of every night until the last day of April these patrolling surfmen are scanning the broad surface of the Atlantic endeavoring to discover the first evidences, if possible, of a ship in distress. And if a craft endangered is discovered a flashing signal light in the life saver's hands sends out over the sea the glad news to the imperiled seaman that his condition is known, and that rescuing means will soon be in readiness to offer succor.

Upon the Pacific coast the dangers to which mariners are exposed are of a character less to be dreaded than those which threaten navigators on the eastern shore of the country. The coast is mostly bold and rocky, although there are but few reefs or shoals, and safe harbors are quite numerous. The wind in this region blows from

one direction during a large portion of the year, and approaching storms can usually be accurately foretold several days in advance of their advent. The western coast is, however, quite frequently obscured by dense fogs, and the perils of the sea distribute their fruitage quite equally through all of the seasons of the year. As a consequence of this, although the crews at the 182 stations located on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts are on duty during only a part of the year, the surfmen at the twelve stations situated where the Pacific plashes are in active service during the whole twelve months.

The United States' share of the coast line of the Great Lakes is more than 2,500 miles long. The unsalted inland seas are open to navigation during about eight months of the year; being frozen over and closed by ice during the winter season.

There are but few natural harbors on the lake shores, but quite a large number of artificial ones have been made by building long stone piers out from the coast at various points, generally near the mouths of rivers. To secure entrance into one of these is a difficult task even under the most favorable conditions.

The great inland bodies of water are generally tranquil. At certain seasons, however, they are visited by violent gales of wind that throw their surfaces into furious convulsions with a suddenness that is unknown to navigators on the ocean.

Vessels caught without warning by one of these gales, being landlocked and having but scant sea room, are compelled to face either the certainty of stranding or else attempt to enter one of the harbors that are so difficult of access. To sail into the narrow space between the harbor piers is a difficult task in pleasant weather, and during a

severe storm it is well-nigh past the possibility of achievement. It is therefore near these artificial harbors that most of the shipwrecks on the Great Lakes occur, and as a consequence the forty-nine life-saving stations of the inland seas are located close

by these havens of refuge. The crews at these stations go on duty as soon as the ice breaks up in the spring, and cease their services when the approach of winter puts an end to further navigation.

Besides the life-saving stations of



SHIP "KATE HARDY," ASHORE NEAR HIGHLAND STATION, CAPE COD.

the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts and the Great Lakes, there is a single inland station located at Louisville, Ky. At this point a dam has been built across the Ohio River, in which are two wide openings, or chutes, for the descent of vessels, the ascent being accomplished by means of a shore canal, provided with suitable locks.

This dam is a constant source of danger to the small boats that attempt to cross the river, as they are liable to be swept over its verge or else drawn down through the chutes. Large vessels are also exposed to the same perils if they become disabled or unmanageable. For this reason the government has found it advisable to establish here a floating lifeboat station of unique construction.

This home of the life savers consists of a two-story house with a cupola observatory, and is built upon the hull of a scow-shaped boat. It is usually moored above the dam, at a point which will afford the readiest access to the various crafts meeting with accident, but it can easily be towed to a different place when necessity requires.

On the coast of Florida there are no life-saving stations, but instead a number of buildings, known as houses of refuge.

When vessels strand in this vicinity they usually come well up to the land, and sailors experience but little difficulty in reaching the shore. Until recently, however, the coast was almost uninhabited, and mariners cast upon it were exposed to the horrors of death by starvation.

The houses of refuge are simple dwellings, similar to many others found in the South. They are large enough for the residence of a family, and to afford shelter to as many other people as are likely to require it. No lifeboats or apparatus are provided at these buildings, and no surfmen are employed, although a keeper resides at each one of them during the whole year. Each building is provided with enough cots for the accommodation of twenty-five people, and provisions sufficient for the entertainment of the same number of persons for ten days.

The average distance between the houses of refuge is twenty-six miles, and at each mile along



READY FOR A WRECK.

the coast is located a guideboard that indicates the distance and direction to the nearest one of them.

The crews of all of the life-saving stations are composed of the very best and most competent of the sturdy beachmen of the country. A man who desires a position in the service must be not over forty-five years of age, and possess a sound and well-developed body, being subjected to a very rigid examination at the hands of physicians of the United States Marine Hospital staff. He must also demonstrate his expertness in the management of boats and his ability in matters of similar import.

If an applicant succeeds in passing the examinations the rules and regulations of the service are read to him, and he enlists for duty by signing articles in which he agrees to reside at one of the stations continuously during what is known as the active season, to faithfully perform such service as his superior officers may require, and to hold himself in readiness for rescue work at wrecks if any occur during the summer.

The amount of compensation received by the surfmen is \$65 per month during the active season, and \$3 or more for each time that their services are required for wreck work in summer. Each man supplies his own clothing and food, but quarters and fuel are furnished at the various stations without expense. As a means of estimating the importance and value of the work done by the life savers each year the following extract from the last annual report of the general superintendent of the service, made public November 15th, 1893, is given: "The number of disasters to documented vessels within the field of the operations of the service during the year was 427. On board these vessels were 3,565 persons, of whom

WHERE THE BREAKERS ROAR.

CAPTAIN ASA CHURCH, POINT
JUDITH STATION, R. I.

3,542 were saved and 23 lost. Six hundred and sixty-three shipwrecked persons received succor at the stations. The estimated value of the vessels involved in the disasters was \$6,414,075, that of their cargoes \$1,684,000, making a total value of property imperiled about \$8,098,075. Of this amount \$6,442,505 was saved, and \$1,655,570 lost. The number of vessels totally lost was 88. In addition to the foregoing there were during the year 154 casualties to small craft, such as sailboats, rowboats, etc., on which there were 337 persons, 321 of whom were saved and 6

lost. The property involved in these instances is estimated at \$153,035, of which \$128,345 was saved and \$24,690 lost. There were 47 other persons rescued, who had fallen from wharves, piers, etc., and who would have perished without the aid of life-saving crews. The extent of the assistance rendered in saving vessels and cargoes was greater than ever before, with the exception of a single year. The cost of the maintenance of the service during the year was \$1,231,893. Investigation shows that in no instance was there any failure in duty on the part of the life-saving crews, and that the persons who

CAPTAIN WILLIAM F. SAUNDERS,
QUONOCOUNTAUG STATION, R. I.

the surfmen's lives. It is necessary for a person to live amongst them and know them thoroughly to appreciate how inured to danger and hardship they are, and how readily they risk everything without a thought of fear when duty calls upon them for the performance of some hazardous service.

The night of January 19th, 1893, was a bitter cold one on the Atlantic coast. The sky was overcast, and an occasional snow squall swept through the air. The mercury in the thermometer stood at 20° below the freezing point. The life-saving patrols made their usual rounds,

CAPTAIN ISAAC G. FISHER,
PEAKED HILL BARS STATION,
MASS.

perished were entirely beyond the reach of human aid."

It is interesting also to note that previous to the establishment of the Life-saving Service as a paid department of the government one life was lost out of every twenty-seven involved in shipwrecks on the coast. At the present time only one out of every one hundred and fifty-five lives imperiled in sea disasters is sacrificed.

Dry statistics and figures, however, cannot convey even the slightest conception of the real heroism and thrilling bravery of

CAPTAIN DAVID P. BOSWORTH,
CUTTYHUNK STATION, MASS.CAPTAIN WALTER H. DAVIS,
WATCH HILL STATION, R. I.



A WRECK ON THE ROCKY COAST OF NEW ENGLAND.

and returned to the stations worn and tired from their long, dreary tramps over the snow and yielding sand.

At daylight on the morning of the 20th the gale was rapidly increasing in violence, and the surface of the ocean was furiously agitated by the vigorous storm. Just at day-break the ringing of the telephone bell in the Coskata Life-saving Station on Nantucket Island called Keeper Chase to the instrument, and over the wire came a message from the lighthouse keeper at Sankaty Head, saying that away in the distance, at least ten miles off shore, the masts of a vessel were just discernible above the horizon, and that the craft was probably stranded on Bass Rip Bar.

The keeper repaired to the station observatory and carefully examined the surface of the ocean with a telescope, but no portion of the wrecked vessel could be seen.

The men of the life-saving crew were awakened, however, and ordered to get ready for duty. Breakfast was prepared and eaten, and, after it had been disposed of, Sankaty Light was again called up by telephone, and the question asked: "Is the vessel still there?"

"Yes, still there," was the reply.

"Then we'll launch the lifeboat and attempt to reach her at once."

What the carrying out of this decision meant the trained seamen of the life-saving crew knew only too well. If a long trip was made to the leeward of Nantucket Shoals in such a gale as was blowing either the wind must moderate its force or some passing vessel pick

up the boat crew, else eight other lives would share the fate of those already imperiled. The surfmen did not need to speak of this fact to one another. They all knew the terrible possibilities of death that attended their venture, but each one implicitly obeyed Keeper Chase when the order



CAPTAIN AND CREW OF THE COSKATA STATION, NANTUCKET, DECORATED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT WITH GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS FOR SPECIAL BRAVERY.

was given to man the life craft. The boat was gotten out through the line of breakers successfully, and sail was made direct for Bass Rip. This was reached after a quick run before the wind, and now for the first time the wrecked ship became visible. She was not stranded on Bass Rip Bar as had been thought, but on Rose and Crown Shoals, the most dreaded and dangerous of all of the many outlying reefs, located at least five miles further out in the ocean.

The boat continued to speed upon its way be-

gradually and skillfully worked in toward the wreck by the surfmen.

Each man in the boat now kept his eyes fastened upon the keeper. Each one of them instantly and implicitly obeyed every motion and command, for a mistake or wrong move might have precipitated a collision with the wreck, and the result would have been the destruction of the life craft and the death of the whole crew.

The boat was being skillfully and successfully engineered toward the stranded ship, when some



SURFMAN'S PATROL.

fore the wind, and the additional distance was soon covered.

Stranded upon the Rose and Crown was a three-masted schooner. Her hull had settled into the sand until only a portion of the rail was visible. The sea broke high over her bow, and the swirl of the current covered the stern. The masts and spars were about all that remained above the surface of the ocean, and clinging to these were seven half-frozen, perishing seamen.

A line was thrown to the sailors in the rigging, and they were instructed to tie the end of it to the mast. This they did, and the lifeboat was

of the poor half-frenzied sailors began to pull upon the end of the line that was attached to the mast. By this act the lives of the life savers were additionally endangered, and if persisted in the attempt at rescue would have been frustrated.

Commands to cease hauling on the line were not obeyed. The shipwrecked seamen were thoroughly demoralized, and all semblance of discipline had disappeared from amongst them.

Keeper Chase rose in the stern of the lifeboat and cried out: "Make that line fast, and stop hauling on it, or I'll cut the rope and leave you to your fate!"

As he uttered these words the keeper opened his knife and passed it to the stroke oarsman.

The disobedient sailors looked at the stern, pale face of the speaker for a moment, and as they realized that he meant every word that he had said they speedily desisted in their efforts.

The line was now made fast to the mast again, and the boat skillfully worked up as close to the wreck as safety would permit, and one by one the sailors were taken into it.

Then began the return voyage to the shore. The rescued men were cold, hungry and completely exhausted after their long night's exposure to the icy water and the piercing north wind. They were so weak that they could not render any assistance to the life savers, and a long fifteen-mile journey must be made with a heavily laden boat rowed by the weary and exhausted surfmen, in the face of a heavy wind and strong current, before the coast could be reached.

No land was in sight, and the top of the San-katy Light tower was just visible on the horizon as the boat rose on the crest of a sea. The stanch little craft was headed toward the shore, although the wind and the swiftly moving tide both combined to carry it toward the dreaded surf breaking on Nantucket Shoals.

The strong-armed surfmen worked with an energy born of despair, for they each one realized that the chances were that none of them would ever reach the shore alive.

After three hours of ceaseless pulling at the oars the dangerous shoal was weathered, and the boat was anchored to await a turn of the tide, which would set in toward shore and help the boat upon its journey. At sunset another start was made, but after six hours of ceaseless rowing, only a single mile had been gained toward the coast.

It was a very difficult task to keep the heavily laden boat afloat. Every few minutes the comb of the sea would toss large quantities of water on board, and constant bailing was necessary to keep the craft from sinking.

At eleven o'clock the tide changed again, and the lifeboat was once more anchored to prevent its being carried out to sea by the current.

Now ensued the hardest work of the voyage. The nerves of every one of the life

savers were strained to the highest tension, and they toiled, as men only can toil in the presence of death, to keep their boat from foundering.

At last tired nature could bear the strain no longer, and one of the surfmen turned to the commander of the boat, and said: "I can't stand it any longer, captain. Let me sleep only just a few minutes, and then I'll be all right again."

As a result of this appeal each man was allowed to doze for ten minutes, but was awakened promptly at the expiration of the time, for fear of death by freezing.

At daybreak the tide again changed, and a little later the wind moderated and the sea became less boisterous. The snow squalls soon ceased, and the sun appeared to give new life to numbed and stiffened limbs. With the easier weather conditions came courage and a return of hope.

All hands bent at the oars with renewed vigor. At 2 P.M., after thirty hours of almost unparalleled suffering, exposure and incessant labor, the lifeboat reached the shore at Siasconset.

Willing hands were ready to assist the weary surfmen up the beach, and the chilled and frost-bitten sailors who had been rescued from the wrecked ship were taken to hospitable homes and cared for.

During all of the long hours of the awful night that had passed the wife of Keeper Chase had kept watch over the ocean's surface from the lighthouse tower.

When it became apparent that the boat was about to land she was the one who spread the news that brought the islanders to the beach. And when the brave little lady who had held up



UMPQUA RIVER STATION, OREGON.



TIMBERS OF SCHOONER "VICTORIA," WRECKED ON POINT JUDITH, R. I.

so bravely during all of the hours of darkness and storm ran down to the water's edge to greet her returned husband, and, standing on tiptoe, drew the rough, weather-stained face of the stalwart battler with the surf down and kissed it, there was a suspicion of tears in other eyes than hers.

And so, "where the breakers roar," in ways like this the work of the life savers is done. No matter how dark the night or terrible the storm, watchful sentinels are pacing the ocean's shore

with eyes scanning the sea to discover the first evidences of a shipwreck! To the thousands of men who toil upon the great highway of nations, from the humblest seaman to the most respected of captains, the knowledge of this fact carries with it a feeling of comfort and safety, for every mariner knows that, even if a most terrible disaster befalls his ship, willing hearts and strong arms, guided by intelligent minds, will be in readiness to render all the aid that human power can give, or human beings expect.



"HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE."



"'FOR PITY'S SAKE STOP!' SHE CRIED, FIERCELY, ATTEMPTING TO PASS."

"WARUM?"

BY GENEVIEVE L. BROWNE.

THE room was lined with Oriental tapestries and rugs, and the upholstery was correspondingly rich in texture and color. He liked dark, rich effects. They gave him a restful feeling when he entered the room at night and the flames of the grate fire cast a soft harmonizing light over everything. He could sit before the piano and play and forget. Those were exquisite moments. There was no necessity to care whether the world appreciated or applauded; he played then to pour out his pent-up longings and emotions.

After he had played he would take his pipe and sit before the fire, philosophizing. This would quiet his nerves and prepare him for the night's work. At ten he would go into the work-room adjoining, where he had his tools and in-

struments. He was studying the mechanism of a piano which he had taken to pieces, wishing to imitate it to a certain extent, though there were some features he proposed to improve upon.

The tones would be deeper, richer, more passionate. They would say more. They would respond more readily to his touch. He often became excited and feverish over his work, and wanted to talk to some one about it. But he felt that few would have confidence in it, and he was too sensitive to be laughed at. He grew half savage over his solitude, and at times plunged into dissipation. •

It was through this he happened to meet Thornton, a man whose character was the direct antipodes of his, and whom Du Point could not

admire save as an attractive animal of fine physique and feature.

Thornton had a sweetheart of whom he spoke a great deal to his companion, so much that her image was impressed on his mind. He was essentially an idealist, and had formed his own conception of her. He did not think Thornton fully appreciated her, excepting as something pleasing to look upon, enjoy and absorb selfishly. Du Point thought of her as something more, though he could not exactly explain what.

One night he dreamt of her. He saw her quite distinctly, with her red-gold hair, her large hazel eyes, her firm, tender mouth, and white, magnetic hands. A quiver passed over him, and he awoke.

After that he often sat in the glow of the fire-light, playing softly, and interblending her image with improvisations. He wondered what it all meant to him. After all, she might be a very ordinary little Western girl. But he felt it a desecration for Jack to speak of her, and would shrink from him in disgust when he came to the studio at three o'clock in the morning, his silk hat set back, his overcoat open, a dead cigar stump between his lips and his breath heavy with drink. And yet, strange contradiction of human nature, when his mind and nerves were overwrought, with the savage, desperate mood upon him, he was no better—at least, so he thought. So he and Jack continued friends.

One day Jack's sweetheart came. When Du Point saw her he said: "She is the creature of my dreams." That evening he wished to spend alone, in order to express the thoughts and feelings she had awakened in the language he knew best. But Jack dropped in. "Well, what do you say? Think I'm making a good investment?"

"Ugh! Jack was a brute! How could Gladys love him?"

He gave Jack tickets to his recital the following evening. He was to give Chopin, who had been his special study this winter. He had not only studied his compositions, but the life and character of the man. This accounted for his successful interpretation. He would cut off a final chord or two of several of the *études*, and sometimes the introduction. "A musical composition," he would say, "should have no beginning nor ending."

He sat before the instrument, looking into space, his long, white fingers drawing from it the essence of music that vibrated through his being.

He was playing to Gladys—the Gladys of his ideals. His phrasing moved her. She leaned forward with rapt attention. "He is all spirit," she thought, womanlike jumping at a conclusion; "he is scarcely human."

They grew to know each other somewhat. She loved his music, and would sit listening to him play for hours. He mistook her sympathy and emotional responsiveness for comprehension that she had not yet attained; but she raised him up and made him stronger and better. He confided to her many of his aspirations and ambitions, and showed her the instrument he was constructing, explaining in detail his theories concerning it. She listened untiringly, his enthusiasm leading her to realize vaguely that there were possibilities above and beyond her present sphere. She began unconsciously to compare him with Jack, and Jack suffered by the comparison.

Jack brought her to the studio one night. It was unpardonably Bohemian, but he was to marry her soon, and Du Point was such a good friend. Jack stepped out for a few moments to get some Persian tobacco that they always smoked in the studio. He had expressed a wish to smoke, and Gladys had said she liked the odor. He could appreciate good and beautiful things from a sensuous standpoint.

"Play something," she said, drawing off one glove, and leaning on the piano.

His hands wavered over the keys, seeking something by which to express himself, and almost imperceptibly he had commenced Schumann's "Warum?"

The quiet questioning of the tones was reflected in his face and attitude, and as they grew more pleading and passionate he looked at her, with the soft glow of the shaded lights on her hair, brow and lips.

"'Warum,' indeed?" he said, rising with a sudden impulse and laying his hand upon hers. His hot breath came and went quickly, stirring the loose curls. A new sensation came over her, and with a woman's intuition she discovered in that moment that he was capable of human love. She quivered and flushed as she had not done even when Jack had put his arms about her and kissed her for the first time.

The silence was rudely broken by Jack's footstep, and the door was thrown open. Her heart beat wildly, fearing that he had seen. Du Point started and turned with an unconscious look of annoyance. He had never realized before what a jarring element Jack was.

Once more he turned to his music and played some thundering passages from Wagner, which seemed to relieve him somewhat.

Jack stood puffing a cigarette, his face in shadow, so that she could read nothing from it.

He was silent on their way to her abiding place, and she talked feverishly to conceal her anxiety and embarrassment. Whenever he was displeased

with her he sulked until she was in a state of nervous excitement; then he would apologize abjectly, finally obtaining a word of forgiveness. She looked forward to a more lengthy spell to-night, for she had never given him cause for jealousy before. She was prepared to bear it meekly, for she felt that she deserved it. He said nothing of it, and she began to doubt that he had seen, or he was too generous to mention it.

On their wedding day he was in excellent spirits, and looked upon her with a triumphant air of possession. Gladys's face had begun to wear a worried expression. She could not exactly understand Jack. She had not seen him for two years before coming, and he had changed, or she had. She hoped it would be all right when they were married. But when she tried to quiet her misgivings the questioning strains of "Warum?" would run through her mind and trouble her, and she felt uneasy.

She wanted to be alone during the afternoon, so she stole away to the church where she was to be married. The sexton told her that some one was in there playing the organ. She paused on the threshold, and the sexton softly closed the door and went out. The player was hidden from her by a large pillar, but there was something in the music that she recognized. Presently it ceased, and the player came softly down the aisle. She did not hear him approach; she had thrown herself on a seat and was weeping.

"Why, Gladys," and he stooped and stroked her hair, "what does this mean? For God's sake don't cry so!"

She only cowered lower, her form convulsed with sobs.

"Won't you tell me what is the trouble?"

"I don't know," she murmured.

At length he said:

"Well, I know. You don't love Thornton. You mustn't marry him. Gladys, I want you to stop before it's too late."

"Don't speak to me!" and he dared not until her sobs had ceased, and she lay quiet.

Then he said, firmly:

"Do you know it will be a crime?"

"No; it will be right. I have given my promise, and everyone is expecting it."

"You are a coward!" he cried, bitterly. "You would sacrifice everything for those who would not appreciate the sacrifice."

"It is not that!" and she raised her pale face, dashing back the hair.

"Then, in the name of God, what is it?"

He was trembling with excitement.

"I can't talk to you," she said, preparing to go. "I didn't know you were here when I came."

"He isn't the man for you; he will never appreciate you, and you know it."

"For pity's sake stop!" she cried, fiercely, attempting to pass.

But he saw something besides anger in her eyes, or he would not have dared to clasp her in his arms and kiss her lips violently—a kiss that left both of their lives incomplete.

She was pale and cold during the ceremony. The married women smiled and nodded their heads knowingly, and the girls looked askance with curiosity.

Afterward, when she was donning her traveling gown, and the buzz of numerous merry voices came to her from the hall below, a card was brought in. She read the name and stood staring at it for some moments, then glanced hastily around. With the first shock had come the resolution of self-mastery.

"Where is she, Emma?"

"In the little front reception room, ma'am."

"Tell her I'll be down in a moment."

The woman was tall and slender, with a face that would have been attractive to the average man had it not worn an expression that told of a continual struggle with conflicting petty emotions and anxieties. She held a paper in her hand, which she extended to Gladys.

"Is this true?" she asked, shortly.

Gladys took the paper and read. It was the announcement of her marriage.

"Yes," she replied, calmly.

"And you are married to him?"

"Yes. But what is this to you, may I ask?"

The woman's face contracted.

"You are the wife of a bigamist."

Gladys looked searchingly at her, then at the card.

"Won't you sit down? You are very much excited. Can I get you anything?"

"No, thank you. Only close the door."

She did as requested, then seated herself beside the unexpected guest.

"Now tell me," she said; "what evidence have you of my husband's guilt?"

The woman told her how she had left her home a year ago and married him before a minister who was a friend of his; how they had come to this city to live; how he had made her keep the marriage secret for awhile on account of certain conditions of his father's estate; how she had suffered, and begged him to give her recognition as his wife—which he steadily refused to do, telling her she had no faith in him and didn't love him; how, during the past month, she had seen very little of him, and had begged in vain for explanation of his neglect.

"And now I see it all!" she cried, savagely. "It was because you have won him from me."

"Please don't talk so loud," said Gladys, quietly. "If what you say is true remember that I am possibly as great a sufferer as you. We will know the truth of this matter."

And she rang the bell.

"What are you going to do?" asked the woman, in a startled voice.

"Summon my husband."

His eyes fell upon the intruder as he entered.

"Anna!"

It was enough. Then it was true.

He glanced at Gladys to see how much she knew.

"Is this woman your wife, Jack?" she asked, with admirable self-control.

His accusation was his guilty face.

Presently recovering himself, he stammered:

"Gladys, do you believe what she says?"

"You do not deny her."

He lifted his head and faced her. She was shocked to perceive he had been drinking.

"I do deny her. She is not my wife."

The woman sprang forward.

"Don't deceive her! You know I'm your wife!"

He stepped back and glared at her.

"Where are your proofs?" he asked, in some excitement.

"You have my marriage certificate."

"Gladys, will you please retire and let me talk to this woman alone?"

"No, I will not. I have heard her story, and propose to hear yours. You have the marriage certificate?"

"No, I haven't!" and he turned on her like a hunted animal. "She's an impostor."

"Jack, Jack, you know I am speaking the truth!"

She threw herself on a chair before him in a burst of tears.

"For Heaven's sake get up and stop your noise!" But she was beyond self-control, and Jack was desperate. "I want this thing stopped, Anna! You can't force me to care for you. You're not my wife, and have no claim upon me. Will you kindly depart?"

This was the end. She caught her breath and arose. She saw her last hope was gone. She said nothing, but giving him a look that Gladys never forgot, passed from the room.

The interval of silence was long, during which Thornton dared not look at his wife.

"Gladys," he said, penitently, "I suppose you are very angry." She did not reply. He felt encouraged. "Men will have their little escapades.

I've been a man of the world, and no better than the rest." Still she was silent. He stole a look at her. "Gladys," he said, doggedly, "are you going to forgive me?"

She aroused herself. Her white lips quivered as she replied:

"It's all over between us. I'm going home."

Going home! He had apologized. What more could he do? Now that he found her unforgiving, a desire for revenge filled his mind. His animal instincts were strong. At any rate, he had an account to square with her.

"Well, madam," he said, "since you are so exacting in your requirements of me I would like to put in a little counter charge." She looked at him quickly. It was coming at last. "Perhaps you think I was too blind to see the flirtation going on between you and Du Point." Flirtation—the word burned and rankled in her breast. "Perhaps you think I didn't see you that night at his studio, standing by the piano with clasped hands. Perhaps you don't think I saw you when you met him in the church." She caught her breath. "Madam, what right have you to expect anything better of me?"

He knew he was doing her a cruel injustice.

"You needn't reproach me," she said. "I have committed no crime."

"How do I know it?"

"By what you know of me."

He lost control of himself, and said something he should not have said.

"Perhaps you are going away with him!" he cried, sarcastically.

"Perhaps I am," she replied, with flaming face. He rushed blindly from the room.

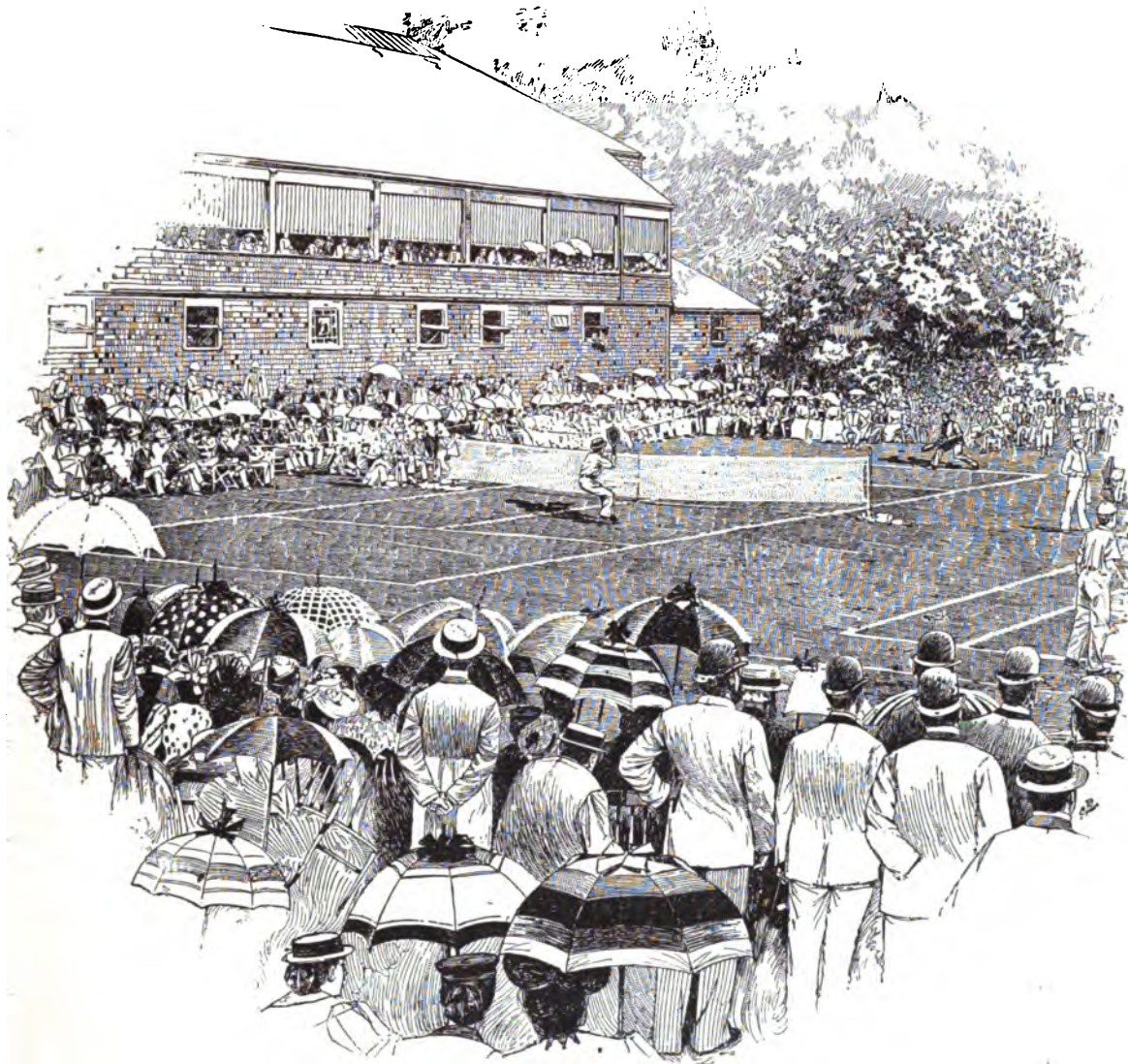
In less than an hour he returned. His face was ghastly.

"Gladys!" he whispered. The room was empty, but the lights glared terribly. They were eyes looking at him, and great dark bodies heaved up under them, pointing long fingers at him. "It is all true—all true!" he shrieked, writhing on the floor.

"He will either die or never recover his reason," said the physician.

In the pale morning light Gladys turned Westward, spurning the city with tired eyes and aching heart. She could see in imagination another sad, weary face, and she wished in her heart she had done something for its possessor.

The embers were crackling and dying in the grate as the pale gray stole in through the blinds, and fell upon a figure bowed over the piano, one hand thrown upon the keys caressingly. There was a little track of blood from the workroom, and above his gown something bright gleamed.



A TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST AT THE CASINO GROUNDS, NEWPORT.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

BY EDMOND PICTON.

AT no period of civilization has greater attention been paid to outdoor amusements or have sports been so prosperous as now. Up to a year or two ago England, Scotland, Ireland and America were comparatively alone in their devotion to open-air amusements; and though Erin has, through long centuries of poverty and political oppression, had to abdicate her proud supremacy as an athletic nation, yet many of the most famous athletes of the world to-day are Irishmen. The

stolid, practical German had, it is true, his gymnasiums, his Turnverein and other athletic societies; but he went through his paces more as a bodily exercise, and with an inherited pride in developing his muscles, rather than with any real pleasure, and, at the best, the element of sport was lacking. But the great number of Americans and Englishmen traveling or sojourning on the Continent have, by personal contact and a persistent following out of their own sweet whims



ROLLER BALL.

American sport is manifest in many parts of Italy, though all outdoor amusements in that *dolce far niente* land have had a temporary setback in the revival of Pallone (baseball), the ancient national sport of Italy. The people are wild over the game. In Rome the streets resound with cries and cheers of the populace, and the old holiday spirit, so attractive a trait of the ancient Romans, is again dominant in the Eternal City.

and playing their own up-to-date games, so changed the ancient order of things in the Fatherland, that the better-class German citizen is now going in for sport for sport's sake, and is leaving the gymnasiums to care for themselves. For, no matter how well-equipped a gymnasium may be, how congenial its clientele, it can never compensate for the pleasure and benefit derived from open-air sports.

A more vital state of affairs is true also of France, and Frenchmen themselves attribute the change chiefly to Americans. Especially in Paris, where Uncle Sam's games have boldly invaded, is this noticeable. The *blasé* young Parisian has paused in his questionable love making and absinthe drinking to note the physical and mental benefit to be derived from outdoor sports, while the youth of France have taken as enthusiastically to open-air amusements as the amphibious barnyard waddler takes to water. Furthermore, rulers and philanthropists of the republic see in the new condition of affairs a more healthful atmosphere in which to rear the nation's sons, and foresee a discipline that cannot but develop brain and brawn, and eventually increase the height and improve the morals of the French Army.

And in far Southern Italy, where the small-statured native has proverbially basked in the sun rays, and stirred only to get something to eat, or to shift his position from the shadow in which the uncompromising sun has left him, interest has been reawakened in outdoor sports; and now the strapping, energetic man of Northern Italy looks down from his magnificent height of physical superiority with diminishing contempt upon his less-robust brother.

Readers of Horace and later Greek writers will remember that such high and mighty quidnuncs as Augustus Cæsar, Alexander Severus, and almost every other Roman emperor, were devoted patrons of ball games. A courtier could not, in fact, please his monarch more surely, and, incidentally, win distinguished promotion for himself more quickly, than by catching "grounders," "hot balls," "fly balls," or sneaking a base in the very teeth of some rattled baseman; although, I frankly confess, this refined technology was unknown to the ancient bleacher and grand-stand patronizers.

In our own land the season beholds the birth of battle ball, a game invented by Dr. D. A. Sargent, of the Hemenway Gymnasium, Harvard. Tennis enthusiasts look scornfully at the newcomer, and ridicule the idea of its ever being a success.

Unlike tennis or baseball, battle ball permits of great numbers playing, on a large area, at any one time. Another favorable thing, its inventor claims, it is suitable for either indoor or outdoor playing. It is also said to be wonderfully exciting, and, as a competitive sport, more stimulating than either tennis or baseball. But sportsmen are still shy of it, and the young one has not yet dropped its swaddling clothes, nor passed the confines of its birthplace. New Haven would have none of it, the Boston delegation that recently "tried it on" a number of sportsmen of the Elm City having been laughed "out of court," as it were.

Golf, more than any other sport, is written of and talked about at present. "Once a golf fiend, always a golf fiend," nothing short of locomoto

ataxia ever having been known to cool the ardor or stay the steps of a zealot. Apropos of the fascination of golf, Labouchère tells of a Scotchman, a retired minister of the kirk, who was deploring the tendency of the game to become a ruling passion, and also to induce bad language. "In fact," he said, "I had to give it up for that reason." "Give up golf?" exclaimed his friend. "No," said his reverence; "the meenistry."

Many papers have asserted that St. Andrew's Club, in Scotland, is the oldest in the world. Such statement is incorrect. Blackheath, London, claims the priority, the charter of its ancient but long-vanished link having antedated its Caledonian neighbor's. To verify this, one has only to consult the royal charter hanging in the Rainbow Inn at Blackheath.

Golf is the fad of the hour, and has surprised its most enthusiastic promoters. No sport in years has received such wide fashionable recognition as has this same old royal game of Scotland. With infantlike pace and lustiness it has grown, and has proved about as tyrannical as any six-month-old despot.

The golf virus has infected Boston, and the Puritan stronghold has succumbed. Many extensive and beautiful links have been prepared in and about the classic Hub, and the game there is now in full blast. The aristocratic Country Club, which has a link at Brookline, is, in a great measure, responsible for the Boston impetus; and as its members are nothing if not "faddy," they have gone the full limit.

Yonkers, the hill-perched town on the New York Central Railroad, harbors more golf fanatics than any other equal area in the United States. It boasts of the oldest golf club—St. Andrew's; and, now that a large and particularly desirable link has been laid out in the thriving little city, the head circumference of Yonkers's champions has grown to such alarming proportions that two or three crack golf teams are talking of going up there to reduce it.

The first golf link in the United States was the Southampton one, on the Shinnecock Hills, Long Island. Three years ago it was laid out, and has ever since proved

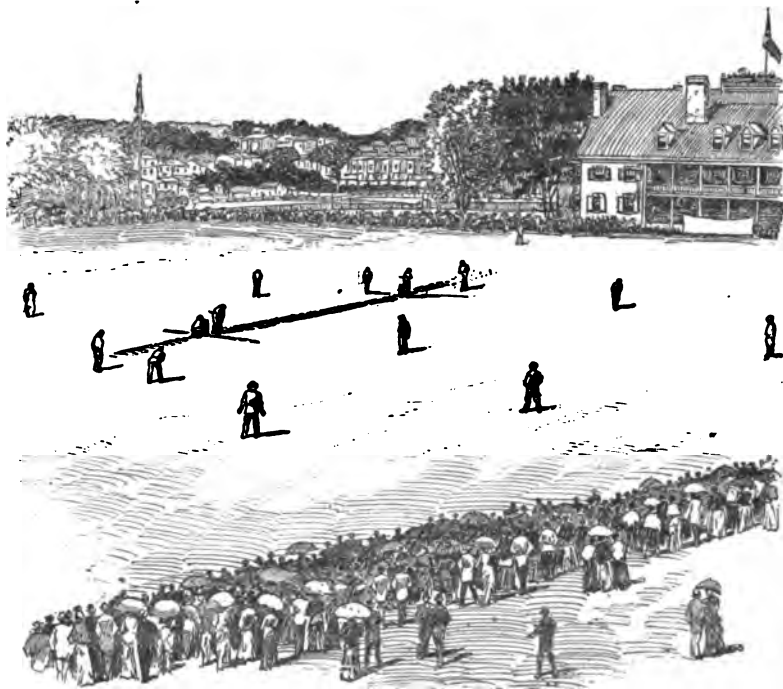
a favorite link with New York's Four Hundred. Other fashionable localities, like Newport, Westchester County, N. Y. (the Country Club), Tuxedo and Morristown, N. J., followed in the wake.

Golf has penetrated the West as far as Cheyenne, a club having been recently formed there and a link laid out.

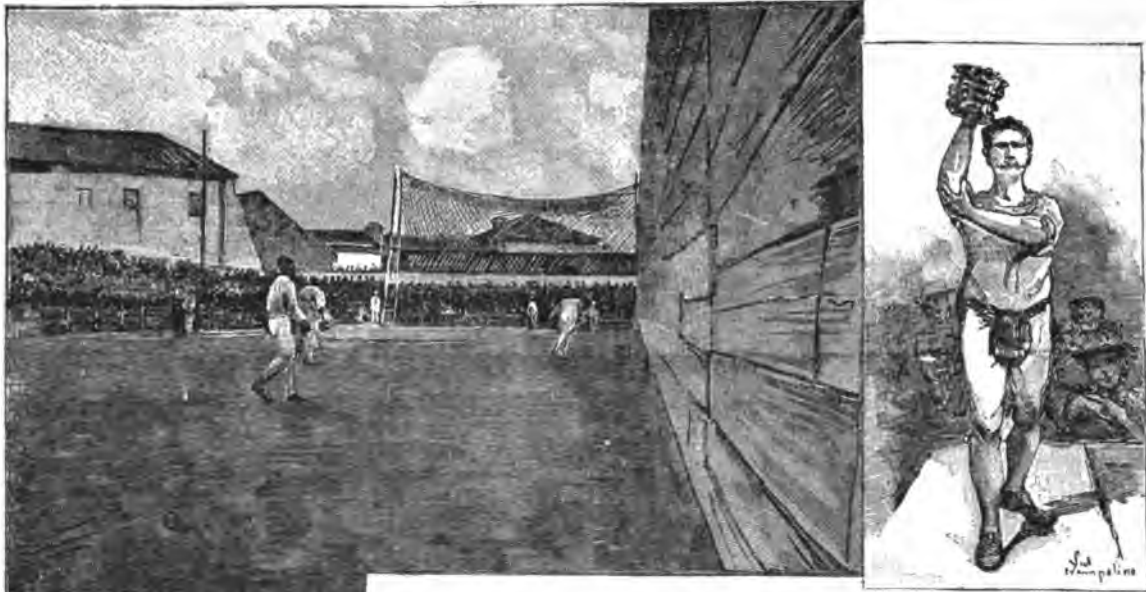
Links, in fact, are fast coming into existence all over the country, and the long-neglected pastime of King James of Scotland and Charles I. of England seems destined to thrive in the United States.

Golf has been stigmatized as an old man's game. Let the rash slanderer—robust or puny—but once follow a successful player throughout a game, and I'll warrant that before he's gone half over the course his footsteps will lag, his legs will refuse to co-ordinate with his will, and that the attendant horror of ignominiously dropping dead on the link will be the inevitable punishment for his premature assertion.

Golf combines many features of social life with outdoor sport; the great amount of exercise consequent to a game, the leisure walk or the striding step—while keeping up with a fellow companion or some stunning girl in outing dress that reaches just to her shoe top—and the pleasure of beholding the vast expanse of sea and sky and plain, or whatever country be lying adjacent, with the fresh pure air blowing breezily across one's face!



A CRICKET MATCH.



THE ANCIENT ITALIAN GAME OF PALLONE, AS PLAYED AT THE PRESENT DAY.



manufacturers do not, at present, feel justified in importing golf-club makers. A player's proficiency depends, it may well be conjectured, upon eye and temper. A good player can always be spotted by the few clubs he uses; a "duffer," or beginner, by the swagger he affects and the quantity of clubs he carries. Many New York swells have made a trip to Scotland to secure the real article in golf clubs, made by Tom Morris, the best golf player and golf-club maker in the world.

Though golf has made deep inroads into the ranks of tennis players, yet the "racquet and ball" game is as popular as ever, new worshipers constantly keeping up the census. The tactics of tennis have in nowise changed during the last year. Some slight improvements in equipments, however, have been effected.

The sticks with which golf is played are many and varied, and constitute a vocabulary in themselves. Our domestic club is not quite right. The fault lies principally with our workmen; yet, on the other hand,

on the other hand,

Tennis is by no means the namby-pamby institution self-constituted detractors have dubbed it, and many men of muscle are ardent advocates of it. Players often look foolish, I grant, chasing an elusive thistledown ball around a field; but, in the name of reason, in what outdoor game, to a captious person, doesn't the player look foolish—baseball, golf or croquet? In few outdoor amusements are needed greater agility, strength or endurance; and in tennis tournaments at Newport and at other prominent meets I have seen strategy and skill and graceful movement unequaled in other sports.

But who would have thought that the love of croquet could ever be fanned back into life? Yet no established game shows greater resuscitation than this one over which our fathers and mothers wrangled and squabbled with an energy and a bitterness incomprehensible to their athletic offspring. All sportsmen have considered this "young ladies' game" the *Ultima Thule* of stupidity, and have sniffed at the idea of its ever having been a real sport; but with the coming of spring a revolution has taken place in public opinion. The game is now scientific—a kind of hybrid, made by crossing billiards with croquet—and is played on a sanded field. The hard rubber ball now used has to be driven through heavy and unbending wickets but little bit larger than the sphere itself, and the small mallets employed require skill and suppleness to handle successfully, as well as a great deal of bending and stooping—the only unpleasant thing about the

revitalized game. The "cage"—two wickets at right angles—is, as of old, in the centre of the field; but as its width at either angle is but one-eighth wider than the balls, another seemingly impossible problem is confronted. A border, or coping, incloses the field, on which carom shots are made as true as on a billiard table. At each end of the field, as in the old days, the stake posts stand. And when we recall the old barber pole posts, the goal of our youthful ambitions, we stare dubiously at the small circumference and the one and one-half inches of the new stake posts. "Jump shots," "draws," and many other difficult shots in billiards, can be also made now on the croquet field, and I advise nearsighted or careless persons to leave *fin de siècle* croquet alone.

Croquet champions hold their heads at an altitudinous degree these days, and to see them in all their skill and independence one must travel to their Mecca—Norwich, Conn., that historic old town that winds, for the most part, in picturesque fashion up hill and down. There, during the third week of August, the faithful flock and perform wonders. On a few fields owned by the smart set croquet is played by electric light, a different-colored globe on each wicket combining to create a fairyland scene.

Although football is strictly not a sport of the season, yet in the vicinity of New York and in

parts of the West it is played by some clubs all summer. The recent revision in the rules of the game, however, has made it a subject of considerable comment in athletic circles. The action of the faculties of the colleges concerned, who saw danger in the game as played, as well as a growing disgust on the part of the public, due to its inability to note the progress of the game, made the revision imperative. Therefore, the University Athletic Club took the matter promptly in hand and appointed the Athletic Committee to make the necessary changes. And this committee, though individually representing different colleges and different training, worked in harmony and was unanimous in its report. Certain acknowledged faults of the game were corrected and everything was done to advance the interests of football and the pleasure of spectators. The game will accordingly be more open and have less danger attached to it.

Springfield, Mass., a town inseparably associated with football contests, is making desperate efforts to supplant the pigskin. Local censors say that football is brutal, and, to supersede it, roller ball has been invented by one of them—A. H. Overton. But what to do with his balloon ball is still puzzling the brain of its progenitor. At present it is to him a Frankenstein monster. The Alden School, at Springfield, up to



GOLF AND ITS DEVOTEES.

"The beauty o' golf is that it can be played—an' enjoyed—in ony weather."

commencement, experimented regularly with the three-foot sphere, and made desperate efforts to evolve a system of rules and regulations. So far, however, nothing more tangible has been performed than juggling the ball in the air, throwing and rolling it over the field, and driving it through the goals. But as the boys were industrious and enthusiastic, and intend to take up the game in the fall, the inventor and school teachers believe that it will soon take definite form.

Bowling reached the acme of its supremacy two years ago, and for a year maintained its popularity. Since then dissatisfaction in bowling clubs and decrease in public interest have had a deteriorating effect. This negative interest of players and patrons, if, indeed, nothing more serious be imminent, is due to the failure of the Amateur Bowling Union to provide suitable alleys for the annual competition. Interest, too, was lessened greatly during the last season owing to the annual tournament being held in Newark—a point too far removed from New York, the hub of bowling circles. What is most needed to quicken interest in the good old game is the proposed scheme to secure some large building, centrally located in New York, where the annual competition can be held, and where spectators and bowlers alike can have comfort, light and air. Trainors, in Brooklyn, has fine, large, well-lighted alleys; also the handsome Tennis Building in West Fortieth Street, New York. The swell Knickerbocker Bowling Club, which uses the alleys of the Tennis Building, meets only during Lent, and no one without a coat of arms dating back many centuries is admitted into the sacred circle. Handsome prizes are played for, and the competition between the men and women is very keen. But, outside of the above-mentioned buildings and a few fair alleys in the West, bowling does not make a good showing; in fact, has everything to contend against. Another thing, society men do not, as a rule, take to the sport, and consequently there are not many Vanderbilts among bowlers. There are numerous ladies' bowling clubs throughout the country, few of which are thriving.

Inasmuch as every season starts out briskly in professional baseball, it is rather early at the present writing to say whether or not interest is still further on the wane. For the past six years allegiance to the professional game has weakened annually, until now the average attendance is but a ghost of its former self. For this the players themselves are responsible. They developed aggravated cases of megaloccephalitis and noisily demanded unreasonable salaries. Failing to gain their point, they never hesitated to put up "skin

games" on their patrons. Then, when the great "slump" came, four years ago, and the Brotherhood League was formed, the public took little interest in the fortunes of either team; and the early death of the obstreperous youngster proved to the warring players how they had overreached themselves.

And so it has been from time out of mind, and so it will ever be: whenever men go into sport for money, corruption and scandal are bound to ensue.

In ball equipment the newest thing is the enormous catcher's mitts. When first beheld they are ludicrous; but, with a coincidence that seems like a sop to fashion, they are drab in color and soft to the touch. They are made of bukskin, heavily padded, with flexible steel frames around thumbs and fingers, and are unquestionably a safeguard against pulverized thumbs and other digital disfigurements.

Efforts have been made recently by certain papers, backed presumably by interested persons, to quicken interest in the hollow bat with three heavy iron balls.

This lazy man's bat, of course, will never be adopted by the Association, no matter how efficient it is, nor how much it be pushed. It will have but the same fate as formerly, along with the "spring" and the "fluted" bat of later years.

Bicycle riding was never more popular than to-day, the improved condition of city streets and country roads having had much to do with the steady growth. More than one hundred and fifty factories are running full time, and, while no radical improvements have been made lately, constant competition is perfecting the wheel and developing it more and more into a racing machine.

There are unbalanced men and women in sporting, as in art, circles that are constantly worrying their brains trying to evolve the rococo, the bizarre. I was reminded of this depressing fact upon hearing recently of a club of aspiring cyclers in a distant State that plays lawn tennis on wheels. I had scarcely recovered from the shock when I heard of another case of similar sporting depravity—hunting on wheels. Nothing more idiotic can be imagined. Of course, neither lawn tennis nor hunting can, in the nature of things, be successful on wheels. The idea is preposterous, and is mentioned here merely to show that uncaged lunatics are more dangerous and less ingenious than those in asylums.

Bicycles, like many other good things, may be carried too far—to the grave, in fact. Such a thing was really witnessed in England not long ago—a funeral on bicycles. If Mr. John Jacob

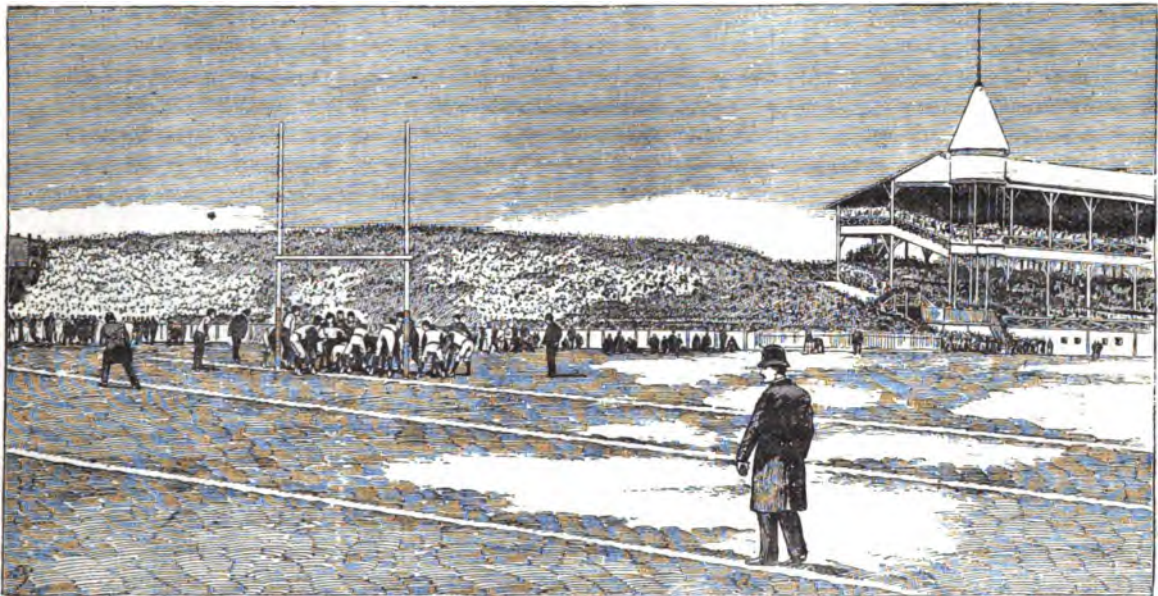
Astor had made use of such a weird and spectral incident in his recent book on the Jovian Continent, the outraged critics would have impaled him and have declared that his luxuriant fancy *must* be curbed.

Freaks multiply in the bicycle world. More recently a man in California, Charles D. White, has invented a sail that he attaches to a common bicycle, with which he glides along as proudly and fleetly as if on the *Vigilant*.

While it is but a step from iceboat sails to bicycle sails, yet bicycle sailing, like ice sailing, needs an open plain and a steady breeze. And one at the right angle must be blowing to insure satisfactory results. Cyclers, therefore, will be slow to believe all that this land yachtsman

beloved wheel. He felt the deprivation so keenly that an Edisonian mind at court invented an electrical contrivance to propel the machine, and the King now spins along with electricity as a motive power and an illuminator, unmindful of sprained ankles.

The suppression of prize fights throughout the country, with the recent activity on the part of New York and Boston authorities in closing halls where "mills" ran full blast under the appellations "boxing contests" and "athletic exhibitions," is but another convincing evidence of the degeneracy of "the manly sport." Boxing long ago fell into disrepute among gentlemen, many of whom were once skillful enthusiasts. The cause of this was due, in every instance, to certain



FOOTBALL, AT MANHATTAN FIELD, NEW YORK CITY.

claims for his labor-saving device. His assertion, too, that wheelmen sailing before the wind will go twice as fast as in ordinary cycling, without extra pedaling, is delightful to contemplate, but true, doubtless, only when the above-mentioned conditions exist. But as the sailing cyclist has to take to wide, lonely roads—and how many such are there worth riding on?—the vaunted delight is not likely to become widely popular.

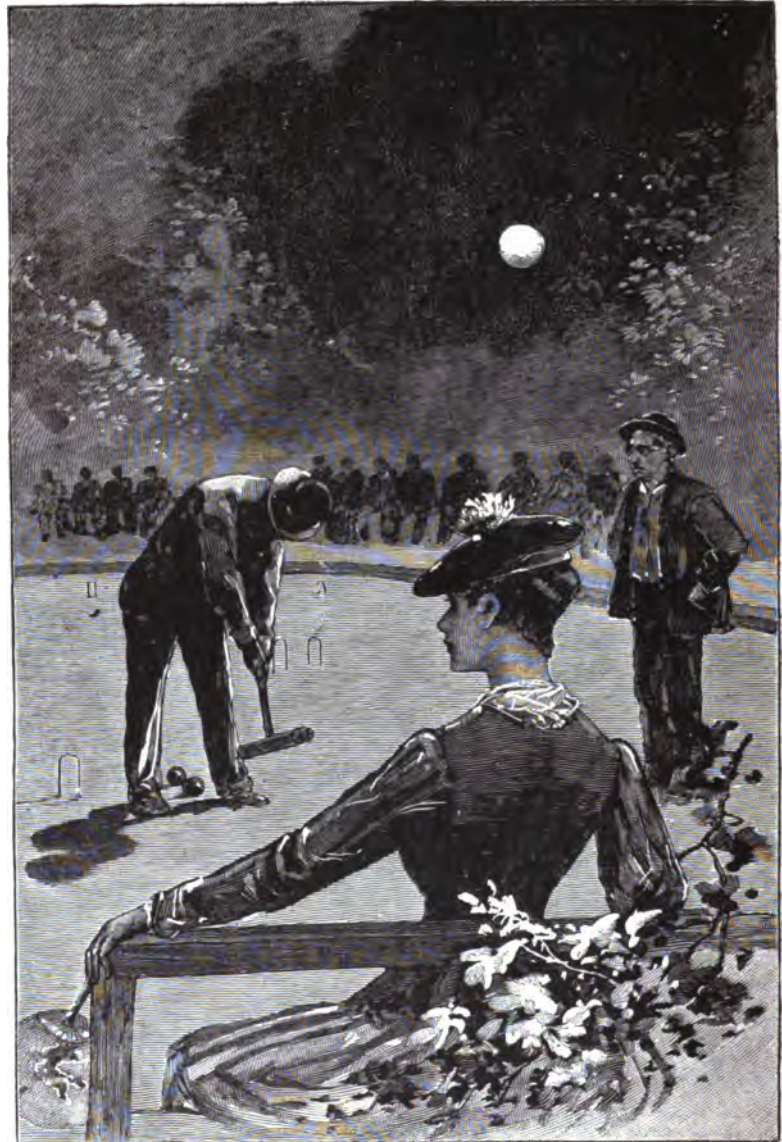
In localities like the Pacific coast and Chicago, where there is plenty of wind to spare, the "fad" has been adopted, and it is said with success.

The King of Bulgaria, or some other Eastern monarch (I have forgotten whom) addicted to bicycle riding, recently sprained his ankle, and was for a time denied the pleasure of riding his

blood-loving animals who, not satisfied with the contests given at private clubs in New York and elsewhere, did not rest until they had introduced into the engagements paid "bruisers," with attendant gambling and dishonorable practices. Matters years ago reached a crisis, and no self-respecting gentleman would box at his club. If he wished to practice the "art of self-defense" or give exhibitions of his skill he went to a private gymnasium.

Canoeing, the poor man's yachting, is practically dead. This is very much to be regretted, as no one could ask for a more delightful outing than a canoe trip, or a week spent in camp at any one of the different meets held, in sectional division, by the American Canoe Association.

To own and maintain a cruising canoe costs



1. A Winner. 2. Consultation. 3. The Juvenile Wonder. 4. Taking a Bead.

CROQUET TOURNAMENT AT NORWICH, CONN.

very little money, and a canoe trip is full of the most delightful reminiscences. The cruising canoe is as satisfactory a boat as ever, but the tendency of late has been to evolve it into a racing machine. Men of limited means, therefore, unable to cope with wealthier and more aris-

ocratic brothers, have had to deny themselves the pleasure of entering races, and have gradually lost interest in the once-loved pastime, so that now scarcely ten per cent. of as many men as formerly indulge in canoeing.

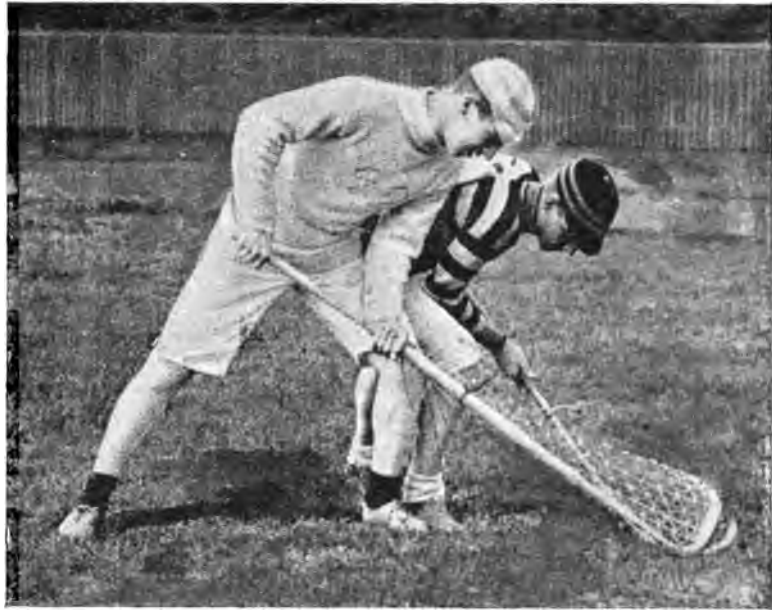
Another thing dear to the sportsman's heart, it

is the only sport that is pure, flags being the only prizes offered, like the Palio (horse race) held annually at Sienna since the seventeenth century.

There have been but few of these racing beauties built this year, the small fin-kee! boat of the scarecrow type having largely usurped the place of the canoe.

The American Canoe Association, which held its annual meet in July, at Croton Point, on the Hudson, had, to the apprehension of all loyal canoemen, even fewer representatives than last season.

Yachting continues to wield a tremendous sway in the East. 'Tis there the finest fleets are seen and the liveliest interest is taken. The only fleet of any importance in the South is the Southern Yacht Club, at New Orleans, Lake Pontchartrain's broad expanse offering the right kind of



LACROSSE.

water for successful yachting. In other cities, like Mobile, Charleston, Savannah, and in Texas

ports, the fleets do not amount to much, though there is much racing with the smaller craft at Austin, Texas. Yet Mobile has a beautiful, wide-stretching bay, and the yachtsmen there are untiring in their efforts to increase the sport. But a great amount of money is needed to enjoy this queen of luxuries, and as there are comparatively few wealthy men in the South, I fear it will never become popular. The smaller boats, however, can be held in commission at little expense, and to the real sportsman a vast amount of pleasure can be obtained from them.

The scarecrow boat, which has become so popular a type with canoemen and yachtsmen, is really nothing but a little yacht, after the Herreshoff model. It is particularly popular in New York and New England waters, and there will be a great deal of racing in this class this summer.

In addition to the above is the small centreboard boat of similar type, called *La Gloria*, which was designed lately by



BICYCLETTE GIRLS, 1894.

W. D. Stevens, the well-known canoeist and big-wig authority on canoe topics.

What is known among canoeists as the regular St. Lawrence skiff is really nothing more than a large canoe with a sail, the cabin accommodating from four to six men. Racing in this class is also dying out, caused by developing the canoe and the skiff into the racing machine.

Around New York, crack yachtsmen have taken enthusiastically to the twenty-one-foot class, first adopted by the Larchmont Club. Such society swells and advanced watermen as C. Oliver Iselin, George Work and William Butler Duncan, Jr., favor this boat above all others, Mr. Duncan's *Houri*, recently built by the Herreshoffs, having especially proved herself a flyer. A number of other yachtsmen, prominent in the Four Hundred, are also building in this class. Boston was represented in the twenty-one-foot class at the annual Larchmont regatta, July 4th, by a canoe-like wonder, designed by Whitehouse & Cheshbrough, and built at Quincy Point, Mass.

George Gould's buying of the *Vigilant* is a cause of congratulation to yachtsmen generally, as well as another step in the social ladder this young millionaire has been climbing of late. To see his yacht's performances in English waters, Mr. Gould made his present trip abroad. And in allowing the *Vigilant* to compete this summer for the Queen's Cup in the English regattas the Royal Dorset Yacht Club has let down the barriers of insularity heretofore characterizing its deliberations.

At New London, June 27th, two days prior to the big 'varsity rowing race, the first annual inter-collegiate yacht race was held. Each fleet consisted of twelve boats, the \$200 cup offered as a prize by the New London Board of Trade being easily won by Yale.

Harvard's new cedar shell was seen on the Thames this summer for the first time. The designer, W. H. Davy, promised a model of lightness rather than of beauty. Although he fulfilled his word, Harvard's 'varsity crew could not vanquish the Yale men, the changing and shifting about of Harvard's crew prior to the three weeks' practicing on the Thames having demoralized it, and, with inherent team weakness and inferior training, made defeat inevitable.

Water polo is at present resting. Because of the superiority of the New York team other teams do not care to tackle it; the consequence is, the game is quiescent. Other clubs have just as good swimmers, but the weakness of their team play renders them *hors de combat* with the New Yorkers.

Horse polo, one of the most expensive sports of

the hour, started in this country about twenty years ago. Since then it has grown in popularity with the smart set till it is now one of the "faddiest" sports going. All Country Clubs have a polo field, and to belong to any one of these club teams is a tacit acknowledgment of high social position, time and money.

Polo tournaments are nearly always society events, and competition among the men is therefore very keen. Each player endeavors to have the finest ponies and to play the most daring and skillful game. Superior horseflesh requires superior stabling and extra care, hence the great cost of fashionable polo. Tournaments begin about the 1st of June, and last till September, though extra tournaments are held often as late as October.

An effort was made a few years ago in non-fashionable polo circles to use mustang ponies, and thereby lessen the cost of the sport. But the little devils' legs did not prove strong enough for the hard riding, and the ponies were soon gotten rid of. But in rural districts, where the average man owns fair horses and suitable land, there is no reason why polo should not be played with great success and little cost.

Hurly, the national game of Ireland—which is played with a stick very much resembling a hockey stick—is losing favor with Hibernians in the United States. Gaelic football, another Irish sport, is taking its place, a free fight usually following the termination of every game.

Badminton, the fad *par excellence* with the Four Hundred, enjoys unique exclusiveness. Nothing more ultra than the Badminton Club of New York can be imagined. It long ago reached its limit—two hundred members—while a large number of applicants on the anxious bench are waiting for vacancies. Up to May the club plays every Saturday evening at the Berkeley Lyceum, and the number of pretty girls and stalwart men seen there would cause the skeptical bourgeois—could he but enter this holy of holies—to revise his prejudiced opinion concerning the effete Four Hundred.

At the most exclusive summer resorts Badminton is *the* game, and the line of admission even there is drawn hard and fast by Badminton archons. The game is growing in favor with ultra society people everywhere, and already has a large following in New York and Boston.

The headquarters of "racquets" in New York is, of course, the Racquet Club and the University Athletic Club. Racquets is also played with great success and large membership by the Boston and the Chicago Athletic Clubs. It is the most trying game of all to play, requiring more agility

than any other sport. Each club has its own imported professional to keep the players up to concert pitch. All tennis lovers like the game; but many that play tennis cannot play racquets.

Lacrosse, the beautiful old Indian game and the national sport of Canada, has, strange to say, been struggling for existence ten or twelve years. It never really flourished in the United States, and has not been at all popular with American college men, the old-established stand-bys, like football and baseball, having entirely superseded it; mainly, I suppose, because it is not a competitive game.

But of late this soul-stirring sport has begun to attract attention, and for some reason or other is now on the boom. Lacrosse high priests claim that it has many advantages over football, and are untiring in their efforts to force popularity. It is a more free game and is open equally to anyone playing. Wherever played, it is noticeable that spectators are more interested in following the game and in witnessing the outcome than in either baseball or football.

I hear little of cricket, and I question very much whether it is holding its own. It still thrives in Philadelphia, of course, the home of cricket in America, where, by far, the best teams are, and where the club members are very swell. The All-England cricket team that came over last year, headed by Lord Hawke, to play the Quaker City's picked team, found Philadelphia slow in everything but cricket and hospitality, the defeat of the Britishers, fortunately, being mitigated by the

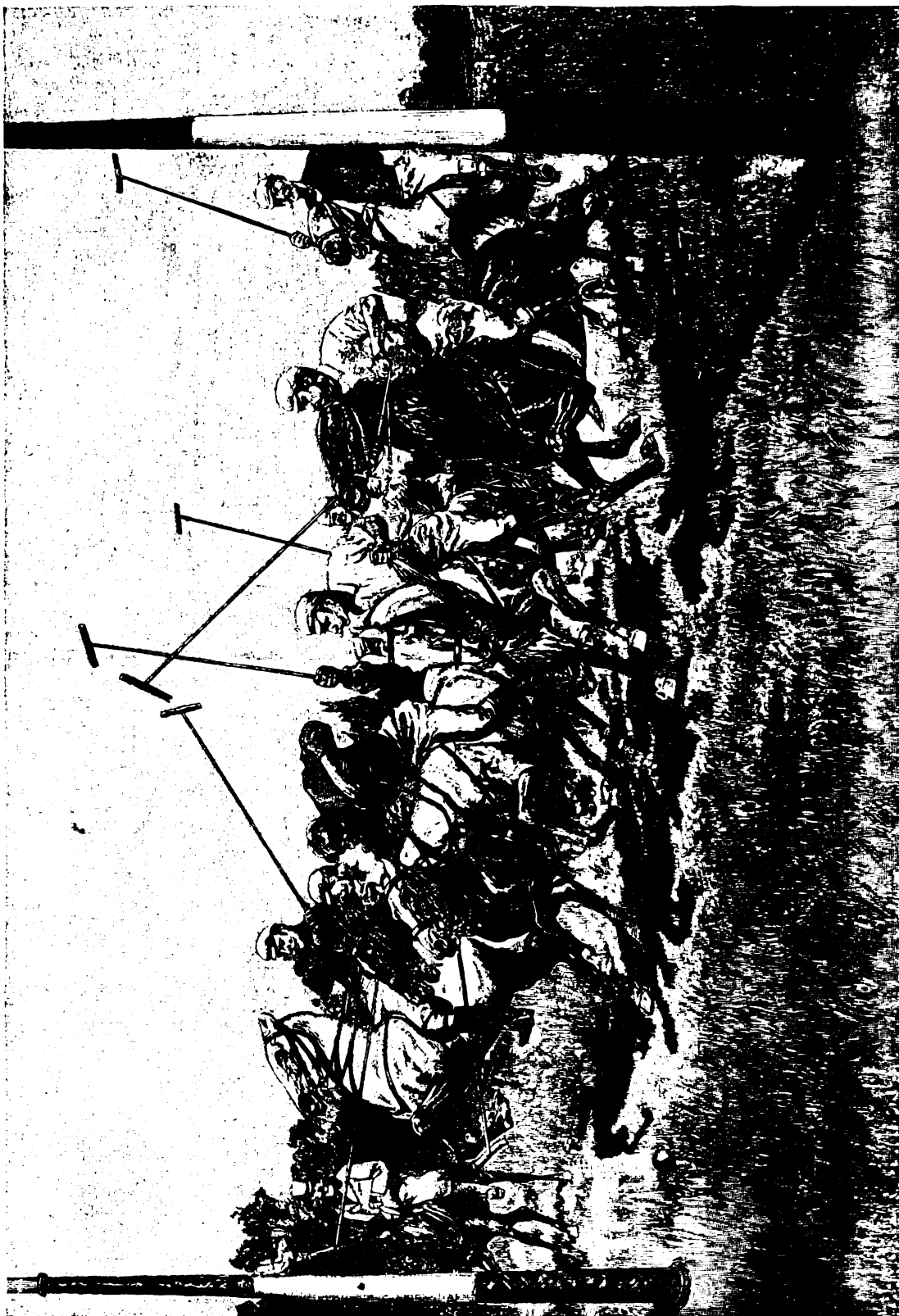
royal treatment they received socially. And in strolling through the magnificent clubhouses and gardens of the Belmont, the Germantown and the Merion, the Britons found themselves thoroughly at home, everything is so very English.

Outside of Philadelphia the only first-class cricket played is at Boston, Detroit and Chicago, with a few scattering clubs in New York and its vicinity. The teams in the latter locality, however, are composed almost wholly of Englishmen and Scotchmen.

None of the great colleges, except Harvard, Haverford and the University of Pennsylvania, have a cricket team, or show any disposition to add the game to their list. The fact is, they are so wedded to football and baseball that they are blinded to the merits of other games. More this, most likely, than a disinclination to scatter their forces.

It is a source of deep congratulation to all that have the interests of sport at heart to note the increased activity in outdoor amusements. And to the college men of to-day, as well as of the past, are we largely indebted for this spirit of lightness and jollity penetrating our workaday world. More often in sport than in battle is character developed, and the man or boy that needs the file of contact cannot do better than to rub against some outdoor sport, and learn what that little world has to offer him. And in this huckstering, bartering, high-pressure age there is nothing more healthful and counteracting than amateur sport.





POLO.



FANTASY

INTELLECT

BEAUTY

THE SILVER SHAFTS.*

BY FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS.

AUTHOR OF "MR. GADSBURY'S BROTHER," "THE JOCELYN SIN," "OLD FORTY'S MASTER,"
"THE MUSCOE PLATE," "MISTRESS MARION," ETC.



CHAPTER XVII.—THE VERITY OF THE PAST.

AUTON laughed softly, in thorough satisfaction with himself, as he finished his recital. Not the faintest perception of his own culpable part in the daring fraud overshadowed his self-esteem. The fraud had taken

refuge in the security of time, and failed to fill his depleted exchequer. Marion's father considered within himself that Lawrence might profit him more than Oscar. His great stroke of selling the secret had been forestalled as far as Oscar was concerned. His last resort of driving a bargain rested solely upon Lawrence. He had no scruple in availing himself of this method of raising funds, even while he smilingly accredited himself with a virtuous honesty, and perhaps expected the lawyer to be of the same mind.

"His folly is even greater than I can imagine," observed Mr. Bland, refolding the paper with a care betokening its importance.

To Lawrence it meant a virtual restoration of his heritage. To Oscar it signified a certain conviction of a felon's act. To the sagacious, honorless Hanton it merely interlined a check for twenty thousand dollars. To the old lawyer the few words written on the folded sheet opened up a short, swift succession of changes. Disgrace and humiliation on the one side, justice and honor on the other. He held Oscar's doom folded away in his pocketbook, while Oscar sent bracelets to Viola Vece and Marion danced at the Valliantes' bal masqué or La Pierre's birthnight revel.

"Ma foi! the fellow is a born fool. He trusted to my family pride," retorted Hanton, with a lazy grimace. "It's confounded little family dignity a man can support on an empty purse. An aristocrat must be well dressed and lodged, with a few dollars always in his pocket, or it's a deuced small amount of aristocracy one will find about him." And Captain Hanton looked cynical as well as bored.

"Cadmus, you have complied with your part of the arrangement. You shall have my check for ten thousand to-night; in a few days you shall have my check for the remaining ten thousand," said Mr. Bland.

His visitor laughed.

"Tata, Bland. You lawyers haven't an atom of faith in a man's honor. You have the paper, and you will pay for it. You won't pay for the information until you see that it is on hand when you want it—sly old fox!"

Mr. Bland opened his check book without a word.

"I don't in the least object to the present arrangement," went on Hanton, pleasantly, "provided you give me some show in case of your death. Life is uncertain—eh, Bland?"

"Very," was the brief reply as he wrote a line and handed it to the shrewd visitor.

"Admirable—perfectly satisfactory—that is the way to transact business between gentlemen. One knows what to expect when you deal with a man in your own station. Blood does tell—it does, by Jove!" commended Captain Hanton, closing his long white fingers around the papers with an eagerness almost sordid in every lineament of his

pleasant face. "I'll look in upon the opera for a few minutes. Heard Lelli yet? Magnificent creature. But the truth is, these Italians are a trifle too spicy for a man of my tastes. She will sulk for a week if I don't show there to-night. I really think I may end the evening at De Vaughn's. Madam my daughter will be there. Her diamonds have just arrived from Paris, you know. The last order she sent—superb—gems of the first water—cost a fortune. Oscar will have to draw on old Melvern to pay for them." Captain Hauton's merriment visibly increased. He smoothed out the check for ten thousand, and ventured another joke. "I verily believe that I might even have thought of mending my fortunes by taking the old hag herself, but I was not sure of handling her money. Melvern had a denuded time of it with the old hypocrite while he lived. Marion is a sharp girl—egad she is!" And the handsome captain gave a low laugh, which from less elegant lips might have been called a chuckle.

"Inherited sharpness?" observed the lawyer, interrogatively.

"Perhaps so. Had the will drawn as soon as the old woman scented Chandos's property, and then superannuated her. Fact indeed—has old Melvern on the imbecile list—incapable of business and all that—shut up in the back building with a servant. By George, she ought to have been there long ago!—though, to my mind, the establishment for incorrigibles would have been the place for her. She has always been an old knave, but who could think her heartless enough to ruin Chandos? Ah, who could believe there was so much barbarity among us? Au revoir, Bland—I shall be late at the opera—au revoir."

Cadmus Hauton again buttoned his coat, and adjusting a rosebud in the buttonhole, walked away whistling a bravura.

Mr. Bland had reopened the paper upon which Oscar's repute as well as income rested. That it could not be questioned he understood at a glance. There were only a few brief lines, in his own hand. Nevertheless, fame and fortune were wrecked for Oscar when those lines passed into other hands. He thought of Lawrence toiling year after year for bread while Oscar rolled in wealth. He pictured Flora gathered to the heart of the man she loved. The grave man smiled at the sage recollection that marriage for these two was no longer an imprudence. The Harveys had practiced long years of systematic fraud, from which the Lawrences had endured a weary period of miserable penury. It had culminated in this piece of paper. The baseness of the one, the suffering of the other, inscribed in immutable char-

acters, stood revealed. Black motives for bitter enmity to Lawrence explained themselves. Oscar had hated him, and the grudge was no longer a mystery. Mr. Bland pondered over the past. He was minded to a deeper feeling against Oscar as he meditated.

Whether minutes or hours had elapsed Mr. Bland scarcely heeded. A half-indignant sigh escaped him, when a servant brought in a card. He wiped his glasses slowly. The card was an ordinary visiting card, but no name designated the sender. The writer of the broken sentence upon it left his identity to conjecture:

"I dare not expect you to see me. For God's sake send me one word of Flora!"

"RUINED."

The lawyer flung the card on the table.

"Where is he?" he demanded, in rapid tones.

"Gone away, sir; but he told me to bring your answer to the corner; the gentleman wouldn't wait," the servant answered.

"Mr. Bland snatched a pencil and wrote his answer:

"I have news of Flora. You are safe. Come to my room."

"BLAND."

The lawyer's card bore no address. The servant quitted the apartment. Minutes passed—five—ten. The quiet gentleman grew visibly nervous lest the wretched person calling himself "Ruined" possibly might not care to seek him there. Along with ruin comes despair, and a heavy conviction possessed him that in this case the fateful twain traveled side by side. He never suspected himself of the old weakness, creeping over him, when footsteps became distinct to his sharpened hearing. He clutched the chair at his side as a tap, almost timid, and a summons far from clear and decisive, ended the moments of suspense. The door opened and closed.

"John Bland!"

"Chandos, old friend!"

George Chandos faced a friend of the past once more. He verged the past once again, this ruined Pacific speculator, who had thought never to encounter those who knew of his success and failure. Three months of shame and misery sufficed to whiten his hair and efface the happy content from the high-bred features. George Chandos of the present awoke the keenest pity. He came inside the door, but advanced not a step further. Irresolute and shrinking away from some anticipated rebuff, the fugitive stood silently waiting. Neither reproach nor scorn met him there. They had been old friends, yet it was plain that misfortune taught the ruined millionaire small faith in friendship. A keen pain seemed to quiver over his face, and then a wonderful relief.

"Old friend, did you hesitate to see me? I did not deserve such unkindness from you."

Chandos staggered across the room, and sinking helplessly into a chair, buried his haggard face in his hands.

"John"—his voice wavered in painful unsteadiness—"I am ruined. No one will see me now. I cannot face even you."

"You are not ruined," was the emphatic reply. "You have committed no crime. Why should you shun the world like a criminal? What do you mean by going off in this way and giving us all so much trouble?" the lawyer asked, testily, while he brushed a suspicious moisture from his eyes.

"Dorothy does not think I am innocent of crime," returned Chandos, bitterly; "and, God in heaven! do you suppose I could endure the gibes and taunts and contumely of the world? No, no; I could not face the shame. Perhaps I did defraud Dorothy; but believe me, on my honor—if that is left me—the legacy was nothing for me to pay when I used the money. You have always known me, John Bland—will you believe this?"

He lifted his face from his hands. The passionate misery and torture thereon might have won compassion from his direst enemy.

"I believe every word," solemnly asserted the other. "I never doubted your intent in the transaction."

"I meant never to return here," resumed Chandos, nervously; "but a horrible alarm for Flora pursued me. I hungered for American news, and when it came, good God! I found that Lawrence was accused of murdering me. I had wished in my heart for death. I courted and tempted it, but it never came. The very grave refused me rest. I shuddered afterward to remember what it might have been to an innocent man if my wicked desire had achieved its purpose. I quitted my refuge in Mexico and secretly returned to Virginia, and there—oh, John, God have pity on me!—I found that my little girl had been turned out in the dreadful winter storm. If ever retribution fell swiftly and terribly on the fault of any man it followed mine. I thought her the protected wife of a noble, gallant man; I believed him her devoted husband; I found—God! how can I put it in words?—my little girl, my darling child, turned out to suffer, or die, or starve! If she is living she is a wanderer, homeless, roofless, friendless. I purposed to save Lawrence, if necessary, by revealing myself. He had been liberated; and he, too, had gone to search for Flora. I thought the measure of my endurance overflowed. Ruin, shame, obloquy!—John! John!

was not that enough, without bringing this horrible fate on my little girl—my innocent child? Tell me what to do. I am going mad."

"There is one course of action for you," began the lawyer. "Your property, every dollar of it, went to satisfy the claim of Mrs. Melvern. It has amply satisfied it. To-day your estate will bring more than the amount of her legacy. You must come out in the world again."

Chandos recoiled in horror. His careworn countenance bore an aspect of sickening disappointment and anxiety.

"Is this all you can say, John Bland? You know I am utterly incapable of doing that. Come back into the world, a ruined speculator, beggared by hazarding all on a chimerical venture, with the added brand, perhaps, of fugitive and swindler? No, no, John. Either they must sneer at me as a fool or shun me as a scoundrel. For the love of God say something less terrible."

"It may be a trial, but I think I can say that which will greatly decrease your objection," returned Mr. Bland. "In short, that is my advice, and you will take it."

"Impossible, wholly impossible. There is no future for me. Tell me where to search for Flora and let me go. Some one may have seen and recognized me already. I am utterly unable to bear the shame of my own folly. What can I do to save my little girl from want and poverty, and where can I find Lawrence?"

The lawyer actually laughed. Despite the carking distress and desperation legible upon the once reposeful countenance, Mr. Bland laughed.

"Chandos, if I answer both questions satisfactorily will you do as I wish?"

A passionate intensity of eagerness leaped into the eyes watching him hungrily.

"Tell me, John—for God's sake tell me if you know anything of my poor child!" he gasped, in a faint voice.

"Yes." The monosyllable dropped deliberately. Chandos's pale face flushed. He brushed his hand slowly over his brow and drew long, hard breaths. Evidently the realization of this hope almost overwhelmed him. "I can tell you of Flora; and," added the lawyer, with habitual caution, "to-morrow you shall see her, for she is in New Orleans."

It was some minutes before the announcement elicited a response. The effort to control himself required a struggle somewhat past the power of the broken-spirited man. Nevertheless, Mr. Bland seemed not the least disturbed by qualms of conscience. He had broken the news abruptly, telling the story without preamble. Neither story nor manner of telling could harm Chandos, for

in all the lawyer's varied experience he found that joy never kills.

"Why not to-night, when I cannot be observed?" whispered Chandos, doubtfully, with that shrinking hesitation and uncertainty so new to the once successful speculator.

"The evening is young yet," commented the other, "and possibly she can bear the shock better than the wearing strain of suspense and anxiety retarding her recovery. Chandos, I refuse to take you to Flora until I relate the events happening during your absence. I still refuse to do it unless you consent to abide by my judgment and advice."

Chandos stretched out his hand and grasped that of Mr. Bland. The lawyer noticed the dreadful tension of the nerves by the temperature of Chandos's hand. The palm was hot and dry—the fingers clammy and cold.

"I promise anything, John—anything; only let me see my little girl!" was the feverish response.

"Very good. Upon those terms, remember, I comply with your wish. Now listen."

The humility with which Chandos submitted to his requirements alone betrayed the sad history of fallen fortunes. He folded his hands in melancholy meekness and riveted his eyes upon the other immovably. They never wandered from the speaker's countenance, but gave tacit assurance that Flora was the sole tie at present binding him to existence. The fugitive bankrupt sank under adverse blasts without a struggle. Chandos believed that nothing good might ever come to him now save Flora. He accepted ruin as irreparable, shame and humiliation as inevitable.

"And now," concluded Mr. Bland, "the Creole woman called old Marie declares that she will inform either Flora or yourself of Flora's rightful name. The poor child as yet is too much absorbed by alarm for your safety to listen to anything concerning herself. You, then, must make this inquiry into the matter, and obtain the information she refuses anyone else. The woman blundered once in imparting it to Mrs. Melvern, and she is overcautious now of repeating the blunder."

Chandos's hands moved restlessly. His gaze shifted, then returned.

"John," he began, almost timidly, "I don't want to do more injustice; but do you think her family, when she is restored to them—do you think they will let her see me again? I would not ask it often."

"We will trust your loving little girl for that. No fear that she will abandon you, old friend.

You are not a criminal, and Flora held to you through everything." Mr. Bland looked gentle and compassionate as he made answer. "It's my firm belief," he went on, with suspicious rapidity, "that Lawrence will return immediately from Tampico. In fact, I expect him by the first steamer. He will discover, upon inquiry, that Flora never arrived in Tampico, and conclude at once that she never sailed—therefore she must still be in the States; consequently, within the States will be the proper place to search for her. Take my word for it, we shall soon see Lawrence. In the meantime his affairs have taken a swift revolution. I wish yours might do the same. One has a hunt of years for the keynote to success in anything, but when once found the success comes with startling celerity. Suppose we go to Flora now? The morning bulletin from Dr. Broissart was most favorable."

Chandos drew his hat low over his eyes. He shrank in morbid sensitiveness from observation. Mr. Bland walked at a rapid pace, and neither seemed in the mood for anything beyond desultory talk. They traversed the streets in almost perfect silence, until the changing aspect betokened their proximity to the Creole quarter.

"Old Marie is her foster mother," observed Mr. Bland, in a half-apologetic tone. "She conveyed Flora to her own lodgings. They are humble, but exquisitely neat. Ah, here is the mansion now! It reminds one of a deserted castle."

Chandos made no answer. Mr. Bland saw that he shook as if an ague was upon him.

"Stay here," he said. "I will go in and prepare her."

The sore-hearted, ruined Chandos sank down on the steps. The Indian sailor dozed as usual, as nightly tenant of the other end of the step, in supreme unconsciousness. Mr. Bland disappeared within the dim, dusky passage. Two or three heads peered out of dingy doorways, and were withdrawn with low laughs. The tenants, harmlessly inquisitive, satisfied themselves that the stranger came to see Marie and her "castaway." The first floor, front, showed a decrease of inhabitants since Mr. Bland made his first visit. Rosine and her dark-eyed, good-tempered brood lodged in comparative grandeur on the opposite side of the hall. The woman stepped softly over to tend the "chère enfant" in the sick chamber. She glanced in quick compassion at the bent figure on the steps. The profile of the clear-cut face was plainly defined. The moonlight glimmered on the snow-white hair.

"Ah, Dieu!" she murmured, "the rich monsieur is triste; his heart have ached—have ached. Pauvre heart!"

"Chandos!" called Mr. Bland.

He rose slowly, and felt for the wall to guide him, in a blind, feeble way. Age seemed to have withered him in the last half-hour, when a terrible dread of rebuff and ignominy scorched away and shriveled the remains of his spirit. The crazy lamp gave place to a new one. It burned brightly, and chased the shadowy mists to remote corners. Chandos paused in pitiable irresolution. Flora, sitting up in her great old-fashioned bed, clutched the coverlet in a frantic grasp. Wavy masses of burnished hair fell around her shoulders, over the snowy gown. Her lips parted. Her eyes distended. They were watching the doorway in an agony of expectation.



HENNER. — Lola.

"Maman, it is papa, come back to me! Ah, how happy! I have papa again, and Maman Marie!"

"Oui, oui, ma petite, if the rich monsieur will no take you away from me," began old Marie, lifting her cane, and laying it down again in dire distress. "I have wait and wait to find my pickanin, and now the rich monsieur will no take her away when I have no baby; and when I find her, ah, so lak to die, she say, 'Maman, I am cast away again.' Ah, good monsieur, I hask you no to take ma petite enfant!"

"No, no, dear maman; you will go with us. We will never part again, dear maman!" exclaimed Flora, with a joyous laugh. Will we,



R. COLLIN. — Primerose.

FROM THE PARIS SALON (CHAMPS ELYSEES), 1894.

"Papa! papa!" she shrieked, as the familiar form advanced into the light. "Oh, papa!" And she was folded again to his breast; her arms once more clung around his neck in a passionate embrace. "Papa! papa! and safe—safe!" she reiterated. "God be thanked! Maman, it is papa, and safe, come back to me again!"

The keen anxiety depicting itself on Mr. Bland's countenance as he called Chandos had been dispelled. He laughed cheerily. Amina and Rosino wiped their eyes and smiled rapturously. Old Marie fumbled with her cane. She eyed Chandos with a half-jealous, then a gradual increase of satisfied pride, as Flora turned to her.

papa?" Chandos stood looking down into the delicate, beaming face. He did not laugh. His countenance grew mournful and grief-stricken. Old Marie hobbled to an ancient trunk, her cane tapping swiftly on the floor. "Papa, how white your hair is! Oh, papa, you have suffered more than I have!"

Flora had suddenly raised her eyes to the eyes gazing down upon her with pained tenderness.

"Ah, rich monsieur," interrupted old Marie, thrusting a box into his hand, "I tell it to no one else—I tell it wrong once. I have give you the clasps took from ma petite when the Gulf cast her asho'—la mère and the baby. Amina

have help me take the things. Look, monsieur—the name of *chère enfant* have been on the clasps and the name of *sa mère* have been on the gold locket—her picture and your picture. Amina and Rosine they help me that day my little love was cast away on the Gulf. Look, *bon monsieur*, her name, thass is true. There I make no wrong mistake—I tell it right this time.”

Chandos moved nearer the lamp. Eager and interested, Mr. Bland followed. Chandos opened the box mechanically. The lawyer raised one of the clasps. An inscription was engraved within. A wild light flashed into Chandos's face. The inscription, hidden for more than a decade of years, related the family history in this one pithy sentence: “Baby Flora—From her parents, George and Flora Chandos.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

‘THE GIBES OF THE MONDE.’

A FULL minute of petrified silence followed the measured utterance in Mr. Bland's voice. He had read the inscription. Its meaning could never more be a secret. For no reason beyond a pang of jealous fear of losing her foster child old Marie had deferred the revelation. The ignorant Creole fishwoman fell willingly into the specious argument of a heartless, avaricious woman. What “Mme. Melvern” advised in that morning interview coincided with the suggestion of her own pained heart. She had perforce adhered to that counsel, for in the thousand chances of life the paths of the foster mother and child had never intersected from that day until the cloud of misfortune sped its bolt. Mr. Bland repeated the words: “‘Baby Flora—From her parents, George and Flora Chandos.’”

This time a pæan of triumph fairly rung in his tones. Chandos was shivering with nervous agitation; nevertheless, the blight of premature old age seemed abruptly staid. His countenance vivified into radiance as he raised his head half defiantly. The burden of shame and remorse, freighting him beyond endurance, sundered its hold. Chandos might face other men now with an unstained honor. He placed the box on the table without a word, and crossing the great weird room to the open window, leaned far out. The Indian sailor half waked and grunted. Chandos walked back, this time to the bed.

“Papa, darling, I belong to you—your very own—your very own child. Oh, papa, I knew it in my heart all the time without the telling! But oh, I am so glad for Lawrence! I have a name at last. Papa, you don't look so old and troubled now,” chattered Flora.

Bright, hot tears glistened on her lashes; but joyous, musical laughter mastered the sobs. Every tender and happy emotion vibrated under the mystic spell of those cabalistic words.

“My daughter, my precious little daughter, you are my very own, dear! Life is changed, indeed, for me——” began Chandos, brokenly.

“But, papa,” interpolated Flora, “it don't matter much to us. You have always been my own dear papa. I couldn't love you more than I do.”

“No, no, dear one—in that it makes not the slightest change,” replied her father, slowly.

“And maman—promise, papa, that dear maman will stay with me always,” coaxed Flora, sinking back in some exhaustion.

“My darling, your good maman shall never be parted from you again. Remember that, Marie,” he promised, turning to the old woman, whose countenance had sobered into sadness. “You shall stay with your little castaway all your days.”

“I have knew it!” triumphantly exclaimed Amina, pouring out a few drops of stimulant. “I have knew the rich monsieur would no took the blessed angel from old Marie. Ah, *le bon Dieu* have had a grande pity! The *tristease* is not here—*pas ici, pas ici!* Drink this, little love—the *eau de vie*, to bring the *rose* back to your cheek.”

Marie smiled in benign satisfaction, and rubbed her hands together gleefully.

“Sieur stranger, the doctor of *les grandes dames* say *ma petite* not go until there is no more of cold where monsieur her father do live. She have been neah to die from the snow. She have been cast away in the horrible cold and hur'cane. Sieur stranger, she must no be took back. The *bon monsieur* will have to stay or the *pickanin* have the sick *malade*; and the doctor of *les grandes dames* do say what the poor folks' doctor say of my *chère enfant*.”

“Don't be alarmed, Marie,” answered Chandos, with a perceptible return of his old calmly positive manner. “Mr. Bland will not urge her removal until it is safe; and then perhaps not to the rigors of any climate further north. Flora shall recover at her leisure, only she must be sure to accomplish it thoroughly.”

“Ah, yes, kind, dear friends!” softly interposed Flora, the splendid eyes alight with grateful affection. “Your little Flora will never forget who cared for her when she was a helpless castaway, unknown even to papa—or,” she added, with a silvery laugh, “Lawrence.”

“The sweet love!” commented Rosine.

“The dear angel!” echoed Amina.

“Come, come, Chandos,” interrupted Mr. Bland, cheerfully; “I am of opinion that Miss

Chandos will recover very satisfactorily now; that is, if we don't superinduce a fever by overtalk to-night."

Chandos turned with swift alarm.

"No, no, papa; you have not talked enough," reassured Flora.

"Well, we will defer any further conversation until to-morrow. Good night, my dear child. When Lawrence returns you will have nothing to wish for. Good night."

"Papa, you will come to-morrow? I almost fear to let you go. Oh, papa, what if something happen you to-night, as it did that other awful night?" whispered Flora, clinging to him in a half-terror—the terror of one upon whom sudden calamities had fallen.

"I will be here to-morrow, my child; as far as human prescience can be certain, I am certain of that. Good night, and God's rest to you, my dearest little girl!"

The Indian sailor snored in undisturbed oblivion as the two gentlemen departed. A slumberous repose hung over the antique tenement house, undisturbed by the suppressed laugh or the indistinct word drifted now and then from some open upper window. They passed through the courtyard without once speaking. The lawyer had possessed himself of the box wherein old Marie had stowed her inanimate testimony. The legal acumen comprehended the value of such evidence. A will-o'-the-wisp chance had beguiled him into so many bogs, that Mr. Bland, having once clutched his proof, had no mind to hazard its safety.

"John," very slowly observed Chandos, after a long silence, "think of these many years, and Dorothy knew it. She knew it when she refused me time; when she turned my little girl out in the storm; when she stigmatized me a swindler and ruined me. She knew it throughout, and I was ignorant of it."

"Ay, she will know it more thoroughly still when we have had one more interview," was the grim answer.

"John," Chandos said, still more reluctantly, "I have been defrauded deliberately; I can come back to the world with a clean record; but never again will I make hazardous ventures. I shall recover my own. We will not hold the terrible charge over my enemy—for Dorothy has proved herself my bitterest foe. She is an old woman."

"Very true; yet, old or young, your half-sister was always of a thoroughly unprincipled and avaricious nature," returned the lawyer, with severity. "But you will be able to face other men again."

"Not by a hand she has stretched to help me

back to my place in the world. For myself I am indifferent; but to turn my little girl out in the wintry storm, to bring her to the verge of the grave—John, I can forgive all except that."

Chandos's tones grew hard and inexorable. Evidently he strove to banish bitter memory from the mental retrospect. Just as obstinately it returned and fastened its *griffes* with a tenacity which must abide to all eternity. It was still there when he bade the lawyer good night at the door. His quarters had shifted to-night to the same floor and hotel in which Mr. Bland sojourned.

"Remember, Chandos, to-morrow we will go down to the office and see when the steamer arrives from Mexico. It will bring Lawrence. It is not probable that it reaches here before we go to Virginia. Our absence must be brief, because of Flora. I will, however, leave a letter of explanation to meet and detain Lawrence the moment he lands, and send him to the object of his search," Mr. Bland explained as they parted.

"I shall not forget," was the brief reply.

The air of his room seemed close and stifling. Chandos's temples throbbed. His brain had a confused, bewildered sensation, albeit he strove to collect his thoughts and temper the feverish beat of his quickened pulses. The world turned its familiar side to his aching vision, but the terrible obverse still oppressed him. Chandos descended again to the street. Walking in the cool air seemed to restore his habitual calmness. He glanced up at a lighted mansion with careless interest, and turned to retrace his steps. If he had been less preoccupied Chandos must have heard the carefully toned voice of Marion as she crossed the pavement to De Vaughn's. The glare of the gaslight glistened on the satin folds of her costly robe. Her superb diamonds, already the envy of half the *monde*, flashed and scintillated on her white arms and throat. The black eyes swept past the men at her side, holding her cashmere, and carrying her bouquet of circea and roses—swept past to Chandos. Swift rage shot into them as he lifted his hat with involuntary courtesy.

"Swindler!" she hissed, "how dare you venture into my presence?"

Chandos smiled, and bowed so low that even Marion wondered, while he hurried on, whether or not it might be mockery. Nevertheless, the insult cooled his brain by its bitter reminder that something more must be done to vindicate his innocence.

"Ah, well, to-morrow!" he muttered, in a tired way, when at last he ascended to his chamber.

Mr. Bland had business holding him in such imperative demand that the day waned into evening

before release came. Dining was even more imperative; and then the two old friends sauntered out.

"We must take a carriage, Chandos——" the lawyer began, but paused as a magnificent equipage drew up, with an ostentatious plunge, directly in front of them.

"Eh, Bland—one moment!" called out Cadmus Hauton.

An officious servant flung back the carriage door, and the superb captain stepped on the pavement.

"Ah, Chandos! Hardly believe my eyes," he said, ignoring the salutation he would once have eagerly sought. "Don't mind an ugly *esclandre*—eh? I have bought the roans, Bland. Magnificent turnout. Just suit a man of my taste. Where are you going? I want a word with you."

"To the wharf—not one of your localities, Cadmus. We have business."

"Très bien!" laughed Hauton. "I will drive to the wharf. Chandos can meet you there. I am so well known, you see, I really could not ask Chandos—under the circumstances, you see."

"Certainly my friend would not desire to compromise you, Cadmus," returned Mr. Bland, with surprising affability. "Chandos, you know our destination—be kind enough to meet me there—I will see what Hauton wants."

The lawyer stepped into the carriage. Hauton followed.

"My dear Bland, you must advance me more money." The clever *finesseur* came to the point without circumlocution. "The women bore me to death. Marion asks me to speak to her five minutes at the opera to-night. Somebody must have blown on Oscar. Madam does not often honor me by asking for an interview. I must have five hundred more for having my feelings harrowed. Ah! here we are—fast trotters; these roans. Back in five minutes, Bland."

Cadmus Hauton strolled into the Opera House, humming the roulades of the prima donna. Marion signaled him to her box. He swept his lorgnette over the brilliant audience critically, then obeyed the summons.

"What is this *canard* creeping into society about Oscar?" she demanded. "It was whispered at the club last night. Oscar is panic-stricken. Do you expect to extort money from him to silence that scandal?"

"Parbleu! how violent and vulgar you are! Pray explain what scandal," said her father, striking an affective attitude.

"That miserable tale of the Silver Shafts. Who can care about those wretched creatures? What does it matter how many of them are drowned?

You need not resort to any such pitiful means of extortion. It is all your work."

She pressed her angry face down on the bouquet. Marion cared no more for the lives laid at her husband's charge than the flowers in her white fingers.

"Ah, my dear Marion, I had no idea that you were so much attached to your Oscar!" was the ironical answer.

"I married for an establishment," she retorted, in restless irritation. "Love is *rococo*—I have no such weakness. There is something wrong—I see it in the distant salutations. I detest Oscar. He is covering at a phantom, a mere *canard*. I don't understand it. What does it matter about the men when the money is safe?"

She glanced up wooingly at an admirer entering the box, and smiled an arch smile. How could she coquet so carelessly behind her fan when poor La Pres lay dead in his grave under the gloomy firs within sight of the Silver Shafts?

"My dear," returned the dazzling Hauton, in a smooth, low tone, "you are quite right—while the money is safe one can bear any amount of scandal. I only fear Oscar has not been quite candid with you. However, my love, you are safe to have the truth in a few days. Au revoir, my dear. If anything should happen I can only return the advice you gave me at that charming Chandos Manor—trust to your wits. Au revoir."

He strolled out lazily, smiling.

"Confound it, Hauton, what is this story about Harvey and some diabolical swindle? The fellows at the club have it among the last *on dits*," said a bored-looking man as Hauton passed.

"The papers and bulletin boards will give it to you in good time, I fancy, Ruthven," laughed the other, significance in every accent. He sprang into the carriage briskly, and drove rapidly to the wharf. Their business was neither tedious nor perplexing. Hauton preserved a scornful indifference to Chandos, mindful that the ruined Pacific speculator could be of no use to an adventurer with a check for ten thousand dollars in his pocket. They emerged from the office, while Captain Hauton tossed back one of his finest witticisms.

"Howdy, Lawyer Bland?"

A sailor pushed his hat to the back of his head and squared himself in front of Mr. Bland.

"Ah, Nathans, I hope you are not in trouble?" remarked the lawyer, in a tone of encouragement.

"No, sir, I be'n't. We're only here a-loadin' of cotton fur New York. I'm main glad to see the colonel agin. We kinder thought you'd cast anchor t'other side of the Gulf."



POT LUCK.—FROM THE PAINTING BY T. FARD, R.A.

He scratched his head, apparently in vigorous search of an idea as to what he had stopped them for.

"I am glad to see you, Nathans," kindly answered Chandos.

"Thankee, sir; it's jest 'long of that business o' yourn I'd like to speak. I seed Lawyer Bland in thur. You see, yesterday I come ashore; and it don't often happen, but the grog was good, en I'd soon been en deck all right; but who should run alongside savin' Mr. Oscar Harvey, en has me up afore the jedge fur bein' drunk. I paid my fine en headed fur the vessel."

"Well, I am sorry, Nathans. I'll do anything to serve you with pleasure," the lawyer observed.

"Thankee, sir. I ain't stove in bad; but, you see, nobody asked me that day in the court, en I hadn't no call to hoist his colors, en I didn't. Harvey's done me a mean trick, en I'm goin' to blow on him. Ef I had a-totled once I'd a-set the men afoul of him before he'd weighed anchor that day. Well, sir, not to keep you, 'twas Mr. Oscar Harvey as moved that rock, the night of the accident at the Silver Shafts. He let the water in on them fellers."

"Confound it," interjected Hanton, "the man will hang Oscar if he goes on!"

"How do you know this?" inquired Mr. Bland.

"Well, I don't care ef it does hang him," retorted the sailor. "He took out his spite by havin' me up yisterday—I'll take out my spite by tellin' of him to-day. I was kinder late leavin', so I hove into a short cut as the hands sometimes uses. It fetched me out by the breakwater, en I seen Oscar Harvey crouchin' behind the rocks, not two yards away from the breakwater. Well, sir, I looked back, en I see him a-heavin' the spur out of its place. I hadn't no time to stop, en it never come to my mind that he was after devilment. I seen him runnin' up the Crevasse, but I never heerd of the accident till I come back from Rio Janeiro. That's all, sir, as I knows. If you'll hev him up like as not he'll get stove in at the pocketbook wuss'n I be yisterday. Good night, sir. I be aboard the *Henry Vane*, sir."

Nathans touched his grizzled forelock and shuffled away. His step died in the distance. Other people passed, but neither of the two moved or spoke. Even Hanton's heartless indifference seemed to forsake him as Oscar Harvey's iniquity rose in accusation.

"He has furnished the only missing link required by law." Mr. Bland was the first to speak.

"Poor fool! it will be death to lose that beastly steward's stealings," lightly commented Hanton,

recovering himself with the reflection that Oscar was ruined irreparably.

Oscar's sun was setting, and Marion's father already marched in the van of deserting friends.

"Give my compliments to my old friend Lawrence. Say to him that nothing could be more delightful than to aid in restoring his estate. I mentioned it to one or two at the club last night, and, by Jove, I created a ripple! Egad, I'll dine with him some day at Grayfriars! Sorry you won't return with me, Bland. I'll call to-morrow for that five hundred. The wear and tear upon my feelings demand it. Good night."

Hanton threw himself upon the silken cushions and waved his hand in graceful adieu. The fumes of a cigar drifted back as his carriage drove away.

Chandos stood rigidly still. The moonlight gleamed down on his patrician face and soft gray hair.

"John," he said, "can we not give the criminal a chance?"

"Yes," affirmed the lawyer; "but Lawrence will not."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BLIGHT UPON CHANDOS MANOR.

THE naked branches of the great leafless oaks stretched drearily to the winter blasts. Their leaves had fluttered down to annual sepulture long before, when hearts were light in the deserted mansion, now environed by a spectral sylvia. Chandos Manor bespoke the sympathy of the beholder. A mournful air of desolation and abandonment pervaded the once splendid estate. The mansion itself wore an aspect of weird gloom and ghostly silence. It might have been a great cenotaph standing in solemn grandeur *in memoriam* to the past. Dead leaves and *débris*, carried by the season's winds, lodged in every crevice and corner. Nobody moved them. The shutters were closed and bolted, the doors locked and barred. Nobody opened them. To all appearance nobody would ever venture upon the domain again. The fine avenue caught the tangled masses of blown and broken shrubbery. The footpaths were obliterated by a heavy padding of sear leaves. Evidently both pedestrian and equestrian were tacitly reminded that no one expected them at the manor house. The stables had been depleted of their thoroughbreds and closed ignominiously. A dingy, untidy discomfort revealed itself in the cabins to the rear of the mansion. Broken windows, unrepaired steps and hingeless doors betokened in unmistakable language neglect of the Chandos servants' quarters. The servants themselves looked gaunt and dissatisfied. Even Bar-

ney's contented face grew half sullen. His eyes turned wistfully to the empty stalls and forsaken mangers so lately tenanted by high-stepping animals with pedigrees longer, perhaps, than that of the old master himself. A new overseer replaced the kind-hearted man who knew the Chandos temper and people. Alas! both had changed lamentably. The people labored on as of old, but they were scantily fed and poorly clothed. The new overseer found that nothing must be spent, and every cent possible to save must go to the inexorable hand closing upon it. Mr. Oscar Harvey was a steward's son, and comprehended the possibilities of the place. Shifts and subterfuges were of no avail—he must have the money. Mrs. Melvern had chosen the housekeeper's room as her own apartment. It was in the rear of one of the wings, and avoided the necessity of passing over the carpets in the passages. The warm-hued sofas and chairs were relegated to a place in one of the empty rooms, and old pieces of furniture, hunted in the garrets, now replaced the pretty appointments serving the banished housekeeper. The mistress of Chandos Manor could not allow herself the luxury of the whilom housekeeper. True, the old dame handled a scant proportion of her great income; still, Oscar apparently obeyed her desire to the very letter in having it carefully deposited in bank. He assured her with great solemnity that every cent went to swell her bank account.

Mrs. Melvern sat in front of a wood fire burning on the hearth in the fireplace. A rough deal box held a supply of fuel. Above the mantel a broken mirror had been suspended. On the opposite side of the room stood an old-fashioned bureau, carefully covered with mahogany-colored oil-cloth. It served the double purpose of buffet and scullery, having tin pans to the front, and cracked china arranged upon it. An earthenware teapot, suffering under the twofold bereavement of handle and spout, occupied a lowly place among the ashes at her feet. Two shabby trunks, acting in capacity of seats and receptacles of Sister Metella's sheets and Sister Sarah's linen pillowcases, furnished both of the opposite windows. A small bedstead, covered with a quilt of calico patchwork in the "log-cabin" design, and a poplar-wood washstand, ornamented by a tin basin, and an iron teakettle, supplemented by a coarse crash towel, completed the sum total of luxury Mrs. Melvern enjoyed in the way of a lodging place.

She toasted her feet and knit coarse socks, eventually to be "topped" into stockings which the most tocherless dame around her would have disdained. The six cups comprising her "china" had been counted in due form; five knives with

discolored ivory handles were laid back in the knifebox. She had peeped in at a silver coffee-pot, turning dark from disuse. Then Chandos's sister locked the door and extricated her purse from a subterranean pocket beneath several skirts. This was the crowning joy of the day. Her wrinkled face, sordid and miserly in every phase of expression, became sinister. She counted it over, and then recounted it. The "feel" of the coins caused a sensation of exquisite rapture. She rubbed them, looked at the date, warmed them, and finally counted them back into the purse.

"Forty dollars and fifty-five cents in all, and thousands and thousands in bank!" she chuckled, in miserly glee. "Who's that?" in answer to a tap repeated louder and louder.

"It's me, mum," gruffly answered a chilly-looking boy. "Somebody to see you."

"Oh, yes, yes!—just bring him up. I suppose it's the overseer about that grain."

"Barby says, mum, kin you give her a bit of mustard?—child's sick," said the boy, with a shiver of cold.

"Mustard!" screamed Mrs. Melvern. "What did you say? I can't hear. Was it mustard?"

"Yes'm. Barby wants it."

"I haven't a grain, and I haven't a cent to get it with. As soon as I get some money I'll do it; but I couldn't buy a grain of anything now to save my life. Not a cent—no, not a half-cent—in the wide world. Tell her to send down to the overseer and borrow some. I'll pay for it when I get my money. Tell whoever wants to see me to come up here."

The boy disappeared. The mistress returned to her seat and took up her knitting. A pleasant sense of having evaded a call upon her purse enlivened her quite as much as some great financial success.

Mrs. Melvern glanced up in sharp suspicion as the door again opened and two persons entered. She dropped her knitting in dismay, and raised her hands in utter consternation.

"George Chandos, as I live!" she ejaculated. "Where under heaven did you come from? What can you want? And no dinner, either! I'll kiss the Bible I have nothing in the house to eat. What did you bring him here for, Mr. Bland, and what does he want?" The lawyer approached the fire. An unusual deliberation evinced itself in his manner. "What can you want here, George?" she went on, a growing excitement visible. "I tell you there's no room for you here. I won't have my beds slept in, and I won't have you in the house. There is nothing for you to eat, either. I can't support you, and I

won't. I haven't one cent in my pocket, and nothing for anybody to eat. I say you sha'n't stay here one night—not one night—living off me. What do you want, Mr. Bland? Speak out at once—George has nothing to do with my affairs."

"Dorothy," began Chandos, a bitter aversion in his countenance, "I have something to do with your affairs. I have come here to say that you have defrauded me out of my property."

"Defrauded you?" shrieked Mrs. Melvern. "The property is not yours."

"The legacy reverted to you in event of my not finding my child. I found the child, and you know it. The legacy is hers; and of that you were also aware when you ruined me by forcing its payment."

Dorothy Melvern's sinister face became ghastly white; the purple lips fell back from the cheap, ill-fitting false teeth; the cunning leer forsook the small, shrewd eyes.

"It's a lie, a miserable lie! You have no way of knowing who the girl was; and I'll fight for the money in every court in the land—yes, I will. I'm not an old fool. You sha'n't stay here, George Chandos. I thought you had starved to death by this time. And as for that girl, I sent her out of my house. She's starved and frozen to death long ago. It was as bad a night as ever you saw, but I started her. I didn't care how scared she was."

Chandos heard the abuse unmoved until she flung it at Flora. Her cruel exultation in the misery of his darling stung him almost to madness. The pale, beautiful face as he left it on the sick bed in New Orleans seemed to accuse this woman almost of murder.

"Dorothy," he said, in a stern tone, "be silent, I say. You have severed yourself from common humanity or kindness from me. I had purposed to provide in some measure for the remainder of your life. It has been too long already for your own good, or the repute of the family to which you belong."

"George, you don't know who that girl is," breathlessly interrupted Dorothy Melvern, precipitating her own ruin with insane imprudence. "I tell you it's all a lie. That Creole woman is dead—she never told it to anybody else."

"Ah, then old Marie did tell it to you?" interpolated the lawyer.

"I don't know what you mean," broke out Mrs. Melvern, strangely untroubled by deafness. "You are all liars, and I'm only sorry Lawrence didn't kill George that night. I won't give up the money, and I won't leave here unless you carry me out." The irate woman picked up the tongs and shook them in threatening violence.

"I wish you and the girl, too, had starved. I'll show you whether I'm a fool. You sha'n't have one cent, and you sha'n't come into this house. I'll burn it down first. I'll keep the property, and will it, too, before I die!"

"Madam——"

"What do you want, coming here and bullying an old woman? What do you want, I say?" She faced the lawyer savagely, then turned on Chandos fiercely. "George, you might as well take yourself off. I've lied to Marion about leaving my money to her, because I wanted to save the expense of an agent. I've lied to Judge Blanton about leaving it to him, because I wanted to save paying a lawyer. But I won't lie to you about it. I tell you now and forever I will not leave or give one cent to you or that come-by-chance girl."

"Dorothy, don't dare to repeat that. Silence, I say, woman!" thundered Chandos.

Perhaps some vague recollection of the night when just such a deadly menace came into his face returned to check her violence. She retreated a step and eyed him in watchful alarm.

"What do you want?" she questioned, her rage increasing at the sight of the papers. "What do you mean, I say, by coming here, two great, strong, strapping men, and bullying an old woman who never harmed anybody in her life, just on account of a vile girl you are trying to palm off as somebody's daughter?"

"Not another word, Dorothy!"

Chandos's clear, cold voice cut the vehement, vituperative insults short. His tones were low and icy, but they arrested even her reckless tongue, and held it silent of Flora.

"Madam——" for the second time essayed Mr. Bland, having unfolded the document for which he had searched.

"You don't give me a chance to speak," interrupted the old woman, flouncing from one side of the fireplace to the other. "No, I can't say a word. I must shut my mouth and be robbed. You think me an old fool; Marion thinks so, too; but I laugh in my sleeve. The old woman knows they are fools. Oscar has a will snug in his iron safe, and he looks after the estate. Judge Blanton has a will tucked away in a pigeonhole of his desk, and he draws my contracts and leases—all without a cent of cost. But the last will—the real will—is locked in that trunk under Sister Metella's best linen sheets—think of that, and then say my mind is not sound! You won't let me talk; but if I could edge a word in I'd tell you that if you set yourself up with the idea that you can rob me of my property you can set yourself down without it; for neither George nor any

other swindling villain can get it. I'd just tell that if you'd give me a minute to talk."

"Your arguments, madam, may prove a very sound mind, but a distinctly weak honor," rejoined Mr. Bland, seizing a momentary pause.

"Honor!" scornfully retorted Dorothy Melvern, spitting the words at him in belligerent

Mrs. Melvern made a nervous dart at a battered tin bucket of chips and hurled them on the fire. She snatched the checkered handkerchief and tied it around her jaws, pulled the blue hood, and laid the shovel in convenient proximity to the tongs. Evidently Mrs. Melvern was clearing for action. As she herself phrased it, Chandos's sister



FRIEND OF THE FLOWERS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUISE ABBÉMA.

heedlessness of where they might fall. "Honor! I don't want any of that stuff. I leave that for you and George Chandos. I'll take the money, and leave the honor for those that need it. I'll take the money, I say; and if you get it you will have to carry me out of here; for I won't go, and I won't give up the money."

plainly meant to "fight it out." A dark flush of intense rage appeared in spots over the sinister, repellent countenance. At her best Dorothy Melvern had boasted few attractions beyond a glib, flattering tongue.

"Permit me to say, madam, that in this case there is no question of your course. You will

have to give it up *nolens volens*," asserted Mr. Bland. "Our proof is without a flaw. Flora Chandos is the child of your brother, George Chandos, and entitled to the legacy of one hundred thousand dollars which you have fraudulently appropriated. If you wish to contest the matter we are prepared to substantiate the claim before any tribunal."

"There is nobody to prove it. The women are dead. Not one of them live at Pass Christian!" she screamed, darting furiously from the window to the woodbox and seizing a stick of oak, only to fling it back with noisy wrath.

"The women are not dead. The women are, everyone, living, and the men who buried the unfortunate mother of your brother's child. Our witnesses are waiting to give their testimony in court if need be, and our evidence is conclusive. Yes, by a fortunate chance, the women are all living."

The lawyer paused.

"Living!" gasped the woman. "Old Marie living!—living! It's a lie!" The purplish-red spots faded out as the same, ghastly yellow, livid and ashen, overspread her face. She clinched her fist and shook it at the lawyer. "You are lying. You can't scare me into being robbed, for the sake of a bogus—a fraud!"

A furtive glance at Chandos staid the gibe she meant for Flora.

"Dorothy," her brother said, never moving nearer to her, a deadly scorn and loathing in his countenance—"Dorothy, I have proved Flora's birth beyond a doubt—it is not necessary to say how; but when I inform you that old Marie still lives you may easily comprehend what she has told me. I wish you to understand that I will make no terms or compromise with you. The property is mine while I live. At my death it falls to my daughter. It is mine, and I require of you restitution of every dollar of it. I warn you that there is another sequence of your deliberate fraud beside merely fighting in the courts for my estate. Knowing that Flora was my child, cast away by shipwreck on the Gulf, and recovered therefrom, you deliberately force a claim, and recover on false premises a legacy which could never be yours while she lived. You may contest what you know to be true, but must thereby convict yourself of as bold a fraud as ever felon in the state's prison perpetrated."

"Besides, madam, it is right for me to remind you," supplemented the lawyer, "that, as you must lose the case, the expense will swallow up your own small estate. Even without more serious consequences, that may be a sufficient reason for reflecting upon your course of action."

The shrewish old face, withered and wrinkled, the yellow-white complexion and purple lips seemed bloodless and aged. Dorothy Melvern looked an octogenarian at that moment as she shriveled under consciousness of impending loss of her ill-gotten spoils.

"George," she gasped, in a breathless whisper, "I thought you would never find it out. I thought she might die, you know—the girl. I—no, I didn't mean that—I am awfully fond of her—I— Does it take everything?"

"Every cent," decisively returned the lawyer.

She shifted her bleared, wily eyes from the lawyer to her brother.

"George, I haven't one cent to buy me a loaf of bread. I shall be destitute, all for that—that girl. I am without money. I might just stay here in this shabby old room—you won't want it, and they could just give me a few scraps from the kitchen"—she kept wary, eager watch upon him. "But remember, I don't say I am going; I don't say I'll give you the estate."

George Chandos averted his face. His glance traveled past her to the neglected cabins and empty stables, the bleak phantasmagoria of drear winter, lying beyond. It had been colder and bleaker still, with steadily falling snow and the impenetrable blackness of the December night, when she had cast his darling from under that roof.

"I make no terms; I admit no compromise. It is mine, and I require it of you—every cent!" he repeated, in a measured metallic voice.

"I might do it because you are my brother—" she began, craftily.

"You will do it because you dare not risk contesting it," was the cold reminder.

"But I might live here and have a few scraps from the kitchen!"

"You shall never again darken my door," Dorothy. When I leave you to-day I shall never see your face willingly. With full knowledge of your own treachery you defrauded and well-nigh ruined me. With entire comprehension of your scheme I decline to contaminate my household by permitting you to cross my threshold. While the world stands you and I must be strangers to each other."

The hard words, syllabled in even, unhurried utterance, left no hope of change or amelioration. Anyone who beheld the calm, cold repose of Chandos's features read thereon the inexorable decree precisely as he had spoken it. It was immutable. Dorothy Melvern might cease her miserly appeal. He had no more mercy for her. Well it was that the little cottage at the "other end of the county" remained as a refuge.

She had turned his darling adrift, and there was no cottage anywhere to give her shelter."

"George," she broke out, furiously, "it's a crying shame to turn me out, your poor old sister, who has always done so much for you! I wanted them to hang Lawrence because I thought he had killed you."

Chandos neither glanced at her nor gave attention to the miserable whine. He gazed through the window upon the forlorn scene without.

"I presume the costs were heavy?" observed Mr. Bland.

"It never cost me a cent," retorted the woman, snapping her small eyes in vicious triumph. "Oscar paid for it all—and a pretty sum it cost him! I was never such a fool."

"Have you concluded the business?" demanded Chandos, without moving.

"Not quite. My dear madam, do you wish to have this matter investigated by your lawyers, or do you prefer to acquiesce in what you know to be unquestionable facts, and give peaceful possession?" inquired Mr. Bland. "I merely wish to say that Judge Blanton is below, prepared to give an opinion on the subject. Be so good as to send for him."

Dorothy Melvern snatched the tongs and hurled them into a corner of the fireplace; she threw on more chips—though always chary of profusion; tossed the shovel down, and stamped with ungovernable fury. Scheme and trick availed her nothing. Conscience and shame were dead ghosts in her honorless heart. She only thought of some device to add more spoils to those already plundered from Chandos Manor. In her heart the woman exulted in the covetousness inducing her to filch secretly from expectant heirs and a defrauded brother.

"Mr. Bland, you won't tell him that I knew—was supposed to know—about the girl?" she inquired, in an insinuating voice.

"It depends upon circumstances," responded Mr. Bland.

"George, you won't tell. It's such shameful slander, you know."

"I make no terms," was the glacial answer.

"I'm a poor old woman, seventy-eight in February, turned out of house and home without a penny. George," she exclaimed, as Mr. Bland

laid his hand on the bell, "you'll help me, won't you? If you take everything you won't let me starve? I have not one cent—not one!"

"I shall never help you," came in that same relentless tone.

She had steeled his heart forever against any appeal from her.

"My dear judge," she exclaimed, becoming coquettish and airy as that gentleman appeared, looking very grave, "this is a queer world. What do you think of that girl turning out to be George's daughter at last? I'll kiss the Bible I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Ahem—I—really, madam, I am under the impression, after carefully examining the evidence, that you were well aware of it," replied Judge Blanton.

"I—great Heavens! I never heard of such a thing. What am I to do? Is it all true? What must I do? Is there any way I can hold on to the property?"

She laid her hand on his arm as she asked the question. He shook it off contemptuously as he answered:

"I have examined the evidence with care. It is conclusive. You can contest it, but there are no grounds for doing so; and there is an ugly scandal in the case which might be dangerous to a character which, permit me to remind you, madam, is not now above reproach. If you wish to preserve the small share of good repute still left you among those unacquainted with the details of this affair you had best give peaceable possession to the rightful owner. Any claim by you is utterly untenable."

"You are all against me—every one of you!" burst out Chandos's sister, flying at the chips and pitching them on the fire. "Who asked you for an opinion, I'd like to know? You are just mad because you won't get the property. I never meant to give it to you. That will isn't worth a cent. I have a later one in that trunk. I wanted to get all I could out of you. I won't spend one cent on the lawyers—not one. George, when do you want me to go?"

"Now."

The answer was short and stern, and expressed volumes of bitterness.

"I can't go now—there is no way."

(To be continued.)



SERAPHINE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY EDOUARD BISSON.



GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC.

A MEXICAN VISIT.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

MEXICAN affairs the past few years have gained ground in the estimation of the commercial world, and a vast amount of American and English capital is invested in enterprises in that interesting, curious country of the Aztecs, where the Montezumas ruled in the fifteenth century, who were in turn conquered by Hernan Cortez, who may be said to have recreated Mexico, as we understand it, some three hundred years ago.

When the tourist enters the Valley of Mexico he is immensely impressed with the sublime and towering beauty of the mountains by which it is inclosed, and the charming landscapes, of which glimpses are caught now and again between their crests, refresh the eye, and present a lovely con-

trast to the interminable grassy plateaux and monotonous arid deserts traversed after leaving Vera Cruz. Great forests of fir and pine, with thickets of cypress, grow in luxuriant wildness on these mountain heights. Then we pass uncultivated tracts, rioting in fantastic masses of useless cacti, whilst in the distance rise the two great extinct volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Istaccihuatl, towering toward a turquoise sky, faintly red in the early morning, suggesting seashell pink, and amber and crimson in the evening when the sun seems to bestow upon them a lingering caress with its expiring rays.

The city of Mexico is about 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, and in the bright and luminous

atmosphere its solid tiers of houses and lofty cupolas stand out in bold relief. It suggests a bit of Southern Spain, with a dash of Morocco, reminding one in spots of the larger towns of the beautiful Canary Islands, as seen from the sea.

The roads leading to the city are straight and broad, dusty to discomfort, or disagreeably muddy, according to the season. Tramways are numerous, with cozy little boxes of cars, drawn by sleek, well-groomed and showily caparisoned mules.

After a bath and a change of clothes, which twelve hours in the train from Vera Cruz had rendered necessary, I strolled through the city. Passing the old Church of San Hipolito, with a dome of porcelain mosaic, I reach the Alameda, a pretty park that recalls the Parisian Parc Monceaux, where, beneath noble trees, I take a seat and behold the fashionable world of the city pass in their carriages along the Avenida Juarez. The next move is to hire an open trap and drive through the Paseo de la Reforma, which is three miles in length and wider than Broadway or Fifth Avenue. Here is an imposing statue of Carlos IV. of Spain, and a monument to Christopher Columbus, one of the few memorials of the great explorer whose name of late has rung throughout the length and breadth of the American Continent.

Many Mexicans continue to wear their picturesque national garb, and are seen in the parks and paseos, in close-fitting jackets, waistcoats and pantaloons of dark cloth, set off with buttons and silver or steel chains, and embroidered felt sombreros, a loose colored scarf, and spurs with mighty rowels completing the costume. The Mexican saddle reminded me of those used by the Arabs in Algeria and Egypt. The seat is deep, sloping up at the back; the stirrups cover the entire foot except the heel, and a sabre of tempered steel is suspended from the saddlebow. The effect is quite theatrical.

Mexican ladies and gentlemen adopt a mode of salutation quite peculiar to themselves. Our usual bow and ordinary shake of the hand is not sufficiently demonstrative for these Southrons. They make a significant motion by shaking the fingers of the left hand in an animated manner.

One of the prettiest of their modes of greeting is called *beso soplado*, throwing kisses, by gathering the fingers of the right hand in a close group, touching the lips, then throwing them out fan-like, at the same time blowing on the hand as it is outstretched toward the person for whom the demonstration is intended, thus indicating that five kisses are sent fluttering into the air. This method of public salutation, even in these pro-

gressive, daring, *fin de siècle* days, would be considered rather *prononcé* in our Central Park.

About six o'clock the carriages and horsemen turn their heads toward the city, as the night falls suddenly, there being a very brief twilight, and everybody scampers home to dinner. We pass the President of the Republic, General Porfirio Diaz, in an open carriage, drawn by four magnificent horses, who is on his way to the Chapultepec Palace, and at seven o'clock we all dine at our hotel, and retire to rest by ten o'clock. The Mexicans are "early to bed and early to rise" people, and, unless a visit to the theatre, to witness a flimsy *farzuela*, or a prolonged bout at billiards (a game to which they are passionately addicted), keeps them up, they are between the sheets, with heads on pillows, within an hour or two after dining.

There is no need to give instructions to be called early at a Mexican hotel. At daylight, or soon after, the streets resound with the bustle of traffic. Carts drawn by two, four and six mules, and troops of donkeys laden with panniers overflowing with all sorts of varied merchandise, jostle each other in the roadway, the drivers saluting each other in loud, discordant shouts that would awaken the most jaded of sleepers. The donkeys and mules, known as *burros*, perform an incredible amount of work, and are very typical of street life in Mexico, fifty often passing in a procession, piled up with every conceivable kind of goods, from sheaves of maize to pots, kettles, and even bedsteads, tables and chests of drawers; and it is wonderful to see how they plod steadily and silently on with extraordinary patience and resignation. It is almost pathetic to watch these poor beasts pursue their way goaded by their drivers and sworn at by their attendants as if they were the laziest, instead of the most industrious, members of the community. There is work here for vigilant members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Indians of mongrel caste pass through the streets, screaming out the names of the articles they have to dispose of—fruits, vegetables, fowls, ducks—carrying their stuff on their backs in baskets fastened on to their shoulders and supported by a strap passed across the chest. The *gamins*, as lively and aggressive as those of New York, are howling out the names of little daily papers—which, by the way, are about the size of a pane of glass—and the last-drawn numbers of the National Lottery. The Mexicans are as mad on the *loteria* as the Neapolitans, and the highest and lowest of the community purchase tickets. Beggars are numerous and persistent, and hold out their grimy, skinny hands, imploring you, in well-acted,

piteous tones, for the sake of all the saints and your sweetheart, to give them a trifle. Every beggar seems to be followed by a yellow dog, as lean and hungry as himself, and I am bound to say, if you give them cakes or fruit, they share it with their fourfooted companions. I passed one on my walks, an armless, tattered man, who bore on his breast a flaring picture representing indistinctly an earthquake or an explosion of a violent character. My guide, who acted as interpreter, asked him in what country occurred the catastrophe of which we assumed, from his lack of arms, he had been a victim. His reply was curiously honest: "Oh, noble gentlemen, Heaven smile upon you and your families! I bought this picture at a sale two years ago at Paso del Norte. I don't know what it represents, but it's useful in calling attention to my misfortune and my poverty."

Such ingenuous frankness was worth at least the reward of a peseta. The fellow explained the cheat without a suggestion of shame, and pocketed the coin with an effusion of thanks that we could hear for a minute or more after we had left him. He was evidently of P. T. Barnum's well-known theory, that a dash of humbug is necessary to secure public attention. I once ventured to remark to that famous old showman that the pictures he issued did not exactly represent the entertainments that took place in his colossal circus. "Perhaps not," he quickly replied; "you can put on the walls anything you like, provided you please the public when they come." That armless Spanish varlet in a measure evidently shared the showman's opinion.

The proletariat indulge, to a large extent, in the consumption of pulque, which is the juice of a Mexican agave, or aloe. It is an alcoholic, gin-looking tippie, with a peculiar and pungent odor, and is said not to be unpalatable when served, as it is in this part of the world, as a relish to turkey with pimento sauce (*el mole*), or a plate of *frijoles* (black or red haricot beans), a salad, and a smoking stack of *tortillas* or of *tamalitos*, both fried sorts of fritters of Indian corn meal, in the making of which some gastronomic skill is required.

The pulquerias are worth a visit, if it is only to see the blazing pictures that enliven the interiors, and many of them have showy, flamboyant tableaux outside. Behind a broad counter are ranged rows of huge casks, painted green, white and red, the national colors, which contain the pulque. The barman dips out the fiery liquid in a gourd and dispenses it in tinted glasses. There are no seats, the customers taking their tippie standing, toasting each other in high-sounding and extravagant phrases. Frequent repetitions of

these libations, especially on *fête* days and in carnival time (Shrove Tuesday is a great day at the pulquerias), bring on drunkenness, when a quarrel about some political question frequently arises, and there are high words, a pulling out of long, murderous-looking knives, and the police are called in. The guardians of the law are all provided with batons and revolvers. The production of these weapons exercises an immediate and soothing effect upon the *leperos*, as the rabble are called, and quiet is restored by the noisiest of the brawlers being marched off to the station house.

The Central Market is a worth a visit. There are moving masses of people and a Babel of sounds. There are thousands of eggs, pyramids of butter (and mighty strong and rank some of it is), large Toluca cheeses, all sorts of groceries, and great joints of bleeding meat badly dressed, attended by shabby butchers, who take no pains to set out their goods to advantage. They seem to hack off a piece from the suspended carcass whenever a customer demands a portion. There were stalls dedicated to strings of withered, shrunken red sausages, such as one sees in the shops of Teneriffe and in Brazil; salted hams and piles of sun-dried meat, called *tasajo*. The venders of *tortillas* moved about in the crowd, their little stocks of maize cakes having been baked in open-air kitchens.

Arranged on small mats on the ground, under primitive booths made of rushes, are piles of vegetables and fruits, such as radishes, cabbages, pimentos, oranges, lemons, zapotillas of various colors, custard apples, bananas in bunches, sweet potatoes and melons mixed together in picturesque confusion, whilst the air is heavy with a decided tropical aroma; the *ensemble* forming a striking picture in strong contrast with the more sedate markets of modern Europe or those of the United States.

To meet the men of mark in Mexico one must go to the Casa Plaisante and have a vermuth cocktail or an iced cobbler. Here the Senators, the Deputies, the journalists, the officers and merchants forgather and clink their glasses. It is at this point young Mexico ogles the pretty girls passing on their way home from shopping, and the beaux fling many a sly salutation with seductive smiles as they go by. The Mexican, like his conqueror the Spaniard, employs his eyes to good purpose in this amatory business. The eyes express more *nuances* of meaning in these sunny lands than colder nations dream of.

Mexico is favored with a pleasant climate. Most days nine months in the year suggest fervent June weather. It is neither bakingly hot nor unpleasantly cold, except on rare occasions,

when a swift hurricane sweeps down from the north, and the sudden lowering of the temperature is felt the more keenly because of the absence of fires. I did not see a stove, a grate or a fireplace all the time I was in the country. Now I think of it, the houses bore no chimneys. There is what is termed a "wet season," lasting sometimes, I was told, quite three months; but before and after the daily downpour, lasting an hour or two, the sun shines brilliantly out, and the sky is deeply, beautifully blue. On occasions of great unusual storms, when the rain comes down with a tropical and terrific rush, the streets are converted into thick lakes of liquid mud, through which sturdy porters, their trousers rolled up above their knees, carry on their backs such people as are compelled to be out on urgent business. I was informed that when seen from the surrounding heights the flooded valleys present a strange and beautiful appearance. The pastures of the pink schinus, a flower which fills the air with a delicate perfume, after the rain glow with color; the meadows are carpeted with many flowers, and the reflection of the purple irises on the banks of the lakes assume a blood-red hue, whilst on the long plains the pools of shining water resemble tiny steel mirrors framed in plush of emerald green. I missed the tempest and the tornado, but I frequently saw the sky suffused with warm tones in the west—coral, orange and amber melting into each other, the mountains glowing like great boulders of amethyst in seas of molten copper. The short twilight comes; in a few moments it is gone, and the darkness spreads her sombre, star-dotted velvet mantle over the sleeping sky.

Among the letters of introduction I took with me to Mexico was one to General Diaz, the President. He received me with charming cordiality, and asked me to an informal dinner at the Chapultepec Palace. There were ten covers, and the conversation among the guests was carried on mainly in French, occasionally in English. His excellency is well versed in current French literature, but knows little of English books except history; and he asked me if I ever heard Gladstone speak, and what I thought of his oratory. He spoke of him as a "great fighting man," which, at his age, he considered remarkable. He told me that he had once the pleasure of entertaining the late General Grant, after he had been President of the United States, but that he was a man of action rather than of speech. He said the general had told him of his tour round the world after his retirement from office, and of his meeting Bismarck in Germany. General Grant thought him the most impressive man he had en-

countered in all of his travels; and, said Diaz, the general formed a high opinion of the capacity and talents of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. I found the Mexican President knew most English statesmen by name, and in several instances recounted their achievements. The history of Porfirio Diaz and his elevation to his present high position reads like a romance. I regret I have not space to give an outline of it.

Here is a menu of the dinner, which was served on silver plates and attended by servants in plain dark livery, the major-domo alone wearing a silver chain with epaulets:

Salchicha trufada.
Sopa de caldo de vaca.
Trucha con acuite y vinaigre.
Salmon panado.
Lengua con quisantes.
Moqueja con achicorias.
Dos cogujadas en salmonejo.
Pastel de legumbres calientes.
En salado de achicoria.
Buñuelos de manzanas.
Tujudeas de melon.
Juero de Roquefort.
Café rosali de grosella.
Liqueurs, fruit.

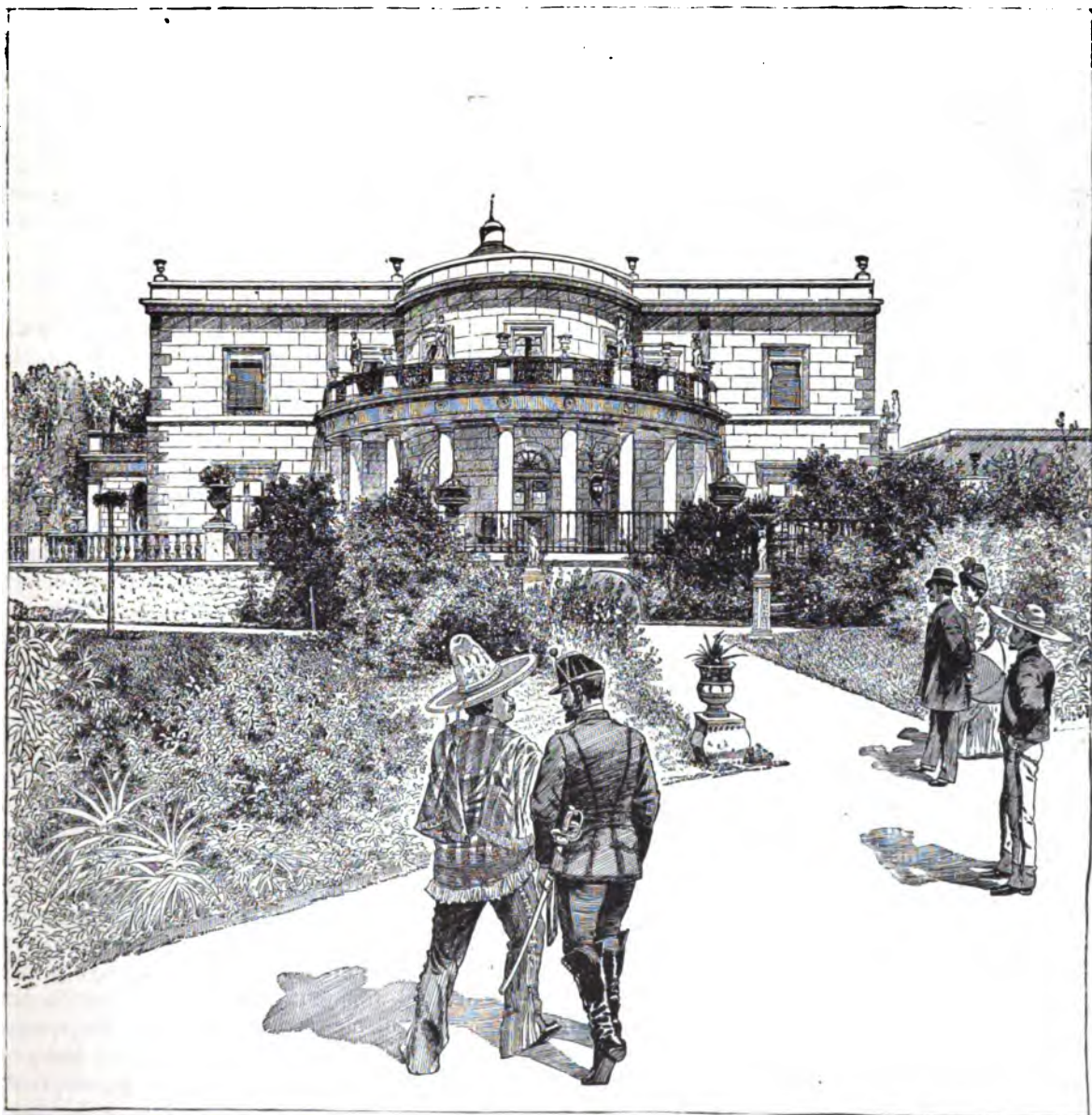
I enjoyed the dinner, which, contrary to my experience in Spanish and Havana hotels and houses, was tolerably free from grease and garlic. The *hors d'œuvre* consisted of slices of truffled sausage; the fish was a salmon fried in bread crumbs; the Lengua was a tongue stewed in a delicious sauce with young peas; the Moqueja I recognized as sweetbread with endive; Dos Cogujadas turned out to be a toothsome ragout of larks; the Pastel was a hot vegetable pie, of which I partook sparingly, as it abounded in potato, reminding one of the humble cottage pie of provincial England; the Salad was of wild chicory, but excellently mixed and condimented (if I may coin a word); the Buñuelos was our old friend the apple fritter supremely light and elegant; and the melon, cheese and coffee were of the usual kind that is served in any well-ordered French or Spanish restaurant.

As will be seen from the menu, there were no joints, and the vegetables were not so well cooked as one finds them at home. When they were not fried or stewed they seemed to have all the life boiled out of them. For wines we had a claret of the Tinto brand (Monte Coella), hock, and a dry G. H. Mumm champagne of '84. General Diaz is a moderate eater and a still more prudent drinker.

After dinner a tray of cigarettes and small cigars (*infantos*) were handed round, the ladies not retiring, but each one blowing thin vapors

clouds from pink cigarettes, and seeming to enjoy the indulgence. I observed they were all tremendously be-ringed, and the action of placing the cigarettes between their lips afforded brilliant opportunity of showing off their diamonds. At nine o'clock we all retired. I drove to the theatre, where I heard the last act of about the silliest opera bouffe I ever listened to. The artists were on a par with the music, and the *mise en scène* would have thrown my good friend Mr. Grau, of the Metropolitan Opera House, into paroxysms of unmitigated disgust. The company must have been composed of the sweepings of the Spanish

provinces, and the music was perhaps by an Iberian Offenbach, with the tunes deplorably diluted. A critic once caustically and unkindly defined the music of the late Adolphe Adam as the "rinsings of Auber's bottles." The music I heard must have been the result of one of these rinsings with a still further accession of melodic feebleness. No wonder the drama and opera do not flourish in Mexico; and now I quite understand that when La Diva Patti condescends to visit that far-off country she is hailed with frantic vivas, crowned with laurels, pelted with roses, and rewarded with sacks of gold.



THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE, CITY OF MEXICO.

AN HISTORIC GAME OF CHESS.

By G. H. D. GOSSIP.

JUST now, when so much is being written about the great Napoleon, it may be here stated that he was very fond of chess. He used often to play the game at that well-known chess resort, the Café de la Régence, in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris; and the marble table on which, when First Consul, he fought his mimic battles over the checkered board is still preserved and shown to visitors, an inscription on a brass slab in the centre recording the fact. It figures among the archives of the establishment along with the bronze busts of the fiery Labourdonnais and our great Morphy and the portrait of the immortal Philidor—those invincible paladins of chess. Not far from this classic chess resort is the historic Church of St. Roch, on the steps of which a bloody fight took place when Bonaparte suppressed the sections. Chess was his favorite pastime in his rare intervals of leisure on his German campaigns, during which he once gave an audience to the Persian Ambassador without interrupting his game with Berthier, and several of his officers used frequently to have the honor of crossing swords with the conqueror of the Pyramids. Chess, too, beguiled the tedium of his voyage to St. Helena, and during the weary years of his monotonous captivity it formed his chief recreation. He played many games with General Bertrand—one of his “faithful few,” who, unlike Bernadotte and Moreau, stood by their imperial master when his star was on the wane. One of these historical games has been recorded as a memento of the great Corsican, and was published with notes some years ago in the *London Chess Monthly*. When winning a game he did not conceal his exultation, and taking a pinch of snuff, would say: “Enfin, vous voilà attrapé, Bertrand!” to which his adversary would reply, “C’est vrai, sire!” for Bertrand was not only a faithful servant, but a good courtier, and besides always addressing him by his imperial title, used to allow him to win a good many games.

Long before his downfall, when First Consul, Napoleon often played chess with Mme. de Rémusat. The moves of his tragically historic game with her, played at Malmaison, on the eve of the execution of the unfortunate Duc d’Enghien, have been also recorded and published in the periodical above mentioned, and the game itself may be said to form one of the strikingly dramatic episodes of his early career, before “the hero sunk into the king.” In fact, his real decline may be said to have begun with the murder of the Duc d’Enghien at the threshold of the impe-

rial period, and with his subsequent divorce from the amiable and enchanting Josephine. Mme. de Rémusat’s account of this memorable incident in his career is so interesting, so full of pathos and genuine womanly feeling and descriptive power—such an excellent pen picture—as to deserve a passing notice. In her “Memoirs” she says: “On the Tuesday morning Mme. Bonaparte said to me, ‘All is useless. The Duc d’Enghien arrives this evening. He will be taken to Vincennes and tried to-night. Murat has undertaken the whole. He is odious in this matter; it is he who is urging Bonaparte, by telling him that his clemency will be taken for weakness, that the Jacobins will be furious; and one party is now displeased because the former fame of Moreau has not been taken into consideration, and will ask why a Bourbon should be differently treated. Bonaparte has forbidden me to speak to him again on the subject. He asked me about you,’ she added, ‘and I acknowledged that I had told you everything. He had perceived your distress. Pray try to control yourself.’

“At this I lost all self-restraint and exclaimed: ‘Let him think what he likes of me. It matters little to me, madame, I assure you; and if he asks me why I am weeping I will tell him that I weep for him.’ And in fact I again burst into tears.

“Dinner hour came, and she had to go down with a composed face. Mine was quite beyond my control. Again Bonaparte was playing chess: he had taken a fancy to that game. Immediately on perceiving me he called me to him, saying that he wanted to consult me. I was not able to speak. He addressed me in a tone of kindness and interest, which increased my confusion and distress. When dinner was served he placed me near himself, and asked me a number of questions about the affairs of my family. He seemed bent on bewildering me and hindering me from thinking. Little Napoleon (the son of Hortense, and afterward Napoleon III.) had been brought down from Paris; and his uncle placed the child in the middle of the table and seemed much amused when he pulled the dishes about, and upset everything within his reach.

“After dinner he sat on the floor, playing with the boy, and apparently in very high spirits, but it seemed to me assumed. Mme. Bonaparte, who was afraid that he would have been angry at what she had told him about me, looked from him to me, smiling sweetly, as if she would have said, ‘You see, he is not so bad after all; we may make our minds easy.’

"I hardly knew where I was. I felt as though I were dreaming a bad dream. No doubt I looked bewildered. Suddenly, fixing a piercing gaze on me, Bonaparte said: 'Why have you no rouge on? You are too pale.' I answered that I had forgotten to put on any. 'What!' said he; 'a woman forget to put on her rouge?' And then, with a loud laugh, he turned to his wife and added, 'That would never happen to you, Josephine.'

"When Bonaparte was in high spirits he was equally devoid of taste and moderation, and on such occasions his manners smacked of the barrack room. He went on for some time jesting with his wife with more freedom than delicacy, and then challenged me to a game of chess.

"He did not play well, and never would observe the correct moves. I allowed him to do as he liked; everyone in the room kept silence. Presently he began to mutter some lines of poetry, and then repeated a little louder, 'Soyons amis, Cinna,' and *Guzman's* lines in Act V., Scene 7 of 'Alzire':

"Des dieux que nous servons connais la différence :
Les tiens t'ont commandé le meurtre et la vengeance ;
Et le mien, quand ton bras vient de m'assassiner
M'ordonne de te plaindre et de te pardonner."

"As he half whispered the line, 'Et le mien, quand ton bras vient de m'assassiner,' I could not refrain from raising my eyes and looking at him. He smiled, and went on repeating the verses. In truth, at that moment I did believe that he had deceived his wife and everybody else, and was planning a grand scheme of magnanimous pardon. I caught eagerly at this idea, and it restored me to composure. My imagination was very juvenile in those days, and I longed so much to be able to hope.

"'You like poetry?' Bonaparte asked me. How I longed to answer, 'Especially when the words are applicable!' but I did not dare to utter the words. I may as well mention in this place that the very day after I had set down the above reminiscence a friend lent me a work entitled 'Mémoires Secrètes sur la Vie de Lucien Bonaparte.' This work, which is probably written by a secretary of Lucien's, is inaccurate in several instances. Some notes added at the end are said to be written by a person worthy of belief. I found among them the following, which struck me as curious: 'Lucien was informed of the death of the Duc d'Enghien by General Hullin, a relative of Mme. Jouberton, who came to her house some hours after that event, looking the image of grief and consternation. The military council had been assured that the First Consul

only purposed to assert his authority, and fully intended to pardon the prince, and certain lines from 'Alzire,' commencing, 'Des dieux que nous servons connais la différence,' had been quoted to them.'

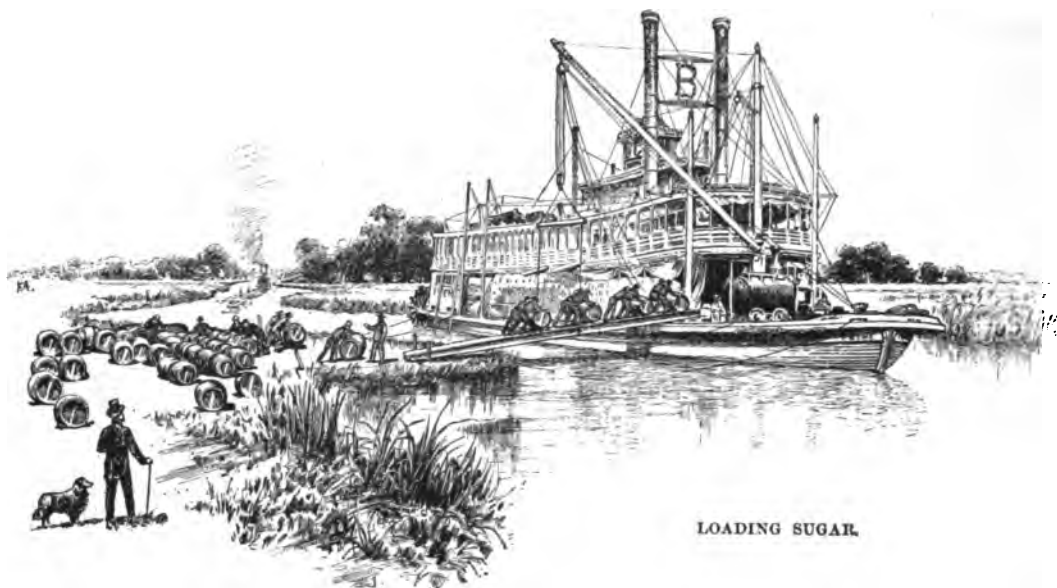
"But to resume: We went on with our game, and his gayety gave me more and more confidence. We were still playing when the sound of carriage wheels was heard, and presently General Hullin was announced. Bonaparte pushed away the chess table roughly, rose and went into the adjoining gallery. There he remained all the rest of the evening, with Murat, Hullin and Savary. We saw no more of him, and yet I went to my room feeling more easy. I could not believe but that Bonaparte must be moved by the fact of having such a victim in his hands. I hoped the prince would ask to see him; and, in fact, he did so, adding: 'If the First Consul would consent to see me he would do me justice, for he would know that I have done my duty.' My idea was that Bonaparte would go to Vincennes and publicly grant the prince pardon in person. If he were not going to act thus, why should he have quoted those lines from 'Alzire'?

"That night, that terrible night, passed. Early in the morning I went down to the drawing room, and there found Savary. He was deathly pale, and I must do him the justice to say that his face betrayed great agitation. He spoke to me with trembling lips, but his words were quite insignificant. I did not question him, for persons of his kind will always say what they want to say without being asked, although they never give answers.

"Mme. Bonaparte came in and looked at me very sadly, and as she took her seat said to Savary: 'Well, so it is done?' 'Yes, madame,' he answered. 'He died this morning, and, I am bound to acknowledge, with great courage.' I was struck dumb with horror.

"Mme. Bonaparte asked for details. . . . The prince was taken to one of the trenches of the château. Being offered a handkerchief to bind his eyes with, he rejected it with dignity, and addressing the gendarmes, said: 'You are Frenchmen; at least you will do me the service not to miss your aim.' He placed in Savary's hands a ring, a lock of hair and a letter for Mme. de Rohan; and all these Savary showed to Mme. Bonaparte. The letter was open; it was brief and tender. I do not know whether these last wishes of the unfortunate prince were carried out."

Such is a description by one of the players of the most tragic game of chess ever played—of exceptional interest from the historical personages who were on-lookers.



ACADIA AND BAYOU TECHE.

BY STOUGHTON COOLEY.

IN the southwestern part of the State of Louisiana, projecting into the swamps from the high western plains, is a narrow tongue of land, which, everything considered, is the most unique piece of agricultural land to be found. It is not more than about sixty miles in length and from two to ten miles in width, but it is unsurpassed for fertility and for simple beauty. It is the sugar bowl of commerce, the Acadia of the poets; the land of song and story, sung by Longfellow and told by Cable. It is the land to which the simple-minded peasants from storm-beaten Nova Scotia were led—a veritable land of promise after their life in the wilderness. It is the Teche.

To understand and appreciate this little Eden the stranger must first get in mind some idea of the general topography of Louisiana. A great part of the State is made from the deposits of soil brought by the Mississippi from the North and Northwest. Now, solid matter held in solution in running water will begin to settle the moment the current slackens; hence as the muddy waters of the Mississippi struck the Gulf of Mexico the dirt settled on each side of the current. And as the waters held most sediment when they first left the main current, the land thus formed was highest on the bank of the river and sloped back on each side to the deep waters of the Gulf. When the land so formed rose above the surface of the water it was immediately taken possession of by the cruder forms of vegetation, the swamp grass and weeds, and the willow trees. Still

the landmaking continued. At each succeeding freshet, or overflow, new deposits were made, raising the land higher and higher until only the exceptional floods could reach it. Meantime the coarse grass made way for finer kinds, and the mushroom growth of willows was replaced by the cypress, the pecan and other trees of a hardy growth. It will be seen that this method of making land has a tendency to, and in fact does, make a sort of aqueduct which extends far out into the waters of the Gulf; and the water flowing through this aqueduct must go much farther to reach the level of the Gulf than if it went through the artificial banks of the river and reached the main water on either side. Thus when the Mississippi reaches New Orleans it is but a mile or two from tide water, but it must flow on nearly a hundred miles to reach that level at the mouth of the river. At the mouth of Red River the Mississippi is only some ninety miles from tide water, but instead of being allowed to reach its destination in this way, it is compelled by means of artificial embankments to flow three hundred miles. This peculiar natural formation of the land, and the artificial supplement, present a rather unique appearance. Whereas rivers are usually found running through valleys, or through the lowest parts of the land drained, the streams of alluvial Louisiana flow along the top of ridges which are higher than any part of the surrounding country.

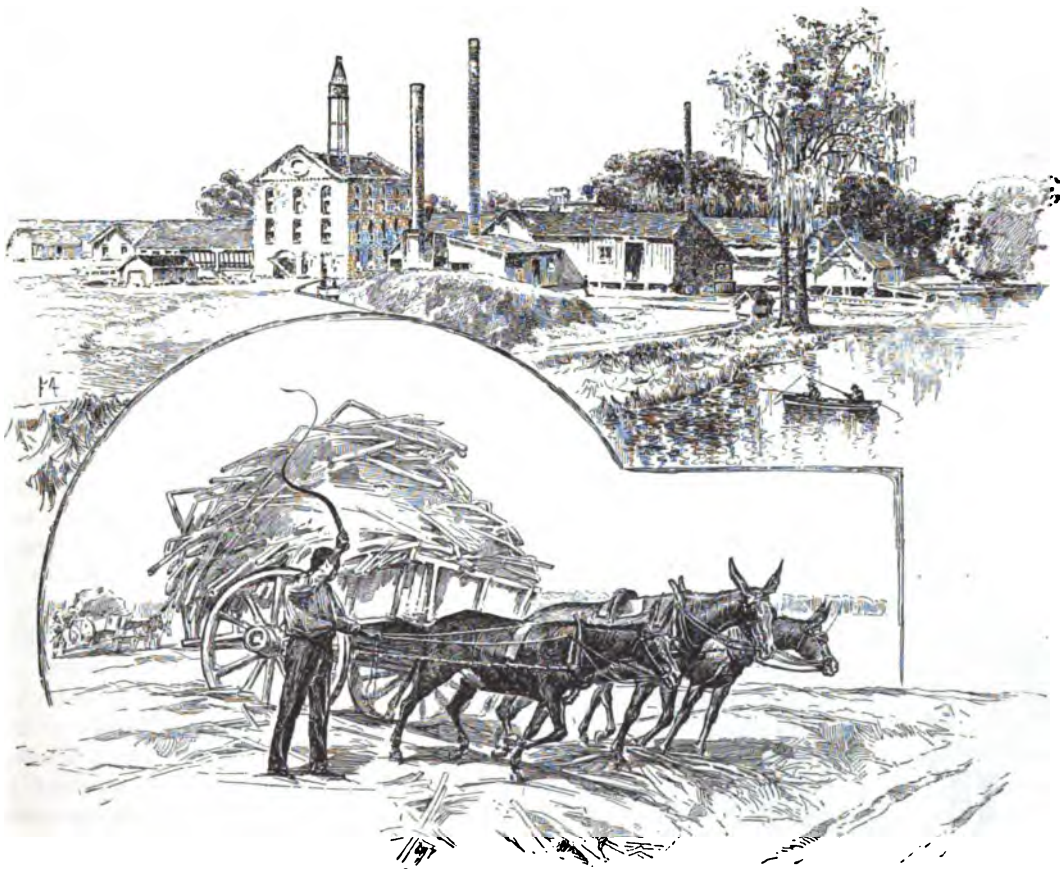
There are three ways of getting to the Teche.

The traveler may go from New Orleans—everything in Louisiana begins and ends in New Orleans, it is to that State what Paris is to France—by ship through the Gulf to Morgan City, connecting with the Bayou boats; by railroad direct, and by steamboat by way of the mouth of Red River. Those who are in a hurry and do not care to see anything take the railroad; those who know no better might go by steamship; but the knowing ones go by steamboat.

By taking passage on the packet which leaves New Orleans every ten days the traveler can get more for his time and money than in almost any other way. To begin with, she goes up the Mississippi in a north-westerly direction 205 miles to the mouth of the Red River, then west through Old River 8 miles, and south down the Atchafalaya 75 miles, Grand River 6 miles, Bayou La Rompt 8



OAK LAWN.



SUGAR MILL ON THE BAYOU TECHE.

miles, Little Devil 200 yards, Big Tensas 2 miles, Tensas Bay 1 mile, Lake Munguwah 3 miles, Bayou Chene 5 miles, Lake Checot 6 miles, Checot Pass 1 mile, Cypress Pass half a mile, Cypress Lake 6 miles, Grand Lake 30 miles, Lower Atchafalaya 4 miles, and northwest again in Bayou Teche to New Iberia 65 miles. The steamer's course is that of an inverted letter N, so that after she has run 360 miles she comes to the mouth of Bayou Teche, which is only 80 miles from New Orleans. If the steamer does not get lost in any of the thousand and one stray bayous, lakes, passes, bays and rivers not here enumerated she will take you back to the starting point for the paltry sum of twelve dollars, which must be considered dirt cheap—especially when this crazy-quilt route is supplemented by good bed and board. It is cheaper than staying at home. And as steamboatmen are proverbially obliging, there is no doubt that should any passenger complain that he had not had the worth of his money the captain would throw in a dozen or twenty extra bayous which are lying about loose in the forest. If there is anything that the State of Louisiana lacks it is not bayous. The whole State fairly bristles with them; it is a veritable Venice on a huge scale. Some of these streams run parallel with the Mississippi, and some at right angles, some run into it and some out, some run into it part of the year and out the rest; some of them are navigable in low water, any of them could float a ship in high water.

The country lying between New Orleans and the mouth of Red River comprises the "coast," the golden coast of Longfellow, the "sugar

coast" of commerce, consisting of large sugar plantations which rival in extent and magnificence the lordly estates of Europe. But after leaving the few cotton plantations at the head of the Atchafalaya the boat passes through miles upon miles of desolate swamp land covered with a thick growth of moss-laden trees. The land is a few feet out of water when the rivers are low, and a few feet under when they are high. The forests are rich in cypress, which is cut when the water is low, and floated out when it is high. Fish, of the cat and buffalo varieties, abound. Game is plentiful; waterfowl of all kinds are seen, deer are common, and sometimes bear are found.

Save the few scattered huts of the fishermen there is absolutely no sign of human habitation for more than a hundred miles. The Atchafalaya is what the boatmen call a wicked stream; for through it the waters of the Mississippi and Red Rivers reach tide water in ninety miles when they would have to go three times as far to obtain the same fall by the mouth of the Mississippi, hence the current is swift and the river crooked. Heavy timber overhangs the banks, threatening the cabin and chimneys should the boat approach too near, while vicious snags lie along the edges of the stream to bring the unwary pilot to grief. But the boats are built for this kind of work, and so are the pilots—they seldom have any trouble.

In this region the traveler can behold and study the forest primeval, from the rank growth of the willows which have taken possession of the newly made land to the stately cypress that lifts its feathery branches far above the surrounding trees. Here and there the magnolia and holly add their shining green to the sombre gray of the winter forest, while over all and through all hangs the omnipresent Spanish moss, swaying and swinging in the breeze, or drooping in long festoons from the forest arches. Now and then the eye catches sight of the scarlet coat of the redbird as he flits from branch to branch; the ear is charmed by the silvery note of the mocking bird as he sends back in sweeter tones the notes of other birds of the forest. They sing on, these merry songsters, all in blissful ignorance or careless disregard of the lands of the frozen North. The tiny black squirrel, startled by the noise of the boat, scampers to the highest limb and shakes his tail as he barks defiance at the steaming monster. If the day be bright and warm



SERVANT AND DOG, OAK LAWN.

alligators may be seen basking in the sun on the banks, with their heads toward the water, ready to plunge into the stream at the approach of danger. Save for the fishermen's huts the country is much the same as when the strong-armed Gabriel in his tiny boat,

—"Weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of
sorrow,"

while Evangeline slept within sound of his oars.

After plunging into this bank and that for seventy-five miles the Atchafalaya seems to tire of its single water way and bursts into a perfect galaxy of bayous, rivers and lakes. There probably would have been more of them had there been more room. To the stranger it looks as though nature, when she got near the end of her task, had a miscellaneous assortment of waters left and dumped them in here. In reality all this country was once covered by the Gulf of Mexico. The deposits of the Mississippi, Red, Teche and other streams gradually filled it up, appearing here and there as islands, which as they grew in extent inclosed lakes and left connecting bayous between.

As the muddy waters poured into these great lakes more islands appeared, making smaller lakes connected by bayous. The process can now be seen in operation in the larger lakes which remain. Year by year the channel is narrowed and the ground rises higher and higher on either side. Had the flood waters of the Mississippi been allowed to spread themselves over the country as they did before the era of levees the lakes would now be filled and the country round about would be several feet higher. But nature is too slow for short-lived man to wait upon. He accepts the land already made, and drives her from the workshop before her task is finished. But nature, like her human sisters, is not easily turned from her purpose. So determined is she to complete the work that it requires the expenditure of vast sums of money, under the direction of the ablest engineers, in levee-ing to keep the waters out, and then it is only with partial success. Such a multitude of water ways make possible a great many combinations of routes to and from the Teche; indeed, if the government would put locks in the levee at Plaquemine the boats could go through the bayou of that name, and thus save a fourth of the total distance. It was through Bayou Plaquemine that Evangeline and Father Felician went with their party of exiled Acadians on their way to the Teche. Once through the bayou, Evangeline's party followed the same chain of lakes and bayous that the steamers now do; and it is

not at all difficult for the mind to go back a century and a quarter to the time when these simple-minded people traversed this route. The forests and the waters are much as they were then.

The boat darts hither and thither through the swift-running bayous into sluggish lagoons, over broad, sleepy lakes and down narrow passes, finally reaching Grand Lake, a body of water twenty miles wide by thirty in length. At the foot of Grand Lake evidences of civilization are to be seen. First come the little squatter places, which soon are followed by the great sugar plantations of the Teche, and the stranger finds himself in the beautiful Parish of St. Mary's—St. Mary's, the pride of the Teche and the envy of the State. Here the traveler finds stretching before him a bayou three hundred feet wide by eight or nine feet deep, and lined upon either side by a succession of magnificent sugar plantations.

Bayou Teche has done in a small way what the Mississippi has on a much larger scale. Coming down from the high plains of Western Louisiana, it carried the sediment in a southeasterly direction into the Gulf of Mexico, until it met the alluvial deposits of the Mississippi. A few years ago the upper end of the bayou was leveed up, and the waters which fed it turned into a stream running north of it which was supposed to be more in need of water. This leaves the Teche with practically no current at all, and subject to the ebb and flow of the tide for the first sixty-five miles. It rises only three or four feet in the freshet, and overflows its banks only in some great flood like that of 1882.

One of the chief charms of the Teche country is, it is all of such size and shape that it can be appreciated by the traveler. On the Mississippi the passengers on board boats can never get a good view of the country. If the river is low a great high bank and levee obstruct the view; if the river is high there is a guard patrolling the levee with a rifle on his shoulder, compelling the steamboats to keep the middle of the stream. And even should the boat get near the bank the stranger would be terrified lest the levee should break and the boat fall down into the plantation. But on the Teche no great, ugly embankments lie between the boats and the plantations. The land, which at its highest is only a few feet above tide water, slopes gently down to the edge of the stream, as though it were laid out by a landscape gardener. Nor has the Teche any short, ragged bends like those of the swift-running bayous, but sweeps along in graceful curves with long stretches of river between, so straight as to tempt the stranger to think they were laid out by the hand



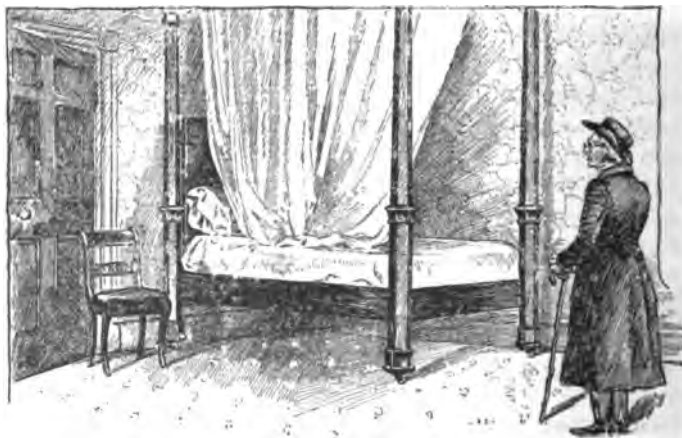
THE SHADOW.

of man. Grass covers the banks the year round ; and best of all, both banks are lined with magnificent live oaks, which are a sight to behold. Whether standing singly or in clusters, these oaks are the first to impress the mind of the stranger, and linger longest when the scenes have faded from sight. They are as the ermine that borders the royal robe, the sun-tipped edging of the summer cloud. The great planters have them all about their homes ; the poorer people have a few, the negroes often having a hut with stick chimney beneath the spreading branches of a tree which would be the envy of a millionaire in a colder clime ; and even the cattle rest in the shade of these noble trees as they chew their ends and gaze stoically at the passing boat. The live oak is magnificent alive or dead. In its prime it lifts its sturdy form aloft and spreads its evergreen branches so far and wide that a small village might gather in its shade. From its boughs hang the great festoons of moss that wave weirdly in the passing breeze, as though the old oak were shaking his head at the brevity and uncertainty of the life of man. And when time has been fulfilled and the storms have done their work, stripping the lifeless trunk limb by limb until only a few broken stumps remain

with moss clinging to their shapeless forms, the oak is still magnificent. The moss which adorned the sturdy fellow in his strength as with ribbons and streamers, in his decay adorns him still, as if trying to hide from the world the wreck of time and storm.

Time was, when ships were made of wood, that the United States Government in selling these lands reserved the right to cut the live oak for use in its shipyards. Many a noble oak has served his country by bearing her sons to victory on the sea. But like many other things which were once thought indispensable, the ribs of oak which inspired the poet have given place to ribs of steel, and the grand old tree is allowed to retire upon his laurels, spreading his boughs in mute benediction above the lovers who stray beneath, over the children who prattle in his shade, and the grandsires and grandams who sit by, smiling at the present and dreaming of the long ago. Yes, the live oaks are a noble work of nature wherever found ; but when seen on the banks of Bayou Teche, standing like giants guarding the way to the land of Acadia, they are simply adorable.

The sugar lands on the Teche lie below New Iberia. Above that point the ground rises, and approaches somewhat the nature of the Texas plains. While not so rich as the soil of the lower lands these plains are fertile, making good cotton land and fine pasturage. It was in this country that most of the Acadians settled, making the old town of St. Martinsville their centre. Whether it was because the raising of sugar had not then attained such political importance as to receive the special protection of the government, or whether the simple-minded peasants, accustomed as they were to a land where nature seemed to begrudge them all they wrung from her, feared the



WHERE HENRY CLAY SLEPT.

soil where vegetation grew so luxuriantly and passed it by as an evil-intending siren, the exiles moved on to the higher plains. Possibly it was their desire to hide themselves as far away as possible from the meddlesome hand of Great Britain. Certain it is that they secured a home which they long kept to themselves, and from which they have never been compelled to move. Indeed, they have been too much to themselves; new blood and new ideas are needed to improve the enervated race. Both these are coming. Farmers from the North and West are settling among them, giving their attention to the raising of rice, which is sown broadcast like wheat and yields abundantly. In the lower part of the Teche, or the sugar country, especially in the towns of Franklin and New Iberia, the French influence seems to be dying out. People of three-score and ten, who in their youth learned the French language as a necessity, now find little use for it. Thus is the influence of the market greater than that of the court. For centuries international negotiations have been conducted in French, but the sturdy persistent English and Yankee traders have carried their language where they took their wares, until to-day the courts themselves feel called upon to use the language of the market.

The natural advantages of the Teche country are almost ideal. The improvements and methods of operation, however, are not quite up to the limit of perfection. This is not due to the fault of the people, but rather to the fortunes of war and such accidents as are beyond the control of man. Prior to the war these plantations were in the highest state of cultivation then known, the buildings, residences and sugar-houses were the pride of the State. The Teche then boasted a society as cultured and exclusive as could anywhere be found. The rich owners of lands and slaves had their summer houses on the islands that lie along the edge of the Gulf; they spent the winters in New Orleans, if not in Europe, and enjoyed, in fact, all the ease and comfort which great wealth brings. But the change came as in a night. The war took many a son who was the pride of the family, and the emancipation reduced every planter's capital from one-third to one-half its original proportions. When the war was over the

men tried to operate their places as best they could by securing loans from the money lenders of the cities. Few succeeded; the high rate of interest took all the profits, and the changed conditions seemed to stun and bewilder them. Gradually one plantation after another has gone into the sheriff's hands, until now there are very few that have not passed out of the families that held them before the war. From the close of the war the country has been going through this transition stage from the old to the new. The plantations passed through various hands until they found an owner who could work them with a profit. This has brought new men and new ideas to replace the old, and these, with the natural advantages and opportunities, should in a few years evolve a state which will surpass anything in the agricultural line to be found elsewhere.

Typical of the best places on the bayou is Oak Lawn. This place, situated some seven miles above Franklin, was settled in 1790, being then of about 400 acres in extent. Passing through various hands, the place came finally into the possession of Judge Porter, who greatly enlarged the plantation and made extensive improvements of all kinds. In Judge Porter's time the place was widely known for its regal hospitality, its large house with immense porticoes of classic design,



THE TUNING FORK.

and its magnificent lawn shaded by live oaks and ornamented with statuary. Here Henry Clay was entertained in the good old days before the railroads made short cuts through the country and robbed travel of its charm. At that time the place had about 350 slaves. Oak Lawn now belongs to Colonel Rivers, proprietor of the famous St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, who has added one place after another, until the plantation embraces 10,000 acres. The statuary which once adorned the grounds has been removed, but the moss-covered live oaks are more magnificent than ever. The house stands as it did sixty years ago, and in one of the rooms is still preserved the same old mahogany bedstead upon which the great Harry slept—a bedstead whose posts alone would furnish enough material for a whole set of modern furniture. Altogether it is a magnificent estate, one in which the owner is literally monarch of all he surveys for some miles about. The view across the lawn, through the live oaks, to the beautiful bayou beyond, is one to inspire a painter and fire the heart of the minstrel.

It may be of interest to the economist to know that Colonel Rivers now makes, with the aid of fertilizers, improved machinery and free labor, four hogsheds of sugar per acre upon land which yielded with slave labor but one and a half hogsheds.

Besides the sugar raising, there are large lumber interests on the Teche. There are some mills at Franklin and a few scattered along the river, but most of the business is at New Iberia. Franklin represents the old, New Iberia the new. The one is made up largely of the families who were impoverished by the war; the other is the result of the enterprises awakened since the war. A few miles south of New Iberia is the famous Avery's Island which attained such importance during the war. This island is nothing but a solid block of salt, almost chemically pure, and during the blockade of Southern ports it was the only source of salt supply for the Confederacy. To-day the island is one of the richest salt mines in the world,

and rivals in extent and beauty those of Europe. The Southern Pacific Road parallels the Teche as far as New Iberia, so that freights can go by boat or by rail. If the boats could come into the bayou by the way of Plaquemine they could afford to cut the rates considerably more than they now do. Both the Southern Pacific and the Morgan lines are interested in keeping the boats out, and as they are rich and well organized, while the boatmen are neither, it is very likely that they will prevent the putting of locks at Plaquemine. Another source of trouble to the steamboats is the lack of water in the bayou and the sunken logs in the bottom. The dam at the head of the bayou shuts off nearly all of the supply which would naturally come down that way; and the carelessness of the raftsmen accounts for the logs. If the government were to devote more of its attention to commercial water ways and less to political creeks it would produce better results.

As all the tillable land lies in two narrow strips along each side of the bayou, most of the plantations extend across the stream, and are connected by small white bridges constructed of piling, with pontoon draws to admit of the passage of the steamers. The quiet stream stretching away like a silvery thread, bending in long, graceful curves between the grass-covered banks, the live oaks upon either side, and the little wooden bridges, all tend to make one think of a pleasure park rather than a place where commerce and industry hold sway. And as the boat bears the stranger from the scene of simple beauty his thoughts involuntarily go back to the time when the outcast Acadian voyagers first beheld this fairyland. Still stand the bearded live oaks that welcomed the wandering exiles from bleak Nova Scotia; and from the waving grass and perfumed fields comes the same soft breeze that whispered to the sleeping Evangeline, "Gabriel is near." The kildeer pipes his melancholy note beside the beautiful bayou, while the mocking bird pours out melody in mad profusion. It is the ideal of the poet, the land of ever-plaisance—Acadia.

LITTLE SWEETHEART NAN.

To Miss N. S. McE—.

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Last, all ye merry Brownies
That frolic in the glen!
A flower hath strayed
And turned a maid
To witch the hearts of men.
Say, missed ye not a wild rose wot
With dew when morn began?
Perchance she was a violet,
My little sweetheart Nan.

Scarce sixteen shine her summers,
Her life is like a song.
Above her head
Hang roses red,
And birds with carols throng.
And when her lovers fondly sue
With all the art they can,
She laughs and breaks their hearts in two—
My little sweetheart Nan.

'Tis shocking how sly Cupid
Works mischief with her glance;
The saucy boy,
'Tis e'er his joy
In softest beams to dance.
He could not choose a sweeter nook
His cruel plots to plan,
Than in the soul-bewitching look
Of little sweetheart Nan.

I shudder at the havoc
Her smiles had wrought of old,
When chargers dashed
And lances crashed,
And knights in armor rolled.
No minstrel lips had then been mute,
Each trouvère, to a man,
With throbbing heart had swept his lute
In praise of sweetheart Nan.

I long to be the rosebud
She culls with tender care.
I envy, too,
The knot of blue
That nestles in her hair.
To see that winsome ribbon wave
Had charmed e'en Caliban;
Miranda would have lost her slave
To little sweetheart Nan.

Alas! my locks are frosty,
I'm neither rich nor wise,
And beauty's foe,
The spiteful crow,
Now promenades my eyes.
A fig for that! Bid sorrow flee.
She lets me hold her fan!
And oh, what smiles she gives to me—
My little sweetheart Nan!

I know my chance is ghostly;
Some younger man, I know,
Will lead my sweet
With trembling feet
Where orange blossoms blow.
Yet in her heart one tiny spot
Be mine where none may scan;
Your fond old beau, forget him not,
My little sweetheart Nan.

AN EGYPTIAN LOVE SONG.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

I PRAY that thy wonderful spirit, Albine,
Like the lotus that blooms by the Nile,
Might pass in thy sleep from its temporal screen
That debars it from heaven's sweet smile!

Divine is the amorous song of the night,
The ibis plaints sadly and low,
Where willow boughs bend with supernal delight
To the waters where silver stars glow!

The sweet dews of twilight are falling, Albine,
They are fragrant as wine in a rose,
And I, with a heart full of love for my queen,
Am guarding thy sinless repose!

Sleep! sleep in thy ivory couch while the moon
Has her face veiled in envy and shame!
And all the bright planets have sunk in a swoon
As I worship while breathing thy name!



OPHELIA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR J. M. MILLAIS, BART., R.A., IN THE COLLECTION OF HENRY TATE, ESQ.



"SHE GAVE ONE LOOK AT IT, AND THEN FELL BACK, FAINTING."

A RACE WITH THE "REGULATORS."

BY FRANCIS S. PALMER.

It promised to be a beautiful September evening, cool and bright; already the moon was rising above the wooded hills and silvering the waters of the little Adirondack lake. Madge, as she stood on the broad piazza surrounding the cottage, and looked out over the forest, thought it just the evening for a ride on horseback. She called to Rufe, the guide and man of all work, who was sitting on the back porch, smoking his after-supper pipe.

"Oh, Rufe, I want Alva saddled! I'm going for a ride up the mountain road."

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Though Rufe may have had doubts as to its being quite proper for a girl of eighteen to take solitary moonlight rides, he did not delay doing what his independent young mistress had ordered; and in a few minutes the bay mare, each slender limb quivering, and as eager as the girl for a dash through the woods, was in readiness. Madge, now clad in her riding habit, sprang to the saddle.

For some time after leaving the cottage Alva, the mare, galloped on with that light, springy motion which every rider knows how to prize;

then she was made to walk while Madge turned on the saddle to look about her. The road wound up the side of a mountain, and to the right, over the tree tops, she got a glimpse of the lake; on the other side, to the north, stretched the plains of Canada, and across them, even in the moonlight, she thought she could make out the glittering line which marked the course of the broad St. Lawrence River.

The girl drew in long, deep breaths of the mountain air, and was enjoying every moment of her ride. Mounted on the fleet mare, she felt no fear of man or beast. She decided to have one more gallop before turning toward home, and, loosening the rein, she let Alva leap forward. Suddenly the mare bounded, snorting, to one side, with a spring which would have unseated even a better rider than Madge. The girl was thrown, and fell upon some low bushes by the roadside; in the meanwhile Alva, neighing with fright, went galloping up the road.

Fortunately the bushes had broken her fall, and Madge was unhurt; but it was not pleasant to think how far she must go to catch the panic-stricken horse. As she sat there, among the weeds at the side of the road, she heard a large animal go crashing off through the bushes; this must have been the creature that had frightened the mare.

Madge struggled out of the bushes and began walking up the road in the direction the runaway had taken. Soon she saw a horse coming toward her. It was Alva, and on the mare's back rode a young man.

"Thank you so much for stopping my horse," said Madge. "She got frightened and threw me."

"Never mind thanking me," he replied, quietly, and Madge saw that his pale face was very serious. "The truth is, I've got to ask you to give me a ride on this mare—a long ride. I'm not exactly a horse thief, but this mare must take me to Canada to-night. I suppose you prefer going, too. Will you let me help you on? I'll ride behind."

Madge stood still and stared while he jumped off; yet she did not hesitate very long. Evidently he was in no mood for trifling, though there was nothing really threatening in his manner. Having helped her to the saddle, he leaped upon the mare's back behind her. She recovered herself sufficiently to protest. "You ought not to make me go! My family will be very anxious, for it'll take a long time to go to Canada and back. The line is about fifteen miles away."

"Perhaps I ought to explain a little," he said, after a pause. "This morning I had notice that

I must cross the border before sunset; if taken in Franklin County it would be a very serious thing for me, and I was warned that Canada was the safest place. I won't go into my reasons; but, at any rate, I thought it best to obey. I drove part way to the line; then, as there seemed plenty of time and I'm fond of tramping, I sent back my horse, intending to walk the remaining distance. However, as I don't know the northern part of the county, I got lost in the woods, and here I am, still fifteen miles away, and tired out. I wouldn't trouble you if I had any other way of reaching the border before daylight to-morrow. Giving me this ride puts you in no danger, even if I should be caught. Some day I'll try to explain it all."

At first Madge was indignant at the cool way he had taken possession of her horse, and her black eyes had snapped angrily. But somehow her independence, on which she prided herself, was overawed in the presence of this quiet man. She let Alva start off, without making the sharp reply she had intended to make.

Moreover, there was something about him which inspired her with confidence—which made her sure that he would act in good faith. She grew strangely submissive, and was only wondering if there would be time to go to the Canada line and get home again before the moon went down, when she heard a shout. A man stepped into the middle of the road a few yards in front of them.

"Stop," he commanded, "or I'll shoot!"

Madge underwent the unpleasant experience of seeing a rifle barrel leveled at her, and she lost no time in checking Alva. The man in the road came close to them; but he did not lower his weapon.

"My old friend Davis!" exclaimed Madge's companion. "You one of them!"

"Yes, I am; and I'm sorry to see you, for I suppose it's my business to take you to headquarters." He thought a moment, and then asked: "Are you on your way to Canada, to leave here for good?"

The man on the horse nodded assent.

"Well, see here," said the other, "that's all I want. I'm not one of those that care to see you punished; only don't come back. The people don't take any stock in you. Look out for yourself to-night; we heard you were in no hurry to obey the committee's orders, and the boys are all out looking for you. Go on."

He lowered his rifle and permitted them to pass. Madge was beginning to feel a dread of the mysterious person behind her, but he did not try to explain.

For half an hour they galloped on in silence, and now were not more than three miles from the border. Ahead of them was a "four-corners," made by another road crossing the one they were on. As they reached the point where the roads met six or eight men on horseback galloped out from the crossroad and called to them to stop. Madge drew up the rein to obey; but the troop of fast-moving horses had excited Alva, and it hardly needed a quick blow from the man astride on her back to make the mare spring forward and dash on like a race horse.

There was a shouting and a confusion of trampling feet. But the pursuers, though they had fresher horses, were chasing a Kentucky thoroughbred. Stretching out her long neck, the bay mare seemed to fly over the ground, gaining at every leap.

As they shot forward, Madge, startled yet inspired by this burst of speed, bent over Alva's neck as jockeys do in a race. Thinking they were past all danger of being overtaken, she was just putting out her hand to pat the good horse, when there sounded the spiteful reports of pistols, and she heard the whiz of bullets.

"The stupid rascals!" muttered her companion. "I'd have given myself up if I'd supposed they'd shoot." Then he spoke to the girl: "Don't mind it; they're only firing in the air to frighten us."

In ten minutes the noise of galloping horses had ceased; Alva flew over the road, victorious.

Madge sat up straight in the saddle and took a long breath; those bullets, whistling through the air, had badly frightened her. Yet she felt something of the joy of victory which made the mare snort and put back her ears. As Madge stroked the glossy neck she felt that her hand was moist; a little stream was trickling down the wrist. She gave one look at it, and then fell back, fainting. One of her pursuers had not fired into the air.

* * * * *

When Madge regained consciousness she was lying on the sofa in the sitting room of a farmhouse. A kind-looking woman was bandaging the injured arm.

"It's just the least bit of a scratch, my dear," she assured the girl, "so don't worry about it. The young man who brought you here," continued the woman, "tied the horse in the barn, and when he saw you weren't badly hurt he went off. He said you'd understand why he went and left you here. You two weren't running away to Canada, were you, to get married? He seemed awful tender of you and sorry to go. He seemed a very nice fellow; and I don't blame you if you were running away with him," she added, as the

girl's face flushed. "But I don't see why he went off and left you."

Madge told as much of her meeting with the stranger as she thought necessary. That night, as she lay awake in the guest room of the farmhouse, she laughed to herself at the good woman's suspicions. Yet she could not help feeling a strong interest in her late companion. Who could he be? and should she ever see him again? He did not look a criminal, and yet his hurrying to Canada was suspicious. In her dreams she was still wondering about him.

In the morning she rode home to the cottage—a ride of twelve miles. Ever since midnight a party of men under Rufe's direction had been hunting for her.

Her father heard her story.

"Probably some desperate criminal—the most desperate ones are often the most gentlemanly; and the men who met you may be members of some secret society, who are bound to punish him, though there is no legal proof against him. The safer way is to say nothing about your adventure. But I hope it has cured you of fondness for moonlight rides!"

A few weeks later, when Madge had returned to her city home, there was sent to her a copy of a Franklin County newspaper, and this paragraph was marked:

"The person who set the many fires that have troubled the villages in this region has been discovered. These were the crimes of which Mr. James Blakely—the young artist who has spent the past year revisiting his father's old farm in the southern part of the county—was so strongly suspected. Legal proof was lacking; but a number of citizens, calling themselves 'Regulators,' believed him guilty, and ordered him to leave the county. A few weeks ago, learning that he was again here, they threatened to catch him and make him repent disregarding their orders. It is rumored that on one moonlight night they actually fired at him as he was escaping toward Canada. The confession of the real criminal shows that Mr. Blakely was completely innocent.

"The community owes him an apology. It is to be hoped that this will put an end to all the so-called 'Regulators.'"

In the same mail came a note to Miss Madge Bradley:

"I have learned your name and address, and take the liberty of sending you a newspaper. The paper may explain my reasons for asking a ride to Canada; but I feel that nothing can quite excuse me for exposing you to those bullets. May I come in person to excuse myself in the best way I can, and to beg forgiveness for all my rudeness on that moonlight evening? Yours, with much remorse,

"JAMES BLAKELY."

And Madge wrote to the address he gave, and told him he might come.



COURSING.

COURSING ON THE PRAIRIES.

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

THE West is quick to seize the sports as well as the inventions and refinements of the East. Trolley cars and cable lines traversed wide reaches of "additions" to prairie towns before they were introduced to Broadway. It is not uncommon for a settler's family to buy an organ before changing their residence from a dugout or sod house to a cabin. The luxuries of civilization are secured before all the necessities are attained, simply because the average dweller on the plains has had luxuries some time back in that vast region filled with so much that is cherished and so many halcyon memories for the frontiersman—the East.

To this feeling, as well as to the opportunity and advantage given by stretching leagues of level sod, unmarred by fence, ravine or shrub, is due the modern interest among Western sportsmen in coursing.

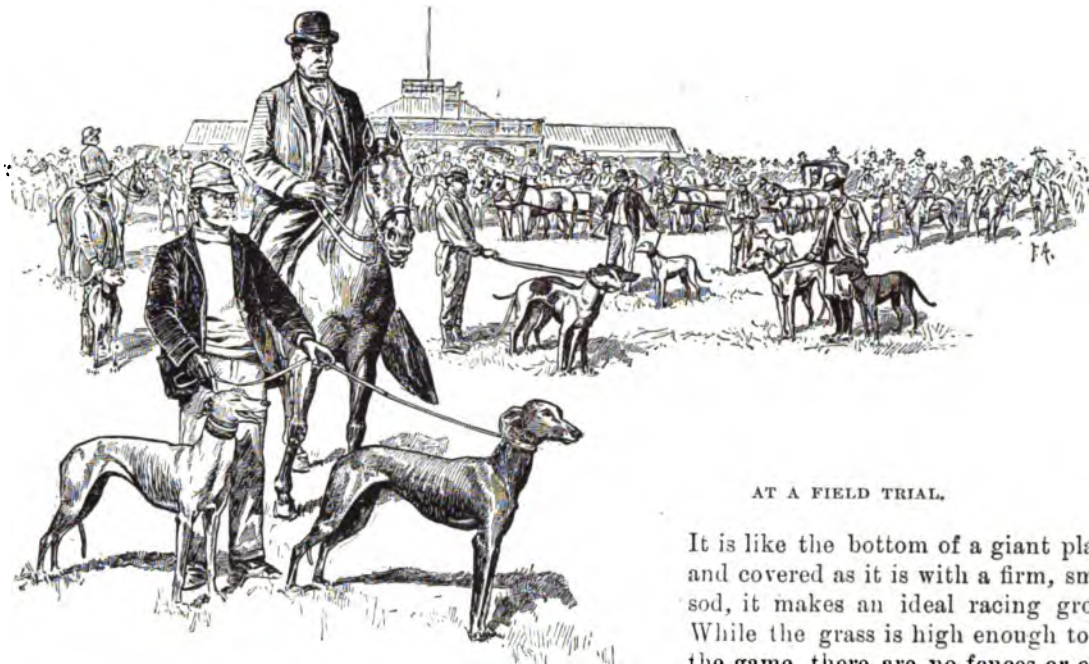
Coursing is a very old amusement. It is fully described by Arrian, 150 A.D., and there is little doubt but that it was practiced by the Egyptians ten centuries earlier. Several Greek and Latin authors refer to it, and describe it much as it is

enjoyed to-day; and the fact that the dogs ran by sight, instead of smell, is mentioned frequently in accounts of contests.

During the Middle Ages very little attention was paid to it, but a coursing club was organized by Lord Oxford in 1776. Since then its popularity has rapidly increased throughout Europe, and has spread to this side of the Atlantic. The difficulty of procuring a sufficiency of hares has limited the field trials in England and the Eastern States, while there has been a constantly diminishing supply of eligible coursing grounds.

A complete code of rules obtains under the sanction of the national association, and six general points are considered by the judges in making up their verdict: Speed; the go-by, or one dog passing another; the turn, when a rabbit turns more than a right angle; the wrench, when the turn is less than a right angle; the kill; the attempt to kill, but unsuccessful. The detailed rules are quite lengthy, and specify many minor points in scoring.

The sport has always received favor among the



AT A FIELD TRIAL.

It is like the bottom of a giant platter, and covered as it is with a firm, smooth sod, it makes an ideal racing ground. While the grass is high enough to hide the game, there are no fences or copses to impede the view or bewilder dog or rider. The referees have an unlimited

aristocratic classes, and is to an extent of royal parentage. Still, the small expense compared with horse racing at which it can be indulged in has brought around its standard as its devotees many from the middle walks of life.

Coursing upon the prairies is but half a dozen years old, and only during the past three seasons has there been any decidedly general recognition of it. Time has been required to make those who should be interested in it see its good points.

The season begins September 1st, and lasts until winter. The American Coursing Club, including among its members men prominent in business and social circles in Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis and other Eastern cities, with guests at its annual meets from across the Atlantic, has located all its field trials upon the prairies, and its annual meeting in the Arkansas Valley, in Southern Kansas, is the most important sporting event of each year in the Sunflower State.

A coursing meeting upon the plains presents many interesting and unique features. It is held in the early fall, just as the fine, hairlike prairie grass has turned from green to grayish brown. The location of the American Coursing Club's trials is in what are known as the Cheyenne bottoms, a few miles from Great Bend. Some time this piece of prairie was a lake bottom. The bluffs of the shore line can be discerned in the distance, but for a space of three by fifteen miles there is scarcely the indentation of a footprint.

range for their telescopes, and the true metal of pursuers and pursued is tested thoroughly and fairly.

That the people enjoy and appreciate the sport is proved by the crowds that attend from all the neighboring counties. Sportsmen, of course, are there from cities as far away as the Atlantic coast, and it is not uncommon to find English titles attached to the names of visitors, for the owners of mines and ranches in the Northwest enjoy a side trip to show what their greyhounds can do on a prairie field trial.

The picture presented at the trials is unique.



THE WINNER.

Stretched in a long line, reaching for a mile or more across the bottoms, are the visitors and the spectators. They are in carriages, on horseback and on carts, while here and there the poke-bonnetlike top of a white-sheeted "prairie schooner" is seen among the array.

Held by fancy leashes are the greyhounds, slender, graceful creatures, almost wasplike in their long, lithe forms. By twos they are fastened, paired off by lot for the trials which are soon to be run for high stakes or expensive medals offered by the association. Many of the dogs are of royal lineage, as canine family trees go. Their descent can be traced back to the noble dog families of Europe—principally England—and their pedigrees certified to beyond question. They are cared for better than most people, and travel in all the luxury enjoyed by a 2:14 trotter. Indeed, few horses are valued higher or win more money for their owners than the best of these greyhounds. With their beautifully sleek coats, their intelligent eyes and proud, aristocratic carriage, they are worthy of admiration. The greyhound has figured in poetry and prose, from Scott, who lauded his faithful Maida, down to the present; and the handsome animals deserve all their praise.

The judges and owners of the contestants are mounted on fleet Western ponies, and are prepared to follow as close as may be behind the racers. Field glasses will enable them to keep an accurate watch on the proceedings.

Second only to the hounds in the estimation of the long line of spectators are the yet invisible beings which are to furnish the great reason for the meeting—the jack rabbits. For months ambitious boys have brought in rabbits of all sizes and conditions and states of fright.

These have been turned loose upon the Cheyenne bottoms until the grass, which spreads away so delicately brown, shelters hundreds of the little creatures. As they lie at rest, their grayish-brown coats blending with the hue of the buffalo grass, their limbs tucked under their bodies, the long, darkly veined ears lying along the back, almost from the lazily blinking eyes to the stump of a tail, one would scarcely think the jack rabbit capable of great speed. They are cunning, too, and will, if they think themselves undiscovered, let the hunter stumble over them before moving; and many a one has waited until it was too late. Once started, however, and thoroughly frightened, as they are sure to be at a field trial, there is fun ahead before the race ends.

They are odd creatures, long, slender and muscular—the equals of the hounds, according to their size. Their ears reach half the length of their bodies, and when raised to their full height

give an impression of weirdness. Their hind legs are twice the length of the fore, giving a kangaroo effect. With these, while running, they make quick jumps which propel their bodies forward and upward like an immense "hippity-hop." Their speed is something marvelous. No prairie animals except the antelope and coyote can exceed it. The dog which has coped with only the common, or cotton tail, rabbit is gloriously deceived. The faster he runs the more the rabbit gains on him, apparently, and unless he is a thoroughbred like the hounds at the coursing meeting he is sure soon to find himself alone in the midst of the prairie, wondering whence the game has fled.

At the trials the dogs are matched two and two and leashed together. In the hands of an assistant, or "slipper," they are led forward, evidently fully understanding what is wanted of them. The line of vehicles and spectators at the word advances slowly. It is not long before somewhere along the front springs a rabbit from the grass where he has been concealed.

Like a flash the leash is dropped and the dogs are off, with the judges clattering along behind to follow the points made. At first the jack, thinking he has ordinary curs behind him, skips lazily along, his head half turned, as if to say: "Come on! I'd as soon have some fun this morning as not."

As he looks he sees that there is something unusual about these dogs. They cover a great deal of ground at a leap. The smile fades from his features and he stops looking over his shoulder; but, fixing his eyes steadily on the farthest point of the blushing horizon, he attempts with all the strength of his lithe body to get there as soon as possible. With a straight run nothing is prettier. The hare bounding in advance, followed by the sleek, struggling hounds, and the eager horsemen, fast falling behind, make a picture that must excite the interest of every sportsman.

But the race is not long straight. Tired Bunny, realizing that the wide-open mouths of the dogs, which to him seem to fill all the rear horizon, are drawing nearer, seeks to escape by turning, which, later, will become a quick doubling and dodging.

With these pursuers this ruse will not succeed. The eager followers are racing on, determined and fierce for the capture. As the hare turns the course of the dogs is closely watched. All along the track they have been scrutinized by the judges for "points" to be included in the schedule at the end of the contest. Now, if one dog follows the rabbit's trail as if by smell only while the other cuts across the arc of the circle

being described and so gains on his competitor, this is noted to the discredit of the former.

The end is approaching. Bunny realizes it and pitifully peers this way and that with his great gray eyes, as if hoping that some loophole of escape might be providentially opened to him. But none appears, and with a quick snap and toss the nearer greyhound sends the little racer high into air, tumbling over and over as he goes. A moment later the dead body lies upon the grass and the winner is being petted by the judges, who pronounce it a "fair catch."

The race may have been only a couple of hundred yards or it may have been a mile and a half, according to the skill of the jack in evading his pursuers and the excellence of the dogs. The value of the hounds depends as much upon their quickness to take the trail and seize every possible advantage within the coursing rules as upon actual rapidity of their running. Dogs come to the annual meet which have won first prizes for several years in succession, and rightly enough their owners are very proud of them.

The winners in each contest are kept by themselves until all entries have had a trial, when they are matched against each other. The winners in this contest run again with each other, until but two dogs remain. When, as is often the case, these are closely matched and the prize is a large one the interest grows intense and the crowd of spectators cannot cheer the final winner enough. He is for a time a canine king.

The success of the coursing meetings in the Arkansas Valley have inspired other lovers of good sport to arrange for meets. The Cowley County (Kan.) Coursing Club has a good ground, and promises an interesting session during the coming fall. At Goodland, in the northwestern portion of the State, where the level prairie reaches for miles on uncounted miles without a dip or depression, is to be held another coursing meeting. The dogs to run at this contest are all from Indiana and Illinois. Nebraska has also organized coursing clubs, and there seems to be a disposition to increase the interest in this enjoyable kind of racing.

Coursing in the West can never, perhaps, become what it has been in Britain, or even in the Eastern States, before settlement of every possible acre drove out the lovers of greyhound and horse. The people of the West have neither money nor leisure for the indulgence in amusement that their wealthier cousins have been blessed with, and by the time they are able to reach the required financial condition there will be in the West, as in the East, too little open space for successful racing. Then the coursing meetings will be driven to the Southwest and the thoroughbred dogs will take their rapid course over the plains of New Mexico and Arizona.

It would be better for Western lovers of sport if they would pay more attention to this enticing method of attaining it, for it takes the place to a very great extent of the pleasure which is rapidly



THE FINISH.

becoming obsolete—hunting. There is to-day no such game on the prairies as existed one or two decades ago. The buffalo has become a reminiscence, the wild horse seldom comes north of No Man's Land, the prairie chicken and duck each year become less plenty. The "man with the plow" is conquering the habitations of game, and with the opening of the remaining lands of the

Indian Territory the hunter will find little to attract him except in small local territories east of the Rocky Mountain foothills.

For this reason, as well as because of its intrinsic pleasure, coursing is likely to become one of the West's favorite pleasures, and a steadily increasing interest in its attractions may be expected from dwellers on prairies.



THE HA-TA MEN (CITY GATE).

THE CITY OF PEKING.

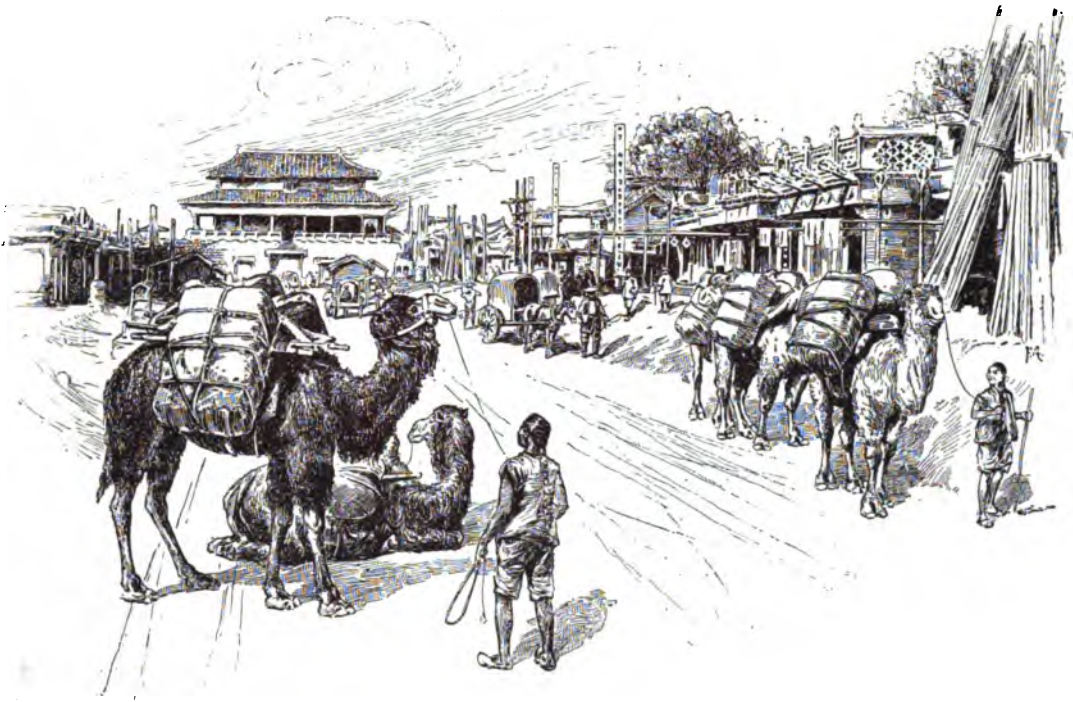
BY CHARLES DENBY, JR.

A LONG, black line of sombre wall, a splendid tower rising high above it, a narrow dark entrance approached by a rugged road of clumsy slabs of stone, a jostling of carts and horses and long strings of tawny camels; above, a sky of faultless blue, that perfect sky of Northern China; in the distance, towers and minarets, and far beyond, the purple of the Western Hills—that was my first and most enduring impression of Peking. Once within the city, the broad, dusty streets, lined with low shops and houses, the crowds of brown-faced, slovenly clad humanity, the snarling dogs, the filth and horrible smells, belied the grandeur of the city from without.

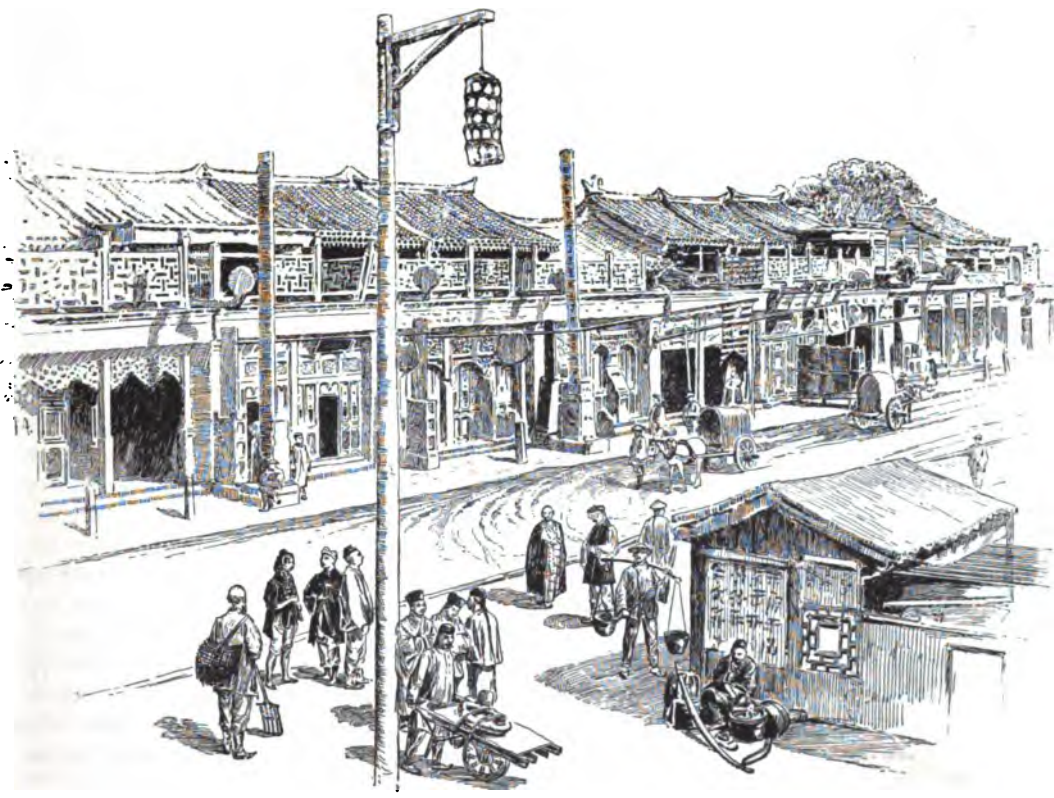
At first approach Peking is striking in the extreme. The traveler's journey of one hundred

and twenty miles from Tientsin, through endless wheat fields continuing almost to the city gates, has not prepared him for the vision of this truly noble capital. There are none of the suburban features characteristic of great cities in the West, no vast outskirts, no handsome houses and gardens lining the highways of the environs. The great city wall rises from the plain like the rampart of a fort; within is the city, without is the country, no gradual merging of the one into the other.

Peking, in fact, is like a fort in many respects, or rather like a huge market town in an open plain and surrounded by protecting walls. Many centuries before it became a capital the spot on which it stands was the site of a populous city.



ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF PEKING.



SHOP FRONTS, PEKING.

This city stood, as it were, on debatable ground, a sort of an outpost of Chinese power subject to the inroad of barbarian invasion from the north and to recapture by the powerful nations at the south. This precarious position, washed by the flood of contending arms, accounts for the many changes in the city's name and in its status, now a capital, now a market town, and then again a military post.

Three thousand and thirteen years ago, under the name of Chi, it was the capital of a fief given to a lineal descendant of the Emperor Hwang-ti. Four centuries later Chi appears in Chinese history as the capital of the independent kingdom of Yen. In the year 221 B.C. the Emperor Shih Hwang-ti, the greatest of all China's emperors, he who welded the independent principalities of China into a united kingdom and built the Great Wall to protect its northern boundary, overcame Yen and destroyed its capital. Six hundred years later Chi is again the capital of a Tartar kingdom. After many further vicissitudes and changes, during which it was, under various names, the seat of a military governor of the Tang Dynasty, the capital of the kingdom of Liao, a prefectural city of the Sung and a capital of the Chin Tartars, it became, in 1264, the seat of government of the great conqueror Kublai Khan, and one of the most noted capitals of the world.

It was under this monarch that Peking, under its Mongol name of Khanbaligh—"the City of the Khan"—first became known to Europe, through the visit of the celebrated Venetian, Marco Polo. From this time on, with one short interruption, Peking has continued the capital of China. The name Peking is from the Chinese *Pei-ching*, or "Northern Capital." This name was in vogue during the fifteenth century, when the Jesuit missionaries first arrived in China. Adopted in their geographical writings, it is now definitely established, though Peking is more usually spoken of to-day by the Chinese as *Ching-cheng*, or *Ching-tu*—the Capital.

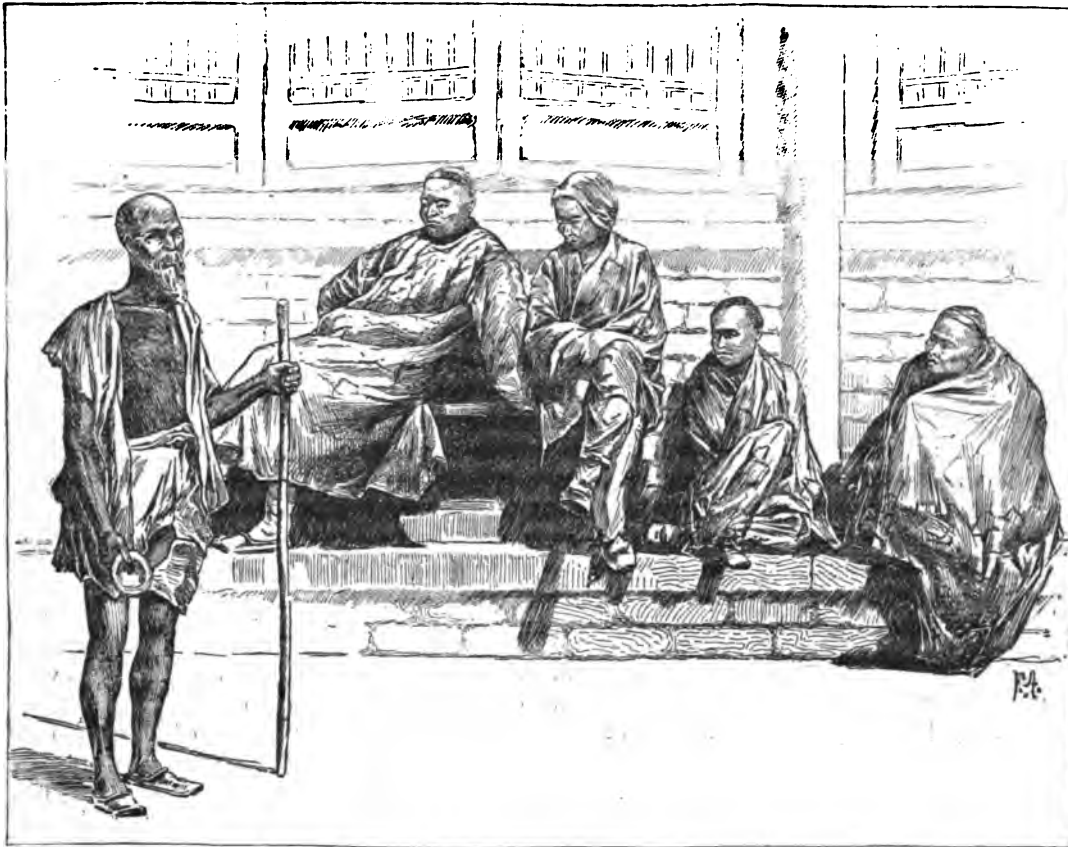
Peking is composed of two distinct cities, known as the Tartar and the Chinese cities, or more usually the "inner" and the "outer" cities. These two cities are so built one against the other that the southern wall of the Tartar city forms the northern wall of the Chinese. When Kublai, in the thirteenth century, took possession of the ancient Yenking he was informed by his astrologers that this city would prove rebellious and raise disorders against his authority. He accordingly erected another city adjoining it on the north, into which he moved most of the people. As it was not large enough for them all, however, they

settled around the southern wall. When the Ming Dynasty came to the throne this suburb was very large, and in the year 1554 was surrounded by a wall somewhat smaller than the old wall of Khanbaligh. Hence the somewhat curious spectacle of two walled cities so close to one another as to form but one in reality.

Marco Polo's description of the city walls and streets, though written 600 years ago, would do very well for to-day. He says: "There are twelve gates, and over each gate there is a great and handsome palace, so that there are on each side of the square three gates and five palaces: for (I ought to mention) there is at each angle also a great and handsome palace. In those palaces are vast halls, in which are kept the arms of the city garrison. The streets are so straight and wide that you can see right along them from end to end and from one gate to the other. And up and down the city there are beautiful palaces and many great and fine hostelrys and fine houses in great numbers."

The beauties of these "palaces" and "fine houses in great numbers" are not so striking to the modern tourist as to the Venetian wanderer of 600 years ago. The "palaces" over the city gates still remain, and are striking and majestic edifices; but Peking's claim to distinction could scarcely be founded on her architecture. The city is laid out with great regularity square with the points of the compass, an oblong, the greatest length being north and south. The main highways, as well as smaller streets and alleys, run east and west and north and south, crossing one another at right angles. Broad streets lead from the gates on one side straight across the city out through the gates on the other. The whole plan reveals the dictates of a conqueror, of a man whose word was law. It is evident that the commands of the Great Khan superseded the chance, the slow growth of centuries, which determine the topography of other capitals. In one respect, however, his successors frustrated his design. When the Ming emperors had overthrown the decaying Mongol dynasty they found the northern end of Peking deserted, and built a new wall across the city, reducing its dimensions one-third in length.

Inside the city of Peking, having its walls parallel with the outer walls, lies the "imperial city" or "*hwang cheng*," the residence of the immediate followers of the Emperor. This "*hwang cheng*" incloses another walled inclosure, the "*prohibited city*," the home of the Emperor, his wives, his concubines, his countless eunuchs. Within its inclosure are many splendid palaces whose curving eaves imitate the tents of his Tartar ancestry, whose roofs of glittering



GROUP OF BEGGARS.

tiles reflect the sun, making them visible miles away, and proclaiming the residence of the "Son of Heaven." Yellow is the imperial color, exclusively reserved for the Emperor in his garments of yellow silk, his chair covered with yellow satin, his roofs of yellow tiles, and even in the yellow earth with which are covered the roads his majesty travels on the rare occasions when he goes beyond his city. Inside this "prohibited city" are the halls where the Emperor receives his ministers of state and gives banquets to feudatory princes. Besides, it contains extensive and beautiful pleasure grounds, with artificial lakes and mountains, the highest development of the Chinese art of landscape making, fantastic and picturesque.

The street sights of Peking are extremely novel and interesting. They are thronged in the busier thoroughfares with a motley crowd of passers-by difficult to equal elsewhere. There are Chinese, Manchus, Coreans, Mongols on stalwart camels, Mohammedans from Central Asia, and many other types of Asiatic humanity. Wedding processions, with the bride borne in a closed red chair, preceded by a long procession of barbarous

music and waving banners, file by, encountering frequently a funeral *cortège*, the dead carried in a gigantic coffin covered with gaudy embroideries, escorted also by musicians whose notes are, presumably, suited to the occasion, but do not seem to differ in kind from those of the gayer rival.

The motley crowds of naked, ragged, sore and filthy beggars are one of the most picturesque, if least pleasant, sights of Peking. The Peking beggar is a philosopher; whether smitten by disease and scarcely able to drag his loathsome body along the roadside, or young and fat and healthy, running beside some cart or pedestrian lustily asking alms, he seems in either case to be acting from conviction, to be a beggar because that is his vocation, and to have no intention of being anything else.

One of the most curious features of Peking beggar life is the organization of this vast army of ragamuffins into a guild. This is the highest development of the Chinese talent for combination. There are guilds in every trade and occupation—guilds of water carriers, guilds of tea merchants, guilds of boatmen, guilds of wheelbarrow coolies.

In the large cities also there are guilds for nearly every province, where visiting merchants and other travelers of the provinces are received in a clubhouse kept by their fellow provincials. For example, the people of Canton are great merchants, whose wide-extended business takes them to all corners of the empire, and the Canton guild in Peking is one of the largest and most numerous organizations in the city. But a guild of beggars seems such an anomaly, such a curious institution, as to arrest at once the attention. As a matter of fact, however, the Peking beggars derive great strength and many advantages from their organization. They have a chief known as the "huatzu tou," or "head of the beggars." He assigns his subordinates certain localities in which they are to exercise their profession, if profession it may be called. He composes rhymes and verses which they may sing on special occasions, as, for instance, when begging from a wedding party, or from a newly opened shop, or before a house where a son has just been born. He arranges with the proprietors of certain shops for the payment of an annual or a monthly contribution, in consideration of which they may be exempt from molestation by his all-pervading swarm of followers.

Should a shopkeeper, whose patience had been

exhausted by some unusually importunate beggar, resort to violence he would soon find the folly of the deed. The victim, re-enforced by others of his class, would renew his importunities, and in a gradually increasing crowd so hem in the offending shop that the shopkeeper, driven to desperation, would be happy to buy release from these trade destroyers.

The public buildings of Peking, except the yellow-tiled buildings in the imperial city, are not remarkable. The "Six Boards," the Board of War, of Works, of Revenue, of Punishment, etc., are shabby, half-ruined buildings, utterly out of keeping with their high-sounding names and the importance of the business transacted in them. In fact, after a complete examination of Peking in general, the one word which would seem more applicable to it in every way than any other is the word "shabby." Bombastic titles, shabby realities. The "Nest of Ten Thousand Compartments" dwindles, on examination, into a shabby shop of half a dozen miserable rooms. The "Hall of Myriad Virtues," an investigation forces us to recognize, is scarcely what we would call a hall and has no discoverable virtue. The Chang An Chieh—"Street of Perpetual Peace," truly a grand name for a street—is a broad and dreary expanse of dust, where the foul odors of

ruined and half-opened sewers contest pre-eminence with the effluvia from piles of filth and the decaying carcasses of deceased animals. The streets of Peking, due to the utter want of municipal control and to the disgusting habits of the people, are the greatest trial to the foreign resident. This could be made a charming capital. The situation in a broad plain, surrounded by a semicircle of hills, is picturesque and attractive. But man has set to work to overcome all the advantages of nature, and, it must be admitted, has met with unqualified success.



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS.

LUCULLUS IN MOSCOW.

BY CAPTAIN ALFRED THOMPSON.

THE flutter of interest, reprehensible as it may have been in many ways, over the sinuous dances licensed in the Chicago Fair, and so recently forbidden by the New York police, brings to my memory a dance which I once witnessed in connection with the most lavish entertainment I have ever enjoyed. For the enjoyment was intellectual as well as sensuous.

The Lucullus in question was an eminent lawyer of St. Petersburg, as wealthy as he was hospitable; and not even in New York, the city of elaborate banquets, have I ever heard of such a supper as the one I shall describe as taking place during my visit to Russia.

It was during the magnificent coronation rejoicings in the early summer of 1883 that the almighty press was first acknowledged as a power by Muscovite authorities at any Russian ceremony. Certainly on no occasion has so much been done in any country to make the position of Special Correspondent so much envied; and at no time has greater care been taken to assist the representatives of the first journals of the world in their enterprise.

Having lived many years in Paris, I was perhaps more intimate with the French correspondents than with the English, though I was the fortunate emissary of one of London's best-known papers. Anyway, I was the only Englishman at the supper given to the French press by our host, and as all Russians of any pretension to society speak French fluently, there was no Anglo-Saxon stiffness to check the flow of spirits and raillery.

It was at Moscow, given at a noted restaurant called the Ayr, in the park outside the city, near the Winter Palace, that this feast was given.

Lucullus had asked some thirty foreigners in all as his guests; and though the cost of his banquet must have been fabulous, it was not the lavish expense which makes its memory remarkable.

I had been kept some hours at the wires sending my correspondence to London, so that when I had dressed for the evening and arrived somewhere about nine o'clock at the restaurant only one or two stragglers remained to complete the list of invited.

Nothing could outdo the courteous reception accorded to all and each; and I was soon comfortably ensconced on an Oriental ottoman, with Albert Wolff, the lamented critic of the *Figaro*, next me, and other well-known Parisians on all sides.

This *salon*, beautifully furnished with the varie-

gated woods of the Caucasus, was large enough to hold more than the party of guests. A large table stood nearly in the centre, on which was hissing the silver samovar, surrounded by many known liqueurs, the finest brands of cigars and cigarettes, besides strawberries and cream, and ices of various kinds. On the other side of the table, at a convenient distance, when I arrived, was a fine Hungarian band in full Magyar uniform, playing as usual without written music, and led by the conductor on his violin.

Every now and then some plaintive strain of Hungarian melody, or the exciting dash of the csardas quickstep, would stay the conversation, while the ears listened and the eyes twinkled with pleasure. Then the conversation, principally about the gorgeous scenes and ceremonies witnessed during the day, varied with the amusing incidents personal to this or that journalist in connection with the day's experiences, would drown the tinkle of the cymbalon and bring a look of reproach into the Budapest Damrosch's eyes. But wit and imagination sparkled more brightly among these Boulevardiers than even in the crystal notes of the Magyar orchestra; and as the Hungarians had been met in London, Paris and New York before, it was not their charm that could hypnotize our party.

Lucullus saw this with his clear perception, for he had an eye and an answer to every sally and every desire, and coming up to us said: "Let us try something else. We will send away the Hungarians. *Qu'en dites vous?*" And at a signal the orchestra bowed, the cymbalon was removed, and the band filed out to give place to a Russian chorus. There have been Russian choruses in New York since, as in Paris and London, but at this date I doubt if any well-trained Muscovite singers had ever left their country.

There must have been between forty and fifty, in the national moujik dress—the long gabardine over the elegant tunic sashed round the waist with crimson silk; the toque with its aigrette of peacock feathers; and the wrinkled Hessian boots, over the tops of which fell the full red knickerbockers; all the men with full beards, and hair rolled back over the ears and cut straight over the forehead.

In all slave lands—and the atavism of the serfs as well as the inherent tyranny of a despotic government throw a sadness ever round the pleasures of the Russian peasants—the music bears the imprint of melancholy throughout.

That is the prevailing character of the Russian singing, even when heard in the chants of the Cossack cavalry upon the march. And the jig dancing, to the rapid measures all remember who have once heard them, seems to conceal a wailing protest against jollity being admissible even for such a dance as theirs.

But their jig dancing throws all the break-downs, plantations and kangaroos into the shade. Young boys seem to be the most nimble, and nothing can be more picturesque than the half-Circassian costume worn by these dancers, with their hands gracefully planted on the hips and the head thrown back. The walk round, which is done with the right arm in the air, is effected with a glide and rapidity that make the dancer look as if he were on skates; and when he returns to the centre and begins his cuts and springs into the air, now bending the limbs at the knees till the heels touch beneath him, now doing the split in the air before he returns to the ground, and all with an elasticity that I have never seen equaled elsewhere, no wonder the singers add fire to their chorus and press the time in their excitement. The dance is the only thing besides vodka that seems to fetch any enthusiasm out of the moujik.

Then suddenly the dancer finishes, without appearing the least out of breath; the allegro changes to an adagio; and the dirge that follows seems fraught with remorse, until another dancer, silently, like an Indian brave, comes out into the circle to show his style of dance. But these were not the climax of our concert. By no means. They bowed themselves out, evidently well pleased with their gratuities, and in their place arrived far the most interesting and novel item on our programme, the Russian gypsies.

It is strange how the gypsy tribes, separated and widespread as the Jews, are to be met and recognized in all quarters of the globe. The type here in Moscow is, perhaps, more truly Egyptian—that is, more resembling the types of physiognomy on the Karnak temples—than among the Hungarian, Spanish or English Romany; but the olive complexion, the flashing black eye, the raven hair, are the same throughout. There were probably ten women to twenty men; and the women, most of them young, some two or three not more than sixteen, sat down, while the men stood round, swarthy and fiendish in their looks.

The women without exception wore flowers in their black wavy hair, hanging over the left ear, camellias or roses, with a few coins glittering here and there, and colored shawls, much like the cigarmakers in Seville, over their shoulders. Their music, accompanied by a guitar, a zithern,

three violins and a cello, is much like the Hungarian gypsy, with a memory almost of the gitano of Spain breaking in at intervals. They began with a cantata called "Moskwa," of which they seemed very proud as a composition, but I am bound to say it seemed long and rather tedious. But what followed was a compensation such as Salvini might be after a lay sermon by Ibsen, or a monologue of Sarah Bernhardt after a funeral comedy of Maeterlinck's.

One of the gypsy women, who played the guitar, announced a dramatic ballad.

This woman, though not in her *première jeunesse*, being probably nearer forty than thirty, was strikingly handsome, with more of the beauty of Ristori than of any other actress I remember, but with a power of dramatic expression and a pathos that ought to have carried her out of this gypsy band on to her country's stage.

Since I saw her I have seen Duse, the Italian, and the actress in her best moments forcibly recalled this zingara Rachel.

The ballad was a legend, our host told us—for none of us knew more Russian than would order a dinner or direct a coachman—recording the story of a gypsy princess who loved a foreigner, and was waiting for him to come to her arms, when his rival attacked him, and she became a widow before they were married. The tragedy was not very new or original, but the singer—who could scarcely be said to sing, for it was more in the nature of a modulated recitation accompanied by the strings—put such profound melancholy, such hopeless despair and such touching passion into her chant that everyone present was carried away by the startling impression her acting made.

When she concluded I was as bubbling over as any Parisian could be with admiration, and tearing my bouquet from its buttonhole, threw it at the artist's feet.

It looked like a signal, for all the Paris journalists rose and followed suit, those who had no *boutonnieres* to throw waving their handkerchiefs and shouting "Bravo" and "Bis" till the poor woman was overcome with her success. She reddened with pleasure, and a tear stood in each eye as she smiled her thanks.

After that the only thing that could change the high-strung chord was a violent climax. This came in the dance which I started by saying was far more remarkable than any *danse du ventre* ever exhibited at Cairo or Chicago, at the same time without the offense of the *almées*.

A gypsy girl, seventeen or eighteen years of age, stood out in front of the singers, and was immediately acclaimed by her tribe, as well as by our host, with shouts of welcome. Though her

costume was rather European than Oriental, being a dark silk, close-fitting corsage, opening below the bosom over a fine white silk shirt that welled gracefully over a kilted skirt coming to her ankles, beneath which French slippers and pink silk stockings were occasionally visible, there was something in the general outline that suggested more than in the others the priestess of Isis seen on the temples of the Nile.

Her eyes were splendid, and shone like the onyx; her blue-black hair waved in astrakhan ripples over her low forehead; the face was a pure ovoid, and more brown than olive, but with a natural carmine glowing through the cheeks and lips. The nose, as in most of the daughters of the Pharaohs, was too long when seen in profile; but this did not detract from the girl's beauty when facing us. A yellow rose and many coins were in her hair, which hung in one long plait behind.

After she had gone through some simple motions, bending the knee and tripping round her own ground, changing feet and raising her arms, bare from the elbow only, and half-covered with bangles of the Caucasus, she seemed to poise herself like a serpent before it springs, while her eyes dilated and her bosom heaved. Then there came an expression over her face such as must have appeared on the brow of the pythoness when, seated on her tripod, the first intimation of the oracle formed itself on her brain.

The feet beat time to the music, which throbbed and pulsed with increasing fervor; there was noticeable a vibrating motion, which, commencing almost in her splendid hair, passed over her features to her shoulders, gathering power as it grew, fluttering round her breast, and at last culminating in the motion of the entire body, till her form, from shoulders to knees, was quivering in well-defined rhythmic undulations that looked like the paroxysms of tetanic frenzy, and yet so perfectly under control that the girl's beauty only increased by the hectic color in her face, with nothing intervening to suggest pain or disgust.

That the girl was specially endowed with this remarkable power of muscle motion was proved by another who took her place while she reposed before she could accept an *encore*. The second girl succeeded in giving some oscillation to her shoulders, but was as far in skill from her sister gypsy as the first was superior in grace and elegance to those around her.

I have seen dances of almost every nationality; among the various tribes of European zigenner, gitanos or zingari; among the almées of Egypt and the Nautch troupes of Hindostan, Ceylon and Java; but I have never seen such marvelous

muscular vibration, so rapid, so accentuated, and yet so classical, as in this Moscow gypsy at that banquet of our Lucullus.

The Parisians, with that admiration of all that is feminine so open in them, burnt their flattering incense before the little priestess of Isis till everything else was forgotten; for she spoke some French, and understood most of what was said in that language. So that when our host, thinking the bouquet of his entertainment was reached, invited us to supper, I was not surprised to see the little Egyptian smuggled into the supper room between two of the best-known Paris journalists. Yes, our concerts and our coffee, our string bands and our strawberries, our choruses and cigarettes were only the overtures to the banquet our Lucullus had prepared.

We were ushered by a waiter in the picturesque moujik dress, with white sleeves and knickerbockers and a blue sash, to a grand saloon hung with rich ruby brocade. Here was a long table inclined much to groan beneath its lavish display of sweets and silver service. At the end of the room was the *sakouska*, the appetizing buffet of *hors d'œuvres* and tasty snacks which, with a glass of vodka, always form the prelude in Russia to a dinner.

Caviare from the Volga, prawns from the Caspian, unwholesome-looking mushrooms from Nijni, and every kind of pickle, preserve or pimento that can induce dyspepsia or encourage digestion, are there; while a thimbleful of spirit, be it the national vodka, or the aromatic *alasz*, potato brandy, or the more aristocratic *chartreuse*, is a *sine qua non* for the security of your stomach before attacking the *sterlet* and the *rabchik*, the salmon and the wild duck awaiting you.

Here we were soon seated (for foreigners seldom follow suit at the *sakouska*, where Russians behave like American tramps at a free lunch), discussing not only the splendid supper and its concomitant champagne, but the arts of dance and song, the creeds of musical nations and the origin of the gypsies.

A trait in their character had been scarcely mentioned relative to the jealousy with which their women were guarded when a curious illustration was brought to us under the very nose of Lucullus himself. The pretty little *vibron* who had, after her fascinating convolutions, been smuggled into the *salon*, was laughing and joking at the top of the table with the host and guests near her over a goblet of Perier-Jouet when the gypsy impresario entered without much ceremony, and in a few incomprehensible words, which made the poor girl's cheek pale, bade her come to her tribe. We all wanted her to accept gifts, but the

grand Lucullus would not hear of her receiving except from his purse, and after he had given the gypsy as good as he gave in straight Russian, the gyrating heroine of the Romany tribe left us with a look of regret, as her champagne glass was still half full.

I have reason to believe after all that the girl's services were required at another banquet, and that it was business more than jealousy that called her away. Anyway, it was an amusing interlude, and not soon forgotten by the correspondent who had been absorbed in her black eyes and bewitching naturalness. We were soon so engrossed with ourselves, our host's fabulous hospitality and our plates that we had not noticed the entrance of another spectacle engaged for our better entertainment.

Suddenly a chorus from Offenbach's "*Belle Hélène*" struck up, and looking, we saw ranged along the end of the saloon opposite the buffet fifteen young Viennese girls in white and gold Austrian uniform, with scarlet boots and short satin skirts that reached just below the knee. All the singers were of that beautiful blond type so often seen on the stage in Vienna, with perfect forms and a *chic* that is only found away from France among these *Wiener Schwalben*; for among German-speaking nations the Viennese resemble most the Parisians.

After listening and applauding several of the best-known numbers of Strauss's and Lecoq's operas, the idea of making women stand up while we were feeding was too Oriental for Frenchmen,

so chairs were called for, and all the pretty Viennese came in to supper.

I was fortunate in finding the prettiest of these soubrettes between myself and my neighbor, speaking French as well as she did German, and seemingly well pleased with the tour she was making. It seems that her manager engaged them all under contract from the Viennese Folk-theatres during the summer to sing at the big cities in Russia, Poland and North Germany. Sometimes they appeared at variety halls, sometimes in the open-air gardens, and still oftener at private parties. They had a multitude of costumes as bright and brilliant as the one they wore, which certainly looked as if it had only been just taken out of their trunks, so clean and fresh did they all look. As few Parisians speak German, and Olga, as she called herself, spoke excellent French, the little soubrette was much in demand: So, as it was three o'clock A.M., and I had to be at a review the next morning, I excused myself, and after repeated expressions of thanks on my side to Lucullus, and protestations of his devotion on the other, I managed to escape to my drosky waiting outside, that was soon rattling my bones over the stones of the worst-paved (yes, worse than New York!) city in the world. As I jumped out at the door of the Slavjansky-Bazar, the best hotel in Russia, Albert Wolff sprang out of another drosky, and as we compared notes over a hot samovar in the smoking room both agreed that our Lucullus had given us a banquet worthy of his great predecessor.

THE CHURCH CRICKETANT.

BY NORMAN GALE.

I bowled three sanctified souls
With three consecutive balls!
What do I care if Bloudin trod
Over Niagara Falls?
What do I care for the loon in the Pit,
Or the gilded earl in the Stalls?
I bowled three curates once
With three consecutive balls!

I caused three Protestant "ducks"
With three consecutive balls!
Poets may rave of lily girls
Dancing in marble halls!
What do I care for a bery of yachts
Or a dozen or so of yaws?
I bowled three curates once
With three consecutive balls!

I bowled three cricketing priests
With three consecutive balls!
What if a critic pounds a book,
What if an author squalls?
What do I care if scintica comes,
Elephantiasis calls?
I bowled three curates once
With three consecutive balls!



"'LOVE!' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'YOU ARE MISTAKEN, MR. CHIPPENDALE.'"

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CANNIBAL.

BY VIOLET ETYNGE MITCHELL.

IN two hours I start for the island home of my youth, but it is far from my intention to leave Western civilization without at least an effort to justify myself before those who would brand me with the mark of Cain. In the room at my hotel I shall deposit this paper, careless as to the hands into which it may fall, and knowing well that the excitement of my crime will arouse sufficient interest in the confession of it to insure the preservation of this defense. The leopard cannot change his spots, nor can the lion be tamed.

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With these explanatory words I will begin my story.

* * * * *

Born of a Swedish father and a dark-skinned Fijian mother, I first opened my eyes to the light in the little sea-bound island of Tanai. High mountains, abrupt precipices and peaks shattered into strange forms like ancient battlements surrounded the grove of cocoanut trees which formed my playground, and the wild music of some turbulent stream dashing headlong over bare rocks

which refused it a channel sounded in my infant ears from dawn to sunset. No softening influences tamed the blood which coursed through my veins, and my sole idea of a deity was the fierce god Ndengi, whose thirst for human sacrifice was an unquenchable flame.

Inheriting from my sailor father the fair hair and Northern features that have been my ruin, I was made strong and muscular by the sap which flowed from a savage and cruel fount. You, sons and daughters of a tranquil land, are taught to whisper your prayers at a gentle mother's knee; but I, the son of a woman whose ancestors were nurtured in the lair of cannibalism, was forced by cruelty to be cruel, was made to practice the horror of life taking, while your happier feet followed in the steps of One whose motto was Peace.

Such was I at the age of twelve years, when a missionary from Mbau sent me to London, that I might be fitted to return and dispel the darkness of ignorance among my people.

As a thirsty man imbibes water from a sparkling spring, so did I—child of darkness—open my mind to partake with feverish zest of the tree of knowledge, basking in sunny skies to which I was an alien, and dropping link by link from my limbs the outward fetters that had bound me to wild beasts.

As time passed I attracted the attention of a young man named Carlyle Rodman, who, having some influence and more money, turned my steps from their intended channel, and inflamed my imagination by the El Dorados of social success to which he could lead me. Having a natural aptitude for learning, and incited to climb by the applause of men well up the ladder of fame, I worked day and night, till at last, under the adopted name of Horace Chippendale, I rose by mighty effort, like the Phoenix, from the ashes of an obscure past, and soaring in the blue ether of my profession, became a star.

It was about this time that I met Lady Cavendish, then the most fashionable woman in London, as well as the most cultivated and charming of conversationalists. Her beauty attracted my eye, her wit and accomplishments wooed my heart, and I threw myself into the vortex of society, clinging, in the mad whirl that followed, to Rodman as a sinking man to a straw, while all the instincts and impulses of my new life clashed, in eternal conflict, with the passions and vices of the old, and my soul, in its moral seesaw, wavered between Olympus and Hades.

Can you realize the temptations which befell such a man as I was? Nurtured in the vices and superstitions of my forefathers, inheriting from them nothing more powerful than a fear (which

I could not overcome) of a heathen deity, and a thirst for human blood which came over me at times with the force of an imperious passion, and over whose flood gates of carnal appetite the mere varnish of civilization had no power, I spent long hours in the solitude of my room fighting out with deadly hatred the enemy which was gnawing at my very vitals.

It was, as I said, at this time that I met Lady Cavendish, and the manner in which I made my *début* in her drawing room was as follows:

Rodman returned to the suite of rooms which we occupied in partnership, one night, in unusually high spirits.

"Chippendale!" cried he, seating himself upon a piano stool, "your star is in the ascendant, old boy. I'm going to make you one of Lady Cavendish's pet lions."

"Lady Cavendish!" I exclaimed, glancing up, somewhat irritably, from my book. "Who may she be?"

"She's the open sesame which leads into the paradise of good society," returned Rodman, with unruffled good humor. "Not to know her argues yourself unknown; but once cross the magic threshold of Leighton Court and—piff!—there you are, hobnobbing with people who have grandmothers. Ah, I see you are puzzled, Chip. In the South Pacific one's grandmother may be a necessary evil, but among the *bon ton* of London she proves that your pedigree does not begin with yourself."

I stared at my friend somewhat curiously.

"It strikes me," I said, with blunt truthfulness, "that there is a certain amount of obscurity about your own forbears. May I inquire, then, how you obtained admittance to this charmed circle?"

"Oh, that's funny enough," replied Rodman, twisting himself round and round by rapid evolutions of the piano stool. "You must know, Chip, that Lady Cavendish demands your talents, and not your pedigree, as a passport. Being a friend of the Prince of Wales, she can afford to have fads. Gibson (you have heard me speak of him) was already on his feet at Leighton Court, and making quite a score on his expedition into Central Africa, when he, one day, drew his charming hostess aside.

"'I want to beg a favor,' whispered he, slyly. 'I have a friend named Rodman, who would be a great addition to the galaxy of talent in your drawing rooms. May I bring him next Tuesday?'"

"Her ladyship raised to Gibson's face a pair of interested blue eyes.

"'What can he do?' asked she, behind her fan.

"Charlie flinched; the fact being that I was at that time a mere deadhead.

"Do!" he stammered, floundering, like a fish on the end of a hook, after an idea. "Why, he—he—he—is the most delightful amateur clog dancer in America."

"How amusing!" cried the hostess; "and such a novelty! Bring him by all means."

"Well, that's a fine snarl you've got me into," I protested, when Gibson informed me of his asininity. "I can't shuffle a step."

"By George, you've got to!" roared he; and, Chip, upon my word, it's the biggest joke on record, but I took lessons in clog dancing at a Haymarket variety theatre, to be subsequently introduced in Lady Cavendish's *salon* as an American. Not only that, but within a month I had a basketful of pink and blue notes from the prettiest girls in Belgravia asking me if I would not teach them a few steps of my 'delightful shuffle.'"

Rodman finished this story amid peals of laughter, while the piano stool squealed as if in sympathetic appreciation of the joke.

"A fine figure I would make in a *salon*!" I muttered, grimly. "You'd best be content with my reputation as a lawyer, which requires nothing beyond semi-civilization."

"Get up, get up, man alive!" urged my friend, eagerly. "Look at yourself in that full-length mirror, and see if you are not as well-looking as any knight of the nineteenth century. By George, Chip, your physique is superb! A modern Hercules come to Belgravia! Look at your eyes—shooting stars, my boy, if you train yourself to use them. I'll wager that within a month you will be the most popular man in the set, and that even Eunice Armstrong, the latest bud, will offer incense before the new shrine."

"And on what pretense," I asked, contemplating myself, with surly ill humor, in the glass, "shall I obtain admittance?"

There was a moment's pause, while Rodman bit the ends of his tawny mustache in meditation.

"As a cannibal!" cried he. "Great Scott, you would bring down the house!"

Like a lion about to spring I turned suddenly and faced Rodman. In the mirror I caught sight of my own eyes. Shooting stars had he called them? Demon stars, rather!

Then, ere I could resist the impulse which prompted it, I had sprung forward to grasp his arm with trembling rage. He flinched slightly, avoiding the baneful light of my angry eyes.

"Sit down!" pleaded he, soothingly. "Calm yourself, Chippendale."

"Don't do that!" I cried. "Don't flinch, Rodman."

His face paled with the surprise of fear as he withdrew still further from my grasp.

"See here," burst from my lips; "you have garbed me in a dress suit, and have taught me the A, B, C's of culture, but have you changed my heart? Can you tame a lion? Hah! Yes, you may teach him to assume the nature of a lamb, but do you dare to turn your back upon him? Can you afford to let him learn that he, and not yourself, has the virile power? Be master, Rodman, or turn me from your doors an outcast and an alien. There is between the brute and the Christian an insurmountable barrier. Keep your bars up—do you hear me?—keep your bars up."

* * * * *

An hour later, however, my friend had, with his usual nonchalance, forgotten my outbreak, and we were chatting as amicably as ever over our cigars before the open grate fire in the dining room.

* * * * *

It was a few weeks later that, with Lady Cavendish on my arm, I wandered through her conservatory, fragrant with the odor of a thousand flowers and melodious with the song of birds.

"Does not this remind you, a little—oh, a very little—of your own charming islands in the South Pacific, Mr. Chippendale?" asked she, smiling, and playing with a gorgeous diamond locket that, in the light cast by colored lamps, had blushed a rosy pink.

"A little, as you say," I replied, striving to subdue an impulse which beset me to fly from the restraint of her presence, the noise of the Hungarian Band and the oppressive languor of the flower-scented air.

But even as I spoke, longing for freedom, there fell upon me the fetters of a chain of gold, and I stood rooted to the spot by the magic spell of a woman's beauty, which, intralling my senses, sent my blood coursing through its veins like streams of molten fire.

Beauty? Ah, I had seen handsome women, and it may be that by the order of fate this meeting was decreed. I only know that, pausing for a moment beside a crystal fountain, shaded by date palms, I heard, as in a dream, the voice of my hostess exclaim, laughingly:

"Why, Eunice, you here, and alone? Pray, where is your partner?"

Then raising my head, I beheld standing before us the fairest flower upon which my eyes had ever rested.

Not an exotic, but a field flower, a wild rose, a symphony in tender pink, with pale sweet cheeks and starry violet eyes, framed by a halo of golden hair.

You have seen such girls? Perhaps. I had not; and so intense, so overpowering was my admiration that I looked down with reverential adoration upon the white hand which Lady Cavendish transferred to my arm as a thing too frail and delicate to touch.

Then my eyes wandered again to her face, and I saw she was smiling at me.

That evening passed in a whirl of feverish excitement, in which I danced waltz after waltz with Eunice Armstrong, or sat by her side (through long quadrilles) under the date palms of the conservatory; then, feeling unable to bear Rodman's jollity, walked home alone, beneath a canopy of twinkling stars, and dreamed of heaven.

That night, as I bade Lady Cavendish adieu, she tapped me playfully with her fan.

"I cannot permit Eunice to monopolize my new lion," laughed she. "Any man who has familiarized himself with the flora and fauna of the South Pacific, and intends to enrich the world by a book thereon, must be public property."

I scowled. So this was the lie which had opened the doors of Leighton Court for me to enter, and a flood of angry protest bubbled in my heart. But ere the words of denial had reached utterance they died upon my lips—to close those magic gates would be to bar me out from paradise; and bending low over her ladyship's hand, I smiled, murmuring my thanks for a delightful evening.

* * * * *

Shall I draw up the curtain which fell to merry music in my last chapter and reveal the hideous sequel of the following ten weeks? Yes; you shall have it in all its harrowing details. I have set my face to the plow and will not turn back.

As a moth hovers near the flame so did I, in the delirium of awakened passion, linger near the girl whose fatal beauty had enslaved my fancy. Some men love, but I adored, I worshiped. To me there was but one woman in the world, and in the light of her violet eyes and dazzling smile I walked to the edge of the precipice from the further side of which she beckoned.

Over and over again I asked myself: Can she love me? Is this lily, this white rose, for my plucking? May I hope to gather to my hungry heart the fairest flower in a land of flowers? But the question admitted of no reply. My nature revolted at the mere suggestion of failure, and even while I doubted I knew that disappointment would mean death to Eunice or to me; and as suspense, like the sword of Damocles, overhung my fate, I wondered grimly which of us might bear the penalty of her denial.

Last night—ah! my soul writhes in agony as I

remember it—Eunice and I met for the fiftieth time at a garden party given by Mrs. Sinclair, a newly risen star on the Cavendish horizon.

Miss Armstrong was more than ever lovely that evening, and looked like a sea nymph in a pale-green gown, with pond lilies at her bosom and nestling starlike in her yellow hair. A slave to the witchery of her voice, I followed her about, watching an opportunity to breathe the story of a love which must burst its barriers.

At last it came. We were alone in a rose-covered arbor, through which the light from colored lanterns peeped like twinkling jewels, and overhead the full moon hung as a golden apple from the sky. Through the flower-scented air came the languorous music of a waltz, mingled with laughter of merry voices.

Eunice, flushed by excitement, leaned back against the garden seat, watching with dreamy eyes the fair seductive moon, while a tender smile trembled upon her lips. The spell of silence seemed upon us, and in my folly I dreamed that her heart throbbed responsive to my own.

"Eunice!"—my impetuous words cut the air like a scimitar—"do you know that I must learn my fate to-night? Is it life or death? A man's existence hangs upon a thread, and mine upon your words. Do you love me? Eunice, Eunice, my soul, my very spirit, end the misery of this suspense, and bless me by your promise!"

The flood gates of my passion were beyond control, and through them my heart in the energy of hope poured its love words at her feet, as, casting myself upon my knees, I seized the white hand, which lay within my reach, to cover it with fervid kisses.

With a cry of terror she snatched it from me, and her face paled beneath my glance.

"Love!" she exclaimed. "You are mistaken, Mr. Chippendale. I did not dream nor think you were so serious. I am used to admiration. I hoped—I——"

The words quivered unfinished upon her lips, and before the thunderstorm of my coming rage her slender form trembled like an aspen leaf.

"What!" cried I between set teeth, and holding myself in check as a race horse is reined in before the start. "What! You have been playing with edged tools—amusing yourself by rousing passions which you are incapable of understanding! What have you to offer me in exchange for my ruined life?"

She shivered again, drawing still further within the embrace of the intruding rose branches as, like a giant awakened to fury, I rose to my feet, and folding my arms, stood before her immovable and stolid.

Eunice misunderstood me. She thought I was overcome by pain only. Her courage revived and a cruel laugh showed her pretty white teeth.

"Come," she said, "let it be forgotten. Do you think that a girl of my associations could seriously think of marrying you—almost a savage?"

It was a poor joke. Even she perceived that, and her starlike eyes drooped as they caught the light that flashed from mine.

Then— Have you ever beheld the destruction which has followed those hidden forces in nature, those avalanches that come rolling down giant mountains, and the floods of molten lava that, bursting through the trembling earth, precipitate themselves in streams of liquid fire?

"Savage!" The word was as spark to powder. For this, then, she had lured me on to the bitter end! I leaned over her, my hot breath fanning

her cheek like a breath from the Libyan Desert, and seized her arm. She did not scream, for fear had paralyzed her. But with the mark of my avenging teeth upon her white flesh she fell at my feet like a broken lily.

* * * * *

"You know the story of Cain? Like him I turned and fled blindly, not caring whither my footsteps carried me so long as I could escape from the accusing voices which threatened to craze my brain. On, on, through the darkness I ran, while the very stones sought to hinder my flying feet by cries of "Blood!"

Judge me fairly! Adjust the scales according to the case. Can you change the leopard's spots? Can you tame a lion? From the ocean-tossed reefs of my island home the winds shall carry this prayer to your ears. Judge fairly.

A CONNACHT LOVE SONG.

My grief on the sea,
How the waves of it roll!
For they heave between me
And the love of my soul.

Abandoned, forsaken,
To grief and to care,
Will the sea ever waken
Relief from despair?

My grief, and my trouble!
Would he and I were
In the Province of Leinster
Or County of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
Oh, heart-bitter wound!—
On board of the ship
For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
All last night I lay,
And I flung it abroad
With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
He came from the South;
His breast to my bosom,
His mouth to my mouth.

UNE BIENHEUREUSE.

(After a Painting by Courtois.)

BY LILLIAN WHITING.

The lilies of eternal peace
Fragrant and fair above her
Bend o'er the lips that thrill no more
To kiss of friend or lover.
The eyes forever closed on earth
Have caught the heavenly vision;
The feet that turn from toilsome paths
Now tread the Fields Elysian!

The slender hand lies motionless,
But in its clasp there lingers
The seal and sign of faith divine,
Held in the death-chilled fingers.
Oh, fortunate, indeed, to clasp
The crucifix whose seeming
Transcends all change of time, of death,
Eternal in its meaning!

Oh, fortunate! Oh, fortunate!
The midnight lamp is burning;
But she has gone beyond the stars,
The Sunrise Land discerning.
The strange, sweet mysteries of life
Unfold to her their story,
Hold her in holy rapture there
In the enchanted glory.



BY JOSEPH BECKER, "SPECIAL FOR LESLIE'S."

(CONCLUDING PAPER.)

RICHMOND and Petersburg fell together. We of the Army of the Potomac who rushed so eagerly into Petersburg on the morning of April 3d, 1865, were emulated by the Army of the James, who, under General Godfrey Weitzel, poured into Richmond soon after the break of dawn. Strange it was that this rebellion which had its beginning in human slavery should have met its practical end at the hand of liberated slaves. For the troops of Weitzel that first invaded Richmond were the black brigades of the Army of the James.

When the news of the fall of Richmond reached Petersburg, a short hour after the occupation, General Grant ordered it spread with all speed for the cheer of the army. What a cry of gladness went up on every hand! Grant and his generals set off at once on the track of the retreating Lee, to join whom Ewell and his command had evacuated Richmond. My only thought was to reach Richmond. Lee might get away. Even if a battle were fought it was of no consequence to an illustrated newspaper in comparison with the captured Confederate capital.

There were wild rumors that Ewell in his flight had set the city on fire, and had also burned the cotton and military stores. Vague and exciting rumors were plentiful. I made haste to get away, and sought for traveling company. The walking was bad, and the country thronged with mixed and dangerous characters. I crossed the Appomattox to Pocahontas, a tiny Virginia hamlet abounding in negro cabins. The colored population had saved small portions of their poultry and

pork by hiding them in haymows and under beds, but with the retreat of Lee had ventured to let them out. This was a mistake. The liberating conquerors were just as hungry for flesh and fowl as their foes, and they raided the hencoops and pigpens as thoroughly as the meanest rebel bushwhacker might have done. There was much wailing among the despoiled negroes, but it failed to move the stony hearts of the Yankee foragers, who shot and bayoneted until a regular *ballue* was in progress.

Four specimens of the genus straggler were dozing under some trees in Pocahontas when I got along. They were extremely ill-favored, and I sat down near them to make up my mind about selecting them for society.

While I lounged under the trees with the stragglers a squad of five horsemen in blue came cantering down the road. They were members of the Lincoln, otherwise the First New York Cavalry, and were Germans. The man in the van held high up by the neck a cadaverous goose, the treasure of some cabin. The skinny bird did not look as though it had been fed for a week, and its eyes were red, presumptively with weeping over the lost cause. The fat colored woman in an adjacent cabin was washing clothes in a wash boiler. She was easily persuaded to take the garments out of the steaming boiler and replace them with the hastily picked and drawn goose. Satisfied with the culinary arrangements, the troopers picketed their horses and sat down to enjoy a game of pinocle. The goose bubbled and boiled in the wash boiler, sending out now

and then a whiff of odor that seemed grateful to my friends the stragglers. It had cooked for nearly an hour, when three of the latter arose and wandered off in a leisurely manner across a rough and much-fenced piece of ground toward the near-by woods. The one who remained yawned and dawdled. The colored woman was hanging out clothes, and the Germans were absorbed in their card game. He got up and slipped around the cabin. There was a half-door in the rear within easy reach of the wash boiler. In another moment he had grabbed the bird by one of its bobbing drumsticks and was making safe and rapid retreat toward the direction of his comrades. The conspiracy was plain, but as it was none of my affair I affected indifference. When Aunt Chloe went in to inspect the progress of the cookery she tossed up her arms and screamed that the goose was gone. The troopers dropped their cards in haste and grasped the situation, but too late. They threw themselves on their horses and went off headlong in the direction taken by the robbers, but the ground was too rough for them. I saw them return to the road and drift off toward the army lines in a drooping, dispirited way. Men who had come to detest hard-tack and whose mouths had been watering for goose could not be blamed for feeling low-spirited.

I moved on after this episode, taking the main road from Pocahontas to Richmond. What was left of the Richmond and Danville Road had a station at Pocahontas, but railroading was somewhat irregular in Virginia at that time. Several stragglers joined me, and as they seemed to be good fellows we kept together until nightfall, when we came upon an old-fashioned mansion with its village of negro cabins in the rear. These huts and the house were filled with soldiers. They lay in heaps upon the floor, broken bits of regiments, worn out with campaigning, but bound to get to Richmond. Some of them were members of the Army of the James, and they were trying to catch up with Weitzel. The Army of the Potomac in its main body was hunting Lee, but most of the chasing was done by Sheridan and his cavalry, and the infantry felt instinctively the relaxation of the approaching end.

We tried to find a soft spot on the floor of a cabin overcrowded with men, and having partially succeeded, snuggled up for sleep. But here was no place for slumber. Newcomers were constantly intruding themselves, and the noise was intolerable. Bad as it was, worse was coming. A half-drunken soldier stumbled in and set up what appeared to be meant for a howl of rejoicing. It did not seem to excite enough attention to suit him, so he did something radical. He took a handful of ball cartridges out of his pouch and dropped them on the flames in the open fireplace. A shower of bullets followed this delicate bit of humor. We sprawled flat, and luckily escaped unhurt, as did everyone else; but as he was bent on repeating the performance I told my companions that it was altogether too hot for me, and we left. It was dark as pitch. We groped along the road until songs of praise fell upon our ears. They came from a negro cabin that had not been abandoned by its original inhabitants. Here we found an old Uncle Tom and an Aunt Dinah and a lot of little pickaninnies.

"Have you got any hoeecake, uncle?" I asked.

He had none. Neither was there a grain of meal in the hut. He thought if he had a dollar he could get the material for a cake. My companions had but twenty-five cents between them, so I put up the remaining seventy-five, and he departed in quest of the meal. In a little while he came back with a small parcel of coarsely ground corn and brought out an old dish pan in which to mix it. He succeeded in forming the paste into a wad and prepared for the baking. Long years of barefooted labor on the plantation



BAKING A HOECAKE.



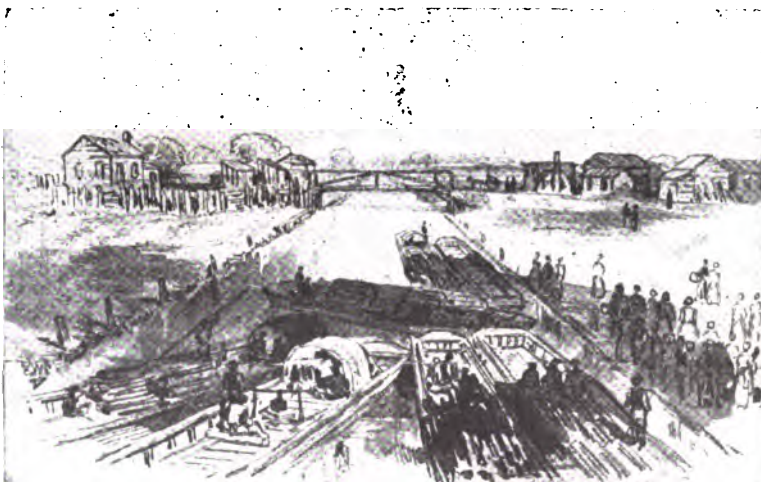
AT THE PROVOST MARSHAL'S, MANCHESTER, VA. — THE RECOGNITION.

had covered his soles with a sandal of callous skin. With his bare foot he carelessly kicked the coals away and dusted off the ashes with his toes. Then he laid the cake on the hearth, patted it into symmetry with the flat of his foot and covered it up. The turning, recovering and final resurrection were accomplished in the same way. A little bacon fat was found and melted. With

this as a garnish we devoured the hoe-cake, and to palates long weary of hard-tack it was delicious. We sat on the floor and ate this rude meal, while our hosts sang plantation hymns with much fervor and considerable melody. Then we lay down and slept for the night. In the early morning I pushed on for Richmond. This was the 4th of April. A double pontoon bridge

had been thrown across the James River at Manchester, and here a great gathering of soldiers and refugees had assembled, eager to get into the city. People who had fled in panic when warned of the evacuation were now only desirous of getting back again after a few hours of experience in the desolated country. The wandering detachments of soldiers were equally desirous of setting foot in the rebel capital, for which they had so valiantly set out four years before, but had found a little inaccessible.

The provost's office was in

FURNISHING FUEL TO THE POOR OF PETERSBURG AFTER THE SIEGE.
FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

a small two-story building and upstairs. The head of the line was kept in check by a colored sentry, who acted his part well. I was burning to get across the river, but could not get on the bridge without a special pass. To await my turn meant the loss of hours of precious time. I could see the smoke of blazing warehouses across the stream, and felt instinctively that much was going on that I should see. I took to scanning the black sentinel. Something about his face seemed familiar. A moment more and I

had recalled him fully. I walked up to him and said, briskly: "Hello, Joe Jackson!" He nearly dropped his gun. "Don't you remember me?"

"Can't place you, boss," he replied.

"Think a little," I suggested. "If you don't know me I know you. Aren't you Joe Jackson,



BURNING CONFEDERATE BONDS.



SCENE AT BURKEVILLE STATION, SOUTH SIDE RAILROAD.—PREPARING TO SEND SURRENDERED CONFEDERATE ARMS NORTH.



UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSIONERS DISTRIBUTING PAPERS.
FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

who used to live on Guinea Hill, Pottsville, Pennsylvania?"

"It's Joe Jackson, sure 'nough," he answered, in a puzzled way; "but I don't know you, sah."

"Don't you remember Joe Becker, who used to fly kites with you on Guinea Hill?"

He did, indeed. Guinea Hill is the colored quarter in the Pennsylvania mining town where I had spent my boyhood. It is the highest point of land in the town, and was a centre of attraction in kite time. Pottsville was very patriotic. Its "First Defenders" are famous in history as the first body to reach Washington after Sumter was fired upon; and a Pottsville colored man, Nicholas Biddle, was the first man hurt in the war. He was a company servant, and the brick that hit him when they were passing through the city of Baltimore drew the first blood of the great rebellion. So I

was not surprised at finding a friend in the negro guard. He acted as an old acquaintance should, and brushed back the crowd enough to give me first place in the line. My credentials were satisfactory to the clever young officer in charge, and in a few minutes I was in the Confederate capital.

My memory of the fallen Confederate capital at the distance of twenty-nine years is a medley of marching columns of white and black soldiery, silent, frightened-looking residents, street confusions of various sorts under a canopy of smoke from the fires kindled by the rebels as they evacuated the city. Above

all was the wild glee of the liberated negroes who had been waiting with straining eyes for the coming of the blessed day of freedom. They had vague and confused ideas as to what was to be their portion. It has proved to be little enough, but then their hearts swelled with gladness. They were like little children in their glee.



SCENE IN FRONT OF LIBBY PRISON—LADIES OF RICHMOND VISITING
THEIR FRIENDS.—FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

FEEDING CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS AFTER THE SURRENDER.



They swarmed in droves around the pickets of black soldiers in unutterable amazement at the spectacle of armed and uniformed ex-slaves, but I recall that they crowded most thickly on the little green in front of the Capitol building. Here no member of their race except a colored nurse with a white child in charge could enter before that day, and the whole Ethiopian population of Richmond seemed bent on feeling the sacred sod under their ample feet.

The streets in front of the Confederate Treasury building were littered with government bonds

and every troop, white or black, that passed gave them a cheer. The Stars and Bars had been lowered, never to rise again.

Along the water front vast quantities of valuable cotton were ablaze, and the warehouses which held it and munitions of war were also burning. The soldiers were busy checking the flames. Libby Prison had been emptied, so the joy of freeing its unhappy victims was denied the eager Yankees.

The wisdom of my prompt advance on Richmond was justified early in the day when Presi-



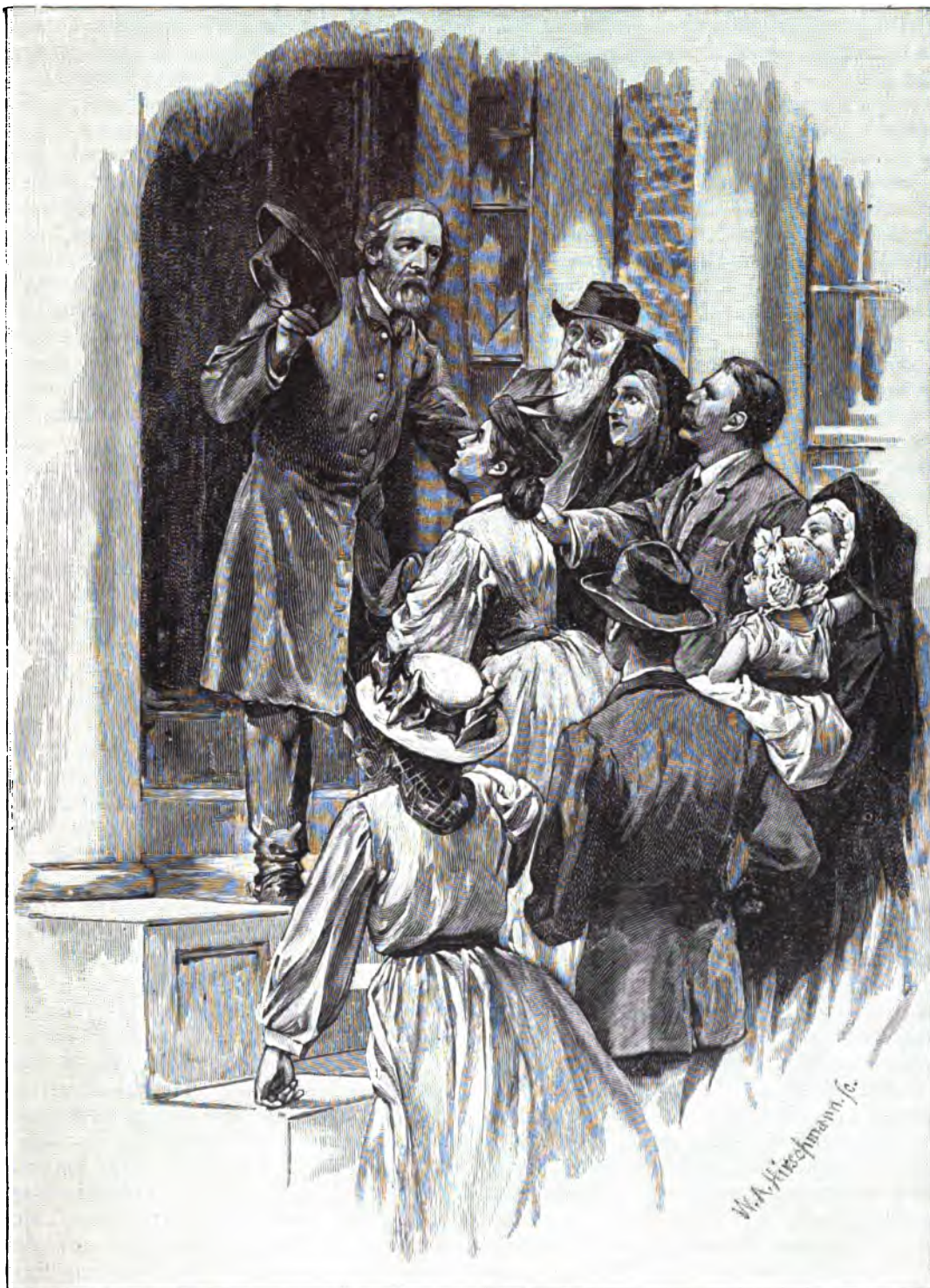
AFTER THE SURRENDER—SCENE ON THE SOUTH SIDE RAILROAD—SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY RETURNING TO THEIR HOMES.—FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

and currency, now not worth the paper upon which they were printed. Bonfires of these debased securities were blazing all about. I gathered up enough bonds to make me a millionaire on paper, and sent them North as mementos. Some appreciative person afterward robbed me of all this seeming wealth, possibly under an impression that it was real.

The Stars and Stripes were floating over the Capitol, where they had been raised the morning before by Lieutenant Johnston Livingston de Peyster, who had carried the colors around his body for a week with this purpose in his mind,

and every troop, white or black, that passed gave them a cheer. The Stars and Bars had been lowered, never to rise again. Along the water front vast quantities of valuable cotton were ablaze, and the warehouses which held it and munitions of war were also burning. The soldiers were busy checking the flames. Libby Prison had been emptied, so the joy of freeing its unhappy victims was denied the eager Yankees. The wisdom of my prompt advance on Richmond was justified early in the day when Presi-

dent Lincoln arrived from City Point, only a short railway ride distant, although the Army of the James had been a long time coming from there to Richmond, the seat of the Confederacy. He rode freely around the city—part of the time with General Weitzel, but not heavily guarded. The wondering crowd of negroes who looked for the first time upon the face of Father Abraham was never absent, and he was content with this body-guard. He wore a hat of singular tallness. His face was worn and sad. I think he felt that the responsibilities of the peace were to be as great as those of the war, and that he had only shifted



GENERAL LEE GREETED BY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS AT HIS RESIDENCE ON FRANKLIN STREET, RICHMOND, ON HIS RETURN FROM APPOMATTOX.—FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT.

burdens—not laid them down. I followed for a time beside his carriage as he went from the Capitol to Libby, but he did not smile. He looked with grave benignity upon the black, shining faces clustered about him—and a trifle wonderingly.

Meanwhile the crumbling had turned into collapse. Lee's plan to make good his escape and effect a junction with Joe Johnston and carry on the rebellion in the Far South had come to naught before the swift vigilance of Sheridan. There was a possibility of one more battle, but even this did not come. The negotiations begun on the 7th of April ended with the surrender at Appomattox on the 9th. On the 10th Lee bade farewell to his brave army—all that was left of it—and galloped away to Richmond. It was my fortune to be one of the few persons who saw him at the end of this ride. I had arisen early in the morning to make some sketches of the smoldering ruins, and had wandered around the town. By chance I reached the old Lee mansion in Franklin Street just as the rapid clatter of hoofs sounded in the distance. I turned curiously to note the newcomers, and saw General Lee in company with an aid and an orderly.

He wore the fine uniform in which he appeared at Appomattox, but it was hidden at first by a coarse gray waterproof. It had drizzled during the night. General, aid and orderly showed that they had ridden long and hard. The orderly led the horses around to the stable, while the general went slowly up the walk to the house. The sound of the horses' feet had brought people to their doors, and the rapid word went around that "Uncle Robert" had come back. Before he could fairly dismount a little crowd had gathered of men, women and children. The women wept and crowded around the splendid figure of the great commander as he stood for a few moments on the doorstep to greet his old neighbors and friends. Some of the women caught his hand and kissed it.

His face was grave, strong and calm, but that it hid a great emotion was soon seen. He had withdrawn half a step on the porch toward the door, when a patrol of some Union soldiers under a young lieutenant came marching rapidly along. The officer recognized Lee. He gave a low, sharp command, and with a prompt "right shoulder shift" the troops came to a salute, which the lieutenant led with his sword. General Lee returned it with grace and dignity, and then, as if his heartstrings were snapping, turned and entered the door of the home from which he had been so long absent, to lay aside the trappings of war and become a simple citizen of a reunited nation. ▲

The return of Lee exhausted Richmond for me, and I decided to get a few last glimpses of the captured Confederate army. By foot and rail I made my way to the Appomattox, and found the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia fraternizing in the country around Burkeville station. There was plenty of picturesque material. The disarming had been going on for some days. Such arms as they were! The forlornness of the Southern troops had never been so apparent before as when their poor accoutrements were piled up in heaps before their captors. Such battered, shattered and twisted guns! How they could shoot at all was a mystery. Bayonets bent in many a desperate charge, and swords that could not be forced into their scabbards! Yet what Titanic fighting had been done with these now wretched weapons! The rolls of Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Petersburg and Cold Harbor tell the story.

"In a battle," said Napoleon, "men are nothing. A man is everything." This was not true of the Army of Northern Virginia. The men were everything. The world cannot show a grander record for steadfast valor than they made. When our soldiers saw these wretched equipments and their miserably attired and scantily fed owners I think their respect for their former antagonists was immensely increased.

I was interested in a big heap of band instruments collected at Burkeville station. It was the sorriest collection of sounding brass I ever beheld. Battered old tubas, twisted trombones, French horns punched full of bullet holes, patched and cracked drums and worn-out fifes were its features. It did not seem possible that they could ever have produced a musical sound. And yet how the old grayback bands could play "Dixie" on these used-up instruments! They made up in inspiration and lung power what they lacked in brass. I had heard them play when the lines were near together, and knew that these things were the instruments used.

General Grant had sent rations for 25,000 men to Lee's troops as soon as possible after the surrender. It was three or four days after the capitulation when I reached the armies, but this food distribution was still going on. The rough kindliness of the Union troops was everywhere apparent. No Confederates went unprovided for who came after provisions. Tons upon tons of army rations were dealt out to them. The camp fires were always flaming, and of cooking and eating there was no end. The transition from corn meal and little of it to army bread and mess pork and beef without limit was the only cheerful circumstance of their plight.

The rebels had become exhausted physically under the strain of the retreat before Sheridan's fierce pursuit. They were bivouacked for miles around Burkeville, utterly used up, and lying upon the ground like men who did not feel that they ever cared to get up again.

As fast as the men could be paroled they were allowed to drift away. It took time, however, for the formalities and to gain strength for travel. I remained until the 16th of April, when the news of President Lincoln's assassination hurried me to Washington, and I bade the brave old Army of the Potomac and its Virginian foe farewell forever.

Here, then, was the end. The feeling on the Northern side, I know, was one of exultant relief—not the glow of glory, but the joy of peace. But I do not think there was even relief in the hearts of Lee's army. The dullness of despair was there, and the doggedness that had become part of their natures. The Northern soldier had but to step back into his old life in factory, field

and office, but the Southerner went back to nothing. Better words than mine can be used in conclusion—the words of the lamented Henry W. Grady at the New England banquet in New York in December, 1886: "Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier as, buttoning up, in his faded gray jacket, the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. . . . The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June."

SUCCESS

(AS SHE IS MADE).

BY GEORGIE LAMSON.

It is a synonymic word, indeed, bearing much upon the character of the individual who interprets it. In my experience of human nature it has seemed as if the following recipe had been most largely used—if one might put the subject that way: Four-fifths of "self-infallibility" and inordinate conceit, the complement to be made up in liberal portions of atrocious nerve, adamantine susceptibilities and undaunted persistence. Mix well over a slow fire of optimism, and there you are!—for a time at least. It makes a palatable dish—your friends are invited to the feast, and notwithstanding numerous *moues* at the seasoning, it is pronounced a *bonne bouche* and discussed as a consequence rather than a result.

In a delightful state of reciprocity you accept the comments passed upon your feast, good, bad or indifferent, with the most seraphic complacency, the stings under the pretty wings of devoted admiration being entirely unobserved, and, of course, unfelt.

And so, serene in your self-enthronement, a confidence unsurpassed, you have reached your goal, have grasped your future! For you life's work is done and holds no more possibilities; your soul is satisfied in the mighty present. The

echoes of immortal voices telling of their endless tasks in the unseen find no place in your heart. To you the pinnacle of a moment means more than the hardly gained monument of a lifetime; you rest on it, little molecule that you are, until some slight disturbance in the propping takes place, and, alas! down you come, and find yourself alone, sitting at your empty board, hardly enough left of your epicurean dish for even *you* to subsist upon—and in this case that is saying a good deal.

But I have heard that results have been reached by the following directions by a venturesome few: Equal portions of modesty and genius, or if the latter is not available the same quantity of natural cleverness used with discretion; an omnipresent sense of what you have *not* accomplished and eagerness to grasp the same; a retirement from adulation rather than forcing it, and a desire to be sought rather than to discover; to answer to the demands of your inmost soul rather than to the empty babble of a fickle crowd, and never to reach the heights—paradoxical as this may seem—but always feeling the invisible through drawing you to an endless goal, and with the finite ever seeking the infinite.



THE DOVES.—FROM THE PAINTING BY KOPPAY.



"THE PARLOR DOOR WAS GENTLY OPENED, AND A YOUNG WOMAN APPEARED."

MAKING A RAISE.

BY CHAMPION BISSELL.

I.

"THE progress of a great love is like the escape of a flood through a fissure in an embankment; at first slight and hardly perceptible, it gathers strength as it flows, until it ultimately sweeps all before it."

"That will answer for the *Weekly Family Rejuvenator*," said the young man, laying down his pencil, and reading it over. "Count Boscobello is on his knees, and he gets this off to Musidora Stockshares, in her father's palatial palace on Fifth Avenue, with a view to matrimony, as the advertisements read. I must raise my tariff on the *Rejuvenator*. Two dollars a thousand words does not compensate me for these strains of my invention consequent upon writing Tales of the Aristocracy."

"Mr. Engée, I must ask you about your board bill."

Vol. XXXVIII, No. 3—24.

Reginald Engée looked up. He had been writing on a table in Mrs. Tuffstake's parlor.

Mrs. Honora Tuffstake was a boarding-house keeper, and not the most, or the least, hopeful of her class. She had fought the battle of life alone, and at odds, during more years than she cared to own; and while her rent was never greatly in arrears, and her credit was fair with the butcher, baker and grocer, yet the day when she could retire and live on the interest of her money was as far off as it had been at the outset of her career. Life often seemed wearisome to her. There was a monotony in its constant minor chords of sadness. Her boarders were unceasingly persecuted by cruel vicissitudes. The lawyer was perpetually kept out of his fees until his mysterious and malignant opponents should consent to certain

settlements of certain cases. To the straightforward mind of Mrs. Tuffstake there appeared to be a sameness as to these cases that savored rather of a poverty of invention than of a real state of facts.

Nor was her legal guest the only one whose shortcomings were based on shadowy grounds. The young gentleman whom the worthy landlady was then interviewing certainly told very queer stories at times; but then, since he stated that he wrote stories to keep the wolf from the door, why might he not tell stories the effect of which was to "stand up" herself?

"Mr. Engée," she continued, "the rent collector will be here at twelve o'clock."

"That surely can't alarm you any."

"No, but it can worry me. I am about seventy-five dollars short of the amount which he will call for."

"And I owe you—let me see—how much?"

"Seventy-five dollars, come next Saturday."

"Is it possible? Now, do you know, I had no idea my credit was so good! And I am not yet twenty-five years old. What will it be at forty?"

"Now, Mr. Engée, if you could let me have that amount—"

"We cannot part with assets, Mrs. Tuffstake, until they come into our hands. I might suggest a financial expedient. Let me issue you my note for, let us say, ten weeks in arrears and ten weeks to come. One hundred and fifty dollars—really quite a capital. Combine this with six hundred dollars of our national currency, and I have no doubt that the rent collector will eagerly receive it as a payment in full."

"Oh, Mr. Engée, you don't know the man!"

"Happy to say I don't. I never did know a rent collector—never want to know one. It must be that they are born from wolves, nursed by tigers and educated by stony-hearted enemies of the human species."

"You can't think worse of them than I do. Still, they say that since they are paid to collect they must collect, with all that the word implies. But really, now, can't you do something to help me out?"

"Show me an unguarded banking institution and I will clean it out with dexterity and dispatch, and lay the spoils at your feet, my dear madam. Or shut me up in a room with a somnolent capitalist, and I will appoint myself his receiver, liquidate his assets, and enable you to buy this house and lot. But stop," continued the young man, going to the window; "here is something practical. I see my friend Percival Melior coming down the street. He is rich. Do you know he keeps a bank account, draws checks, de-

posits drafts—all that sort of thing! Now, he is evidently coming to see me. It is dollars to doughnuts that he will advance me the trifle that will help you so much. Shall I see him in my room, or will you let me have the parlor?"

"Don't let me be in the way one moment," said the widow. "Oh, I do hope you'll succeed! Let me know as soon as you can, won't you?"

And Mrs. Tuffstake vanished from the apartment.

The newcomer was about twenty-eight years of age, having the unmistakable air of a university man.

Melior had come to New York with a modest patrimony, a diploma from the law school, and a firm resolution to succeed as an advocate. Four years had passed, and apparently he had not yet arrived. Yet he was in course of arriving.

Melior was also quite adequately in society, and, as will be seen later, he was already in love.

"This is a little of a divergence from the beaten track of lawyers to their offices, isn't it?" said Engée.

"Yes; a block or two. Our proper course is by the Elevated. But there is a small I O U of mine in existence which I want to extinguish. It's eight dollars from our last night's poker. Here is a check for it, with thanks for the credit."

"'Thanks' is good. Here we have wintered and summered in New York, you among the solid respectables and making a name; I more than half a Bohemian and not making any name to speak of, looking out always for a strike, and never yet having struck anything. And now you thank me for an over-night credit at a game of dime ante! *Aristo, va!*"

"All of which won't prevent you from making use of the document."

"Oh, I'll make use of it fast enough! This check looks quite pretty. Drawn on the Broad Street Bank, an institution of credit and renown, and signed by Percival Melior, it can't fail to command respect. If I add two little dollars to it I can buy or sell ten shares of Rock Island or St. Paul at a bucket shop, and perhaps lay the foundation of a large fortune. Most of the great fortunes, if we may believe the newspapers, were made by men who were born barefoot boys, and came to New York without a dollar."

Percival laughed.

"Yes; I know how that is. You remember our college burlesque of the life of the eminent but somewhat unpopular *savant* Euclid. 'Born at an early age; the son of poor, pious, but honest parents.' And I don't very well see how a person can escape being born barefoot. High

authority states that we brought nothing into the world, and can carry nothing out."

"And during our progress along its dusty ways some of us carry uncommonly light loads," said Engee.

Melior had hardly gone before the parlor door was gently opened, and a young woman appeared. This was Mrs. Tuffstake's daughter, between whom and her reputed ancestress no points of resemblance existed. The mother might have been in her time good-looking, although there were no surviving evidences of the fact; but the daughter was certainly a most attractive and charming young person. It was a point in her character that she never complained of her surroundings, and never attempted to imitate gowns that were beyond the reach of her modest purse. This young lady, habited in morning gingham, looked around the room, and then said:

"Excuse my intrusion, Mr. Engee—I thought mamma would be here."

"She has but just now gone. And she must come back soon, because I told her I should probably have some money for her."

"Poor mamma, her money troubles weigh on her so! She has so much to contend against! Only this morning she has met with a new misfortune. That smartly dressed couple, you know, who had our two best rooms—that Honduras mine owner and his wife—well, they went away early in a cab, leaving their trunks nearly empty, and a note stating that unforeseen circumstances compelled them to leave for warmer climes; but that their highly esteemed friend, Mrs. Tuffstake, might, perhaps, find consolation for the unpaid board bill of four hundred dollars in the inclosed certificate for a thousand shares of stock in the Topinambo-Bolaro Gold Mine, Limited, of Honduras; which shares are at present unavailable, but represent immensely valuable properties, requiring only capital for their development. Mamma was counting on that money to make up the rent and some other bills. I believe our owners are very nice people, yet we never see them, you know; but the collector—oh, he is a terrible man! He has red hair and inflamed eyes, one of 'em squinty; and when he brings that swivel eye to bear on you and says, 'If I allow delinquents to hold over longer than ten days I become personally responsible—personally responsible to my principals, you understand,' you feel as though you could be knocked down with a feather."

"But really, now, the case isn't so very bad," replied Reginald, handing a chair to the young lady. "A thousand shares of anything can be used as collateral. Your mamma has nearly all

the necessary funds now, and I have a little check that will help her to some extent." And the young man, unfolding the slip of paper, gazed at it intently, with a far-away expression in his eyes that appeared to denote an abstraction of thought.

As to these two young people, living in the same house, Reginald was three-quarters in love with Ellen, and Ellen was one-quarter in love with Reginald. Here was unity, given an elimination of the negative factors.

"Yes," continued the young man, "what I have here will help your mother some; but how I wish it were a larger amount! It is so difficult to get hold of large sums, and yet they are the only ones that are useful. Of course, 'Poor Richard's Almanac' tells us it is the little amounts that make the big ones; but, then, it takes so many of them; and while we are holding on to one of them the others slip away."

"Mamma and I think that with your talents and education, Mr. Engee, you ought to attain almost any position and make a fortune. Now, why don't you become an eminent lawyer, or a fashionable clergyman, or a star actor, or something? The star actors are just lovely, and they have such enormous salaries, and it looks as easy as anything to be one."

"It may look easy," said Reginald; "but how many try to get there and don't! For one who has a country seat in summer there are a hundred who walk home on the railroad ties with some traveling-company snap. Besides, I am unappreciated. I graduated two years ago. The professors said I was qualified for anything. That means for nothing. I came to this town, showed my diploma at a railway office, and suggested that I should be placed on the directors' board. A large colored porter was at once instructed to show me the outside of the building. Then I visited some of the leading banks, but was only listened to by the officials of one of them. The upshot was that if I would furnish satisfactory bonds I might start in as a messenger on five hundred a year. That's the way in which business people treat a person who is believed not to be wholly devoid of genius."

"But, then, a literary career!" exclaimed his fair listener, clasping her hands. "How glorious! And full of rewards!"

"I have tried it. I wrote a passion novel, and every publisher in the great cities has read it, or has pretended at least to have it read, and the return postages amount to a small fortune. Then I tried playwriting. There's more money in plays than in novels."

"Did you find it so?"

"Well, the return postages are not so heavy.

That's because there are not so many managers to send the plays to. Generally the goods come back without any explanation or comment; but when there were comments they fell into one of two classes: either the dialogue was not up to the level of the situations, or the situations were not up to the level of the dialogue. Now, if I could only have knocked the heads of these wiseacres together!"

"There would have been an acceptance of your drama?"

"Naturally. But there was no such luck as this. And therefore at present I am, in spite of myself, confined to the duties of a story writer on space for the *Family Rejuvenator*."

"Well, Mr. Engée, I shall always say that the world has so far used you very cruelly, but I hope that in the good time coming it will make amends to you."

And with these hopeful words the young lady quitted the apartment.

II.

LEFT to himself, Engée gazed again at the check. By its terms the Broad Street Bank was requested to pay to the order of Reginald Engée, Esq., eight dollars. Engée knew enough of banking to know that a check was a written document which must be passed through the Clearing House, then be examined by the paying teller, then delivered to a bookkeeper to be posted, then filed away, then finally written into a passbook and surrendered to the drawer. All this over a paltry eight-dollar instrument. It was irrational to use so much labor to no purpose. The check should be at least eighty dollars.

Engée then began to scan the check. This scrutiny lasted a few minutes; then he went to a desk in the corner, and busied himself an instant with pen and ink. He held the paper to the light, and was pleased with the result. Mrs. Tuffstake entered, and he turned and said pleasantly:

"Have you a five-dollar bill handy?"

"To lend?"

"No; to give me in change. Then your seventy-five are all right. Here is the check of my friend Melior, indorsed by me. Such a check, so indorsed, ought to command a premium."

The delighted landlady lost no time in handing him the change, and the young man went gayly out.

Left to herself, Mrs. Tuffstake began to speculate upon how far seventy-five dollars would go toward paying seven hundred and fifty. There appeared to be a slight hiatus, which a single cipher would nicely fill up. She seated herself at the desk from which Engée had risen, and said:

"I'll try it, and see how it looks. It can be easily crossed out if it doesn't seem to fit."

An additional cipher made the figures into an elegant "800." Mechanically then her fingers wrote the word "hundred" after "eighty," and to erase the superfluous "y" required but a few passes with her penknife. Then, holding up the document, she said:

"This is lovely. I wonder if it's so very, very wicked, when one really needs the money! And if Mr. Melior ever finds it out I can give him back the difference. It's only borrowing the amount, at any rate; and I might better have the benefit of the money than the bank. Now when the agent calls I'm ready for him. Oh, what a relief it is to one's feelings to get rid of these money anxieties!"

It was not long before the agent rang the bell. Mr. Rackrent was not a handsome man, and this morning he looked especially disagreeable. He was haggard and careworn. Evidently he had not had a good night's sleep. The widow tripped lightly to the door to meet him, and welcoming him effusively, asked if he had the receipt ready.

Rackrent's face lighted up. He had not expected such promptitude. Sitting down and signing the receipt, he said:

"We are much obliged to you, madam; the money will be most acceptable to Mr. Vandaster, because he is on the wrong side of the market."

"Dear me! and in this wet weather, too! Why doesn't he go inside?"

The agent smiled.

"It isn't always so easy, especially as to getting in on the ground floor, where the Bulls and Bears are."

"Perhaps you're right. I never went marketing for the meat of either."

"A great many people are not as considerate as you, my dear madam. But here is your receipt."

The widow handed him the check, and received the receipt and fifty dollars change.

"Of course you know the signature, Mrs. Tuffstake?" he said as he took it in his hand.

"Oh, certainly! Mr. Melior is a rich lawyer who paid it to one of my boarders, and he paid it to me. I think it's profits in a stock speculation."

"Athabasca Railroad shares?"

"I believe so."

"They must have gone short!" groaned the agent.

"Yes; my boarders are always short," said the widow.

Rackrent had placed his hat on the mantel. As he went to take it on his way out he awkwardly knocked off a vial, which was broken on the hearth.

"Never mind!" exclaimed the widow. "It's only a little acid for taking out marble stains." And she went out for a cloth.

Rackrent still held the check. At the sight of the precious acid lying in a pool on the hearth his eyes lighted up. The agent had been speculating with Vandaster's rent collections, and was heavily loaded with Athabasca shares, which had fallen fifteen per cent. in the last fortnight. Bullion, his broker, had just made another call for more margin. That the shares would rally there was no question, but when? And how, meantime, to hold on? He now saw a solution of the problem. Quick as thought he took up the bottom of the vial, went to the desk and applied the acid to the word "hundred." Then he dried it off and wrote "thousand," adding another cipher to the figures. Having done this, he replaced the vial fragment on the hearth, and left the house. But Mrs. Tuffstake at the door had witnessed a part of the performance, and the thought of the complications likely to arise from the act filled her soul with terror. If the agent should be prosecuted would he not inculcate *her*? Prostrated with fear and horror, she sank upon a sofa.

Her daughter entered the room, and attempted to raise her. At this moment also Engee came in, and assisted Ellen to lift up the stricken woman. Both asked what the matter was.

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen—forgery!"

Engee recoiled, staggering, as if shot; then walked wildly about, exclaiming:

"Discovered already! Yet I may repair my fault before it is too late!"

The widow stared at the young man. "Why, Mr. Engee, how is it your fault? And how can you or I repair a matter of over seven hundred dollars before night?"

"Don't you mean seventy-two?"

"Alas, no! To be exact, seven hundred and twenty. But I have fifty toward it. And yet there is a greater wretch than I!"

"And he stands before you!"

"Oh, no, not *you*; he has just left this house! A wretch with red hair, and squint-eyed, who compels widows to commit forgery, and then goes and does the same thing himself!"

"Why, this is alarming!" exclaimed the young man. "And to think how I started the whole of it."

"Why, Mr. Engee, did you tamper with——"

"Mrs. Tuffstake," interrupted he, "did you tamper with Mr. Melior's check?"

"Why try to conceal it? I unfortunately did. And that agent has wickedly done the same thing, only worse."

"And I," said Engee, "weakly began the

fraud. But now, how to save ourselves! Have you those Topinambo Mining shares yet?"

"Why, yes," said the widow. "Who would buy them?"

"Everybody. It is just bulletined that a rise in the Ozama River has swept away the side hill of the mine, disclosing nuggets worth millions. Government troops have been called out to protect the mine, and the shares are at fifty premium. Get me your scrip; I'll sell it in half an hour, and we can wipe out that terrible check, even after what that agent has done."

The widow hurried from the room, and soon reappeared with the paper.

"Here it is," she said; "but I really can't believe your good news until I see the money."

"Keep perfectly easy till I get back," replied the young man as he started for the door.

III.

AFTER Engee had gone the house was very quiet. The widow returned to her routine duties, and Ellen sat down to await the results. There was a knock at the door. She started in alarm, saying to herself: "Now, is everything discovered, and has the governor, or the sheriff, come to arrest us all?" But it was only Katy, the chambermaid, who entered, with a valise burst open and a handful of loose papers. She informed Ellen that the "missus" had broken open the trunk and scattered the papers, and that she, Katy, could not put them back again. Therefore would Miss Ellen be good enough to do it?

Ellen commenced the task. When the papers were nearly all folded and returned to the valise she picked up an old copy of a newspaper, so ancient that it appealed to her curiosity. It was a *Commercial* of 1876, and upon the outside, marked with ink, was this notice among the "Lost and Found": "Lost or abducted, a little girl, between three and four years old, dressed as follows: Blue velvet, swansdown trimming; white satin cap, blue-trimmed; answers to name Sophy. Brown hair, with one lock almost white on back of head. One thousand dollars reward. Theophilus Bullion, 4012 Fifth Avenue."

Ellen was thunderstruck. She had this white lock in her back hair. She had often laughed over it. Could she be the lost child? People had often said she had no resemblance to her mother. Mrs. Tuffstake had always remarked that she favored her father. Who was her father? Could it be the great banker Bullion?

The widow came in, and was shown the advertisement. She turned pale.

"Oh, mamma, tell me the truth!" Ellen cried. "You can trust me. Am I that lost girl?"

With great difficulty the widow told Ellen the truth. But, having once opened her heart, she told her all. She had found the little girl at a street corner, one autumn twilight, crying; had taken her home and put her to sleep, and next morning the child appeared happy and contented. And so she kept her, and loved her more and more every day.

"But you must have seen the advertisements; you kept one of them, even!"

"Yes; but I had delayed so long, I was afraid of being charged with kidnapping. Besides, I loved you too well to part with you. So I laid away your clothes, and dressed you as if you belonged to me. I changed my servants, and there was no talk. And now what shall we do?" And the forlorn woman burst into an agony of tears.

"Reginald will soon be back," said Ellen. "We must get him to go with us to Mr. Melior, his lawyer."

"Oh, how dreadful! Child, that would never do. It was *his* check that was tampered with."

"Never mind. The sooner he knows about that the better. But here is Reginald."

The young man rushed in, waving a slip of pink paper.

"Here is a cool hundred thousand on account; balance to-morrow—fifty thousand more at least, perhaps more. The shares are one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty."

"Oh, how nice it will be to be able to cover up this awful check business!" said the widow. "But we must see your lawyer right away on other business. Put the check in your pocketbook, and come along with us as soon as we get our things on."

In five minutes the three were on their way to Melior's office, Reginald carrying a package handed to him by the widow.

IV.

MELIOR'S office on Broad Street was double, like most law offices. Engée presented the ladies, and the lawyer waited for a statement of the object of the visit. While Mrs. Tuffstake was awkwardly trying to make one, Ellen suddenly said:

"Mr. Melior, do you know Mr. Theophilus Bullion?"

"Yes, socially."

"How nice! Well, please telephone him to come here right away, on family business."

The lawyer smiled.

"Do you think it's customary for lawyers to call up millionaires without notice?"

"But this is a peculiar case. He would blame you if you did not call him."

"Not likely. But do you really insist?"

"Positively."

Melior went over to the box, and after exchanging words with Bullion & Koyne, he turned and said:

"I stated that this was a family matter. He says, to my surprise, he'll come, and his daughter happening to be at his office, he would like to bring her. Shall I say Yes?"

"Certainly," answered the two ladies. "Do you know Miss Bullion?"

"I have that honor."

"Maybe she and I will be very glad to see each other."

"You talk in riddles," said the lawyer, greatly puzzled. Then, taking the party into the private room and placing a chair near Ellen, he urged her to state her case. A lively talk ensued, during which he displayed the contents of the package to her deeply interested listener.

Mr. Bullion and his daughter Clara soon entered the main office, the banker evidently somewhat annoyed, and the young lady wearing an air of curiosity. The lawyer went out and greeted them. Then, taking Bullion aside, he said:

"This may be important. You announced, in 1876, the loss of a little girl?"

"Yes."

"Is this your advertisement?" showing the *Commercial*.

"Good Heavens, yes!"

Clara overheard this, and joined them.

"Oh, papa, what is this? Mr. Melior, don't question him as though you had him in the witness box."

"Miss Bullion," replied the lawyer, "questions are the best means of getting the truth. Let us call this newspaper Exhibit A. Now for Exhibit B." And he showed the contents of the package to father and daughter, who both started in astonishment, the banker recognizing them at once.

"And now, Mr. Bullion," said Melior, "before we go further, would you sign a paper agreeing not to molest the person with whom your lost girl found a home, if she at once produces her?"

"Well, if she is safe and sound I must do so, if you insist upon it."

Melior turned to his desk and drew up a short paper, which the banker read and signed.

"Well, what next?" asked the latter.

"Exhibit C," replied the lawyer, going to the private room and emerging with Ellen. "This, Mr. Bullion, is Ellen, or Sophy."

Clara ran to her and threw her arms around her.

"Oh, you dear girl, you are my sister—now, aren't you?"

The banker was less demonstrative. Cautious from habit, he surveyed her closely, saying, in a low tone :

"Strange, strange! Her mother's face and voice. My dear, take off your hat and show me your back hair."

"Why, of course, papa;" and in a second Bullion had the white lock in his fingers.

"This lock is Exhibit D," said the lawyer. "We have no further evidence to offer."

"It isn't needed," said Bullion, kissing Ellen. "Now you're Sophy, my dear daughter. Drop Ellen from this time henceforth."

"I will, 'papa. And now you've agreed not to hurt the one who found me, I want you to forgive her."

"That will be a hard job; but I'll try."

Sophy led out the widow, who made a low bow to the banker, and stood as if waiting to be spoken to.

"I bear no malice, my good woman," said he. "This will be better explained some other time."

Engée came gayly out of the private room, smiling on Sophy, and said to Melior :

"Would you do me the honor to introduce me?"

"Oh, I forgot," said Melior, and presented him to the banker.

Sophy drew close to her father's ear and whispered :

"Be nice to him, papa—he is such a nice young man; and we have lived in the same house so long that I know I'm not mistaken in him."

"Well, I don't know. He looks dudish."

"But he isn't. He's just wonderful. He cleared over a hundred thousand dollars for Mrs. Tuffstake this morning."

"Bless me, my child, is that possible? Cash or paper?"

"Certified check. Which is that?"

"Both, my love. If what you say is true I really must become better acquainted with this young man."

V.

NEXT morning, in the lawyer's office, he sat with Engée, discussing the events of the previous day.

"I don't know how you stand with Miss Sophy," said Melior, "but I don't think this sudden change in her fortunes will affect her feelings at all toward you."

"I'm comfortable on that point. You see, Mrs. Tuffstake is anxious to let me have half her windfall of yesterday, to go into business with. Now, I think of buying into Bullion's firm, and Sophy will not object to my proposal, in due time. And the dicky bird says you have a pretty good under-

standing with Miss Bullion also. The old man will have a nice pair of sons-in-law, won't he?"

Just at that moment Bullion entered, and after hurried "Good mornings" said to Melior :

"I have a favor to ask of you. One of our customers, named Rackrent, gave us your check yesterday for eight thousand dollars as margin on Athabascas. In making up the deposit at three it was missing. Search has been useless. Now, if you will let me have a new check we'll give you bond against the old one. It was stamped for deposit, so that no other parties can use it."

"Why, Mr. Bullion, you astonish me! I don't know of any such check."

"Well, you must be in a very large way of business when you forget eight-thousand-dollar checks over night. Suppose you look at your checkbook."

As Melior turned to do so a telegraph boy entered and handed him a dispatch. It read :

"Albany.—Have wired eight thousand dollars to your credit at Broad Street Bank. It's all right. See you to-morrow."

"RACKRENT."

Calling Engée to his desk, he said, in a low tone :

"Do you understand this?"

"Partially. Let Bullion have the check?"

"But I only drew for eight dollars."

"I know. I had the check. It was passed to Rackrent; but he raised it to eight thousand dollars, to put up on Athabascas. They jumped twenty per cent. in the afternoon, and he has sold out and refunded—see? You are in just eight dollars on the operation. Send your lad around to the bank; get the remittance entered in your passbook, then let Bullion have his money."

Melior dispatched the lad, and turning to the banker, said :

"Please wait one moment, until I see how my account stands. Did Rackrent go broke on his Athabascas?"

"Well, nearly. But, not to violate confidences, I can say he recouped, sold at the right moment, and has quite a large balance with us now to his credit. He wired to us from Albany yesterday at four o'clock, and we sent him the news."

"That's it!" said Engée to Melior. "The cuss was on his way to Canada when the good news overtook him."

The lad returned with the passbook, duly written up.

"Mr. Bullion," said Melior, "here is your check. Never mind the bond."

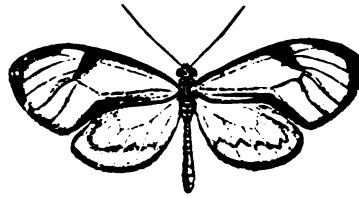
"Many thanks, sir; and will you two young

gentlemen give me the pleasure of your company at dinner this evening at my house? I shall not take No for an answer. We dine at seven. Good day." And the gratified banker was off like an elderly Mercury.

VI.

LOOKING at this group of people a year afterward, we find Reginald Engée, Esq., an exceedingly active partner (board member) in Bullion, Koyne & Co., and his wife Sophy as proud of him as brides generally are of successful young

husbands; Melior married to Clara, and in full swing of lucrative practice; and Mrs. Tuffstake joint proprietor of a prosperous ladies' fashion magazine. Rackrent came back, so to speak, gradually, putting out feelers in advance. The check was never found, and was finally forgotten. Mrs. Tuffstake and Engée never told on themselves, and the topic was one as to which Rackrent could be depended upon to keep silent. Being a heavy real-estate owner, he no longer collects for other people.



ON THE WING.

BY LAURA B. LINTNER.

"STAY near me, do not take thy flight,
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy."

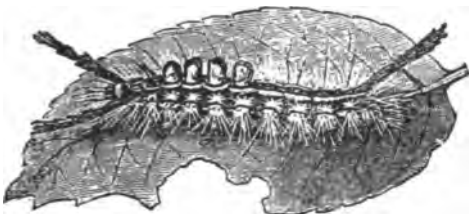
Foremost among the historians to which the poet alludes we find the butterflies, those beautiful bright-winged creatures, so intimately associated with our childhood. How often a glimpse of one of these summer flutterers will recall to the mind incident after incident of those "happy days in which we dreamed that life and love were what they seemed"!

The chase of butterflies and of sunbeams seems a natural instinct in the childish mind. And fortunately the lover of nature does not lose his interest in the insect world—this delightfully Bohemian little world—when he reaches man's estate.

To the earnest seeker patient investigation will reveal such wonders, such marvels of loveliness,

that it will not be necessary to turn to books for the study of insects. Nature herself will prove an unrivaled instructor if one but listens to her teachings. A careful observation of butterflies on a sunny day will give one a pretty clear insight into their habits.

The observer will soon discover that the insect which alights on the nearest flower, with wings folded uprightly, is droning, perhaps daydreaming, and not feasting, as might be supposed, on



CATERPILLAR DOWNING ITS BED BLANKET.



LACEWING.

the sweets of the flower. Folded wings are found only when the insect is perfectly passive, not when its little proboscis is busy seeking its daily bread.

The incomparable beauty of the butterfly's wing is due, entomologists tell us, to an innumerable number of microscopical feathers, or plumelike scales. The dust, therefore, which is sometimes so carelessly brushed off from the pinions of a fluttering captive would prove to be, under the microscope, a countless number of brilliant plumes. One is tempted to question why such a wealth of splendor is lavished on these little creatures; for the featherly garniture is of no particular advantage to them, while its serves to attract the wandering eye and the ever-ready fingers of little children, as well as of the keen eye of the birds.

Quaint old authors have written many a homily to young maidens on the vain beauty and the dilettanteism of butterflies, twisting the moral about in numerous odd ways calculated to pierce the worldly conscience; for the maiden can neither assume nor assert the unconsciousness of her gay counterpart.

A modern writer has said that the maternal instinct is less developed in the *Lepidoptera* than in other insect orders. That, however, is partly explained by the fact that the mother butterfly seldom lives to see the tiny eggs that she has carefully cradled in a softly swinging leaf mature to insect babyhood. She has done what she could in leaving the cozy nursery in the daily care of the sunbeam, and in the nightly care of the softly gliding moonbeam. Then she folds her



ARCHIPTUS BUTTERFLY.

wings, knowing that these good nurses will soon assist her babies to their feet; and it is at just this age that these naughty infants turn about and devour both their bed and their bed blankets!

To be sure it was for that purpose that they were tucked away in such a deliciously convenient nursery.

Who would not envy the lot of an insect that retires within the damask coverlet of a rose-scented cradle, lighted to rest by the fairy lamp of the firefly, and ushered into dreamland with the nursery ditty of the evening breeze? What an Elysian picture does fancy paint of the awakening of the dainty slumberer, that, when aroused by the uncurling of the rose blanket, sees near him the dewdrop that shall serve for his morning ablution!



A FLORAL FETE CHAMPETRE.

A moment later, and he speeds away to his floral dining hall,

"Where he arriving, round about doth fly.
From bed to bed, from one to t'other border,
And take survey with curious busy eye,
Of every flower and herb there set in order;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of these he rudely doth disorder,
Nor with his feet their silken leaves deface.
But pastures on the pleasures of each place."

Very different are the surroundings of the plebeian *Pieris rapæ*. "Born in a cabbage, in a cabbage bred," her daily life is commonplace enough. Her "constitutionals" are generally limited to the near vicinity of the kitchen garden; and there one may be pretty sure of finding her, fluttering about in her white and almost spotless bib and tucker. In her caterpillar stage she is not at all attractive, her complexion being of a sallow green, probably derived from her continuous cabbage menu.

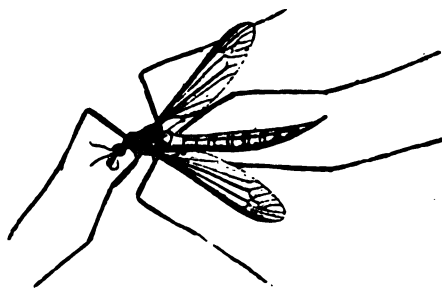
Some of these giddy highfliers are not without their peccadillos, for occasionally among them a stray tippler or two is seen, imbibing too deep a potion for so small a head, as the honeyed sweets from many a flower serve to set their wee bodies a-reeling. It may be of these delicate tipplers that the poet has written:

"Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine,
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup doth fill;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self thy Ganymede!"

Would that all intoxicants were as innocent as the "dewy morning's gentle wine"!



COMMON FLY (MAGNIFIED).



CRANE FLY.



DRAGON FLY.

Poets have called butterflies winged thoughts; and indeed they are such to him who, seeing, believes that the Creator said, "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping things, and it was so." In the

"creeping things," among which are included the larva, or caterpillar, lies the origin of the butterfly.

Wise old Pliny supposed they originated from the dew falling on leaves. While we smile at such a belief nowadays, do the present evolutionists teach a more reasonable one?

A gentle thrust at evolutionists has been detected in Kingsley's "Water Babies," where little Tom is told by a wise fairy folk that the fairy who made butterflies was not nearly as clever as the fairy who made butterflies make themselves.

A graceful and very probable fancy of Darwin is that insects resemble the flowers they frequent. Mrs. Bugden, in her charming book of "Insect Life," illustrates this theory by saying that nearly all the outdoor insects which have access to the sweet and brilliant flowers in a measure partake of their beauties, especially the butterfly, which is a flowerlike insect, made after a floral pattern and colored after floral hues. The statement is true in many ways, as, for instance, the musk bee is as fragrant as the plant from which it takes its name. The luminous *Fraxinella* has its counterpart in the firefly and glowworm.

Many of the night-flying insects that are deprived of the life and brightness of the outer world are almost without exception of a sober and quiet hue. The dependence of the insect upon the flower, and *vice versa*, has been carried so far

by some naturalists, that without insects, it has been said, there could be no flowers, as the insect unconsciously fertilizes the blossoms that it visits for food.

As to the robing of the insect world, we find



CABBAGE BUTTERFLY.

nothing anywhere that will equal it. For instance, the attire which has been handed down for generations to the beautiful dames of the *Lycæna* family ("bluelets") is a charming creation of ethereal blue with an airy border of silvery azure.

Kirby, the thoughtful observer of these little creatures, affirms that nature, in some instances, robes her insect world in silk and network, while the robes of others are blazoned with heraldic insignia—crosses, crescents and stars. Others present an imposingly learned aspect with their embroideries of mathematical figures, angles and triangles. One species bears the sobriquet of "the burnished brass," from the two resplendent bands which cross the wings of their raiment. The garments of the "Fritillaries" are lined throughout with gleaming silver stars and stripes.

Again, some insects are gotten up in harlequin style; and among these is the walking stick, or spectre, as it is sometimes called. Almost every child has seen this creature in its odd masquerade, imitating a bit of twig so perfectly that one



FLEAS (MAGNIFIED)

is tempted to believe in the presto-change act; for, when it suddenly turns its twiglike members into movable antennæ and long straddling legs, the apparently lifeless stick becomes an animated object! The walking leaf is another of these

amateur actors that reflects credit on the profession.

Another set of very nimble gymnasts are to be found in the *Muscidæ*, or fly family. In illustration of this, a writer tells the following story: One fly youngster, inflated with ideas of his own greatness—so the story runs—came to the rescue of a young poet in a most remarkable manner. As the poor author was struggling with a deep, epic poem that he was composing, and gazing despairingly at the ceiling meanwhile, the fly thus addressed him:

"By lightness, not weight, I my empire maintain,
And by emptiness stand on my head:
While others can't climb, using infinite pains
I, gravity turning to jest,
Ascend with all ease perpendicular planes.
Rough or smooth, just as pleases me best:
So try *lightness*, my friend, first: I'll warrant you'll
find
That as I rule o'er matter, so you may rule mind."

It is to be hoped that the poet profited by the sage advice of the small reasoner; but we doubt it.

Birds are thought to be the swiftest of all creatures, but the dragon fly has been known to win in a race for his life when his opponent was a champion bird flier. *Leuwenhoeck*, an entomologist of old who has chronicled the incident, has failed to record the *time* of the famous race.



MOSQUITO

Birds appear to be the enemies of which all insects stand in greatest dread. Only a few odorous species—the lacewing, archippus butterfly, etc., are safe from bird ravages; their repulsive odor probably warning the birds that in spite of their apparent attractions they would not prove a palatable morsel.

The question is often asked, "What becomes of dead butterflies?" A dead butterfly is so seldom found that their disappearance seems almost miraculous. The birds could solve the mystery, for their quick eyes are ever on the watch, and their slender bills ready to make way with the tender bodies on the instant the alluring wings have ceased to flutter.

An article lately published in an English magazine portrays the whole insect kingdom as full of villainies. The writer made it appear that the aim of each insect was to emulate David of old in slaying his "tens of thousands." This is true in a measure; for instance, the favorite diet of dragon flies is composed of moths, horseflies and mosquitoes. Because of their appetite for the latter they have been popularly named mosquito lawks.



WALKING LEAF.



WALKING STICK.

The Germans have given them the name of "virgins of the water"; but surely that title is most inappropriate if it be true, as an entomologist states, that he fed to one virgin thirty live horse-flies in succession.

The French speak of them as "demoiselles," perhaps, as has been suggested, from their exceedingly slender waists. American children have christened them "devil's darning needles," from the superstition that their sharp, needlelike bodies might be used in sewing up their ears.

The children find another favorite in the daddy longlegs, or, properly speaking, the crane fly. This ridiculous scump generally manages to elude the childish fingers and zigzag away just as they fancy him secure in their hands, leaving one or two of his half-dozen stiltlike legs behind him. But the loss does not appear to trouble the happy-go-lucky creature, for he flies away as merrily as ever.

In his case nature seems to have been unnecessarily prolific, and yet we are told there is reason in all her handiwork. Tucked away behind its wings this insect has a pair of tiny in-

struments shaped like drumsticks, "poisers" entomologists call them, for they serve to balance the body and enable Mr. Daddy L. to fly so briskly. Without these two small members he would be utterly helpless in his flight.

The sensibility of insects has so often been questioned that a few words in connection may not be amiss. It has been demonstrated that the fly does not suffer any apparent discomfort from his mutilations. And if Linnæus is correct in

his statement, insects in general are not capable of much suffering, inasmuch as they have almost no nervous system. The wisest scientists, however, cannot decide definitely just how much or how little feeling the insect world possesses, so let us teach children to be kindly to all—yes, even to the daddy longlegs.

One of our most interesting insects is the fire or lantern fly. We know a little of them here, but it is in foreign countries that they reach their perfected brilliancy. In Spain their marvelous illuminating powers and the illusive flittings appeared so strange and unearthly to the Moors



RIFLING THE SWEETS OF THE MORNING-GLORY.

that they believed them to be the spirits of the departed. In the island of St. Domingo the natives use them literally, it is said, as "a lamp unto their feet and a light to their path," travelers having seen the people wearing them on their feet when journeying at night.

Frequently they are caught for the *señoritas*, who confine them in their dark hair under silken nets, from which, in their efforts to escape, they constantly emit piercing rays of glowing light.

It is probably not generally known that the sufferings endured from the persecutions of the mosquito are entirely due to the females of the race. Their savage propensities, however, have entailed upon the family in general such forcible entomological names as "*insatiabilis*," "*implacabilis*," "*excrutians*" and "*damnosus*"!

All these imprecations are heaped upon them in spite of the fact that theirs is a purifying mission, as the earliest part of their lives is spent in rendering innocuous the standing water of pools and ponds.

It is quite common nowadays to hear of hospitals for pet dogs and cats, but how many have heard of one where insects are cared for? Heber tells us of such an institution in his "*Narratives of a Journey through the Provinces of India*." Like many other endowed charities, he found this in a deplorable condition—the lavish endowment merely serving to enrich the Brahmans, who have the building in charge. To be strictly correct, there are maintained, besides insects, such animals as are sacred to the country—monkeys, peacocks and cows. Prominent among the insect inmates were fleas and lice. Some writer had stated that

beggars were hired to serve as food for the vermin, but this, however, Heber strongly denies.

The necessity for special care and provision for vermin in Eastern countries is far from evident to us. But we have it on undoubted authority that the eggs of these creatures, and even they themselves, have received the greatest care at the hands of some European scientists, such as binding their eggs on their arms, that their hatching and subsequent growth through the blood extracted could be carefully watched. A German professor had a room in his house stocked with a particular species of flea that he had discovered in Persia; and it was his custom to assign his guests to this apartment for the night, that they might verify, the following morning, his belief that their bite had a peculiar pungency not found in any other of the dozen distinct species which naturalists have named.

We have all heard of the wonderful performances of trained fleas, such as military manoeuvres and feats of strength. One of these was made to draw a carriage and six horses carved out of ivory, having a coachman on the box with a dog between his legs, a postilion, four persons in the carriage and two servants behind! Few persons, perhaps, know that these precious animals have been kept alive for three years by the blood which they drew at regular feeding hours from their owner's arm.

Following out our title closely, fleas should not have intruded themselves in the present paper as they are on the jump and never "on the wing," being entirely destitute of those appendages.



TROUTING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY BURT ARNOLD.

Ah, this is the morning for which we've been wishing!
 The sky slightly murky—the best time for fishing;
 We can lounge if we please
 'Neath the shade of the trees
 Where the balm-laden zephyrs are taking their outing,
 Or follow the brook
 With bamboo and hook,
 So experts can laugh at our bungling while trouting.
 But we must not forget
 'Bout the bait that is wet,
 And while the fair ladies prepare us our luncheon
 We'll brew them a lemonade stout in a puncheon;
 We will put in—you know!
 With a quart of so-so,
 And other things needed in making a brick,
 (For lemonade's brackish without any stick!)
 Then when we return
 Our faces will burn
 With heat from the sun that at noontime arose
 And painted vermilion the end of our nose.

MAMMY.

BY ANNA S. MACDONALD.

SOMETIMES, "atween me and the skies," comes—distinct and clear like a silhouette—a form with wrinkled black face and poor bony fingers, holding at arm's length a coarse, coarse needle and a very long thread, which is put sometimes to the point and sometimes to the eye.

With it comes a sharp pain—a pang that cannot be downed.

That form, that wrinkled face, those poor fingers—that was mammy—the impersonation of all that was most desirable, and the very dearest one on earth to the two "mitherless bairns" that stood at her knee.

When the young bride—their mother—left her home, it was to her that she was intrusted, and upon whom she leaned, even more than the husband—whom she had loved for a brief space, while she had never known a time without "mammy."

When like a fragile flower she drooped and died it was to mammy that she confided the helpless beings that it wrung her heart to part from.

"I will never leave Miss Lilian's children," was the reiterated reply when the stern yet just man whom she called "master" made it optional with her to return to the old home and the associations of seventy years.

What a sweet "brief rapture" was that when, at set of sun, we leaned at her knee and were consoled and comforted for every fancied grievance!

How carefully we said "chimbley" and "ter-

rectly," *chimney* and *directly* seeming arbitrary innovations insulting to her, and how ardently we longed to be "grown," to buy her a blue velvet dress, and a watch and chain, and a lace handkerchief!

But the time came when nursery training was no longer adequate, and "mammy's babies" were taken away to school.

The last thing they saw, pictured and photographed forever, was mammy, standing in the doorway, with her apron to her poor dim eyes.

Yearning for her many a day, they thought to send her, some time, a splendid box, filled with linen and laces and red flannel, and cologne, and camphor—a great bottle of it.

There came a day—a perfect spring day—when the air was sweet with lilacs, and the young birds twittered in their nests for joy.

They called us in from our play, and very gently, very tenderly told us that mammy was dead, and a great desolation settled down over the whole face of the earth!

Never, never to see her any more, and never to give her all those things!

That anguish passed, but never has her place been filled, never has her memory been dimmed.

If faithfulness and endurance are rewarded, then has mammy a high place in heaven.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant," be her epitaph.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

AN ORANG-OUTANG NEST.—One of these structures has lately been added to the zoological collection in Berlin. It was brought by Professor Salenka from Borneo, where he found it in the fork of a tree at about thirty-five feet from the ground. The nest is four feet eight inches long, varying in breadth from twelve inches to thirty-two inches, with a depth of eight inches, and is composed of from twenty to twenty-five sticks. There is nothing artistic about it, nor has it any inclosure for newborn young, but appears to be simply a temporary structure which the adult constructs for sleeping in.

THE PRESERVATION OF EGGS.—With the progress of the science of bacteriology it has been discovered that eggs go bad in consequence of the presence in them of bacteria small enough to effect an entrance through the pores of the cell and the inner membrane. These bacteria cannot exist without oxygen, hence all that is necessary to the preservation of eggs in a perfectly fresh condition is to take them when new-laid and cover them with an airtight coating. It is of course necessary that this coating is not of a nature to communicate any unpleasant flavor to the egg. Smearing new-laid eggs with fat and packing them in sawdust has been found to succeed fairly well, but sometimes the pores are imperfectly stopped, and the results are consequently not absolutely reliable. Gum arabic is better, but more expensive. A German chemist who has been investigating the subject recommends water glass. The eggs are dipped three or four times in a moderately strong solution of the substance and allowed to dry between each dipping; they will then keep good for years. Eggs thus treated can be broken on the edge of the pan; but if they are to be boiled the coating should first be washed off.

BENZINE VAPOR AS AN INTOXICANT.—A communication from Dr. Ernst Rosenthal-Magdeburg on the novel but growing habit of inhaling the vapor of benzine as a stimulant is going the round of the German papers. The first effect of the habit is described as producing a genial sensation of calm enjoyment, attended by pleasant dreams; but these agreeable effects give place in time to painful hallucinations, showing a thoroughly diseased state of the nervous system akin to what is experienced in delirium tremens. Similar accounts of the spread of this habit is reported from Warsaw. The habit appears to be more or less general in those industries like glove cleaning, in which benzine is commonly employed, but does not appear to have spread beyond them.

THE GREAT FLOOD.—The Germans are still discussing with interest the story of the Flood. Suess and Neumeyer may both be said to have proved that the Mosaic account of the Flood was copied almost without alteration from the original Assyrian version, and that the event took place on the plains of the Tigris and Euphrates. A new view is now presented by Hennig, who, in a recent article in *Natur Wochenschrift*, brings forward argument in support of the independent origin of the numerous widespread traditions of the Flood. He associates it with some of the striking facts which indicate a general lowering of temperature with increased rainfall in the Quaternary period, the accumulation of the ice of the Glacial period, and the floods which accompanied its retreat.

BALL LIGHTNING.—The *Lancet*, London, describes a case of narrow escape from death by a stroke of ball lightning, a form of rare occurrence, but known to the older meteor-

ologists, who called it *fulmen globulare*. The phenomenon was reported by Dr. L. Dandois, of the University of Louvain, who encountered it while returning from a professional visit during a heavy thunderstorm. Suddenly out of the pitchy darkness there came a ball of fire which hurled him off his feet and across a ditch into the adjacent field. On coming to himself he still had hold of the stout wooden handle of the umbrella he was carrying, but the cover was completely burned off, and the steel ribs twisted into every imaginable shape.

THREE passed through the Suez Canal, in 1893, 3,341 ships, of 7,659,000 tons, yielding \$68,000,000 in dues.

MINIMUM TEMPERATURE OF VISIBILITY.—According to a Physical Society paper by Mr. Gray, this temperature for the surface of the solid is about 470° C. (878° F.), but this may be reduced considerably if the person remains for a few minutes in a dark room. At night a surface for 410° C. (770° F.) is visible; by resting the eyes in complete darkness this may be reduced to 370° (698° F.) nearly, different people's eyes differ somewhat, but probably not to any great extent if tested under the same conditions; the surfaces at these temperatures do not appear red, but look like a whitish mist.

CLOUDS.—These are simply a form of water vapor rendered visible by the cooling of the air and the concentration of the vapor on fine particles of floating dust. Every cloud may be regarded as the top of an invisible warm column or current, thrusting its way into a colder body of air. The comparative altitude of a cloud may be judged, when there is no time or opportunity to make exact measurements, from its form and outline, its shape or shadow, its apparent size and movement, its perspective effect, and the length of time it remains directly illuminated after sunset. By the last method some clouds have been estimated to have been at least ten miles above the surface of the earth. The cloud velocities at high altitudes have been carefully noted at the Blue Hill Observatory, Massachusetts, and show practically that at about five miles in height the velocities are three times as fast in summer, and six times as fast in winter, as the velocities of the currents on the earth's surface.—*Knowledge*.

LEGALIZING ELECTRIC UNITS.—The House of Representatives at Washington has passed a bill for the legalization of electric units. The units thus legalized are those adopted at the Chicago International Electrical Congress—the ohm, volt, ampere, coulomb, farad, joule, watt, and the new unit of inductance, the henry. While these are now legal units, it will be best to adhere to the characterization, "international," adopted by the Chicago Congress, in order not to confound them with the so-called "legal" units adopted at Paris in 1889, and the earlier ones known as the "B. A." or British Association units. The electrical units were originally in a bill before Congress which also included a number of other units relating to measures of length, weight and volume, but it seems that the new science has outdistanced its brethren in this as it has in so many other ways.

BACTERIA IN BUTTER MAKING.—In a bulletin of the Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station, Connecticut, on the Ripening of Cream by Artificial Bacteria Cultures, the chief object of the ripening of cream is shown to be to produce the butter aroma. This aroma, though very evanescent, controls the price of the butter. The butter maker owes the aroma to the bacteria, for by their growth the materials in the cream are decomposed, and the compounds are formed which produce the flavors and odors of high-

quality butter. Different species of bacteria vary much as to the flavors which they produce, some giving rise to good, some to extra fine and others to a very poor quality of butter. A majority of our common dairy species produce good but not the highest quality of butter. Heretofore the butter maker has had no means of securing the best flavoring bacteria, but now the bacteriologist can isolate and obtain in pure cultures those species which produce the best-flavored butter, and can furnish them to the creameries to use as starters in cream ripening. This artificial ripening of cream promises much for the near future, but it has so far been applied on only a small scale. —*Popular Science Monthly*.

THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

THERE have been periods in the world's records which are historic, and the legends stand to-day. The same thing is true of our time—the Columbian Exposition will be historic. It marked an epoch in the world's history exactly as emphatic and clear-cut as the confounding of the tongues at the Tower of Babel.

The difference was that never since that historic episode have so many people, speaking in various tongues, been gathered together as were seen, conversed with and exploited at the ethnological department of the World's Fair.

This made the success of the Fair. It was not a matter



PASSIONATE FEMALE LITERARY TYPES.

THE NEW SCHOOL.

Mrs. Blythe (newly married)—"I WONDER you NEVER MARRIED, MISS QUILPSON!"
Miss Quilpson (Author of "Caliban Dethroned," etc., etc.)—"What? I MARRY! I BE a man's plaything! NO, THANK YOU!"

FOSSIL BONES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—For some time past rumors have been current of the discovery, in South Australia, of a large quantity of fossil bones of the giant marsupials (pouched animals) which preceded the existing smaller types of marsupial animals—the kangaroo, the opossum, etc.—over the whole Australian Continent; and in the last number of *Nature*, London, we find an account of the discovery by Dr. E. C. Stirling, Honorary Director of the South Australian Museum. The site of the discovery is Lake Calabonna, sometimes called Lake Mulligan, in South Australia, and Dr. Stirling reports that several tons of bones have been collected, including numerous bones of large and small Diprotodons, of the giant wombat (*Phascalomys*), of kangaroos, and of birds, including one nearly complete skeleton of a Diprotodon.

of admissions—it was a great educational enterprise. The people of America regarded it purely from that standpoint, and everything (the Woman's Building especially) which marked the progress made in the last decade was the centre of the greatest active interest.

The reforms and changes in our domestic, social and political life which will date their origin from the Fair will prove to be innumerable and of great importance. When the time comes that these things are appreciated those who have had the foresight to preserve in their libraries the "White City" will congratulate themselves that they have helped to give an impetus to this wave of progress.

The "White City" can be obtained by every one of our readers on the terms mentioned in the coupon on the page facing the colored plate of this issue.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXVIII.

OCTOBER, 1894.

No. 4



MRS. LESLIE'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

MODERN MAGAZINE MAKING.

THE year 1876, the centennial birthday of this Republic of the United States, was signalized by many notable beginnings and re-beginnings, besides that of a new century of national existence. For one thing, American art, in its various ramifications—pictorial, plastic, architectural, decorative—received from the Philadelphia Exposition

an impulse and inspiration, sufficiently to be gauged from the fact that the progress in these matters during the sixteen years following, up to the Chicago Columbian Fair of 1893, surpassed that of the entire century preceding. This estimate of progress refers, of course, to the development of the artistic taste of the people at large,

Vol. XXXVIII., No. 4—25.

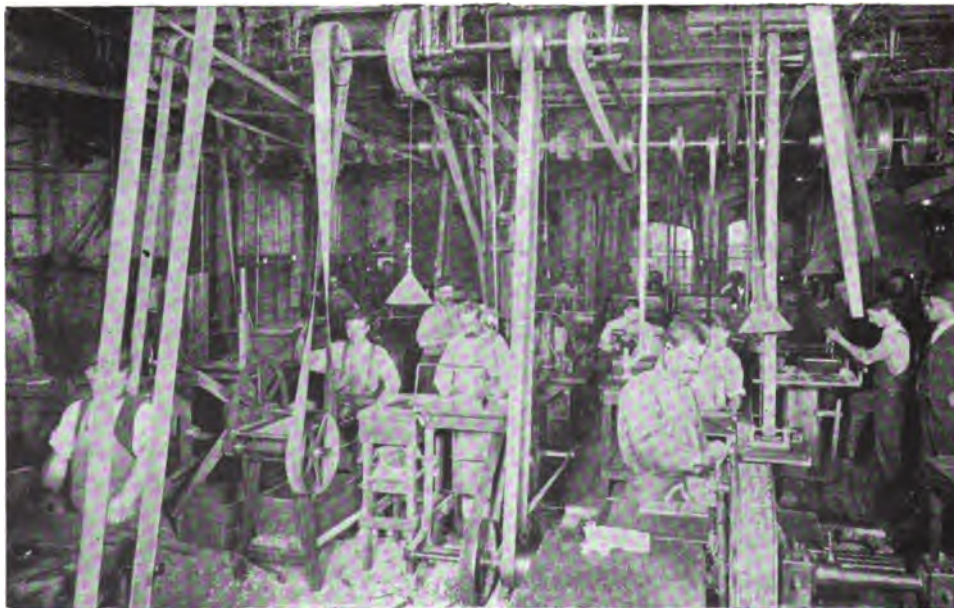


THE LESLIE COMPOSING ROOM.

no less than to the actual material achievements of the artists themselves. In at least one branch of art, however, the American people in 1876, and even before that date, were familiar with, and in a position to demand of their native artists, a class of work fully equal to anything that Europe could show them. We refer to the art of engraving on wood. Frank Leslie, the father of popular "illustration" in America, had started his famous weekly *Illustrated Newspaper* before the war, and for nearly twenty years already had been successfully exemplifying the best spirit of pictorial

enterprise of the age, and keeping fully abreast of his great European contemporaries in this line. As to our illustrated monthly magazines, they had fairly earned the proud distinction, which more than ever is theirs to-day, of being the best in the world. But the two or three first-class periodicals which represented this high distinction were *de luxe*, high-priced and exclusive, addressed rather to the fads of the dilettante than to the general need and popular favor. This was equally true of periodical literature a generation ago; and the opinion seems to have pre-

vailed, in highly respectable quarters, that pictures were rather compromising than otherwise, even to reading matter intended for wide circulation. The great editors of that day affected to regard illustrated literature as the pabulum of children and imbeciles. This was one of the matters upon which Frank Leslie held opinions radically different from those of his esteemed contemporaries. He believed, and was in a position to know, that the public liked pictures. The better the pictures were, the more completely they reflected the spirit and movement of



THE ELECTROTYPE FOUNDRY.

the times, the more the public liked them. And, reciprocally, the greater the appreciation and support accorded to his efforts, the more liberal he could afford to be in his enterprise. In such a condition of things, and with the unexampled resources at his command, Frank Leslie saw his opportunity. He saw that the successful magazine of the future would be the pictorial family periodical—in other words, the illustrated *popular monthly*.

One day Frank Leslie showed to his young wife the plan of the new publication he was pro-

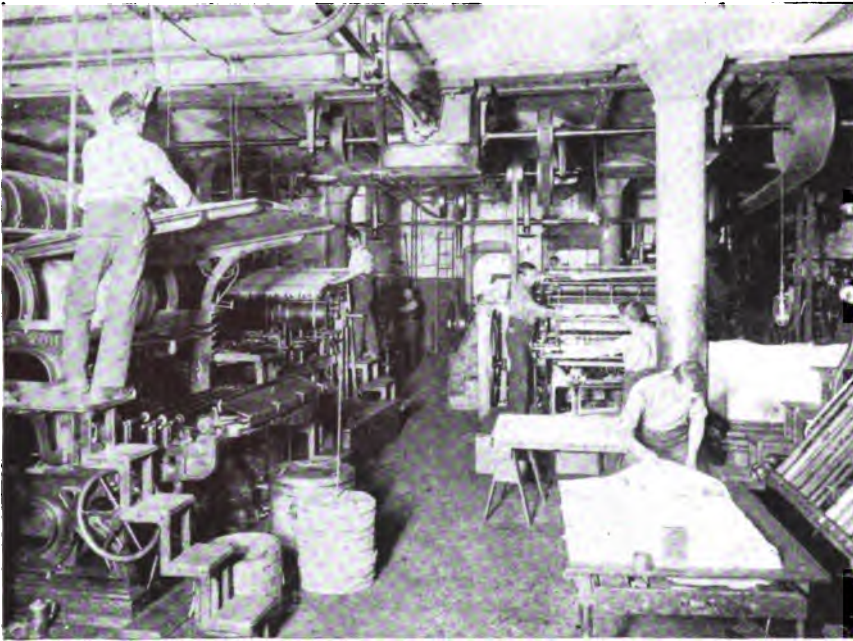
back to its yellowing pages to-day and figure to ourselves the sensation of novelty it must have caused in its *début* as a twenty-five-cent magazine, of 128 large folio pages, containing a colored frontispiece and no less than eighty-eight fine showy illustrations, all engraved on wood or copperplate. There were no “processes” of pictorial reproduction in those days. The engraver was king, and the burin a mighty high-priced tool. Now, Frank Leslie had ready at command, in his Pearl Street building, a completely organized army of fifty or sixty of the cleverest engrav-



jecting, and said: “I am going to start a new periodical—an illustrated popular monthly magazine—and I can’t find a name for it.” “Why, you have already named it,” replied Mrs. Leslie. “What could be more appropriate than to call it your **POPULAR MONTHLY**?” So, **FRANK LESLIE’S POPULAR MONTHLY** it became when, the idea having practically materialized, the initial number was put forth in January, 1876—the centennial year.

Number One, Volume I., of **FRANK LESLIE’S MONTHLY** scored an immediate success of curiosity—a fact not to be wondered at, as we turn

ers in the world, trained by long practice on his weekly publications to work rapidly and on a large scale, interpreting with marvelous exactitude the pictures which an equal alert staff of artists drew directly on the wood blocks. This was the equipment which made it possible to continue from month to month the publication of a book which under ordinary conditions, considering its size and quality, might have made a very creditable appearance as a high-priced annual. The boldest anticipations of the far-sighted publisher were confirmed, and the initial success of curiosity turned almost immediately into one of merit.



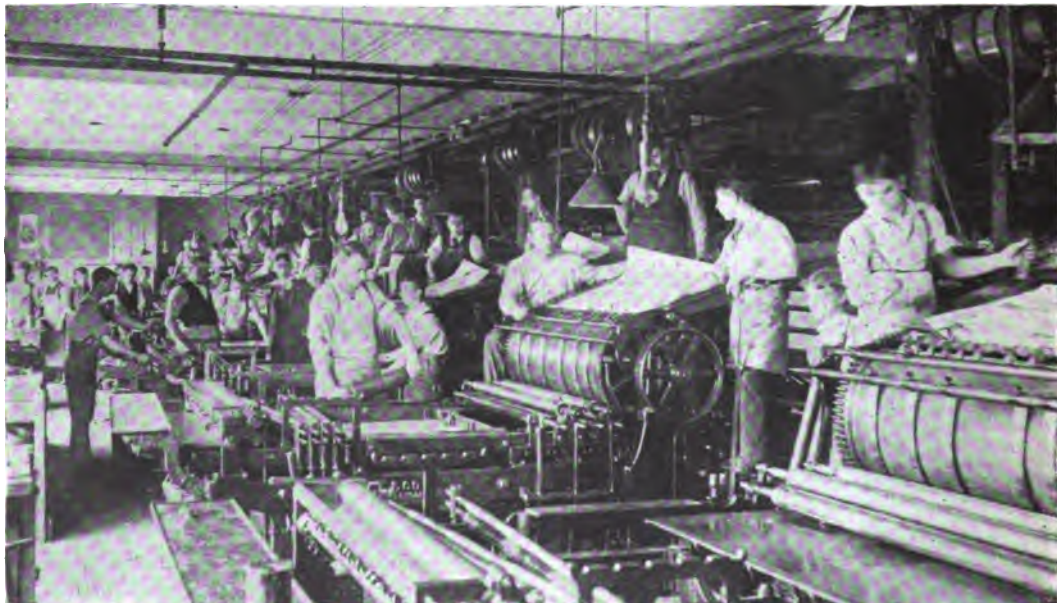
PERFECTING PRESSES.

From the emphasis that has been laid, thus far, exclusively upon the pictorial side of the magazine, it might be casually inferred that the literary part of the undertaking was merely a haphazard, subservient, tributary sort of affair. This is an old charge, that has been frequently leveled at illustrated magazines since first they began. Its futility is demonstrated, however, by

for a moment doubted that the collaboration of sympathetic artistic genius was what chiefly attracted the *littérateurs* to the magazines. Select any ten standard living authors, and it is safe to say that you will find nine of them giving decided preference to the *illustrated* magazines.

The first volume of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY shows, in its list of literary contribu-

the patent fact that, in comparison with twenty years ago, the standard of purely literary excellence in every department — fiction, essay, description, biography, criticism, scientific exposition, poetry — has been elevated in a ratio corresponding to if not exceeding that of pictorial illustration. Not only this, but the magazine has become the favorite vehicle of expression with great writers who formerly appeared before their public only in book form. Nor can it be



IN THE PRESS ROOM.

tors, a number of eminent names that have since become intimately associated with its popularity, and some of which still figure upon these pages to-day. It is noticeable, too, that the spirit of *actuality*, the almost journalistic occupation with the present moment, not to say the immediate future, which may be fairly claimed as a distinguishing characteristic of this magazine, is unmistakably evident in the first number. Thus, the opening article is devoted to the then impending Centennial Exposition, and gives some first-rate views of the marvelous buildings going up in Fairmount Park four or five months in advance of the opening of the great fair. Longfellow, who has just published his "Masque of Pandora," is the living celebrity honored with an illustrated article; while "the late" William B. Astor receives deserved eulogy in connection with an account of the great public library founded by his illustrious father. In No. 2 begins Joaquin Miller's fervid and highly colored romance, "The Pink Countess," the first serial ever published in the *POPULAR MONTHLY*, and the distinguished poet's first effort in the direction of prose writing.

Under the chief editorial direction of the late Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the eminent and well-known Catholic historian, the magazine numbered amongst its earlier staff associates such noted men and women of letters as the late Thomas Powell, Benjamin G. Smith, Nugent Robinson, Professor Charles A. Joy, Mrs. John Sherwood and Mrs. Emily Pierce; while its list of regular contributors included Richard B. Kimball, Thomas W. Knox, John Habberton, Bret Harte, Frank R. Stockton, Joaquin Miller, Edward Everett Hale, Francis S. Saltus, Alf. Trumble, Dr.

Alfred H. Guernsey, Edward Greey, Professor C. F. Holder, Benjamin V. Abbott, W. O. Stoddard, H. Barton Baker, Cornelius Mathews, Alvan S. Southworth, W. Hamilton Gibson, Bracebridge Hemyng, Wilkie Collins, B. Farjeon, Oscanyan, Oliver Johnson, Oscar W. Riggs, John



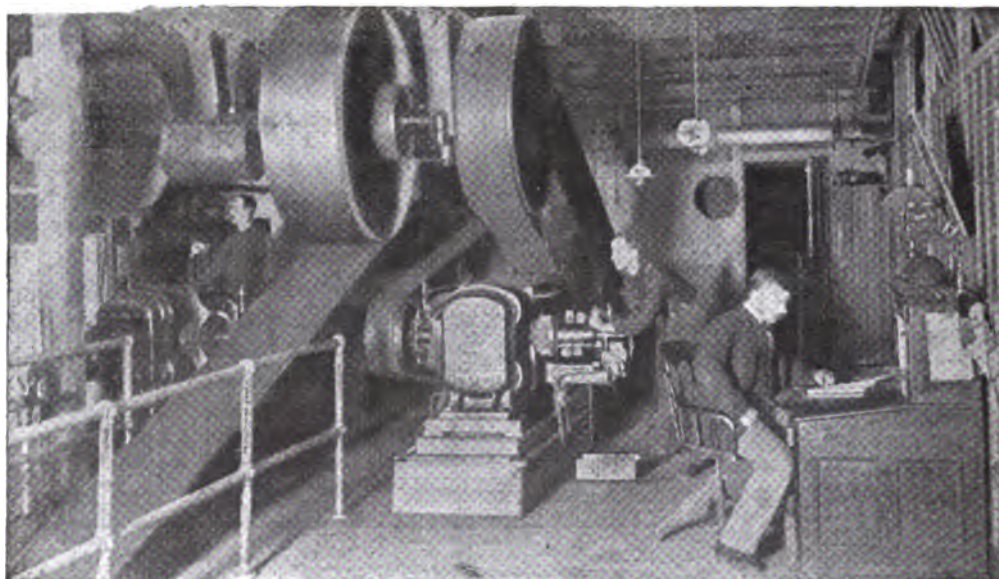
THE NEW FRANK LESLIE BUILDING, 42-44 BOND STREET.

W. Watson, John Austin Stevens, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Jane G. Austin, Amanda M. Douglas, Lady Duffus Hardy, Etta W. Pierce, Helen W. Pierson, Janet E. Rütz-Rees, Lady Blanche Murphy, and scores of others then or since in literary vogue.

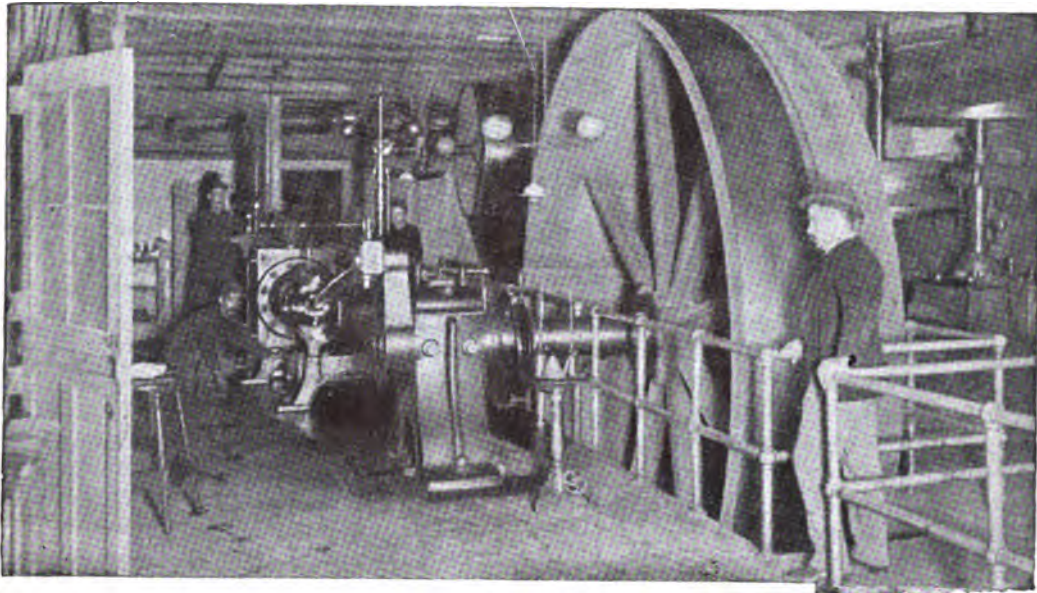
On the general lines indicated, always under the personal eye and zealous care of the masterful artist-editor who had brought it into existence, FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY ran its first years in a smooth career of prosperity, evolution and progress. In 1879 the business outgrew its old quarters in Pearl Street, and was removed to the commodious building at Park Place and College Place, its home for the ten years succeeding. Frank Leslie died suddenly, after a brief illness, in the prime of his life and activity, early in the year 1880. At that moment his business affairs, *en masse*, were very seriously involved—a condition of things due primarily, in a time of financial panic, to an entanglement of numerous and somewhat incongruous interests, rather than to any distinct failure or decline in these interests, individually or collectively. His death was hastened, if not directly caused, by those betrayals of friendship and trust which, in connection with his liberal, often extravagant, manner of conducting his vast and various enterprises, embarrassed the business of his publishing house during the panicky days of 1879 to such an extent that it passed temporarily into the hands of an assignee. Such was the condition of affairs when Mrs. Leslie was suddenly called, in the midst of her personal affliction, to take the place

of her late husband, to pay his debts, settle his lawsuits, disentangle his business, and conduct the great publishing house which he had founded, and with whose success and honor the name he had bequeathed was indissolubly linked.

Mr. Leslie passed away untroubled by fears as to the permanency of the troubles fallen upon his house, notwithstanding the fact that its chief control had gone temporarily into other hands. He had implicit confidence in the succession to which he bequeathed his powers and name; and this confidence was soon justified by the event. Although by predilection a writer since she was thirteen years of age, and associated with Mr. Leslie in editorial work during his latter days, Mrs. Leslie entered upon these vast responsibilities totally unprepared either by practical experience or inclination. The result, however, of this unparalleled undertaking by a woman is one of the real romances in the history of journalism. Her *début* as a "newspaper man" was the famous pictorial-journalistic *coup d'état* at the time of President Garfield's assassination, which made a prodigious impression in the publishing world, and in six months' time completely cleared the house of Frank Leslie from all its financial and legal embarrassments. The brilliant successes with which Mrs. Leslie has followed up that initial achievement are matters of contemporary history; and to-day the fruits of these successes, the results of adverse as well as fortunate experience, the ambitions, tastes and aspirations of an earnest woman's life, all are centred and embodied in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.



THE ELECTRIC-LIGHT PLANT.



THE ENGINE ROOM AND POWER PLANT.

The New York *Journalist* gracefully says: "Her pluck and genuine ability have won for her the hearty sympathy and kindly feeling of the newspaper Press. The average journalist is a gentleman, and if there is one thing which he admires more than another, it is 'grit.' Ability he respects, but courage, especially in a beautiful woman, he enthusiastically admires. Mrs. Leslie said the other day that she had rarely been attacked, but had uniformly received the kindest treatment at the hands of the gentlemen of the Press. It is but just to add she has deserved every word of praise which has been bestowed upon her."

Mrs. Leslie's literary accomplishments, which have been kept relatively in the background by her social prestige and enforced business activity, are notable and varied. Educated at home in the aristocratic old French quarter of New Orleans, and speaking French, Spanish and Italian as her native tongue from infancy, she was already familiar with the classics and five modern languages when she made her literary *début*, at the age of thirteen, with an article about the Venezuelan patriot, General Paez, which was published in the New York *Herald*. Her first contributions to the Frank Leslie periodicals began shortly afterward. This experience, supplemented later with extensive travel in Europe as well as in North and South America, and personal acquaintance with the world's most brilliant leaders in art, literature, science, diplomacy and social life, furnished very exceptional opportunities to a natural talent for observation and writing, guided

by exquisitely feminine intuition, tact and taste. These qualities characterize all Mrs. Leslie's writings, which include several volumes of travel sketches, social and ethical essays, signed articles in magazines and newspapers.

The unprecedented success of a woman in journalism naturally made an impression in the publishing world; but the truth is that then, as subsequently, her pet ambition, the cherished object of her enthusiastic labors, cares and plans, was the monthly magazine. In this fact lies the consistent explanation of the move that occasioned so much surprise and speculation five years ago, when Mrs. Leslie, having brought the *Illustrated Newspaper* up to the highest point of prosperity and renown it had ever attained, suddenly accepted one of the magnificent offers that had been made, heretofore in vain, for that coveted piece of property, and passed it over *en bloc*, including name and good will, to new hands. Thus propitiously was accomplished the realization of the plan she had contemplated from the first—that is, of devoting undivided attention and unencumbered resources to the development and exploitation of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

Meanwhile—to resume the main thread of our story—the ten years of 1880-'90 brought about those radical changes in the methods of producing pictures which have revolutionized modern magazine making. Up to the former date wood engraving, as we have seen, was the basis of illustration. With the best of resources at command, however, and the most liberal policy in the employment of these resources, the limitations im-

posed by this medium of art were many and serious. In the first place, the artist was required to make his drawing directly upon the wood block—an operation requiring special training and practice, and difficult, if not impossible, for one accustomed to working on paper or canvas. After the drawing was made upon the block it was handed over to the engraver to be “cut.” The engraver’s interpretation might add to the effectiveness of the design, or might destroy it: in any case, it amounted to the intervention of another personality—or of several, when for the purpose of expedition a block was divided amongst a number of engravers—between the artist and his public. The block being engraved, it went to the composing room and was “made up” in the page of the magazine with the type of the accompanying reading matter. Then the entire page was electrotyped upon a copper-faced metal plate or shell, which in its turn was fitted to the printing press—neither woodcut nor type being ever printed from direct, save for the mere tentative first proofs. The business as a whole, then, was cumbrous, costly and slow. When a process was perfected whereby, through an adaptation of photography, pictures in line engraving or pen drawing could be reproduced fac-simile directly upon a metal plate, it was hailed by publishers as opening new and almost boundless possibilities for the popularization of art. Upon this process was founded the fashion, now become almost universal, of illustrating the daily newspapers. The pictorial weeklies were enabled to multiply copies of the best work of the European artists and engravers. For the magazines the great service rendered by the new process was in making pen drawings available for the regular purposes of illustration. The artists were stimulated to new efforts; and scores of them, who had hitherto de-

voted their attention exclusively to painting in oil and water colors, and to etching, enthusiastically took up this new medium offered for addressing themselves to the public. As a result of this new departure, the pictorial complexion of the magazines gradually took on an animation and variety which had been conspicuously lacking under the old *régime*.

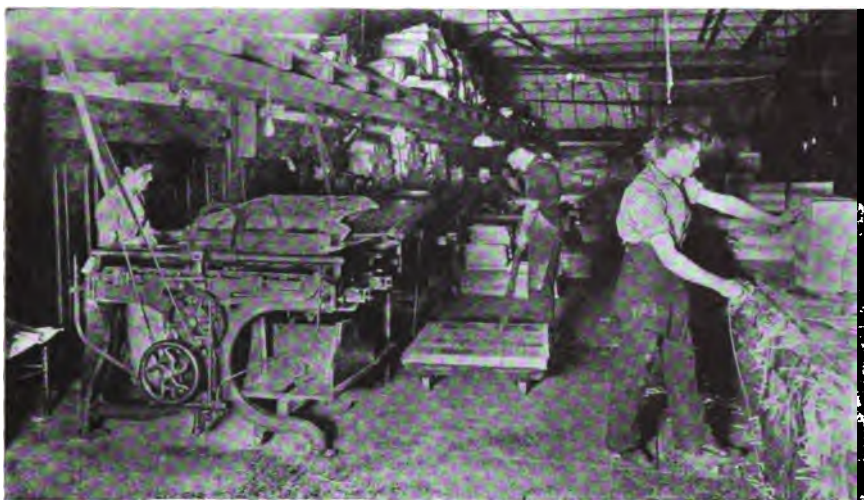
The great change had now been made, and the revolution was already an accomplished fact. “Process” had evidently come to stay. Still, its own limitations were so palpable, that as yet it was by no means in a position to dominate the situation. Mere facile reproduction of European engravings was not sufficient for the publishers, to say nothing of its being directly opposed to the interests of American artists themselves. Again, these same artists, enthusiastic as they might be about the development of pen drawing, were by no means content to accept it as the exclusive condition of their illustrative work in black and white. They wanted to use the crayon, the brush, in oils, in aquarelle, in gouache, etc. Besides, in addition to all this, there was photography. The age of the camera was at hand; and that perfected instrument, in its universal application, began to furnish unlimited masses of documents and details, literal in their exactitude as instantaneous in production. The demand, then, was for a new process, by which these photographic documents, together with drawings and paintings of all kinds in flat or shaded tints, could be expeditiously reproduced upon the printable metal plate, as well as line pictures. Such a demand was sure to meet with a prompt response; and, simultaneously in Europe and America, a dozen different methods, variously designated as “photogravure,” “mezzotint,” “half-tone,” etc., but based upon a common principle of re-photo-

graphing through a mesh or screen of gauze, upon a film of gelatine, made their appearance. The development of this process is a matter of the last five or six years only, but it has won its way in every pictorial publication in the world, from the most elaborate fine-art reviews to the cheapest newspaper supplement. Several new illustrated periodicals have sprung up and are maintained entirely through this facile source.

But, the reader will exclaim, does this mean that the engraver’s occupation is gone, and that wood engraving is doomed to the category of the lost arts? By no means.



CUTTING OVERLAYS.



THE BINDERY.

On the contrary, the art of engraving on wood has gained in distinction and quality, through the elimination of the great middle and lower classes, so to speak, of mere mechanical "cutters," whose work to-day is done better and more cheaply by machinery. For the fine, true and sympathetic interpretation of certain subjects and modes of pictorial expression, the artist-engraver has not been, and never can be, supplanted by any mechanical rival. One proof of this is shown in the fact that the two or three first-class illustrated magazines which were founded in the palmy days of the wood-engraving *régime*, when that art was their capital dependence, to-day give it the preference over all modern "processes" for the presentation of their most important subjects and elaborate effects. This is eminently the case with FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, which affords an admirable object lesson in the progress and varieties of illustration up to date. Thus, in the present number, we have contrasted styles of pen drawing on pages 385, 387, 404, 405, 408, 409, 417, 436, 445, 470, 478, 479, and in the illustrations accompanying Colonel Pike's paper, "Struggles for Life in the Deep," pages 501-506; of process from etchings on pages 485-493; wood engravings in the art pictures on pages 437, 453, 457, 461,

464 and 496; half-tone process reproductions of untouched photographs in the views illustrating this article on pages 386, 388, 392, 393 and 396, as well as in the exquisite views of the Certosa d'Ema (440, 441), and some of those of Montgomery, Ala. (470-476); retouched photographs on pages 425, 473, 476; and of half-tone facsimiles of wash drawings in India

ink on pages 404, 433, 448, 465, 477, 480, 481, 484, 497 and 501. The illuminated frontispiece each month is usually lithographed in oil colors; but in this number, being a portrait, it consists of a heliotype from a photograph.

Among the American artists of reputation whose work has appeared in this magazine, and the majority of whom are still devoting their best talents to its embellishment, we may mention Messrs. Becker, J. E. Taylor, J. Hyde, Thulstrup, Ogden, Matt Morgan, Cusachs, Miranda, J. C. Beard, Dan Beard, Gribayedoff, Oppen, Yeager, Davidson, Cozzens, Cary, Upham, Shults, Herbert Pierson, Pruett Share, A. Bassi, Guacimanni, Clinedinst, Fosdick, Linson, Bacher,



FOLDING AND STITCHING.

E. S. Taylor, Castaigne, Grant, Goodman, Gunn, Adams, Hudson, Hencke, Eaton, Shute, De Lippman, Carl Henckel, Anthony, Georgina A. Davis and Mlle. L. Gaudran. Besides the great modern painters whose work from year to year has been reproduced in the form of art engravings, the following eminent European illustrators have been and are currently represented in these pages: Messrs. Hatherell, Wyllie, Tristram Ellis, Montbard, Tringham, Woodville, of England; Doré, Lepère, Marchetti, Aimé Morot, Dunki, Bayard, Rion, Vierge, Mars, Chéret, Baird, Mme. Madeline Lemaire, Mlles. Abbema, Breslau and Mary Cassatt, of France; Rico and Madrazo of Spain; Amato, Dante Paolocci and O'Tama Chiovara, of Italy.

The emphasis placed upon art matters and upon the artists individually is consistent with the fact that picture making is the predominant feature of modern magazine making, and the one in which the revolutionizing process has chiefly manifested itself. When we turn to the literary side, on the other hand, it becomes necessary to generalize. We have already alluded to the gravitation of the best literary talent toward the magazines, and may add that the enormous and ever-increasing mass of production of amateur, non-professional and desultory writers who at times seem almost to comprise a majority of the entire population of the country tends to move in the same direction. The newspapers eventually come in for the best part of this surplus production; but most of it is originally aimed at the magazines. An idea of the volume of the stream constantly flowing through an editorial office may be gained from our simple statement of the fact that the latest manuscript received and entered on the registry books of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY the day this paragraph is written is numbered 81,456. The systematic handling of all these MSS., however, is much more expeditious than might be supposed, and it is unusual for an author to have to wait more than a month for a decision upon a contribution offered. The work of the readers is facilitated by the fact that, in any literary concern, by far the greater proportion of the matter submitted is either unsuited to the peculiar needs and exigencies of that particular concern, or altogether and obviously worthless, and so can be disposed of summarily. The difficulty is with the small proportion of good matter sent in. Suppose that out of an average of one thousand manuscripts received every month ninety per cent. are promptly returned as unavailable: that leaves one hundred articles of real merit and interest. Of course the editor cannot accept for publication a hundred contrib-

uted articles in one month. Perhaps, on account of seasonable matter already on hand or provided for, he can accept only ten of the hundred offered. In any case he is bound to decline about ninety, notwithstanding the fact that they represent first-class work, and perhaps in some instances better work than that which under other circumstances he has found "available" and published in his magazine. It is just here that the question of the author's name and reputation comes up—a question which editors continually have to decide in a way that exposes them to the old familiar charge of partiality and favoritism. Undoubtedly editors want popular names, and go out of their way to secure them. In deciding between two manuscripts of equal merit, one signed with an unknown name and the other with that of a writer already tried and favorably known to the public, the average human editor would choose the latter. It is equally certain, however, that if the unknown writer's offering were distinctly better than that of his rival the editor would give the preference to merit. The odds, then, appear to be generally in favor of the "regular," or known, contributor, with whom the new competitor can enter on equal footing only by *surpassing* him in the quality of his work; but it should be borne in mind that the so-called favorite had to win his own position under the same conditions. The oft-reiterated editorial statement that new talent is the grand prize after which all magazines are striving is no fiction. The late Dr. J. G. Holland, who was one of the wisest and broadest, and in consequence one of the most successful, of modern magazine makers, said, editorially: "Next to the desire of an editor to secure the work of men and women who possess valuable literary names is the desire to get hold of a new name—to get the first contributions of the men and women who are to have valuable names in the future. To discover a genius is like discovering a diamond, and uncounted miles of manuscript are hopefully waded through in the search; for an editor knows, or ought to know, that nothing kills a periodical so surely as a 'regular corps of contributors.' If he is alive and understands his work he knows that he must always be looking out for fresh blood, and not only looking out for it, but getting it. Indeed, this is his chief anxiety, and the occasion of more labor than all the rest of his duties put together. The novice has just the chance that his gifts and his acquirements enable him to command. Should he ask for more?"

So much for the artistic and literary departments of the magazine, which concern themselves with the selection, preparation and assimilation

of material. This material passes into the "make-up" of individual numbers of the periodical, being arranged with a view to seasonability, timeliness and current interest. The mere mechanical processes involved in getting out a number—such as engraving, platemaking, typesetting, electrotyping, stereotyping, printing, binding, etc.—more than cover the space of a month; and as the magazine is always dated more or less ahead of its actual day of publication, the editor is constantly working at least three months in advance. Thus, in wintry January he is making up his plans for April and May, full of the spirit and images of springtime. When these vernal months are actually at hand he is busy with outdoor articles and arctic explorations, wherewith to cool the drought of midsummer. In the dog days it is sad autumn with the magazinist and his alert contributors; while the great rush in Christmas stories and poems notoriously sets in about the 1st of September.

The monthly plan of the magazine consists of a blank or "dummy" brochure, containing the regular number of pages, upon which are arranged in proper position either the proofs of the destined pictures or blank paper sizes representing them. This plan is given to the printers, with the manuscript copy of the accompanying reading matter. This matter is set up in type by the compositors, "proved" on long slips of paper, read and corrected by the proof readers. Then it is made up page by page with its pictures, or cuts, and the pages are electrotyped and stereotyped—processes too generally familiar to require technical description here—into flat or curved metal plates, to be fitted upon the "beds" and cylinders of the printing presses. The 128 pages of which FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY proper consists, exclusive of colored frontispiece, advertising and index pages and covers, are divided by the printers into four "sheets" of thirty-two pages each. One of these sheets is prepared and printed each week, so that the departments are never idle, and the great printing presses run continuously. Of these mighty modern engines of progress, FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY employs half a dozen—six perfecting presses, each one capable of printing thirty-four perfected sheets—that is, both sides of the paper—per minute, or an average of 2,000 per hour. The expression "sheet" as applied to the paper on which this magazine is printed is not literally exact, inasmuch as the said paper is reeled off to feed the presses from continuous "webs," or rolls, weighing 400 pounds each, and containing four reams, or about 2,000 sheets to the roll. The length of a roll is 66,000 inches, or 5,500 feet. Now, an average monthly

edition, 150,000 copies, of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY consumes 300 rolls of white paper, such as this page is printed upon. A simple calculation, therefore, shows that the issuing of a single monthly edition of this magazine means the printing, on both sides, of 312½ miles of paper, which if unrolled continuously would make a strip, thirty-three inches wide, stretching across the entire State of New York from Albany to Buffalo, with some miles to spare. And to complete the grand total, about a fourth more must be added, for the advertising and other extra pages, to the above figures, which refer only to the body of the magazine proper.

The home or hive of these allied industries just glanced at, as applied to the making of FRANK LESLIE'S, has been for five years past in the familiar building on Fifth Avenue, at Sixteenth Street, whither the establishment, following the general uptown movement, migrated from Park Place in 1889. This year another move, in the direction of increased space and mechanical facilities, with a closer concentration of all the branches and interests of an ever-growing business, has been made by Mrs. Leslie. The new Frank Leslie Building is the commodious and handsome structure comprising numbers 42 and 44 Bond Street, just east of Broadway. It is in the heart of the midway literary and publishing quarter of New York city, within a stone's throw of the Astor Library, Clinton Hall and Lafayette Place, around which are grouped a score of leading magazine, weekly newspaper and book establishments, printing houses, etc. Bond Street itself is historic, and still retains some last vanishing traces of the stately old Knickerbocker days when it was the fashionable uptown residence quarter. Forty years ago, as genial Felix Old-boy tells us in his classic "Tour around New York," "people of wealth still clustered about the Battery and Bowling Green, or built solid uptown homes of brick on Bond, Bleecker and Great Jones Streets, or facing Washington Square. Fourteenth Street was far uptown. The site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel was vacant lots roughly fenced in with boards. Stages crept along leisurely every hour to the pleasant rural hamlets of Yorkville, Harlem, Bloomingdale and Manhattanville; and, strange as it may seem, honesty was so much the rule that people who rode in Kipp & Brown's stages were allowed to pay their fare at the end of the ride, instead of being compelled to stand and deliver at the start." Another thing for which Bond Street is historically remembered is that bygone *cause célèbre*, the Burdell murder in 1858—which mysterious crime chanced, by the way, to be the first

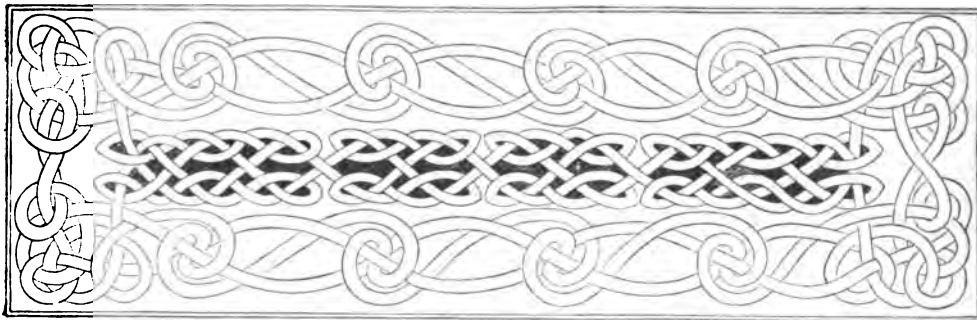
public "sensation" to give scope to the enterprise of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, then in its early infancy.

A far different Bond Street is the crowded and bustling thoroughfare of to-day, where the activity prevailing in the new Frank Leslie Building is quite in harmonious pace with its surroundings. It is one of the world's great headquarters of illustrated literature, and by far the most extensive publishing business owned and conducted exclusively by a woman. Three hundred skilled employes, including some sixty girls and women in the bindery department, are kept busy all the year round; while thirteen printing presses, the perfected product of modern invention, keep up their thundering rotation day and night. Mrs. Leslie's private office on the first floor is one of the sights of the new building. It has an individuality and charm which make it unique amongst all other places of the kind in New York. Without being distinctively either an office or a boudoir, an editorial sanctum or an art gallery, it has something of all these, *plus* a certain grace that must be the personal impress of its occupant. Upon a floor carpeted with Oriental rugs, a dado of dark-green velvet, walls decorated with tapestry, and an arabesque ceiling, the light streams in through three vast windows softened by warm-tinted hangings of *écru*. The furniture, disposed in artistic *négligé*, consists of elaborately carved tables, sumptuous old Venetian chairs, antique cabinets, French clocks and statuettes, with bits of luxurious upholstery in convenient nooks, and pictures hanging in every available space.

Here are centred all the intellectual and material energies which we have been describing. Here

are stored over 250,000 back-number woodcuts and picture plates. Into this place flows the vast current of ideas, and their material embodiment in the form of manuscripts, which the readers sort out and weigh in the balance, the editors edit and the artists illustrate. The engraver plies his burin; the photographer manipulates his plate; the "process" people transfer the pictures to metal; the compositors set up type; the stereotypers and electrotypers mold and cast the forms for the printing presses; the plate finisher touches them up; the overlay cutters prepare delicate strata of paper to adjust the pressure on the various tones of the pictures; the pressmen regulate and control the workings of the mighty printing machines that thunder and roll in the basement all day long, and sometimes all night; the engineers and electricians preside over their subterranean "antres vast," extending out beneath the sidewalk and street; the binders in the lofts cut, fold, stitch and bind up the printed sheets into spick-and-span copies of the magazine, which the shipping and mailing clerks send out to all Christendom and the four quarters of the civilized globe.

So within these four brick walls many minds and hundreds of hands are busy at tasks widely diverse, yet all directed toward a common end: the material maintenance of those viewless electrical currents of interest and sympathy which connect this house with every city and town in the United States, and make FRANK LESLIE's a welcome monthly visitor in hundreds of thousands of homes. For the establishment and continuance of these friendly sympathies, so demonstrated, is the true end and best compensation of the labor of modern magazine making.





PHOTOGRAPH BY MOLINA, 1892.

Mark Leslie

THE STORM.

BY HAMILTON BALLANTYNE.

I PULLED my boat up high on the beach, and heard the waves hurrying and fighting to follow and reclaim it; but it was out of their reach, and I left them still tumbling and moaning on the shore. I walked through the blackness in which the swaying forms of the trees, in the ghastly light, reached out like spectres with their waving, shadowy arms, and drew me onward with an irresistible force. The air was oppressively damp. I breathed hard, and then felt that I could not breathe—I merely stifled. It grew colder, and pulling my cloak more closely about me, I pushed hurriedly on amidst tossing pines and through tangled underbrush, while the wind blew harder. It shrieked through the tree tops, and ghastly sights and visions filled my soul. It howled through the valleys till I once more lived through the sunless days and said, "I have no pleasure in them;" and then, as if worn out with its passion, it drifted into a cradle song, low and sweet, with only an occasional moan, like the cry of a babe that has sobbed itself to sleep. But only for a few minutes did it slumber, and then it awakened fiercer than before. Suddenly I felt a sprinkle, then a shower, and soon the rain was falling in torrents. Such a storm I had not seen for years.

After fighting my way for almost an hour I saw, in the distance, a faint light. Hastening toward the little cabin, from a window of which came the tiny ray, I knocked, almost breathless, at the door.

As I stood there awaiting admittance half-forgotten memories rushed to my mind, and, to mock my purpose, there rose visions with the cry, "It might have been!" till I clinched my fists so fiercely that the nails left their marks in blood upon my hardened palm. But at last the door was opened by a woman with a child in her arms. She shaded her eyes with her hand as she looked out into the night, and gave a surprised, half-frightened start when she saw who stood at the door.

"William!" she cried. "You, in such a night? What is it? Come in!"

I entered mechanically, and noted with painful precision how the water dripped from my soft hat as I held it in my hand, and how like the tracks of an animal looked my large, wet foot-prints upon the white floor. I noticed, not for the first time, the barrenness and poverty of the house; and I noticed, too, the thin, pale face of the woman. She looked at me questioningly for

a moment as I stood silently before her, trying, in a man's crude way, to tell my sad tidings as gently as might be; then she cried:

"What is it? Tell me! Something has happened to him! Ah, God! what is it now?"

I tried to speak; but my throat was dry and parched, and I could not utter a word.

"Tell me quick, the very worst!" she begged. "I can stand it. I have learned to be prepared for anything. He—is—not—oh—not dead!"

"No—no; he is well. You can see him."

"Ah!" a low, half-suppressed cry of anguish, and that was all.

She understood. No Californian woman in those days needed to be told of the rapidity and severity of justice. Everything was quiet except the clock, which ticked on its loud monotone, while my mind, despite my efforts, would sing to itself ridiculous verses to the tune of that measured "Tick, tick!"

She stood by the shabby little table, her baby in her arms, and the dim tallow candle shed a softened radiance on their bowed heads, such as you see in the early pictures of the Holy Mother and Child.

Occasionally the baby patted her bowed head lovingly with his fat little hands, and screamed with delight as his tiny fingers caught her dark curls.

She raised her head at last, and said, with a shudder:

"The vigilance committee?"

I bowed silently.

"How long?"

The marvelous bravery of that white-faced woman awed me, but I answered:

"Make haste! I will try to get you to shore by midnight. You can have till morning with him."

As she heard the very hours of his life measured her self-control gave way. She sank on the floor with a stifled sob, and hiding her face again on the baby's shoulder, she cried:

"My God! I have thought I was prepared for anything, but I cannot, cannot give him up. Oh, Edward, Edward, always so true, so true to me!"

My life seemed to sink within me. I am a strong man; I am considered a hard-hearted man; but just there a great sob welled up in my throat, and I turned and looked fixedly out of the small and rain-bedimmed window. Though it was only a few moments, yet it seemed to me

hours that she knelt upon the floor, while all was as silent as death till the baby gave a sharp little cry. She clasped it closely and folded the shawl about it. Then, with a face which had grown old while she knelt, she rose, and throwing a thin little scarf over her shoulders, said :

"We must lose no time. I am ready. Let us hasten—let me have all the minutes I can with him. I know he is even now counting the seconds till I come."

"Ready!" said I, with assumed roughness. "You will freeze that way. Get your cloak."

A faint flush passed over her face as she answered :

"I shall be warm enough."

And I, manlike, did not understand, but insisted :

"Get your cloak. The wind is piercing. I will not start with you clothed so lightly."

"If you must know," she answered—and even in the midst of her trouble something of the queenly, defiant air which was so familiar to me in the old happy days came back as she repeated—"if you must know, this is all I have."

"What!" I cried; "did Edward——" But I stopped. Her eyes were upon me, and I blushed.

Unheeding her remonstrance, I wrapped my heavy cloak about her, and taking the baby in my arms, we started for the beach. The wind bore down upon us with such force that the frail slender woman could hardly stand; and even I tottered and found the way hard.

But her courage was indomitable, and with unflagging zeal we pushed on. Once an immense tree by our path wavered and cracked. I saw it slowly bend. We jumped back, and it fell, its branches brushing our faces. The baby awakened from a sleep, cried pitifully, and she put out her arms, saying :

"Oh, let me carry him for awhile. He will not tire me; and you—you have carried him so far, you must be worn out."

"No, no," I answered, shortly, clasping her baby closer to my heart. "He does not tire me; but you could not even stand with him in your arms. Look! You can hardly walk now."

She said nothing, and we hurried on. The rain had ceased, but the tree tops tossed threateningly over our heads, and the heavens were as black as a witch's cave.

The sea was running very high as we came down to the beach. I pushed my boat down into the water, placed her and the child securely in the stern, and then jumping in and seizing the oars, I pulled out in the angry seas. The sky was still overcast, and soon the rain again poured down in drenching streams. The whitecapped

waves tossed us about like a plaything, and with every gust of wind the waters rose. But my heart and my muscles had been trained in a stern school. I had often pulled an oar in a heavy sea; and now, with that sad woman and baby in the boat, I pulled as I had not pulled for many a day. Our sturdy little boat rode safely from top to top of the furious waves, and the woman in the stern said never a word.

When the beams from the lighthouse shone full upon our path, and I remembered the treacherous rocks which lay beneath the turbulent waves, I knew that the time had come for which I had trained all my life. A corner was to be turned, and for some rods we must run abreast of the incoming waves. One false stroke would mean death, for even a good swimmer could hardly live in such a sea.

"Can you steer?" I called to the silent figure in the stern.

Through the black darkness and the roar of the covetous waters came the echo of her voice :

"Yes."

"To the right!" I shouted.

The boat, obedient to the slightest touch, swung round.

"Further still!" I called. Then, as a great wild wave swept in impetuously, I screamed, "No—not so!"

But I was too late. The wave, coming with all its force against the side of the boat, bore down upon us like some monster of the deep, and we were struggling for our lives in the sea.

I remember grasping her frantically and reaching out for the baby as we went down; and when we rose to the top of the waves I heard her faint voice :

"Save me—for—him!"

* * * * *

A rough log cabin, in one corner of which was a fireplace; in another a rude bunk on which lay a man so weak he could hardly lift his eyes to meet the sunlight which, out of a cloudless sky, streamed in through the windows, touching tenderly the rough hair and the hollow eyes of the sick man, and turning with its Midas touch all the rude furniture into golden elegance. These impressions came gradually to me, until at last I felt, I knew, that the man lying so weak and helpless was I. Through the window opposite I looked out on a clear sky, and a sea blue and calm, with only here and there a fleck of white.

It was noon.

Like a flash every incident connected with the storm of the preceding night came to my mind. I started to my feet. A figure which I had not noticed before rose from the seat by the door



"THE WHITE-CAPPED WAVES TOSSED US ABOUT LIKE A PLAYTHING."

and came toward me. I recognized the minister of the camp.

"Lie still, my friend," he said.

"Lie still?" I questioned. "No; why should I do so?"

"You have had a great shock."

"But she!" I gasped. "She—I tried—good God! I tried to save her—did I?"

"She?" the musical voice of the young divinity student answered. "It is well with her."

"Ah, no, no! Unsay that!" I cried, grasping his meaning at once. "It is not well. It is cruel. She should have seen her husband, wretch though he was. Her last cry was, 'Save me for him!' I can hear it now. I shall hear it forever! You know I tried to save her, don't you?"

"Yes; I know you did. And she knows."

"How was it that I was saved, and not she?"

"Naturally. You were strong and withstood the buffeting of the sea. She was frail. It is much better so."

"Tell me," I interrupted. "Her husband is—"

"Gone."

"Ah! without a farewell!"

"Listen; you do not understand. It is best that I should tell you now. Then you will see that God was merciful. Her husband—his crime you know—did she know?"

"She? Indeed not. I would have died gladly to keep it from her. No, she did not know. She believed in his faithfulness."

"That is good. I will tell you all. Last night I was sitting here alone. The elements were all astir, and I crouched over the fire, trying to ban-



"A WOMAN CLASPING CLOSE A LITTLE CHILD"

ish from my mind the fears and gruesome spectres which haunted it. The waves cast spray upon the windows here, which rattled and shook as if moved by invisible hands, and the rain fell in fitful showers. Suddenly, above the roar of waters and the shrieks of the wind there rose the cry of a woman's voice—the voice of a last despair. I was alone, and—God forgive me!—I was afraid. I sat for some moments cowering in the corner, not daring to stir, till a great wild wind shook the house from its foundations, and screamed down the chimney, 'Coward! Coward!' I sprang to my feet; all the blood in my veins seeming to rush to my face as the full force of my cowardice came over me. I rushed out into the storm, and ran down to that part of the beach from which the voice had seemed to come. There I saw before me, wet and partially broken, lying upon its side, a little rowboat which had not been there an hour before. Then I knew the meaning of that cry. I glanced helplessly out on the surging waters, already beginning to subside; then I looked to my right and to my left. I knew not which way to turn or what to do. A

mighty wave rolled in; and when it retreated I started back in horror as I saw at my feet the body of a woman clasping close a little child. Her long wet hair fell over her face. I pushed it back; then I knew the face.

"I knelt by her side and tried to force some brandy down her throat. I took off my coat and wrapped it about her, and had just lifted her in my arms to carry her to the house when I saw two figures approaching. One was a man with a pair of oars; the other, a woman. They hurried along in a frightened manner, often stopping to look behind them.

"The boat is gone!" cried the woman, in a terrified tone. "Ah," she added, in the same breath, "thank God—no, not Him—thank the fates—here is another! Come, dear, quickly. Here, we will take this, and I shall yet save you!"

"He slunk along in a half-ashamed fashion. I could not hear his reply; but I was just going to call on him for assistance, when a sudden flash of lightning lit up the sky with a lurid glare, showing the wretch's pale face; and I recognized the damp curling hair, the wonderful dark eyes and the weak mouth of the husband of the woman who lay drowned at my feet.

"I gave a great cry and started toward him; but he, recognizing nothing save that he was pursued, jumped into the boat, with the woman in the stern. And in the boat in which an hour be-

fore you two had crossed the waters, praying God to keep you both to see him, they vanished together in the blackness of the night and storm. Death was best for your friend. Was it not?"

I bowed my head. I could not speak. At length I rose.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"Do not go now—you are too weak. Wait awhile."

"Where is she?"

"Must you go at once? Man, you cannot."

"Where is she, I say?"

"If you must—this way—in the next room."

I was alone with her. She lay so quietly, with her baby at her side, that I dared not breathe. There was at last, thank God, a smile on her face. The curtains were drawn, but I raised them, that nature's sweet benediction, the sunlight, might fall upon her head.

I knelt by her side. I had not prayed for years, but from the depths of my soul I cried:

"Merciful Father of the heavens and the earth, the sea and the winds, I thank Thee! May she never know that he was false. But may she know through all eternity that he who loved her better than his own soul was true."

The day passed; evening came. The stars lit up their blue tent; the moonlight made a halo about the heads of the mother and child; and I still knelt by her side.



BY KEMPER BOCK.

To SAIL from New York to a tropical port in the middle of March, and to be still wearing fur caps and wraps on the second day out, while icicles a foot long hang from the deck railing, was a suitable beginning for a voyage that was destined to include a shipwreck. It was oddly unlike what was expected and intended. The party of twenty that occupied the cabin of the little steamer *Aguan*, of the Honduras and Central American Steamship Line, which left New York

on March 14th, 1891, was mostly made up of Americans, and was therefore good-natured. It began to enjoy itself the first day out, even to the extent of enjoying its own chilly misery when the thermometer played a joke on it. The *Aguan* was a slow boat; in fact, it was her slowness that caused the shipwreck. The bottom of the vessel had not been cleaned for nine months, and the barnacles and seaweed that had stuck there were called by the passengers "the farm."

The regular route of the Honduras and Central America steamers is almost due south from New York to the West Indies, passing through the Windward Passage between Cuba and Hayti, around the eastern end of the island of Jamaica, to call at Kingston, the capital. From Kingston the ships proceed to Greytown, or San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua. The party in the cabin of the *Aguan* was bound for the last-named point. In it were the president of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, a State Senator, an army major, an army lieutenant, three New York capitalists, one of them accompanied by his daughter; a lawyer, a young Spanish-American who was to act as the president's interpreter, and six newspaper correspondents, one of whom was also a civil engineer.

As soon as the cold wave had passed off and the Gulf Stream was reached the party began to get acquainted with itself on deck. Silvery-skinned flying fish, looking in the distance like white butterflies chasing each other about the surface of a big tub of soapsuds in which a great deal of indigo has been dissolved, vied with water-spouts in entertaining the passengers. The first land seen after getting out of sight of the Jersey coast was Watling's Island, the famous shore first sighted by Columbus; not long after the mountains of Cuba seemed to rise faintly out of the waters, and as the *Aguan* passed near Cuba's northeastern shores in the moonlight a breeze from that direction brought to the decks the scent of tropical flowers. The ship was a day or two late in getting into Kingston, and one more day was lost in getting away, her anchor having "fouled" and tangled itself in the cable of another vessel at a near-by wharf. A brawny Jamaica negro, a perfect ebony Hercules, dived and released the anchor, while a young woman with a black skin and a broad smile came on deck to sell the passengers oranges. When a passenger invited her to be photographed her smile expanded some more.

The mishap to the anchor delayed the ship at Kingston till Tuesday morning, the 24th of March, and she was expected at Greytown on the following day. Not to be too much behind time the captain decided to make a short cut. Greytown is about 750 miles south-southwest of Kingston as the crow flies—only there is no crow to fly in that tropical latitude. That part of the Caribbean Sea is dangerous on account of coral reefs and currents. One of these reefs is known as El Roncador, and became noted last winter when the famous wooden man-of-war *Kearsarge*, of the United States Navy, was stranded there. In the investigation held by the court of inquiry

at the Brooklyn Navy Yard it was testified by experts that the currents about Roncador were very irregular and not to be depended upon. They are liable to sudden changes, and it is supposed that even circumstances so remote as a change of atmospheric pressure in the Gulf of Mexico may bring about currents contrary to those expected at any given time of day. On account of this uncertainty, careful navigators go about forty miles south of Roncador in sailing from Jamaica to Greytown. The captain of the *Aguan*, in his eagerness to make up for lost time, counted on passing twenty-five miles from this coral island. He steered by what mariners call "dead reckoning," that is, with the map or chart, the compass and the "log," and taking no account of the sun or stars. If there were no currents or winds it would be safe to use "dead reckoning." All you would have to do would be to make out, by the chart, the direction in which you wished to go; steer in that direction with the aid of the compass; and figure out how far you had gone, and where you were, from the "taffrail log." This is a tiny machine thrown out into the water from the stern of the vessel, and dragged or towed after it by a line attached to the stern rail or "taffrail." The little machine registers the speed of the ship through the waves. So if you can be perfectly sure what direction you are taking, and how fast you are taking it, you can know where you are by this kind of reckoning. But if currents bear down on your ship in such a way that while she is headed in nearly the same direction all the time, and while she is going in that direction at a regular rate of speed, she is also drifting sideways, her captain may not know where she is; and the *Kearsarge* court of inquiry developed the fact that the charts of currents in the Caribbean Sea before December, 1893, were very imperfect. That is how it happened that the *Aguan* was carried directly upon Roncador Reef. The current did its work, if the captain did not do his.

It was a few minutes after three o'clock on the morning of Thursday, March 26th, when the *Aguan* struck the reef known as El Roncador. Its name is the Spanish word for "snorer," and was given because the noise made by the breakers, as heard from the island within the reef, is something like the sound of snoring. The passengers had plenty of time afterward to study the likeness, but they did not think of it that morning. The shock to the vessel was such as to give the writer a vivid dream of being asleep in a sleeping-car berth, and being awakened by the car's leaving the rails and bumping along from tie to tie. But the dream within a dream, and the dream that had

the other dream in it, were alike dispelled by the sudden stoppage of all motion, and by the steward's opening the stateroom door and saying in hurried tones, "We've run aground, sir!" Then he disappeared to tell somebody else that we had run aground.

"Say, you'd better get up!" said my roommate.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"We've had a collision, or struck a wreck, or something. Anyhow, we have stopped still in the middle of the sea. We'd better go on deck just as soon as we can."

I had great respect for my chum's opinion as a nautical expert. He had been to Greenland in a sailing vessel the year before, and had passed through a terrific storm which had half filled the hold of the ship with water. All hands had been ordered to the pumps, and after two hours of the most desperate pumping they had measured the water in the hold and had found that it had gained on them eleven inches. They almost gave themselves up for lost, but on looking over the deck they found two auger holes, bored at the time of building and forgotten ever since. When they stopped up the auger holes no more water got in. There were no holes in the bottom of the Greenland sailing vessel. That was one respect in which she differed from the *Aguan* just at present. For the dream of the sleeping car's jolting over the ties was caused by the bottom of the *Aguan* striking some jagged pieces of coral. One of these pieces had torn a hole in her, and the water was already in the hold, not many inches below our bare feet as we lighted on the stateroom floor.

We were hardly out of our berths when we heard the engine's signal gong ring, and the engine began to pant again. But the ship did not move. A glance out of the porthole showed us nothing but the moonlight flashing across our bow in a line of brilliant waves. The air was clear and the wind was hushed. But we could hear feet hurrying hither and thither on the deck above us, and as soon as we could get into our day clothes we went up to the deck ourselves. From the bow we could see a white line across our path, extending to the right and left till lost in the dimness of the moonlit night. It was Roncador Reef.

The captain was not trying to get any nearer to the reef. He was trying to back off, not knowing till an hour later, when the keel settled down upon the rocks, that there was a large hole in the bottom of the ship. Had he succeeded in backing her off into deep water she would have sunk in a few minutes with all on board. But when

she struck she had been running at full speed, and was just above the most gradual ascent of the side of the submarine coral mountain. She was firmly grounded, and a sharp edge of stone that had torn through the iron plates of the bottom was driven up into her as the hull sunk to the smoother stones on all sides of it, making it impossible to move her in any direction. She was impaled on this point of rock.

The moonlit faces on deck were anxious. Where were we? Nobody knew, but the captain thought we were on the Quita Sueno Bank, which was in fact many miles distant. A consultation was held with the leading passengers, and it was decided to let down the best one of the lifeboats at once, and to send off the first mate and four able seamen in search of aid. As soon as it was known where we were the four other lifeboats were to be let down also, and the passengers sent to the nearest land. It was thought wise to make use of the clear weather, the calm sea and the moonlit nights to get to a safer place than a stranded ship which was already rocking on the edge of the reef, and which was supposed to be in danger of being broken into pieces in that way before long; while, if a violent tropical storm came up, those on board of her would have to take to the boats anyhow, with less chance for their lives than now.

As Mr. Rudyard Kipling puts it, "the dawn comes up like thunder"—or as quickly as a thundercloud—in the tropics, and it was broad daylight before we had more than told each other how we felt the shock to the vessel when she struck. Then the whole horizon was carefully studied with spyglasses and opera glasses. The reef in front of us could be traced for about a mile and a half to our "port" or left side, and there it curved around to the south and was lost to view in the pearly gray mist. On the "starboard," or right, there was much more to be seen, and very soon everybody was looking to that quarter. The reef was visible almost as far as the eye could follow the surface of the sea. Here and there we saw ragged black interruptions to the line of breakers, and at its further end what seemed to be a considerable rock, with two or three trees or clumps of bushes on it.

"Rocks?" asked the civil engineer.

"Wrecks!" replied the purser.

"Land, ho!" sung out the second mate from the bridge. He was looking to the northwest, on our right, at the low-lying object on the horizon where the things were that seemed to the naked eye to be shrubs or low trees.

"I say, boys, that's an island!" exclaimed a newspaper correspondent, as he followed the eyes



CUTTER PROCEEDING TO OLD PROVIDENCE FOR RELIEF.

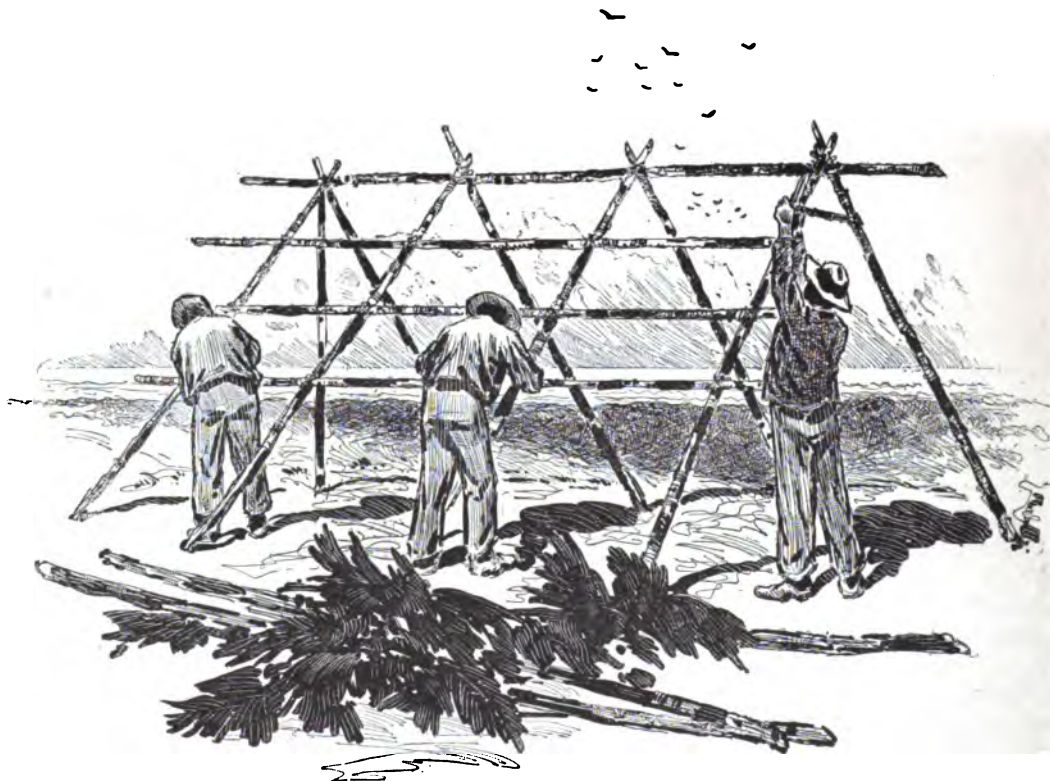
of the second mate with an opera glass, "and those things on it look like dark tents or huts."

"If that's an island it's a pretty small one," replied the hero of the Greenland adventure.

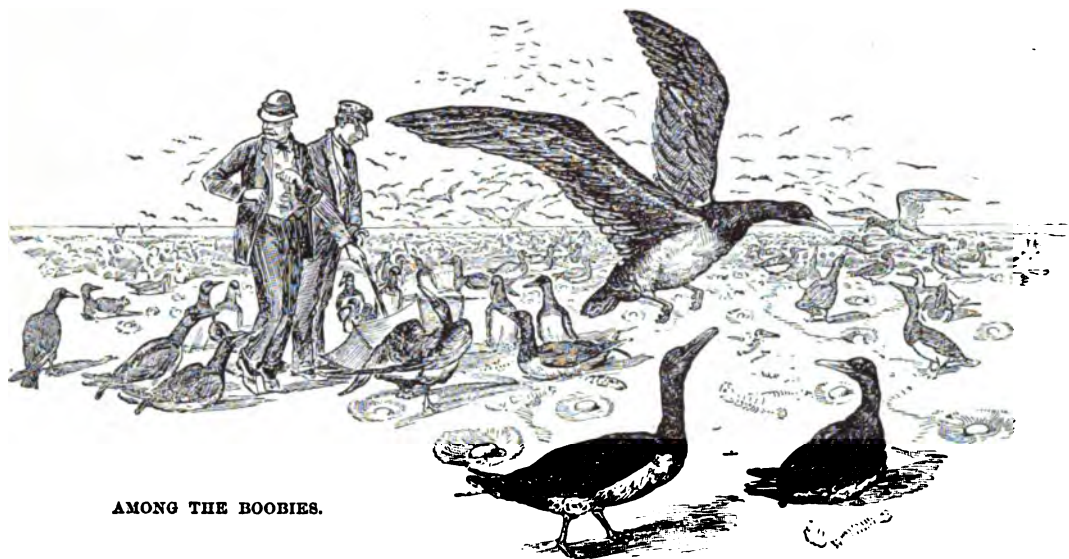
"Any island that's large enough to hold us all will do for me just at present," chimed in the reporter, who, if he hadn't been to Greenland, had crossed North America in a canoe, except a few

miles in which he hauled it overland from Lake Erie to Lake Chautauqua, and from the headwaters of the Missouri to those of the Columbia.

An observation of the latitude and longitude soon convinced the ship's officers that we were not on the Quita Sueno Bank, but on Roncador. The reef is down in all the charts, and the captain knew that it inclosed an oval space, with an



BUILDING A PALM-TREE HUT.



AMONG THE BOOBIES.

island at one end, touching the reef on the inside. But how were we to reach the island? Was it likely that there was a break in the reef wide enough to admit lifeboats? It would be a dangerous as well as a very tiresome process to wade or walk along the line of the reef to the island, which was seven miles distant, cutting one's shoes on the sharp edges of rock, lying down to hold on when a heavy breaker came along, and possibly getting snapped at by a shark. The sailors were already lowering the best lifeboat for the first mate and his party of four picked seamen, who were to set sail in search of rescuers. The second best boat was to be lowered as soon as they had started off, and the ladies and elderly gentlemen of the cabin party put into it. It was to sail toward the island, and explore the reef, as it went along, in search of an entrance which would permit the passengers to land. Should it not be possible to make a landing it was to follow the first mate in the direction of the Central American coast. Roncador Reef and Island are in Lat. $12^{\circ} 30' N.$ and Long. $80^{\circ} 5' W.$ of Greenwich; about 170 miles from the nearest point of the Mosquito coast of Central America, and 75 miles from the nearest inhabited land, which is Old Providence Island, the seat of a lighthouse and a small village. The first mate and his little party, with several days' provisions and water on board, were ordered to make for Old Providence Island and to tell the lighthouse keeper about the shipwreck. Thence they were to sail to Greytown, in order to notify the office of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, that the inspection party was stranded on a reef. In going from Old Providence to Greytown the

boat would pass by Great Corn Island and Little Corn Island, on which there are several hundred people living. The first mate carried a letter to the "Governor" of Great Corn Island, asking him to send to the mainland, to the town of Bluefields, the northern terminus of a coastwise line of small steamers, and give notice to the



THE DIVER.

company's office there of the shipwreck. The title "Governor of Great Corn Island" is not as large as it sounds. Central American villages call their one justice of the peace and policeman "governor." The dignity of the name is a large part of the salary. "Mayor," even "lord mayor," would not pay for the services of the official in question.

It happened that this little line of steamers was owned by one of the *Aguan's* passengers, an Italian settler in Nicaragua, who had in the hold of the shipwrecked vessel about 10,000 "solés," or Peruvian silver dollars. If the *Aguan's* boats could reach one of the Italian's ships rescue was certain.

The passengers were now told to go below to the dining saloon and get some breakfast before starting out on what might prove a tedious and dangerous voyage in small boats, crowded to the limit of safety. After breakfast they were to return to the deck, with "only such light hand baggage as would hold needed toilet articles," with a decided accent on the word "needed," for no needless weight was wanted in the lifeboats. The boats had not been wet for some time. As a result the timbers had shrunk so that when they were lowered the water poured in rapidly, and the timid were reassured only by setting one of the crew of each boat to bailing her out. The more they were weighted down the more water came through the cracks, and as it took the wood some time to swell enough to keep the water out the voyage in the boats seemed much more dangerous than it really was.

As a tall, fresh-complexioned young lady stepped up on deck with a light bag in her hand one of the men said: "Miss S——, we are wrecked on a desert island."

"I believe we are," answered Miss S——, with a smile as composed as if she were on a mountain picnic; "and I'm afraid I shall have to do the cooking."

The passengers who went off in the first boat included Miss S——, and the wife and children of a missionary bishop of the Church of England, who had come abroad with his family at Kingston. The boat had not gone 500 yards from the ship before the bishop's wife looked around to speak to him, and discovered that he was not on board. The good old man had staid behind on the ship in order to give his family and all the ladies the best possible chance for their lives. She uttered a cry of surprise and alarm, and the children began to cry too. Miss S—— took one of them on her knee and began to talk to them both: "Oh, but we're having a nice boat ride! Just look at the pretty green rocks down there!

And look over here, where it isn't so deep, how blue they are! And oh, see the porpoises!—or are they dolphins? Look at the sunshine sparkling on the water!"

In ten minutes the bishop's children were crowing with delight at the beauties of a salt-water trip which they began to think must have been arranged for their benefit. The bishop left the ship in one of the other boats later in the day, amid a crowd of Jamaica negroes from the steerage.

There had been ninety-three souls on board the *Aguan*, and as soon as the ladies were started for the island the question of food supplies came up. Some cargo, as well as passengers, was in each boat that left the ship after that. The steward came on deck about noon, looked black, and said: "Thunder!"

"What is the matter now?" asked the purser.

"The big tank of water is spoiled. Salt water is all around it, and in it by this time."

This was bad news. There was not much fresh water on board outside of the big tank. There was another tank, but smaller, with several small casks and a few bottles of mineral water—not more than 900 gallons altogether. The tank was too heavy to move. Near it stood a barrel of whisky. One of the passengers quietly opened the spigot, and the whisky flowed out and mingled with the salt water.

"Who let that whisky out?" asked one of the officers.

"I did," answered the passenger—the man who had been to Greenland.

"Well, that whisky was for the crew, and you may get a pistol ball in you if you meddle with any more casks like that."

"Well, we passengers need water more than the crew need whisky. I emptied that cask so that fresh water could be turned into it from this tank."

And that cask, with several other casks, was used to carry fresh water to the island. But no heavy freight was taken off in the boats till nearly all the passengers had left the ship. The boats were so leaky that it was feared that they would sink if loaded down. Most of them—there were five—carried eighteen or twenty people; but one boat had so large a hole in the bottom that when thirteen people had boarded her the fourteenth passenger to go down the stairway over the ship's side said he would not add his weight to that of the passengers already seated, for fear of weighting the boat down too much.

It was a beautifully clear morning, with the "trade wind" from the northeast blowing softly and steadily, so that the sails were the most use-

ful parts of the boats. One of the level-headed men among the passengers was placed in command of each boat if no officer of the ship was aboard of her, and this boat captain kept the crew busy with what was to be done, and the passengers quiet. Lieutenant H—, of the United States Army, who was in command of one of the boats, managed to get the scared darkies quiet and hopeful by convincing them that the boat was running a race with one of the other boats, and might lose it if they did not behave themselves. Several large porpoises followed for some distance, and a shark lay off the bow of the ship all the afternoon, as if, like the Fa-fe-fi-fo-fum Giant in the fairy story, he smelt fresh human blood.

The captain of the ship commanded the second boat which left the wreck. This was the first boat to go straight toward the little island of Roncador, seven miles away. It took about an hour and a half to reach that part of the reef which touched the island, and it was found impossible to bring the boat directly to land. The trade wind was blowing so strongly toward the rocks that the boat might have been broken to pieces had it been tried. But there was a little gap in the reef about twelve feet wide, which allowed the boats to enter the great egg-shaped, coral-bound inclosure by a channel several feet deep. Once inside, the boat was protected by the reef as a natural breakwater, and was easily brought to shore, so that the passengers could get out without even wetting their feet. The captain then took his stand on the shore and told the other boats, as they came within shouting distance, how to find the channel.

Roncador Island is shaped like a picture of a heart or a pear, and the channel and landing place are on your right as you stand facing the island from the point, or stem, which is at the northwest end. A hundred feet from this point is a rambling inclosure of rude stone walls, with a flag-staff on top. The rough pieces of stone which were used to build it were coral, and the whole surface of the island consisted of guano and coral fragments, including a few smaller bits of delicate white branches of coral and many little shells in which the hermit crabs live. The hermit crab is a sort of seashore tramp. He lives in any old shell that suits him till he gets tired; then he crawls out and hunts up another one. He will crawl all over you as you lie in the sand asleep, to see if you are a big shell.

As soon as the passengers set foot on the island they found that it was wise to look before they leaped, unless they were willing to step on a stone half concealed in the sand and to be laid up in

camp with a turned ankle. But the mineral kingdom was not so warlike as the animal kingdom. Thousands of "booby ducks" swarmed about, squawking to each other as if asking the reason of this strange visit of men. These birds look like a cross between the duck and the goose. They are related to the gannet, or Florida ibis, and are called "boobies" because they are very stupid. When full grown they are black on the back, but streaked with white on the neck and breast. They lay their eggs in the guano which covers the interior of the island, and the young when hatched out are perfectly white.

"Hello!" said the civil engineer; "if we get out of meat we can kill these booby ducks."

"The flesh of the old ones is very rank and fishy," answered the learned Major D—, of the United States Geological Survey, "but the young ones might taste better. Ouch!"

The major's Southern remark of surprise was made when one of the boobies pecked at his ankle with her sharp bill, as if to punish him for his threat against her white young one, which stood behind her. After that event we looked at the ground all the time, when walking in the middle of the island, in order to avoid stepping on one of these lazy fowls, or being pecked by one. Some of them flew a few feet when a human being came near, but most of them simply moved out of the way with an angry croak. Throughout the day thousands of boobies flew about in the air crying out to each other, and even at night an occasional note from the dark-blue sky announced that the birds had a kind of picket guard on duty.

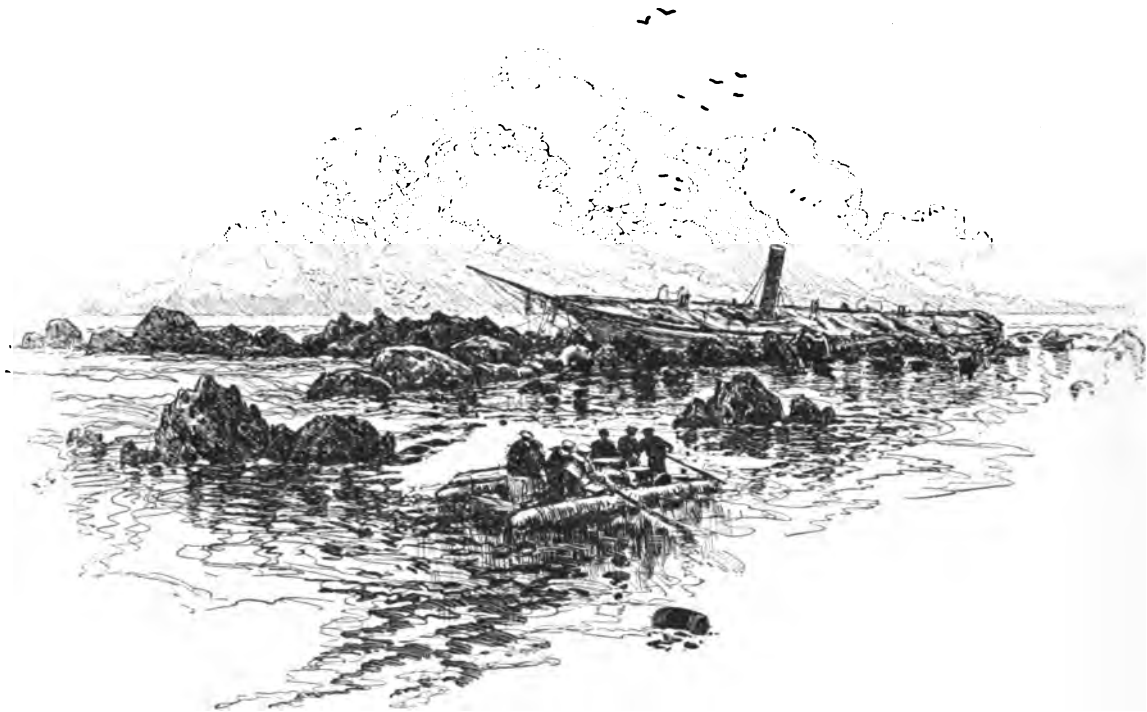
If the animal kingdom was represented only by ourselves and by boobies and hermit crabs, the vegetable kingdom was even less honored. The only growing thing to be seen anywhere in the island was a few patches of a creeping green herb, much like the variety of purslane known on American farms as "pusley," and fed to the pigs. There was perhaps an acre or two of this, growing near the centre of the island.

At the round end of this pear-shaped bit of coral land stood two small huts built of palm branches. Nobody lived in them but small and hungry insects. These huts were built in the shape of tents. A pair of upright poles of equal length were planted in the sand at a distance of ten or twelve feet apart, and the ridgepole of the hut was laid from top to top, each end resting on a fork if possible; if not, it was simply tied to the split top of the upright with very heavy string or twine, and lashed at the same time to two slanting poles which formed part of the framework of the sides of the hut. Oftenest these

sloping poles, looking like the sides of the letter A, form a crotch where they meet at the ridge of the roof, and when they are tied firmly together the ridgepole rests in this crotch, while the upright pole, being tied also, holds up the ridgepole almost as well as if it had had a fork of its own. There are three or four pairs of A-poles in the slanting sides of each hut, and several light poles, laid horizontally, are bound to them at various heights. Against this skeleton of framework palm branches full of leaves are laid, points downward. This simple sloping roof, though so thin and light that you could easily stick a cane through it, is a perfect protection against rain,

in order to make everything go as far as possible, and everybody take good care of himself and others. He at once set the male first-class passengers to work erecting a large pavilion, or tent, for their own shelter. Driftwood and string were plentiful, and the ship's awnings had been loaded into one of the boats early in the day. In an hour or so we had a grateful shade, with the trade wind blowing under it and much refreshing the weary castaways. One or two smaller tents were made for the president and other distinguished members of the party, and to house the provisions.

Meanwhile, on finding that access to the island

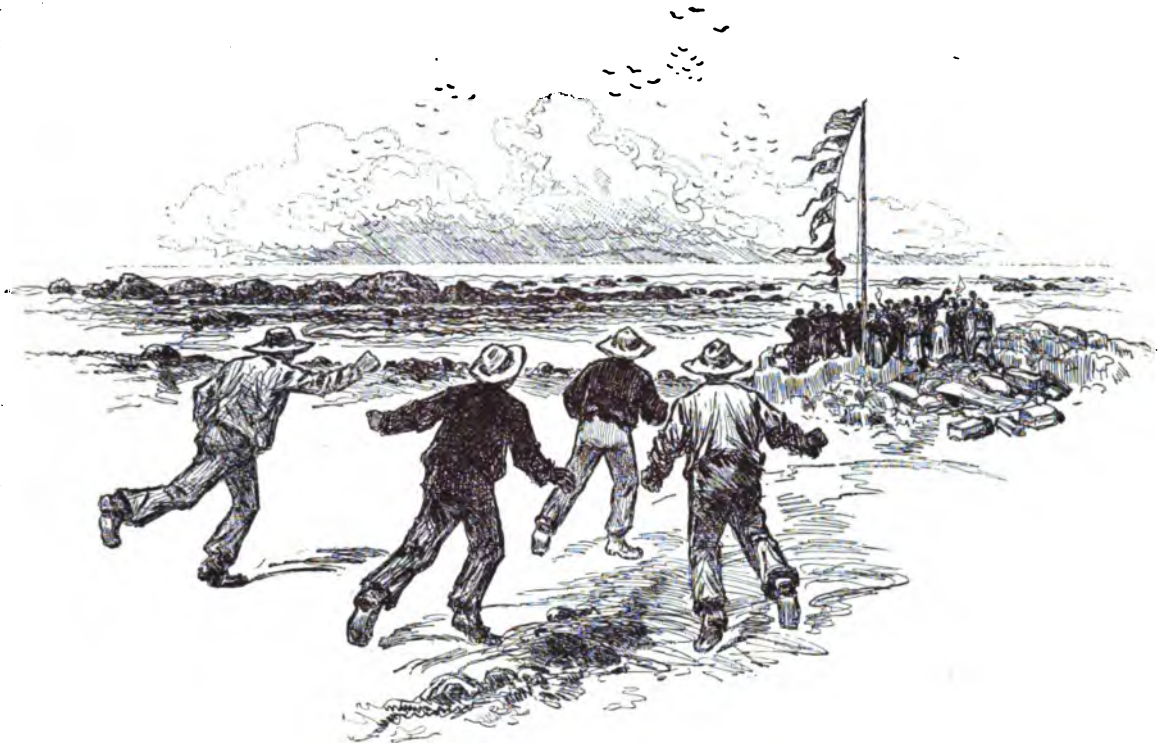


THE LAST OF THE OLD "KEARSARGE," ON RONCADOR REEF—CONVEYING SUPPLIES FROM THE WRECK.

the water running off the palm leaves to the ground.

The two palm-leaf huts were given to the ladies; one to the wife and children of the bishop, the other to the single ladies of the party. The gentlemen at once organized a sort of camp government for the island, electing Mr. M—, the president of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, president. That gentleman promptly appointed Lieutenant H—, of the United States Army, his adjutant, with executive command. Lieutenant H— had commanded an excursion of recruits in a march across some dry and desert plains of the West, and he knew a good deal about how a camp should be managed

was easy and that the weather continued fine, the crew and steerage passengers manned the boats, returned to the ship and brought over the baggage, bedding and provisions by degrees. This freight, as fast as it arrived, was dumped in the stone inclosure near the boat landing. Toward night military discipline became necessary, as the laborers demanded a wholesale division of the food spoils. The male cabin passengers took turns at armed guard duty, in the midst of the two or three score steerage passengers who were sleeping in, around and on the masses of baggage and provisions in the old stone inclosure. Fires of driftwood lit up the sky and startled the birds into strange shrieks, while candles, stuck into the



THE RESCUE.

months of bottles, moved about restlessly in the hands of curious searchers of the piles of baggage.

As soon as the passengers and crew could count noses and take account of stock it was seen that the gravest danger was that the water supply would give out. There was an ample supply for ninety-three people if the boat containing the first mate and four sailors succeeded in finding and bringing relief; but it is not a source of joy to know that you have just so much fresh water and no more, on a dry island in the midst of a great salt sea, with no way of being sure that your little lifeboats can get away from there without being capsized in a sudden storm.

"I wonder," said the civil engineer, "if this little green herb that looks like 'pusley' taps fresh water or salt water with its roots!"

"Let us dig and see," said the missionary bishop. And the two, armed with spades

and holding whity-green umbrellas over their heads—whoever saw a spade under an umbrella in the United States?—went to where the "pusley" was thickest, and dug. It was hot enough, even under umbrellas, to make the labor very tiresome; but after an hour's work each digger saw a milky fluid in the bottom of the little pit which he had



JAMAICA FRUIT SELLER.

made. The carbonate of lime in the great coral rock through which the water had come had filtered all the sea salt out of it, so that it was not brackish to the taste; and after standing for an hour or two more the lime itself settled and left the water clear enough to show the bottom. Such water, after boiling, could be used for cooking, and its taste called to mind the limestone spring water of the Alleghanies.

From that day, which was Easter Sunday, the haunting fear of death by thirst left the camp. The bishop invited the party to attend an evening service of thanksgiving, according to the "Book of Common Prayer," in front of his tent. He put up his missionary flag early in the evening—a blue cross on a field of brown—and his spare form, as his long gray beard streamed down over a black cassock, was the centre of an impressive picture as he stood on the sand and preached gratitude to the Giver of all good, while the flickering lamps lit up the faces of his hearers, and the hoarse birds screamed overhead.

On the next afternoon a sail was noticed on the southwest horizon. Every flag that had been brought from the *Aguan* was put up as high as possible, in the hope of its being seen by the distant vessel. After dark the motions of the green light on her "starboard" and the red light on her "port" side showed that she was not sailing steadily by, but was tacking about and coming nearer. About ten o'clock the camp heard the rippling noise of oars, and never was there sweeter music. A few minutes later half a dozen tall and

good-natured young Carib Indians came ashore in a long, narrow steel canoe. From them it was learned that our first mate and his little crew had reached the land in safety, and that the Central American coastwise steamer *Presidente Carazo* had been told of our plight and would arrive in a day or two to carry us on our way. The very next morning a black curl of smoke showed itself on the horizon. It came from the *Carazo's* smokestack. By two o'clock on the afternoon of that day we were aboard, and the Caribbeans were turning an honest penny by bringing our baggage to the ship from the island. They loaded it on their canoes, and walked along in the water, pushing their canoes forward, as freely as if they were born in the sea and "rocked in the cradle of the deep" for their first baby nap. When they had pushed the canoes through a narrow passway in the reef they transferred the baggage to the ship's lifeboats, by which it was carried a quarter of a mile further to the ship itself. Then they went back to the island and sat down to lunch on sugar canes—apparently the only provisions they had brought with them—after which they built some more palm-leaf tents. They came there for the turtle fishing, and they had built the huts which we found there.

As the *Carazo* turned her bow to the southwest and left Roncador behind the Nicaragua party shot a whole broadside of kodak glances at her.

Then they sat down and talked it all over, as people who have been to the play discuss the plot and the actors on their way home.

HER KING.

BY ANNA MORRISON REED.

A WINSOME maiden planned her life—
 How, when she was her hero's wife,
 He should be royal among men,
 And worthy of a diadem.
 Through all the devious ways of earth
 She sought her king;
 The snows of winter fell before
 She walked o'er flowers of vanished spring.
 Into the summer's fragrant heat
 She bent her quest with rapid feet;
 Then saddened, still she journeyed down
 The autumn hillside, bare and brown,
 Through shadowy eves and golden morns,
 And lo! she found him—crowned with thorns.



REALEJO.

UNDER THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

PEOPLE lately have taken to going to Teneriffe, and they are wise in their generation, for it is one of the most beautiful islands in the world, and from England is accessible in three to four days by quick steamers from London and Liverpool. The neighboring island close at hand known as the Grand Canary should also be visited, for it is a land of fruit and flowers, and at its principal town, Las Palmas, there are two excellent hotels, the Santa Catalina and Quiney's. Mine host of the latter famous hostelry is a lineal descendant of Judith, the daughter of Shakespeare, who, it will be remembered, married one Thomas Quiney, and the only living representative of this illustrious family is settled in the Grand Canary, where he has lived and prospered for many a long year.

The Santa Catalina is beautifully situated. The entrance to the hotel is through a lovely garden, artistically planned, crowded with the rarest flowers and luxuriant tropical plants. Adjoining the hotel are two pleasant gardens belonging respectively to an Englishman and a Spaniard. In

the latter there is a profusion of palms, Indian laurels, aloes, agaves, bananas, papayo, the cactus, fig saeba, and a specimen of the curious dragon tree which is indigenous to this group of islands. The Spaniard is an amiable old bachelor, who planted these trees with his own hands thirty years ago, and he experiences an unaffected pleasure in escorting visitors around his garden. At the back of the hotel there is a pretty lawn surrounded by towering palms and pointed aloes, and beyond is a chain of hills, easily accessible, from the top of which fine views are obtained of the port, the sea and the surrounding country. On a clear day the Peak of Teneriffe is discernible with a glass, but the famous "pico," as the Spaniards call it, does not show up every day even when one is at its foot. An aureole of clouds sometimes shuts it in.

The principal port of Teneriffe is the picturesque old town of Santa Cruz, where tourists usually spend a day or two before pushing on to Orotava, which is a delightful carriage drive of



URZULA.

seven hours, including an hour's halt at Laguna for lunch. This is a sedate, slumberous old town, with a past history of interest and a climate that is helpful to people afflicted with chronic laryngitis, bronchitis, asthma and phthisis. I had only

were abundant on all sides. I was struck with the raised terraces on which the islanders carry on their agricultural labor. They reminded me of the hanging gardens of Granada. The terraces are made for the sustentation of the soil. The

time to visit the cathedral to see a magnificently carved pulpit constructed out of a single block of chestnut wood, and afterward enjoy a brief stroll on a highroad that was lined with hedges of heliotrope and verbenas. There was a signboard at the end of the road warning wayfarers not to pluck the flowers, as though the hedges were private property.

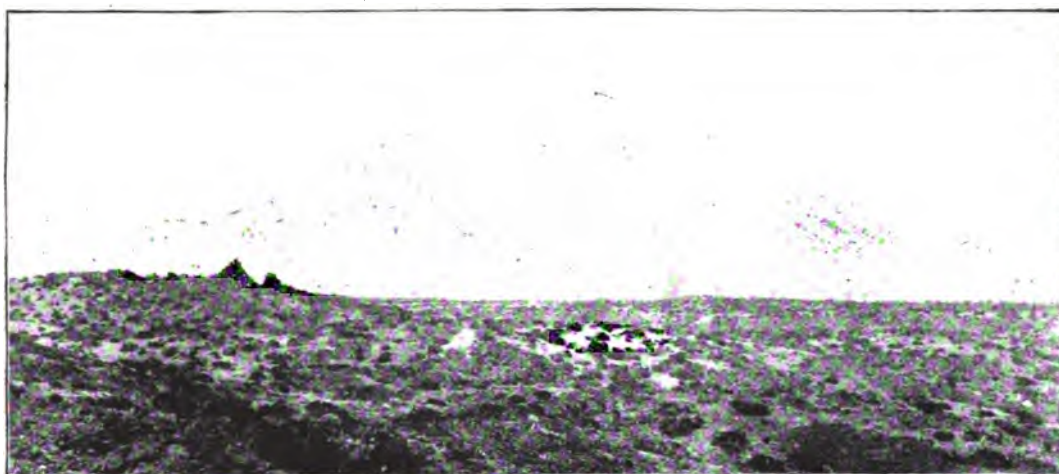
The lunch at Laguna was soon dispatched, and on we went to Orotava in a cozy lundau, with three sturdy mules abreast. It was a lovely drive, and the country in many parts was as verdant as the slopes of Kent or Surrey in June. We passed numerous palm trees, and the orange, the fig, the mulberry, the chestnut and the banana



OROTAVA, FROM THE MONUMENT.

method of irrigation by series of tanks, tubes and water courses is worthy of mention. Water is as valuable in Teneriffe as it is in Southern California, and is carefully dealt out. At last we were in the Vale of Orotava, which Humboldt pronounced one of the most beautiful in the world—and old "Hum" was an authority on traveling, having been pretty well all round the globe. The drive was so agreeable, the air so

with the famous peak well in sight, and the hotel back commands an uninterrupted view of the ocean, with the town of Port Orotava nestling beneath. The various apartments are large and lofty—there has been no skimping here—and the magnificent proportions of the drawing room would do credit to a hotel or palazzo of Madrid, Paris or London. It is elegantly furnished in the modern style, with Parisian rugs, Japanese



THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.



MARTIANES.

balmy and serene, the views so varied, wild, picturesque, and often Alpine in character, that it was not without a feeling of regret I descended at the handsome Grand Hotel of Orotava.

To do justice to this imposing establishment would require more space than I have at my command. It is really a grand hotel in more senses than the mere name, and its position is an ideal one. The façade fronts the beautiful valley,

screens and curios, luxurious lounges, whatnots, vases filled with fragrant flowers, candelabra and handsome crystal chandeliers. This grand *salon* is frequently used after dinner as a *salle de concert*. I attended a concert there given by several Spanish artists, who would have done no discredit to Carnegie Hall. I fancy they were part of an opera troupe that had been giving representations at Las Palmas, where there is an elegant opera

house that, were it in Broadway, would command a rental of quite \$10,000 a year. The general aspect of the Grand Hotel and its interior arrangements reminded me of several of the large establishments on the Pacific coast, in Southern California, notably at Coronado and Santa Barbara. It is more American in character than either Spanish or English, and was erected by the Taoro Company (Limited), with a capital of \$100,000 (Edward Beans, Esq., President). A great future awaits this delightful sanatorium, and Madeira must look to its laurels, for Orotava has pre-eminent natural advantages in a climate which is warm, equable and free from the heavy atmosphere and depressing humidity of many Southern resorts. The temperature on the coolest winter night does not fall below 50°, and in August rarely exceeds 80° Fahr. The pure and ample water supply springs from a natural fountain halfway down the rocky cliff over the town. Thank goodness, I encountered no mosquitoes at Orotava, and the flies did not come in frisky battalions as they did at Las Palmas. Flies in warm countries are persistent, but the Canary fly is the busiest insect I ever experienced, having a curious partiality for traversing the brow and executing *pas seuls* on the tip of one's nose. For bald heads it has a passion.

The patron saint of the visitors at Orotava is St. Appetite. Everybody walks, drives or rides, and this living all day in the open air builds up hunger approaching voracity. The women are well to the fore in this respect. There sat opposite to me at the *table d'hôte* two British damsels—long, lean creatures of uncertain ages, whose appetites were stupendous. One of them told me she had a basin of gruel in bed before she got up. "For what purpose?" I asked, smilingly. "It helps my digestive powers and improves my appetite," she replied, in a tone of frosty severity. Improves her appetite, quotha? thought I. Ten more females like her and there would have been a famine in the land of Orotava. I suspect she required no gruel to stimulate her wondrous powers of gorging.

I had a pretty American widow as my right-hand neighbor at the *table d'hôte* of the Grand Hotel who was as full of effervescence as a bottle of G. H. Mumm, sec. She told me that before she had been a widow a year she had six offers of marriage. "The funny part of it was the reasons they had for asking me," said she. "My late husband's dearest friend thought I needed somebody to look after my affairs. Well, I didn't need him. A man in the sugar trade thought I was too sweet to live alone. But his saccharine, honeyed declarations did not capture me in the

least. A dried-up old bachelor, who looked as if he might have a pin stuck through him, like insects in a museum, asked that I might make him happy and grace his home. Good gracious!" and the little widow's laugh tinkled over the table like a silvery bell, "if I had accepted that proposition in a month's time somebody would have been putting the syllable 'dis' before the word 'grace.' Really, when one does marry, one wants a man, and not a musty back number in boots and breeches of faults and foibles. The next man was a sorrowing widower blessed with six children under twelve years of age. No wonder his wife died early in life! He complained sadly that when he looked at the pillow beside him he felt lonely because he saw no head there. I suggested that he put his eldest boy on that pillow. Perhaps he did. A literary suitor said he thought I would inspire him, but I thanked him and told him I wasn't giving away my inspirations at nothing a column." And in this giddy strain *la belle Américaine* rattled on, much to her own and my amusement.

The bright scenes, the healthful exercise, the soft, exhilarating air, the *esprit de corps* of the company, invited a feeling of companionship, and we lingered over our wine and fruit in joyous conversation. Most of the tourists were English and American, and they discussed social events with a freedom I doubt they would have indulged in at home, except within closed doors. The *chronique scandaleuse* was not neglected, and the anecdotes I heard would make piquant reading. But I agree with the wise Erasmus when he intimates that what is said at table should be written in wine and not in ink, lest one should say, "I hate a guest with a memory."

No one need be dull at Orotava. There are endless drives and rides, and a paradise is open to the botanist and those who have a turn for geological investigation. Over against the hotel, on a handsome new road, an equestrian game called Sortija, or "tilting at the ring," is frequently given. A number of ladies and gentlemen mounted on horses, holding in their right hand a sort of billiard cue, lunge at a row of rings which are suspended on a bar supported on two posts. The riders dash at the rings, and when successful in dislodging one it releases a scarf, which is worn over the shoulders by the captor. Whoever pierces the greatest number of rings obtains a prize. It is a cheery, exciting game, and we all enjoyed it mightily.

In these telegraphic days of rapid transit *menus* are more or less alike all the world over. A hotel dinner at San Francisco or Chicago bears a strong family likeness to one at Vienna or Naples, and

there are items on the *menu* that one meets equally at Orotava as at Paris. For instance, there is the eternal *tournedos*; and the "common or garden" cutlet, with some form of sauce, is on duty every day from China to Peru. The French cook and his gastronomic fantasies take a wide range. I asked the manager of the hotel if I could have a dinner with a *couleur locale*. "I fear you would not like it," he replied. "I'll risk it," I said. "Then you shall dine like the peasants of Teneriffe," he added; and the next day I faced the following *menu*, in company with other visitors who were inclined to experiment with the food of the island: *Gofio*—this is a formidable-looking dumpling, made of Indian

factory, and reconciled me to peasant life. Then followed *Ropa Vieja*, literally "old clothes"—a title which felicitously describes its component parts, consisting of a *rechauffé* of the rags and tatters of previous repasts. I dallied gently with this dish, passing on to *Carne Mechada*, a favorite morsel of the Teneriffeans, but which is difficult to describe and digest. Bacon and veal are rolled around a small stick, somewhat in the manner that the tallow of a candle surrounds the wick, which, as a matter of fact, gives the name (*mecha*, a wick) to this insular *entrée*. The last substantial dish was *Potaje*, a preparation of chopped potatoes, mixed with peas, upon which are laid slices of pork. Then came Roast Kid, which



LA RAMBLA.

corn and wheat mixed, and then slowly baked. The mixture is usually made in the skin of a young goat. I found this a very "filling" and "holding" preparation. A little of it went a long way. The natives eat their *gofio* with goat's milk. The next dish was *Piguda*, a fish of the pike order. It was fried in batter made with corn flour and eggs, and was tender and appetizing. Then followed a course of *Cabrilla*, which is a species of mullet, as far as I could make out, but it bristled with such multitudinous fine bones that it was like eating a paper of pins. *Sama* was a preparation of salt fish served in oil, vinegar, chopped parsley and green chile, with boiled potatoes *en robe* as a side dish. This was satis-

elicited pæans of approval from the convives. It was stuffed with herbs that threw out an appetizing incense. For *entremets* we had *Natillas*, a pudding composed of goat's milk and maize flour, and *Arroz y Leche*, which was simply rice boiled in milk, flavored with cinnamon. In the way of vegetables there were *Batatas* (sweet potatoes), *Altramuz* (a bean peculiar to these islands), *Garbanzos* (Spanish peas, larger but of less flavor than those of America), tomatoes and potatoes. Then followed cheese made from the milk of the goat and sheep. The latter was a soft, spongy preparation of the Camembert species. We finished up with a profuse display of fruit—oranges, bananas, guavas, mulberries, figs and membrillo;

and we rose from the table none the worse for our banquet, which contained sufficient local color to satisfy the most exigent and enterprising of inquirers.

It is certainly a delightful experience in the month of February to sit in one's room at Oratava with the windows wide open, while the air is filled with a fragrance, vital and voluptuous, of tropic flowers. The sparkling sunshine lifts one's spirits and makes one forget the snows and chills of a Northern or Western American winter. I inhale deep breaths of air laden with the odors of sunlands. The heat is not enervating, but stimulating, for it is redolent with the life-giving emanations of plants that riot in luxuriance all the year round, that know neither spring, autumn nor winter, and whose multitudinous boughs were made to be the haunts of birds and butterflies. Has not some fairy craft borne me to the Fortunate Islands?

There are several beautiful drives on the island of Teneriffe, and after breakfast the order of the day is to take a carriage and drive to the neighboring villages. The strange exotic foliage on all sides rejoices the eye, and the warm atmosphere suggests the tropics. The roads on the island are wonders of engineering and construction, and are kept in excellent condition. They wind around the hills and cross ravines, mounting higher and higher until one's carriage is several hundreds of feet above the sea level. The roads are lined with the cactus, the agave, the graceful tamarisk, which form a beautiful hedge-

row to the sugar and banana plantations. Of course the palm is never out of sight, and on the road to Laguna there are many orchards of oranges that glow in the bright sunlight as we are told they did in the golden garden of the Hesperides.

When going for a long drive as, for instance, to La Rambla, to Realejo, to Urzula or the rocky plateau of Cañades, it is the habit to take a lunch in a hamper from the hotel and enjoy it picnic fashion in the open air. Just beyond Oratava there are many adorable nooks for *al-fresco* merrymaking beside a pool, or "charco," as it is called here, with cascades tumbling near them from the rocky heights above. Here one can feast in the open, with great stones for tables, huge boulders for seats, and the pools can be utilized for cooling one's wine or beer. A little picnic here is an event to remember, as it is done at a minimum of expense with a maximum of enjoyment.

As a change from Florida, Southern California and Bermuda, or even Monte Carlo and the towns along the Italian Riviera, beautiful Teneriffe is well worthy the attention of those tourists who have leisure and means to cross the seas in search of sunshine with the certainty of finding bright June weather in the dingy depths of winter. The tariffs of the hotels are more reasonable than those of the United States, and in the matter of appointments and the modern appliances of solid comfort they are well up to date. A winter spent under the shadow of the Peak of Teneriffe is not a bad scheme.



HOTEL, AND DISTANT VIEW OF THE PEAK.



"I WISH AMBROSE HAD NOT SAID THAT."

IN MY LADY'S GARDEN.

By EVE BRODLIQUE.

"Dost remember," calls Estar, saucily, looking down from her window into the rose garden where I stride with my dogs—"dost remember the vision of the Monk of Bec?"

"Nay," I reply, with a laugh; "the only vision I wot of is the one I now behold at the window; and I misdoubt much if dim monkish eyes were ever so blessed. At least, if they were, then I am sure—being a man—that the monk vanished and canonical vows were overthrown."

"Your compliments, sir, are as heavy as the odor of the cigar with which you are defiling my roses. But listen. The good Monk of Bec—so the story runs—beheld in a vision two exemplary old ladies of his parish——"

"Exemplary! Now, I call that a mean epithet. Cannot you think of something less withering?"

"Do not interrupt: the monk's vision showed



"IT WAS AMBROSE."

these two poor souls suffering much in purgatory, the result, they told him——"

"Now, what on earth did the good father in purgatory? Think of the injury to his reputation if any of his parishioners had seen him—rash man!"

"Where was I? Oh, yes—they told him that their term in purgatory, their great and terrible distress, was the direct result of 'an immoderate love of little dogs' during their lifetime. There! what do you think of that?"

"Surely you do not call Laur a 'little dog'?"

"No," said Estar, coming and joining me in the garden, where she shone the fairest flower of

them all; "but, don't you see, if the poor pious old ladies were so punished for loving little, insignificant poodles, how much greater is your wickedness when the dog is a monster like Laur?"

Which reasoning is so undeniably Estar's that our laugh, married as our souls are, rings out together on the fragrant air.

Estar is my wife.

I like to repeat that sentence over and over again. I have been saying it for three years, and yet its merest utterance never fails to send the hot lifeblood leaping to the apple of my throat. It chokes me, intoxicates me with a tenderness that is as vague as it is vast, and makes me strangely fond even of the commonest things. I do not understand it at all, but it seems as though the love of Estar permeated my whole being, and radiated through my near world like an intangible essence.

I love to watch every line of her beauty—mine to have and to hold. She is tall as the tallest of her rosebushes, and as slenderly voluptuous as an opening bud. Like Byron, I "hate a dumpy woman"; but I hate a scrawny one far worse. Note the way her hair grows off the soft nape of her neck. Not in a straggling fringe or a broken wisp lighter than the rest, as is the way with most women, but dusky, full and upspringing. There is a little spot there, too, a tiny black mole, just where the slender neck begins to turn on its base. The laces of her morning gown fall over and hide it now. I will have it so. I love to kiss it; it is mine—mine. I love it because I alone know it is there.

That is the way of a man. The woman who holds him must be absolutely his. He permits no quarter. The slightest doubt or mistrust, a hint of unfaithfulness or insincerity, and straightway her dominion over him is gone. And yet there be women who throw away their chances. It sickens me to think of them. Still, they do not know. It is not with them as with men. To insure constancy and unwavering affection, a woman must always be a little afraid of losing her idol: jealousy fans her love into ardor.

I am careful to keep the love of Estar. That is because I am wise in such matters, and know. And she—she keeps mine, not because she knows, but because she does not know, and is innocent.

Estar—always Estar—her neck reminds me of a creamy rose petal. Perhaps it is because of her great fondness for the flowers that I always associate her with them in my thoughts.

It was the same day, I recollect, that Estar twitted me about my dogs that the friend of my life—Ambrose—joined us in the rose garden. Then we three walked together through the

winding paths of Estar's pleasance; passing by the wavy outlines of the Brassacs and Jamains, pausing before the dark-velvety beauty of the Prince Camille, brushing against the loose branches of the Niphotos and the Bon Silene, plucking a Gloire de Dijon from my wife's favorite bush by the far gate, and pausing at length before the pure white of the Merveille de Lyon. I remember that secluded corner; the dewdrops were still lying on the queenly blossoms, and Ambrose lightly compared them to Estar as she appeared at the opera the night before, in her soft, white gown, strewn with the sparkle of many diamonds.

I wish that Ambrose had not said that. Why should he, too, liken Estar to a rose? One does not care to share anything about his wife—not even his imageries—with another man.

Somehow, I wanted to get away from the rose garden then, so we went to the kennels. I was ever proud of these. True, Estar does not care for dogs, but Ambrose does. When, indeed, has he ever failed me in any strong sympathy? Never. I heard—overheard, I should say—a man once remark that I was of narrow life and few friends. He was a fool. My world is full—Estar, my wife, Ambrose, my friend; Laur, my dog; and—well, my cigars are good. What more under the broad heavens could a man desire? Bah!

If Estar has a fault, it is that she detests the kennels. But I turn her fault to a virtue, since I use them to stir her jealousy. Sometimes, when she covets most my time and attention, I suddenly recall the wants of my dogs. I have seen the white rose leaf of her skin flooded with a Mermet-like pink when I have given Laur as a pretext for departure. Laur, brave old chap, is useful to me in many ways. It would hurt me to have to make Estar jealous about some other woman. I am glad I have Laur, great brute that he is, with massive flanks and savage jaws, and dappled, shiny skin like the sleek gray black of a water snake. I called him after Olaf Pua's dog, which he gave to Gunnar, saying, "Ho-hath man's wit, and will bark at thy enemies, but never at thy friends." Among all my dogs, I love him most. So does Ambrose; and yet he and Laur have never made friends. I like that about the brute, rather—he will have none but his master; wife and friend he alike despises. Occasionally I wish the great monster would include all others in his obstinate hatred of the world, and exempt Estar and Ambrose. But he will not. I am his god, and he shames the Christian in devoted service to his recognized deity. Other gods he will neither bow down nor submit to. Grand old fellow, I half believe a human spirit inhabits his

body, doomed to dwell there because of evil deeds done in fairer flesh than canine. Anyhow, when Laur departs this present world I hope he may luxuriate with "white-hearted Bran," the companion of Fingal in Elysium. He's more worthy of heaven than most men, because he's honest and true and dependable.

Why not heaven? I always enjoyed that story of the Ganges Valley which says that when Indra's car was waiting to convey a certain Hindoo hero to heaven up comes that worthy with his dog.

"I don't take dogs," says Indra.

"Then I don't go," replies the hero.

Good old Laur, dog of the Maisne Hellequine, or dog of the Norsemen, descendant of Vigr, who steered homeward the ship of the grim Norwegian king Olaf Tryggvason, I care not since you are mine, and you love me, and are faithful.

Love and faith—all that there is in life.

I remember, too, as we came back through the rose garden that day, Ambrose and I, on our way to the clubhouse, that the thought of his words stung again into my memory—"Like a rose," and I plucked a Gloire de Dijon savagely, pulling it apart. Its outer leaves were pale, but as I tore it I saw its heart was golden.

Then I smiled to myself: "An omen—Estar, heart of gold."

But Ambrose, following my action, as in the very brotherhood of our natures he was apt to do, held toward me a rose that he had lacerated.

"See," he said, aloud, unconscious of my mood, "this rose has a heart of flame color."

And he wondered when I struck it from his hand.

Omens a plenty this. Is her heart of gold—or of flame?

* * * * *

They say I play billiards well. It may be so; I shall not deny or affirm, but I know that I rarely play so recklessly as I did at the club that night. Somehow it eased me to strike the balls sharply—it was like hitting an enemy: though sometimes the balls looked like heads of roses to me, and then my hand shook, and I played ill. Ambrose left the club early in the evening. I think my odd mood pained him; he is so close to my life that he is part of it. Yet he cannot understand. He has no rose—I mean wife—and hearts of gold or hearts of flame underneath the velvet petals do not stir him.

It was late when I went home from the club. The dew lay heavy on the roses as I passed up the walks, and the rich odors made me faint. I went straight to my wife's chamber, and the warmth of her cheek as I bent to kiss her alarmed me with thoughts of fever. I questioned her anx-

iously: had she been out in the damp air of the night?

"No, dear," she said, drowsily; "I have not stirred out since dinner, but have been right here sleeping off a headache. I think I must have taken it from standing so long with you in the sunny garden this morning."

"This morning!" I repeated; and somehow there was that in my voice which sounded to me like the voice of another man. "Are you sure that you did not walk in the dew at night?"

"Quite certain, you ridiculous boy! I have not left my room for an instant."

"Not even for the garden?" I persisted, like a man who prays to be delivered from some great evil.

"No," she said, peevishly. "Why do you trouble so? Have I not told you that I was asleep?"

I said no more, but there had been a Gloire de Dijon rose lying on her dressing table when I came in. It was from her favorite bush that grew by the far gate, and its petals were still wet with the night dew. When I plucked it open I saw that its heart was aflame.

* * * * *

Both Estar and Ambrose remonstrated with me the following evening when I announced my determination to stay at the club and get my revenge on Maxwell for my ill luck of the night before. I would show him that I could play billiards better than he, if it took all night to do it in.

When I went out to see Laur, Estar pouted and said that between the club and the dogs she was being ousted from her husband's life.

That was odd: and odder yet was it that when let Laur gambol in great clumsy fashion about me I played also with a slender steel thing that I held in my hand and against his chain until the links were worn thin in one place. Then I fastened him up again, wondering how many of his restless turnings and springs the weak place in the chain would endure.

I played a great game that evening, and none applauded more heartily than Ambrose. That was ever the way between us: the success of one was the double success of the other. But he left just before ten o'clock. He was going home, he said.

I staid. Sometimes the balls were roses, and sometimes they looked like Ulm hounds crouched to spring, and the clicking of the cue sounded strangely like the clatter of a chain drawn swiftly over a gravel path.

Maxwell walked home with me late after the game. I urged two or three other fellows to join

us, with the inducement of cracking a rare bottle over our luck. I had the key of the gate leading through the rose garden. It was a private way, and we could reach the house unobserved of the servants. I pictured a mild carousal in a quiet dining room, unknown of the sleeping inmates of the house, and the spirit of the thing entered into the men. They had regarded me as a distant fellow before, and were all the more ready to come with me now.

Men are pretty much like hounds, save they are not so honest; they love their masters.

The starlight was just bright enough to give us sight of the Jacqueminots' rich scarlet livery, guarding one side of the postern; but underneath the bush of the Gloire de Dijon—what was it? There was a simultaneous cry from my companions as we first recoiled, then bent over it—stark, torn, bleeding. It was Ambrose, mine own familiar friend!

In his left hand was a creamy rose, the petals bruised, showing a flaming heart; in his right, a pistol: but his throat was torn open and marked with jagged fangs.

Maxwell went back to the club for help, while we stood there bareheaded and silent, each one ghastly pale as that—that lying stark in the moonlight.

No one spoke. Presently a low whine, and Laur, bleeding, crawled to my feet. Ambrose

had shot him in the encounter, but failed to kill him.

The other men shuddered, but I wrenched the pistol from the dead man's hand. It contained two cartridges. Then, as the poor brute laid his great faithful head against my foot, I placed the pistol against his temple, and with a sob fired.

* * * * *

The news could not possibly have reached my wife when I returned to the house, yet I thought she looked frightened and tearful. I lit a cigar silently, a forbidden thing in her room, and she did not chide. I think there must have been something strange in my face, she looked so at me.

It was a good cigar—dry and fragrant, and it tasted well between my lips. Then I said:

"I am rather sorry that I named Laur as I did."

"Why?" asked Estar, listlessly.

"Just because of his namesake who was unlucky enough to be faithful, and who flew at his master's enemy, Thorkel, and tore him till he died. And—then—they killed Laur."

"What has all that to do with me?" asked Estar, lifting her adorable head, and the loose-throated nightdress fell away from the tiny brown mole on her neck as she moved.

I stooped to kiss it, but struck and burned it with the lighted end of my cigar.

AMERICAN MEDICAL STUDENTS.

STUDENT LIFE IN A GREAT MEDICAL SCHOOL.

BY DR. J. HOWE ADAMS.

POPULAR impressions are generally wrong. The public loves to be humbugged. The world doubts the real advantages of truth if falsehood be more picturesque. Despite this popular antipathy to truth, I will endeavor to dispel another myth and try to paint the medical student as he really is, and show how he lives and studies. To tell a profound secret, the medical student himself is much to blame for the romance and mystery which surrounds his existence. The medical student as known to the public never matures from the chrysalis of medical studenthood; having no past and no future, he comes from nowhere and goes nowhere, for when the eventful time comes that he must leave his haunts and become the full-blown doctor he simply disappears and leaves no trace behind, while in his place is

seen his counterpart ready to prolong the deception upon the public.

The medical student is simply misunderstood in his various moods and phases. Where so much anxiety is felt and so much hard work done there is a great reaction among the students in the form of boisterous mirth and practical jokes, which are the natural safety valve of the student organism. This noisiness and roughness impresses strangers most forcibly, and it is this element in the life of the medical student which has given him his fictitious reputation.

First and most conspicuous in a class of first-year men, as these freshmen in a medical school are called, are the noisy simpletons who study medicine simply because there does not seem to be anything else on this footstool for which they

are fitted. They are short-lived students, as a rule. The biting frost of a single examination frequently blights their tender buds of hope, and they retreat to other circles of life which are more congenial to their natures, and in which we trust their opportunities for good and evil are more limited. Their prominence, however, is in inverse ratio to their existence as students. They form the "fast men" of the class; they are the shadowy prototypes of the typical medical student. Their leisure time is spent in hanging around cigar stores and beer saloons, where they

a certain pertness is most prominent. They are sixteen or seventeen years of age, always flashily dressed, and generally work in some neighboring mill. When time hangs heavy and no other thing is in hand these students wander into the clinic or the lecture room for an hour or so, but it is surprising how little medical knowledge and instruction they can get along with. Their capacity for doing without it is practically unlimited.

Then there is another distinct class of men who form a large part of every medical class. These



NURSES IN UNIFORM, IN THE AMPHITHEATRE.

indulge in large quantities of beer and tobacco, and entertain their friends with choice stories whose limits are only bounded by the extent of their imagination. The nearest approach to activity comes when they go out for a walk or two with chance young lady acquaintances. This diversion, in the picturesque language of the student, is called "chippy chasing." The young lady who is dignified with the name "chippy" almost baffles capture and identification as much as the student himself. They are not the *grisettes* of the French medical student, being as a rule young girls of excellent reputation, in whom youth and

men have started out in other professions or business, in which they have either failed or for which they feel they are not suited. They are older men, milder in their ways, and far more earnest in their work; in fact, they are frequently so eager to work that their mere earnestness often interferes with their progress. These men are generally married and have families depending upon them. In this class are still older men, forty-five, fifty, or even sixty and sixty-five years of age. This latter class, as a rule, study medicine for a pastime or recreation, feeling that they have finished their regular life work, and

always having had a desire for medical work, take up its study.

No medical class is complete without its coterie of Brazilian, Mexican, Japanese and East Indian students. These men are generally of rich parentage, and study medicine with the intention of returning to their own country to practice. Many of them are indolent and never pass the examinations. A considerable proportion, however, become brilliant students, and are an honor to the school as well as to their nationality.

These types of students are all exceptional ones; they form but a portion of the class. The regular American medical student generally grows from tender years with his eyes turned toward the study of medicine. He varies in age from nineteen to twenty-five years; he is usually a college graduate, well grounded in the preliminaries of common school and general literary and scientific education. He is well-built physically, intelligent, and as a student forms, perhaps, the hardest-working body in American collegiate life. In this class are found the embryos of the doctors who reach success in their professional life. Having been dependent upon paternal sources for his livelihood for so many years, he is most anxious to accomplish his medical work well and graduate fitted for his life work. The eagerness and intensity with which he does his work, the shrewdness and intelligence which he displays in contact with his professors and fellow students, all show that he is determined to hold up the high standard which has been set by the better class of students throughout the country.

A subdivision of this type of American medical students is found in the Western and Southern medical students. The Southern medical student of to-day is quite frequently the son and even the grandson of physicians who have graduated at this school before him—a fact of which he is very proud. He has been familiar for years with medicine in its practical application, and he can frequently astonish his preceptors and fellow students in his first year by his display of medical knowledge. He is frequently uncouth in appearance, with a scorn for the conventionalities of city life often appearing at the school in a sombrero, with his trousers tucked into the tops of a very high pair of aggressive cowhide boots. He is an inveterate tobacco chewer; he is rather coarse in his language, and cynical of humanity in general. But before he leaves the school he is not so anxious to display his peculiarities and is not so aggressive in his ways. The cowhide boots disappear, and although he rarely dons a derby, the rim on his hat is very much narrowed. As a rule, he possesses the attributes which go to

make a good doctor, and many a successful city practitioner comes from this source.

It is difficult to describe the methods of teaching in a first-class medical school; but let us endeavor to see how the man in whose hands you place the most precious thing you own, and on whose judgment rests more of real moment to you than your own—let us see, I say, how he acquires his training for the work: There are two great divisions into which medical teaching is divided, didactic or theoretical, and clinical or practical. The didactic teaching consists in the delivery of a regular series of lectures upon certain broad divisions of medicine, in which the field is gone over as thoroughly as the lecturer deems sufficient. This forms the basis for medical education, and all schools properly arranged see that all the great divisions of medicine—therapeutics, practice of medicine, pathology, obstetrics, surgery, physiology, etc.—are covered in the course. The practical teaching consists principally in holding clinics in which are demonstrated, directly from the examination of patients, disease and its treatment. In this division is included also ward class teaching, that is, teaching the students at the bedside of the patient or in the dispensary. The various forms of laboratory work is included in this division. Chemical instruction generally pays attention to the broad subject of chemistry in the first-year course, taking up the following year organic chemistry with special attention to medical subjects, such as the examination of the secretions and excretions of the body, the detection of poison in water, food and the human organism, etc. This course is most important, for a good physician should be a moderate chemist. In the pharmaceutical laboratory prescriptions are given to the student to be compounded and handed in for inspection. In the pathological laboratory all normal and pathological tissues, growths, etc., are prepared, mounted and studied. All this work makes the time consumed at the school eight to ten hours a day, including Saturdays. Outside of this time the dissecting must be done and special courses taken, such as instruction in bandages, fracture dressing, demonstrations in obstetrics, etc. Another very important factor in the education of the medical student is the “quiz.” This word, whose origin is connected with such a romantic story, is the name for small classes of students who are coached on the various courses of lectures, etc., by private teachers or quiz masters. Selection of the proper quizzes is a most important matter in determining the success in examinations. This runs the time at the school for third-year men up to ten, twelve, fourteen and even sixteen hours daily. Of course, all study is

outside of these hours, making a full day's work six times a week, and, I am sorry to say, often seven times. The examinations are annual, and as a rule are oral. The professor in each branch examines each student separately, subjecting him to a minute, careful, searching test. While this falls hard on anyone whose ideas do not flow with lightninglike rapidity and whose nerves are not the steadiest, yet undoubtedly it is the fairest, surest and safest way.

The great fault with American medical teaching is that not enough range is given as yet to the practical side of the subject. This is due, not to ignorance on the part of teachers of the needs of the students, but to the lack of time in the course, for, if didactic and clinical work cannot both be given, didactic teaching forms the best basis on which to build. I will refer to this subject of the advancement of American medical education farther on.

The principal method of teaching in all medical schools is by lectures and clinics. Tier above tier of semicircular benches like a Roman amphitheatre form the accommodations for the students, running down to a central inclosure—the arena, one might say, where science battles daily with disease. A blackboard is here, a couple of chairs, a reading desk, and possibly a glass of water for the lecturer. It is a half-hour before the professor arrives. A few first-year men gaze solemnly down from the upper rows of seats; a few languid *blasé* third-year men saunter in the pit or loll on the lower benches, reading notes or the morning paper, smoking pipes, matching pennies or disputing some trivial point about a previous lecture.

Gradually and almost unnoticeably the benches fill up; at last with a rush, especially if another lecture or clinic elsewhere is just over. A great noise of novel salutations, gibes, songs, cat-calls, are yelled back and forth. Suddenly there is a cry of "Fresh on the fourth row!" Freshmen are not allowed below the fifth row, and everybody rises and comes forward to find the audacious fellow. But generally after a week or two of hard experience the "fresh" is too weary to wander down, and the grave and reverend seniors slowly take their seats again, while the freshmen from above mock and taunt. The bell for the beginning of the lecture rings, and there is a momentary hush. Suddenly an air cushion, a gum shoe, or a snowball flies through the air and hits the most studious man in the room on the ear just as he is welcoming with a reassuring smile the incoming lecturer. A titter runs around, the student gets very red and kicks the offending missile under the seat; the lecturer

smiles or frowns, according to his humor of the morning, and starts for an hour's talk.

Everything is quiet for fifty minutes; the utmost attention is paid by everyone, some taking notes, some simply listening. Ten minutes before the hour is up each one straightens out his books, yawns and looks at his watch. This warns the lecturer, and he slowly puts a conclusion to his words. Then the bell sounds, and as if by magic the greatest din arises; everyone seizes his hat and bag, and rushes for the door as if for his life; a great mass struggles here for a moment, and then all are gone. The room is silent and deserted again, ready for the repetition of the same performance the next day.

One curious feature is the influence this free-and-easy behavior has upon the older men in the class. At first they are staid, dignified and quiet; but gradually the change comes. They take great interest in the small gossip of the school; they become hail-fellow well met with the younger men; they even enter sometimes into the rows and frolics. I have seen a rich old fellow, a retired lawyer and ex-district attorney, with well-grown grandchildren, sitting on an upper row in a clinic room, yelling with all his might, "Fresh on the fourth row! Fresh on the fourth row! Pass him up!" And I know that had he been a visitor and seen a young student so calling and shouting he would have sadly thought how he had outgrown such boyish sport, and how totally unfit he was, both mentally and physically, for enjoying such an uproar. It seems as if even the habits and feelings of a lifetime are largely the outgrowth of environment.

It is harder, slower work for the older men; age seems to put a narrow limit on their capacity for new ideas and knowledge, possibly somewhat on the spiritual injunction not to put new wine into old bottles. Men of a certain age seem to be able to learn only in the line they have been pursuing. A physician of sixty can learn more of an entirely new departure in medicine which does not need any of his already acquired knowledge or experience to comprehend than can a medical student equally intelligent of the same age.

Probably there is no subject which is involved in greater romance and mystery than the dissecting room—the "anatomical room" of the catalogues. This room is a long, dreary space with stone or concrete floor, filled with rows of dissecting tables, on each of which in midwinter is found a subject. The best tables are made with slate or marble tops, having grooves around the edge. Above each table is arranged a couple of gas jets, so that the student can see to work at night.

The room is generally stone cold, and possessing a curious odor impossible to describe.

A cadaver, or subject, consists of six parts for division for student use—two on the head, one on each arm and leg. If the body has not been "posted," i.e., no post-mortem made, the abdomen and thorax constitute another part, on which two students work together. In these days of pathological investigation this latter part is hard to get. When the colleges were obliged to get their dead as best they might, better material was "procured," but now strict laws govern this subject, and only the unclaimed dead are used. In a number of States anatomical boards exist which distribute these bodies to the different colleges in proportion to the number of their students. There is no longer any use for a potter's field excepting for persons dying of contagious diseases.

The odor of a subject, or "stiff" in student language, changes from day to day, but it rarely becomes offensive. The objection is that the odor seems to impregnate one's clothing and body. The student changes his clothes as often as he can, washes his person with equal assiduity, and that faint, strong smell clings with quiet persistence. This is, of course, somewhat due to the imagination, and it is one of the early troubles of dissecting. Still, when a student has been working his friends and family can frequently recognize the fact despite his best endeavors with Pears' soap or violet water. His food at first, especially his meat, is hard to take; it may require a strong effort after the first few dissections. However, he rapidly grows accustomed; a student who will almost faint on his first walk through the room will be calmly working there in less than a week

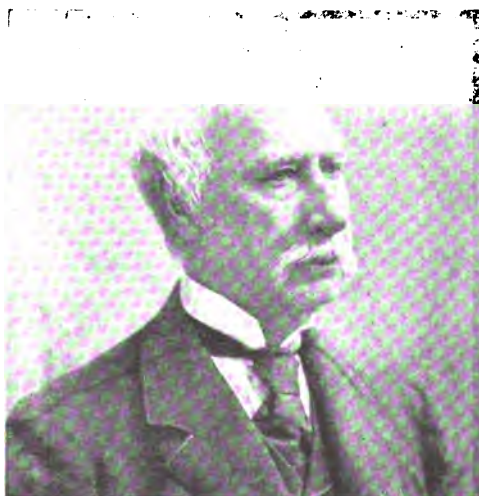


DR. AUSTIN FLINT.

as though he had been doing nothing else for a lifetime.

The trouble begins when the student gets his scalpels and walks to his part to commence his first dissection. Until then he has nerved himself by not thinking of it. He looks at the body and then at his "part"; it seems pretty lifelike. He hesitates; a brilliant idea strikes him. He goes and sharpens his knives carefully and most deliberately. He may require some time for this before he feels satisfied that the scalpels are sufficiently sharp. But as he keeps at it, it suddenly grows easier. As he studies the arteries, nerves and muscles the body becomes more and more of a simple model to him, a complete manikin. In appearance it becomes less lifelike and ghastly, until it seems no longer human, but purely a legitimate, businesslike and necessary aid to his studies.

There is no slashing work done in dissection, as is often imagined. The skin is first carefully removed, then the superficial fascia containing the adipose tissue; then the deep fascia; then the muscles, arteries, veins, nerves and lymphatics are exposed and their relations carefully studied and examined. Three months often can be profitably spent on one part in this way. Occasionally a student cuts himself while dissecting. Immediately the wound is washed out and a solution of zinc chloride is applied. Formerly



DR. D. HAYES AGNEW.

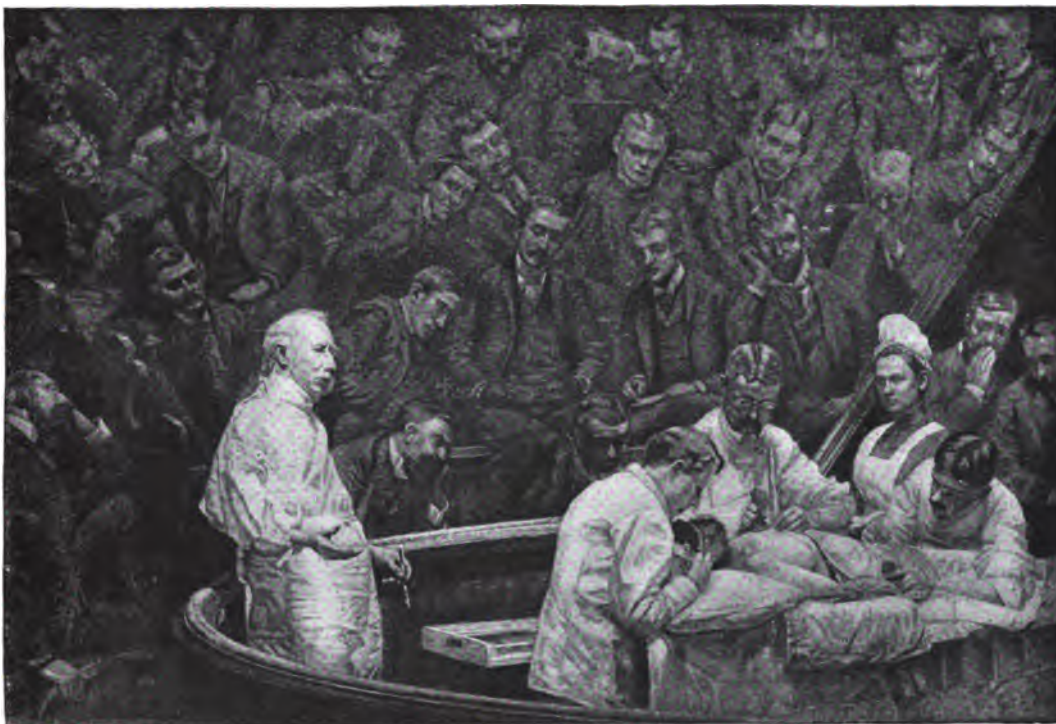
arsenic was injected into the tissues, but from the great danger it exposed the dissector to it is no longer used. Now only red lead is thrown into the arteries. This reduces the danger of dissection somewhat. Still, it is no pleasant thing to be cut. The wound may become sore, inflamed, filled with pus; glands at the elbow and shoulder may enlarge, due to absorption of the poisons of the dead body—for every dead body is full of deadly ptomaines—and general blood poisoning may follow, all of which is not reassuring to the unfortunate student. A splash of fat in the eye may be sufficient for its loss.

Many hospital patients hate a medical student, their horror being of landing some day on a dissecting table. The colored race are especially fearful, and they have good cause, for many

come. No Roman Catholics, however poor and friendless, are obtained. The priests watch the hospitals well, administer comfort to all of their faith, and see that they rest after death in consecrated ground. The late Joseph Leidy, the famous anatomist, said to a few of us at one time, in talking of dissection: "I cannot see what the horror of being dissected consists in. It is



IN A HOSPITAL WARD.



DR. AGNEW AT AN AMPHITHEATRE CLINIC.

clean, thorough, scientific, far better than decaying or being incinerated. Really, were it not for the fact that my family would object most strenuously, I would will my body for the use of the students. I have dissected all my life, and I am willing to be done by as I have done to others." However, not a student would have dissected him; they loved him and his modest, splendid character too well; for dissection is far different from a post-mortem. It is a complete slow annihilation.

There are many pleasant features in the course, of which any student enterprising enough can avail himself. By the series of subdivisions of the class for different work the hundred and fifty men of the class become thoroughly acquainted by the end of the second year. Students from nearly every college in the country can be found, and this mingling with new men with fresh ideas and thoughts can become very interesting and attractive. They become clan-nish and fraternal, ready to assist one another in any way, physically, materially or mentally.

The professors are usually eager to help a student in any outside investigations. In this way, if a student has any hobbies, theories or plans, he can generally get data for outside work.

The medical student's boarding house is as unlike any other kind of human habitation as the exigencies of civilized life will permit. There is a don't-care, let-it-go-as-it-is air about this style of boarding house that would drive the ordinary housekeeper mad. The parlor is always dark, damp and dusty. Its few ornaments are so obviously the scattered remnants of better days in the life of the landlady that they are dispiriting. The springs are always broken in the sofa, and pressing out in so many ways that it is frequently an act of considerable dexterity and endurance to remain on them for any length of time. The spring rocker is a weapon of destruction if not treated very tenderly; the pictures on the wall are of the days before the dawn of American art. It would be an impossibility to do any material damage to the carpet. This room is rarely used by anyone. It is utterly superfluous, but it represents the landlady's offering to the conventionalities of polite society.

It is the dining room which is the centre of attraction in the student's solar system. Sitting on hard wooden benches for five hours at a stretch listening to descriptions of disease has a tendency to make the student hungry; consequently he does not waste unnecessary time in reaching this attractive room at mealtime. In the centre of this room stands a rickety table; sometimes it is a collection of tables joined together. This

fact is more apparent if the tables are of different heights. Over this mahogany is spread a thread-bare tablecloth very much worn and very much darned. Some time this cloth was originally white in color, but frequently, to hide the mishaps of previous meals, thrifty boarding-house keepers use red or blue tablecloths. Presiding over this room is always a slatternly dressed, matted-haired, dirty-faced young lady of uncertain age, who is known familiarly as "Jen" or "Sal." She never looks upon herself in the light of a servant, and as she addresses the keeper of the house as "ma," and the students by their first names, we can imagine that she is a daughter of the hostess. She is the worn-out household drudge—the female Sniike of this medical Dotheboys Hall.

To complete the family, there is always a sister who is never seen at meals and only rarely at other times. She gets up in the morning at half-past ten or eleven, wanders downstairs, and after snapping and snarling at her mother and sister she eats whatever delicacy the house affords, and wanders out to see some "young lady friend." She wears all the fine clothes of the family, is always overdressed, and takes what pleasure there is in their life all to herself. She despises her mother and sister, and wishes a number of times a day to their faces that they were dead. She considers herself very good-looking, and whenever a new student boarder arrives she is in a flutter of excitement, for she considers herself quite a connoisseur on the subject, having had many interesting experiences with the genus. She never grows old; she never knows anything; she never learns anything, and apparently she never gets married. If she does she is replaced so quickly and imperceptibly that her absence is not noticed.

Pardon this digression; it has nothing to do with the dining room. Over the mantelpiece hangs a motto. It is always faded and dirty, but no medical student's dining room is complete without its motto. Many a time when the hungry-eyed student has toyed with his lunch, possibly a ham bone, which might have served from all appearances as a meal for old *Æsculapius* himself in his student days, he has looked at this motto over the mantelpiece and wondered if any sarcasm is implied in its assertion, for it says, "The Lord will Provide."

The city-born student, of course, lives at home, and this life is unknown to him, unless he comes into the neighborhood of his school to board for a few weeks or months before examination.

I will try to give a few of the amusing encounters between professor and student, of which

every medical college has a number more or less authentic. As many of these tales are found in every medical school, it is probably true that the majority of them are carried from school to school and adapted to the needs and peculiarities of different professors and students, suiting the appropriate humor of the occasion. One of the best teachers and wittiest speakers among medical professors, whose lectures left an indelible mark upon his students, had the happy faculty of illustrating his points with anecdotes and adventures of a long professional career. The tone of his voice, his language, his expressive face and body, all combined to make him the prince among lecturers. He could appreciate the wit of his students, and many are the tales told of their encounters in the examination room. Just before resigning from his chair he inquired, of a student, whom "the boys" were talking of for his successor. The student, under examination, showed surprising Biblical knowledge even for a medical student, for he replied: "Professor, Elisha has not yet appeared for Elijah's mantle." It is needless to say that this student did not fail in obstetrics. Another young man who had told the professor that a baby newly born should be laid on its left side, and learning on his exit from the room that the professor taught the child should be laid on its right side, rushed back and exclaimed: "Doctor, if you don't object, we'll turn that baby over." Another professor, who is noted for his wit and humor as well as his abilities as a teacher, asked a student in examination: "What is the dose of arsenic?" He was considerably surprised when the young man replied: "Twenty grains." "Very good," said the professor; "you may go." Quite elated with his short examination, the student left the room; but his consternation may be imagined when he learned of the great mistake he had made. Hastening back to the professor's room, he said: "Doctor, I have made a mistake; I didn't intend to say twenty grains; I meant to say a twentieth of a grain." "You are too late, sir," said the professor; "your patient is dead."

This professor was in the habit of showing specimens of plants and drugs and asking what they were. In examination one year one specimen baffled the entire class, until after being tasted, chewed, smelled and swallowed, one student was sharp enough to suggest that it was a piece of human skin. Such it proved to be; begrimed with dirt, discolored and leatherlike, it resembled very closely the inner surface of a piece of bark.

Probably one of the best stories is that told by a professor who is noted for his strictness in ex-

amination. In starting the examination of a first-year man this professor inquired, "What is an element?" Now, all who have studied chemistry remember that an element is one of the most important foundations of the subject, being matter which cannot be resolved into anything simpler, such as gold or iron. The student replied, "Oh, yes, professor, I know what an element is." "Well, then," said the professor, somewhat sharply, "if you know what it is, tell me." "Why," said the student, "an element is anything found in the elementary canal." "That is very good, sir," said the professor; "that will do for to-day."

In a country having the form of government of the United States, where the theory of government is that private enterprise should not be interfered with if it is fairly well done, higher medical education has been necessarily a product of slow growth. The methods by which the state should regulate the practice of medicine are being tested, so that the wisest and most practicable course can be chosen, that results may be secured which will be proportionate with the necessity of the problem. Undoubtedly the future of higher medical education in America is brighter than ever before in the history of the country. The people are awakening to the necessity of inquiring where a man graduates and what has been the amount of his training. Medical schools have voluntarily made their courses longer and more thorough, while in many States examining boards have been established which impose standard regulations on all practitioners residing within the State.

The effect of even one efficient and active examining board for physicians is seen in the results produced by the Illinois State Board of Health. This board, under the efficient guidance of Dr. John H. Rauch, publishes yearly a complete report on the medical schools in America, their requirements and their facilities. It examines and verifies diplomas, determines the standing of legally chartered medical institutions, examines non-graduates as to their qualifications as practitioners, and issues certificates or licenses to practice to such as pass satisfactory examinations, and refuses or revokes certificates to ignorant practitioners, or for unprofessional and dishonorable conduct.

A brief synopsis of the work of this board may be interesting. Up to the present time it has examined and verified the diplomas and licenses of 275 institutions and licensing bodies. It has definitely rejected the diplomas of 28 institutions on grounds of fraud and gross invalidity. It has required that the diplomas of 26 other institutions



IN THE DISSECTING ROOM (UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA).

must be supplemented by examination; and it has issued certificates based on the diplomas of legally chartered medical institutions in good standing to 9,212 practitioners. It has rejected in ten years 2,283 applications, for the following reasons:

1. Failure to present a diploma from a legally chartered medical institution in good standing as defined by the board. (The board has adopted a schedule of minimum requirements, to which every institution must at least comply.)
2. Failure to sustain a satisfactory examination sufficiently strict to test the qualifications of a candidate for the practice of medicine.
3. Personal or professional antecedents, habits or associations warranting the charge of unprofessional and dishonorable conduct.
4. Proved intent to practice in an unprofessional and dishonorable manner, as by claiming to cure incurable maladies; to possess unusual skill, experience or facilities; and similar claims involving deceit and fraud upon the public.

The most fortunate thing for the welfare of the inhabitants of the United States would be the existence of these regulations in every State and Territory.

Of course, the powers of such a board must be used with care and discretion. It is extremely important that the examinations held shall be fair tests of a sufficient amount of medical education. If "catch questions," unusual or obsolete

facts, data and theories, etc., are required, undoubtedly many schools would prepare their students, not to practice medicine, but to pass examining boards, and hence, as one writer has expressed it, "make mediæval lumber attics out of the heads of their students, to the disgrace of the medical profession and the detriment of American communities."

A curious, somewhat arbitrary but very effective method has been adopted by the Illinois State Board of Health, which aims to force the two-year school to

the wall. The continuous graduation of forty-five per cent. of the total number of matriculates of a medical college—due allowance being made for the average annual loss—must be accepted as *prima facie* evidence that practically every candidate is graduated without regard to competency or qualification; therefore this board does not recognize any school in which the aggregate graduates amount to forty-five per cent. of the aggregate matriculates during a period of five years. Of course, in a three- or four-year course the percentage of matriculates to graduates is correspondingly lowered.

The summary of matriculates and graduates in America shows that there has been a gradual increase in the number of matriculates since 1884-'85, while the number of graduates has remained about the same, showing that the standard of requirements is advancing. Thus the percentage of graduates to matriculates has steadily diminished in the United States from an aggregate average of 36.3 per cent. in 1881-'82 to 30.3 per cent. in 1887-'88.

The older and larger schools, such as Harvard University and the University of Pennsylvania, have already lengthened their course to four years. In addition, in order not to keep the medical student too many years dependent upon other resources than his own, a number of schools have made arrangements for students in a collegiate course to take such work as will fit them for med-

ical training in advance, cutting the length of the total course.

There are in America, at the latest report, 148 medical colleges of all kinds, of which 135 are in this country and 13 in Canada. In 1882 the number of colleges requiring certain educational qualifications for matriculation was 45; in 1886, 114, and in 1891, 129. In 1882 the number of colleges that required attendance on three or more courses of lectures before graduation was 22; in 1886, 41; and in 1891, 85. The number of colleges which had terms of six months or more in 1883 was 42; it was 52 in 1886, and 111 in 1891.

There are now in the United States over 35 examining boards that do not give instructions. The potency of this factor will be appreciated when it is considered that these boards directly control the recognition of diplomas in an area embracing about 41,000,000 people.

The movement for a higher standard for a medical education has now acquired a momentum that will probably result in the control of medical education and the regulation of medical practice in every State and Territory, excepting, perhaps, Alaska, within ten years. The indications are

that in the course of a few years at least 100 colleges in the country will require four years' study before graduation.

And yet, in a work recently published on the "History of Medical Education from the Most Remote Period Down to the Present Time," Professor Puschman, of Vienna, states, as his entire report on America, "that in the United States medical teaching is a matter of private enterprise. Several doctors living in the same locality unite for the purpose of imparting instruction in medicine, and give their pupils testimonials of proficiency. No one makes inquiry as to the qualifications of the doctors or to the result of their teaching."

But the learned professor as a general rule is ten years behind the times as far as America is concerned, for the time is fast approaching when the American physician who has spent years to acquire a medical education and training will not be required to enter into competition with the products of a school which grinds out graduates after a five months' course, or still worse, to compete with the ignorant quack, whose claims are made without regard to honesty or conscience, or even common sense.



MEDICAL STUDENTS' DIVERSIONS—SKELETON TABLEAU, "A QUIET GAME."

THE DEAD SUMMER.

BY LEON MEAD.

Oh, pathos of dead summer time!
Oh, voice thy goal to me,
That I may journey to the clime
Where time has carried thee.
With all the rainbow tints that shone
Upon thy matchless sky;
With all the scents of flow'rs now gone,
That only bloomed to die.

Thy presence was a precious boon,
While thou wert ling'ring here;
And one frail rosebud, born in June,
Is my best souvenir
Of thee, that of all summers, wrought
A peace ne'er felt before;
And many sylvan lessons taught
From thy unmeasured lore.

My mem'ry clings with loving pride
And loyalty to thee;
Oh, lovely summer that has died
And left a legacy
Of priceless joys I shared with one
Who still remains to share
The ways of life my love has done
Its all to lead from care.

A chast'ning pow'r had thy fresh bloom,
Which, welcomed through my sense,
Filled all my soul with a perfume,
Delightful as intense.
Oh, hallowed are the tints that shone
Upon thy matchless sky!
I know the floral scents now gone
Are wasted not on high.

A TENDERFOOT'S HORSE TRADE.

BY CHARLES H. TURNER.

THE starlit gloom of a glorious midsummer night was settling over the prairie as George Sanders jogged slowly and painfully along, still a dozen miles or so from his next stopping place. His horse was an excellent one, but very tired from its long journey. George was a tenderfoot. His health failing under too close application to business in the East, he had taken his doctor's advice to pass a year or more out of doors by accepting an invitation from an old friend to join him on his cattle ranch in the northern part of Texas. He was now on his journey thither, and a full two hundred miles from his destination.

As he rode along his attention was arrested by the clatter of hoofs, and a few moments after a single horseman came within view. He reined his steed up sharply when within a dozen yards of our friend and greeted him with an affable nod and smile.

Through the dim light George beheld a stalwart individual in the picturesque garb of the frontier. He also observed that he bestrode a magnificent animal, which evidently had been driven hard, as it was flecked heavily with foam.

"Good evenin', stranger," spoke the plainsman, pleasantly. "Which way, if I am not too curious?"

The man's friendly manner won George at once. He answered freely as to his purpose, destination, and so on, casually remarking that his

horse was about whipped, and that he feared its strength would not hold out to the end.

"To Weldon's ranch!" exclaimed the stranger. "Then mebbe yer the relation he spoke about? I'm from Weldon's—b'long thar—an' am kinder lookin' up lost stock. Queer, ain't it, how folks'll meet sometimes? Yes, Hank spoke about yer comin' not more'n a week ago."

George was overjoyed to meet with one who knew his old friend. The two cantered along side by side for some miles, and became quite unreserved in their interchange of confidences.

"Here's a hoss," said the stranger in the course of the conversation, "that hain't got his ekal on the plains. He's one of Hank's best stock, as'll gallop night an' day without feed or water if he's got ter. Now, I'll do by yer jest as Hank 'ud want me to if he wuz here. I hain't in no hurry, bein' jest joggin' along lookin' fur Weldon's brand, while you've got nigh two hundred miles afore ye, an' not much of a hoss to make it on. My proposition is that you can take this hoss back to Weldon's an' I'll take yourn. I can trade him into suthin' afore another day is over."

He spoke so disinterestedly, and his horse was so obviously a superior one, that George accepted the offer without hesitation. They dismounted, discussed the points of the horses as critically as the darkness permitted, exchanged saddle and bridle, remounted and continued on. After can-

tering along for several miles the stranger—he gave his name as William Horton—bade George a pleasant adieu and turned to the south. The darkness swallowed him and he was seen no more.

George was a good judge of horseflesh, and found that his acquisition was a superb one. He was strong, fleet and spirited—three qualities that, united with soundness of limb and kindness of temper, make the perfect animal. He was still thinking over the generosity of the stranger when he reached Burrit's Station, and was soon comfortably settled in the only public house in the place.

While he was dispatching the fare placed before him he heard sounds of an animated discussion from the direction of the barn. His window being open to admit the languorous southern breezes, he found no difficulty in hearing all that was said.

"I tell yer he tallies to a dot!" cried a stridently insistent voice. "Look at the hoss, an' then read the description. Coal black; weight ten hundred; long mane an' tail; white left fore foot; scar on right ha'nch—it's him to a dot! Two hundred dollars reward fur the hoss an' Judge Lynch fur the thief!"

George did not grasp fully the significance of what he had heard, and yet he understood it well enough to make him thoroughly uneasy. He was still eating when the door opened and nearly a dozen men filed solemnly in.

A bronzed individual, bushily bearded, constituted himself spokesman. Apologizing for the intrusion, etc., he said:

"Stranger, thar wuz a hoss stole from Kitler's ranch severial days ago, that ar same hoss bein' a val'able hoss; an' it's our painful dooty to ask how he come under your saddle—hey, boys?"

The crowd grunted assent.

George was fully alarmed by now. He had read much about Judge Lynch and his summary dealing with horse thieves, and he knew that a suspect was not always given opportunity to establish his innocence, even if he possessed it. It matter very little to the prisoner whether he was innocent or guilty so long as the court persisted in thinking him guilty.

"Gentlemen," said George, rising after a brief formal discussion of the situation, "I am well aware that circumstances are against me, but I assure you of my innocence and of my ability to prove it if given time. We have only to find Mr. Horton——"

A roar of laughter interrupted him.

"S'pose we tellygraph fur him!" exclaimed one.

"Or have him come C.O.D.," suggested another.

"We never do things in a hurry," resumed the spokesman. "So we won't hurry in this case. I'll give ye till to-morrer afternoon to git yer case ready, an' the trial will be held in this place at that time. The hoss'll be put in evidence agin ye, an' if ye can prove that ye came honestly by him ye'll be discharged; if ye can't, why——"

A gesture told the rest.

The morrow came, and the courtroom—at other times the barroom—was filled with as motley a gathering as ever confronted a prisoner. The spokesman of the preceding day occupied the bench. A jury was impaneled, and George was offered counsel, but declined the service of the lank, tobacco-stained cattleman who was assigned to the case.

The trial proceeded. George was sick at heart at the utter hopelessness of his case. The landlord testified that the prisoner had ridden the stolen horse into the village, and George repeated his tale of the stranger and the exchange of mounts. It was further elicited that the missing horse was valued at a thousand dollars, that he was taken from Kitler's place four days before, that Kitler's was fifty miles northwest of Burrit's, and that there had been no previous clew to the identity of the thief.

"Got ennything to say afore I sentence ye to be hung?" asked the court, at the conclusion of the testimony.

"One thing," replied George. "If the taker of the stolen horse took also the saddle, touching which no evidence has been submitted, and which it may be assumed was true, why did he not let it go with the horse? The saddle on the floor there is mine, as I can show by its contents. Now, if I came honestly by the saddle, is not this court bound to assume that I came into honest possession of the horse also, unless it be shown that I did not?"

George's logic made an evident favorable impression on the spectators, if not on the court.

"What the prisoner sez is true," said he; "but it is also true that ye can't try a man fur two crimes to once. This court'll try fust fur hoss stealin', an' after sentence fur that has been executed we'll hear evidence fur saddle stealin'."

A look of fierce disgust swept over George's face.

"Am I to understand, then, that if I'm hanged for the alleged theft of the horse, and it be proven subsequently that I did not steal the saddle, no additional punishment will be inflicted?" he demanded.

"That's the verdict of this court. We don't punish no man fur what he ain't guilty of."

At this time the door opened and a stranger entered the room. George was too deeply engrossed in his own bitter reflections to look up. The newcomer was tall, straight, muscular, embrowned by sun and wind, and was clad in soiled buckskin from crown to sole.

"Hello!" he observed, pleasantly. "Suthin' goin' on?"

"Trial—hoss stealin'," explained a bystander, laconically.

George raised his head at the sound of the stranger's voice, and to his blank amazement recognized the impudent scoundrel who had gotten him into his present plight.

Springing to his feet, he almost shouted in his excitement:

"There stands the man who traded me the horse! There is the person who foisted his spoil on me! He will not deny it!"

"W-a-l, I'll be dinged if it hain't Weldon's relation!" exclaimed the stranger. "How d'ye like the black?"

"I call all to witness that he admits it! How do I like the black? You confess, then, that you gave me a black stallion with white left fore foot and scar on right hip?"

The stranger seemed puzzled by the interrogatory fusillade.

"I did," he replied at length; "that is to say, I let ye take him to ride to the ranch. He's Hank Weldon's thoroughbred an' wuth a clean thousand."

"And I am under conviction for the stealing of the accursed brute! After that man's statement I have a right to demand instant release from custody!" cried the prisoner, turning to the court.

"W-a-l—now—let's go—a leetle slow," drawled the court, with a knowing wink in the direction of the jury. "I've seed mebbe enter tricks in my time than this is. Stranger, what's yer name?"

"My name is Bill Horton—uster be Willyum—an' I'm from the cattle ranch of Henry Weldon," was the reply, frankly and fairly given.

"How did ye come by the black hoss?"

"He b'longs to Weldon, an' I've bin ridin' him about fur nigh onto three weeks lookin' fur lost stock."

"Did ye know that he tallies to a dot with a hoss as wuz stole from Kitler's ranch four nights back, an' that thar's a big reward offered fur the Kitler hoss?" asked the court.

"If he does Hank Weldon'll give big money fur the Kitler hoss," replied the stranger, calmly.

"Tallies to a dot an' wuz stole," repeated the court.

The stranger's aspect underwent a change.

"If I hain't too bold I'd like kinder to ask if they is ennybody here as insinuates that I'm guilty of horse stealin'?" he inquired, carelessly dropping his hands on two huge pistols protruding from his belt.

No one spoke. The buckskinned one flashed his eyes keenly from face to face, finally resting inquiringly on that of the court.

"As nobody seems like's if he wanted to s'spect a gentleman without no evidence agin him, s'pose ye adjourn the court fur a day or so till ye ken look futher into this mysterious sarcumstance an' find out about it? I propose that we all adjourn an' take a drink."

The court agreed readily enough, and under the mellowing influence of the landlord's decoctions the best of feeling soon gained ascendancy. The stranger was well supplied with money, for a cow puncher, and spent it freely.

"Now I'll tell ye what we'll do so as to clear the green 'un thar an' take s'picion off'n everybody consarned," remarked the stranger, when all were more or less—few less—under the spell of the bottle. "Send a man over to Kitler's to git the exact markin's of his hoss as wuz stole. Ye'll find that thar's a difference atween the two hosses, that is, the Kitler hoss an' the black in the barn. The sick man thar can stay here till t'other gits back."

The suggestion met with approval, and a courier was immediately dispatched to the despoiled ranch. George was not particularly well pleased at the turn of affairs, however.

There was high carnival at Burrit's that night, and few went to bed sober. Horton was one of the last to leave. One after another the denizens of Burrit's reeled through the door until the landlord, George and the cowboy were all that remained. It was some time after midnight when Horton gave our friend a farewell shake of the hand and also departed, seemingly in a state of maudlin inebriety.

The male populace of Burrit's was hardly astir the next morning when sounds of cursing and lamentation were heard. It began when the hostler hurried from the barn to the hotel and whispered with agitated voice in the landlord's ear.

"Both gone? Ye tarnal fool, what yer chattering about?" demanded that personage, excitedly.

"That big black as wuz stole an' Horton's bay is both gone," repeated the hostler.

"Then find 'em! What the tarnal air ye gibberin' about? Find Horton—the hoss—everybody! He'll rage like a wolf when he diskivers that his hoss is gone. It don't make no great

odds about the sick man's black, but that bay o' Horton's is got to be got!"

The sick man was easily found, but not so Horton, that courteous and liberal philanthropist who went about country exchanging superior stock for common, and threw his money over the bar as if it were so much worthless paper.

"What's all the excitement about?" asked the judge, entering at that moment.

"Two hosses gone," replied the landlrd.

"Huh! Hang two men, or one man twice—don't make much diff'rence which. Let's see that paper."

He took the bit of newspaper from the hostler.



'THE MAN'S FRIENDLY MANNER WON GEORGE AT ONCE.'

To tell the truth, the landlord was glad that the big frontiersman could not be found. He did not rejoice at the prospect of having to face him with intelligence of his loss. He was assuring Sanders that there was little doubt of the ultimate recovery of his animal, when again the hostler came running from the barn, this time waving a bit of paper aloft.

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Along the margin was scrawled the following

"GENTLEMEN. sorry to leave ye but it is necessary. i dropt in just to say that the estern chap is innercent an' bein' a good-harted sort of greenhorn it wud be a shame to hang him fur whot i done. i got the bay hoss honest enuff an' as i don't spose heel want the black as has caused him so much trubble ill take that too. good-by."

"BILL HORTON."

"The pesky scoundrel!" cried the landlord.

"The villyuncous thief!" snorted the judge, in the same key.

"Too cute for Burrit's!" shouted George, savagely jubilant at the unlooked-for *dénouement*.

"Stranger," continued the judge, turning to Sanders, "I sed yesterday that ye wuz the greenest greeny that ever blowed this way. I want ter 'pologize fur that slanderin' statement. About fifteen year back I blowed this way."

THE SINCROE OF BUTUCO.

BY EDWARD W. PERRY.

AS I HAD had the pleasure and honor of relating, through these pages in March, 1893, Butuco was long the shrewdest, the richest, and consequently the most powerful of all the head men or chiefs who have ruled in Mosquitia since the buccaneers, who infested all that coast of Central America, gave up their pleasurable occupation of cutting throats and took to the somewhat more honest and much less risky business of cutting mahogany.

But Butuco was not immortal. He had been a memory for almost a year, and the time had come when relatives and friends should make ready for a sincroe—for a festival of the dead—that should fitly honor the manes of the illustrious deceased, and that should at the same time give to his spirit happy release from all remaining earthly ties.

Invitations had gone to the heads of all the Waikna families who could claim even remotest kinship, or could make pretense of even the mildest friendship, with the family of the dead chief; and as he had traveled much in the days of his manhood and vigor, and had honored each of his many stopping places by there taking to himself a wife, there were few families in which was no strain of the blood of Butuco.

Butuco had been a bold man, too, and ready to put into instant use on slight provocation the fighting skill which he learned of the pirates who had brought him from his native Jamaica, and who had long been his owners. His readiness in such argument as he had learned from his British masters—a blow from a fist, a kick from a thick-shod foot, a slash from an English cutlass or a shot from an English pistol—gained for him much deference from the less daring and less well-instructed Mosquitoes.

Later years brought much knowledge and wisdom to Butuco: knowledge of mysterious virtues of certain plants, and wisdom in so using their powers as to quiet forever the hatred and opposition of whatever rivals he may have had. In his way Butuco was a missionary, for he enforced the lesson that peace, and contentment with such

goods as the gods might send to them, were better than vain strivings after those things which Butuco wanted for himself. And the Waiknas at last heeded the lesson, for not even they were stupid enough to be blind to the meaning of the fact that to be antagonistic to Butuco was to be a shining mark, which the arrows of death would surely soon find.

So it came about that every family in Mosquitia had gladly sent a representative to see the burial of Butuco, and that every hamlet of Waiknas would with equal pleasure honor the sincroe of Butuco, which should remove all restraints, so that his spirit would forever leave the haunts he had known on earth.

Two stalwart, half-naked Waiknas panted and sweat, in the best of the good causes they knew, as they turned the wooden rollers of the cane mill which stood before the doorway of the thatched watha of the dead chief. Another Waikna, from hips up innocent of covering other than his glistening perspiration, worked the handspike which crushed big stalks of sugar cane in a still cruder mill that stood beside the other. Streams of yellowish-green juice ran from the mills into the mahogany canoe beneath.

A pile of sugar cane lay across the canoe, and a group of laughing boys gabbled cheerily as they added to the heap armfuls of the stalks of light shades of green, and pink that ran into red and shaded to purple. These the boys brought from the canoes which lay moored at the bank of the broad and placid Patuca.

A flock of hens gossiped cheerfully as they pecked and scratched about the edges of the pile of crushed cane that was near the mills, and skinny pigs snatched from the heap mouthfuls which they ran away with, and munched with enjoyment that might have been more complacent if there had been no need for keeping anxious eye on the hungry curs that lurked near, eagerly waiting for man or boy to offer some slight hint of encouragement of attack. And such encouragement was sure to come whenever any urchin or man should happen to feel like having diversion.

Other preparations were in progress. Another canoe stood in the middle of the main room, in the dim interior of the watla. It was surrounded by girls and boys who sat on mahogany benches. On the lap of each was a calabash, in which were boiled cassava roots, from which the children took mouthfuls that they chewed into pasty mush, then spat them into the canoe.

In one end of the room a fire burned between three iron pegs which were driven into the black earthen floor, that was packed hard and smooth by bare feet. Cassava roots boiled in the big iron pot which rested on the ends of that simplest of kitchen ranges. The smoke and steam arose and gracefully floated in clouds that half hid the smooth round poles which, firmly bound together by slender tie-tie vines, formed the frame that supported the thatch. The smoke slowly found its devious way through those thick layers of palmetto leaves, and as it went left on them a coating of soot as toll to pay for passage.

A buxom young woman pounded boiled cassava into paste in a tall mortar hewn from a log of Spanish cedar. She held in her hands a pestle of the hard and heavy wood of the sapodilla, and she held between her teeth a clay pipe. Around her neck was a band of beads an inch in width; it was adorned by a pendant to which were attached four beautiful claws of the American tiger, evidence that some dusky admirer of the maid had skill and daring to face and conquer the fiercest of all the beasts of tropical America. The girl wore a skirt which hung from waist to knee; the rest of her costume was nothing to speak of.

Two fat and happy babies crawled about the earthen floor. They were clad in their native innocence, and adorned by long strings of bright beads, wound around and around their legs and arms to form bands of a width in keeping with the wealth of their parents. They contested with a kitten for possession of a few bones, on which were shreds of meat and as much of the dirt as would adhere to them. A brown monkey scolded and shrieked among the timbers overhead, because two teasing lads tried to drive him down from the bunches of bananas that swung in the dim loft.

Mockala swung in one of the hammocks made of shreds of bark which had been twisted into rude cords. He sucked tobacco smoke through the short stem of a clay pipe that was black with age and nicotine. His eyes twinkled with pleasure, and his face was puckered with satisfaction as he watched the preparation of the mishla, and thought of the mountains of good meat and oceans of good drink that would soon give to all

the country around a grand feast and a most glorious drunk in honor of the house of Butuco, of which he was now himself the head, as he was also chief, in place of the departed.

The grinding of the cane ceased at dusk. As much cassava as was needed had been beaten by pestle or chewed by industrious jaws, and there was plenty of cane juice. Four empty pork barrels were then set up in a row at the end of the big room, and two of them were filled with cane juice and water. The cassava paste was put into the other barrels, which were then filled with water. Into each barrel was thrown a handful of the leaves of a shrub which is cultivated for the purpose of hastening fermentation, and for increasing the intoxicating powers of mishla.

A blanket beaten from the bark of the tuno tree was spread over the top of each of the barrels, and tied securely down with strings of the tough bark of the mahwa bush. Then the liquid was left to ferment for two or three days.

While the fermentation was going on the hunters of the village, accompanied by their dozen women, went on a great hunt to provide the funeral meats. They paddled, with much laughter and shouting, far up the river to Wass-il-cara, the "Big Hunting Trail," and made no stop to look for game at less important places. The hunters tramped long through swamp and thicket after Wass-il-cara had been reached, and the women followed at a proper distance. The sun was low in the west before Massoc, sturdy leader of the party, sniffed the musky odor of the wild pigs which they sought.

"Waree, waree!" he cried, in low and eager tones.

"Waree, waree!" was whispered along the line of hunters, until the joyful news reached the last of the women who followed.

All pressed forward eagerly and silently. Every man of them was half wild with delight when he caught the strong odor of the pigs, and saw the freshly turned earth where, only a minute before, they had rooted in search of insects and other food. There was a silent rush through the damp aisles of the forest, the bang of guns, the yells of victory—and every woman in the line knew that plenty of meat to reward the toil of the day would soon be theirs, to lug back to the riverside.

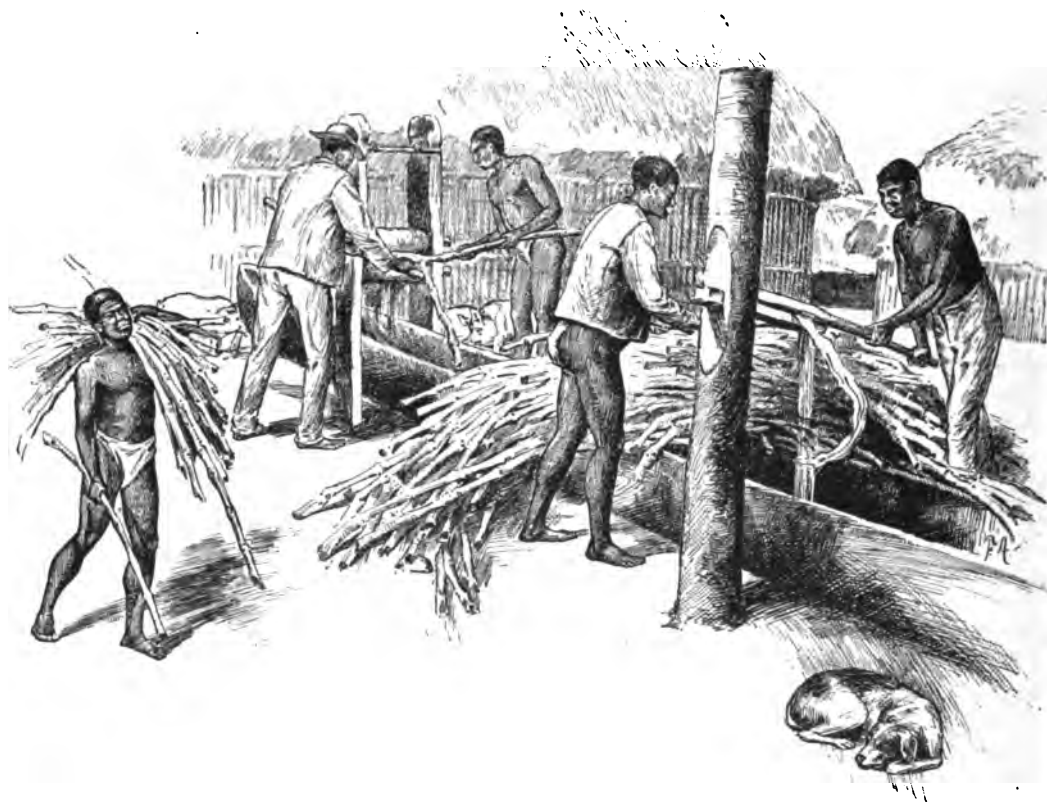
They dragged down long, flexible and tough vines that hung like slender cords from the branches high overhead. With these they tied together the feet of each waree, but left the vine slack enough to fit the brow, even as the carcass would fit the broad back, of the woman who was to bear the burden to the canoes. So the procession trudged back to the river, a fifty-pound

waree on the back of each woman, a four-pound gun in the hands of each man.

Next day the party killed many a pavo real, the pretty wild turkey of that region, and captured many an iguana on the sand bars, where they had gone to lay their eggs in the warm sands. And they dug up hatfuls of the eggs of those brilliant reptiles. Plump maid and sober matron vied with the young men, on the way down the river, in diving into the clear water and swimming a race with the cushwa, which we, who do not know the right name of things, call river turtles; and the women caught the turtles as

the mouth of a river. Abundance of game hung dressed from the timbers of the watas, and costumes of strange fashion were ready. Boards made by mills in the white man's far-away country, and flat crickerries of bamboo, lay spread on the ground, ready to receive the feasters whenever they should lie down under their loads of drink; for it is not wise to lie long on the bare ground, even if one is drunk.

Everything had been done, in short, that thoughtful care and much experience could suggest. All was ready for scaring away from the house that had been the home of the dead chief-



THE CANE MILL.

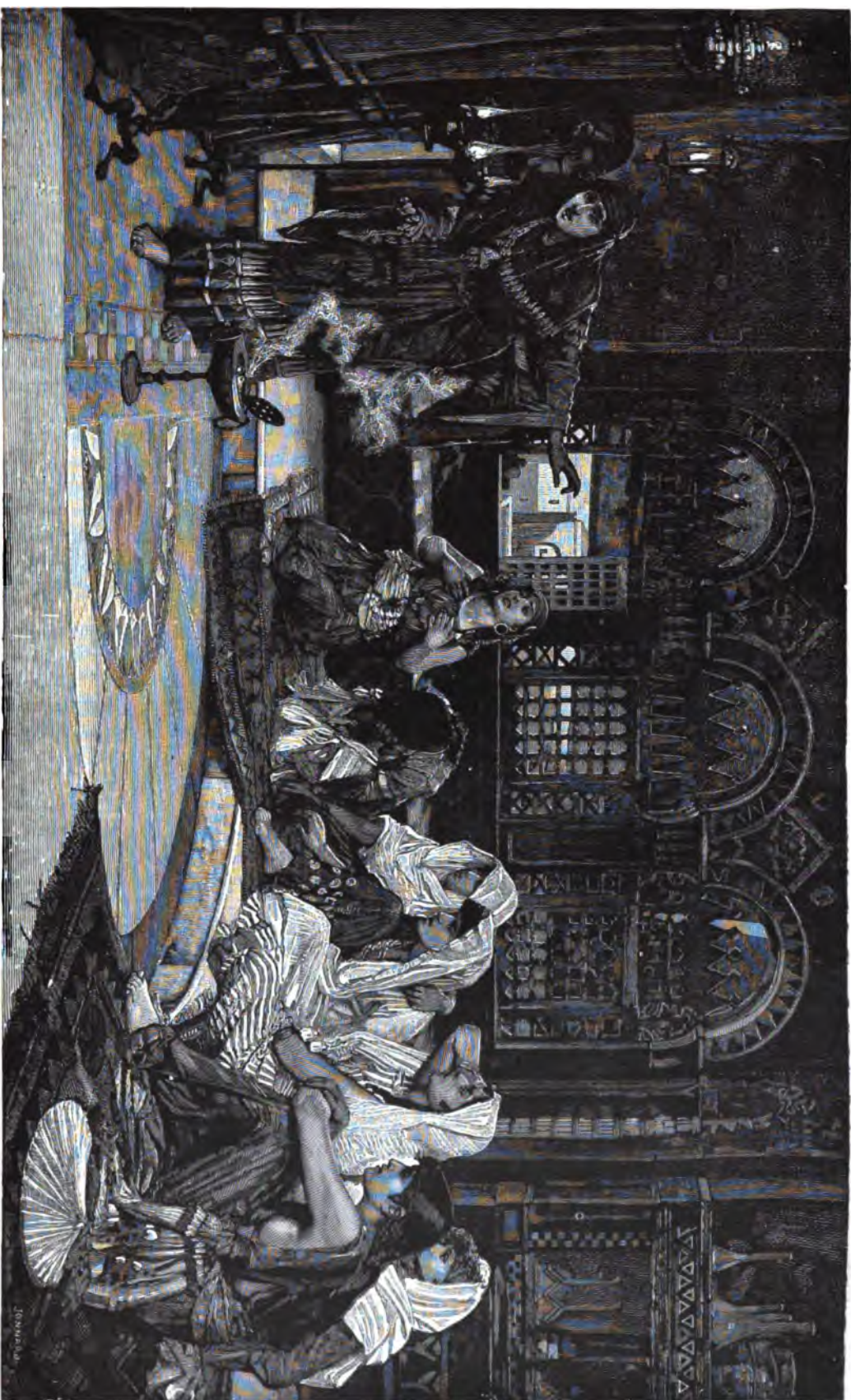
deftly as any man among the crowd could do such thing.

The hunt was a great success. On the way down the river, whatever room was in the canoes was filled with bunches of platanos and bananas of other kinds, which are to the Waikna what potatoes and fruits are to people of less blessed lands. Pineapples, mangoes and other fruits filled every cranny, and every heart was as full of joys of anticipation as the canoes were full of game and fruits.

The evening of the great day came, and all was ready for the sincroe. The mishla was in prime condition, strong enough to pull the snags from

tain, and mayhap even from all the village as well, the dread demon Lassa, or for at least inducing him to permit the soul of Butuco to take unmolested its final flight to the far-away watta of the most mysterious and greatest of all the gods. Much good might so be done, for so every survivor of the chieftain would be relieved of all danger of further influence; for there was no knowing what might happen, no safe peace, until such a spirit as had animated him should be finally disposed of in some place that would have value in the ratio of its distance and the difficulty of coming back therefrom.

The house was deserted by all except Mockala



THE ORACLE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. W. WATERHOUSE.

and the elder of the widows of the deceased ruler. The interior of the watla was faintly illumined by a yellow flame that rose from the ends of splinters of pitch pine which lay on the edge of a bench, and ended in a wavering column of pungent smoke that helped to deepen the gloom of the spaces overhead, wherein could be seen ghostly beams, pendent bundles of seed rice and ears of maize in big clusters, bunches of tobacco leaves and herbs of marvelous curing powers, dried meat in narrow strips, and other things that go to make up the thrifty housewife's store.

The room had been cleared of all its furniture, excepting the benches ranged against the walls and a few hammocks which hung from the beams. Outside of the door of the watla stood a tall screen woven of the leaves of the cahune palm to form a barrier that should shut off from without all view of the interior of the house.

Low down over the top of the forest in the west was Lopta, beneficent god of the day, who drives away cold and all terrors of the darkness. As his face became hidden by the black forest, wherein lurk the demons of the night, there was a firing of guns in the thicket a few hundred feet from the watla that had been Butuco's.

A line of men and boys emerged from the thicket and escorted three devils toward the house. Bamboo flutes droned out notes that were as melodious as the song of the bull alligator, and drums of the skin of the peccary, stretched over the ends of hollow logs, thundered as does the surf when the norther sends the seas pounding down on that sandy shore.

Guns popped and banged, to punctuate the music. The whole procession moaned and wailed, chanted and cried out in frenzy as the demons reeled and danced along in their threatened descent upon the house where the soul of Butuco was.

A headdress was formed of the outer sheath of the spathe of a palm royal, supported by a frame of light sticks attached to a hoop of stiff vine. Above this rose a device some five feet long, cut from a thin board. It was ornamented with designs whittled out of the wood, and was touched up here and there with red paint and with black.

The biggest devil of the lot wore this cone upon his head, and glared with demoniac eyes from two holes cut in the mask. From the mask hung a fringe of leaves of the cahune palm, to dangle about the head and shoulders and half conceal the painted breast and back of the wearer. When the sincroe was ended the headgear was destroyed.

The demons were met, halfway on their march,

by a small boy who bore a big calabash of mishla, which he tendered as a peace offering. A group of women who were gathered near the watla of the family of the dead wailed and chanted with inconsolable sorrow. They tore their hair while tears streamed down their dusky cheeks, in evidence of their grief.

Their mourning grew louder and their contortions more violent as the evil messengers drew nearer. The women fell at the feet of the devils and besought them to suffer the soul of the dead to go unhindered to the great watla in the bright land that lies beyond the cold and gloomy shades of the great forest, wherein lie mysterious dangers. The mourners threw themselves down, again and again, with faces to the ground, and groveled in the dirt.

Some of those heartbroken myrcens wound around their necks thongs of tsoumy bark, and cast themselves half strangled into the river in an agony of terror and despair at the approach of the demons unappeased. They were followed by other women who in silence loosed the thongs from the necks of their sisters and dragged them from the water.

Fortunately the offer of the drink tempted the evil ones to go behind the screen by the door of the watla. The drum still sounded, the bamboo wailed, and the dancing continued, while the women entered the house and covered their heads with cloths, then wept and shrieked in anguish of soul.

After awhile the women arose and stood in a row. They put their arms about each other's necks, and danced forward and back again and again with rhythmic swaying of their half-naked bodies from side to side and back and forth. This dance continued with simple variations until the evil spirits had been lulled to sleep.

Then the soul of the dead chieftain, watching for its opportunity, stole away to join his forbears at the big mishla in the watla of the Waikua heaven.

Then the livery of the devil was thrown aside, and they who had a moment before been supernatural enemies now became welcome friends. The mourning turned to loud rejoicing when the change was made, and the intoxicating mishla gurgled freely down all those thirsty throats. New, joyous chants and dances began, men and women joined in the walk around, the men limping about with the help of walking sticks made expressly for this occasion. And drums thundered, pipes wailed and queer mouthpieces buzzed and droned and squealed, while the myrcens joined in an oft-repeated chorus, and violently shook rattles made of cocoanut shells that had

been patiently carved in patterns and smoothly polished.

The dancing continued far into the night, and calabashes full of mishla went the rounds without ceasing, until every drop of the liquor was drained from the dregs that festered in those barrels. No one was permitted to neglect the libations to the soul of the dead. The very babes that sat astride their mothers' hips drank the stuff that was held to their unwilling lips. Before dawn many a dark form lay in stupor on the boards and crickeries, and even on the bare

ground, for there were not enough of the partly sober to take care of the hopelessly and helplessly drunk.

When day had come these "oopla ihwa," these good people who had shown their due regard for the requirements of society and religion by drinking often and deeply to the welfare of the departed soul and the honor of the house of Butuco, began feasting on the spoils of the chase. It was not until all had repeatedly gorged themselves, not before all the supply had been eaten, that there was an end to the *sincroe* of Butuco.



"CIASCUNA È CITTADINA D'UNA VERA CITTÀ."

(Dante, "Purgatoria," Canto XIII.)

BY MARGARET FOSTER.

DEEP in a sea no plummet ever sounded
A buried city sleeps in its unfathomed grave;
The storms of time surge on and beat above it—
Stately and sad it rests beneath the restless wave.
There, when the tropic calms lie still and brooding,
The mariner may lean and see the towers below,
And hear the far-off bells forever tolling
Above the noiseless streets where none may come and go.

Beneath the storms and tides of this life's passion
There rests untouched a shadowy country lying fair;
Oh, Temple Beautiful! I well remember,
And count the blessed hours we walked together there.
Changeless in change, at peace beneath the tempests,
Gleam white and still the cloisters of that past for me;
Vainly these waves of fate chafe on unceasing—
Keep thou those sacred gates, O ever-faithful sea!



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MONASTERY.

LA CERTOSA IN VAL D'EMA.

By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

LA CERTOSA is an illuminated missal page torn from the book of the Middle Ages. There are others scattered here and there through Europe; but even in Europe there is but one Tuscany, and not even in Tuscany are there many spots so lovely as that from which La Certosa lifts her mediæval walls. Baedeker says: "On the hill of Montaguto,



THE GRAND CLOISTER.



THE PHARMACY.

which is clothed with cypresses and olives, at the confluence of the Ema with the Greve, rises the imposing Certosa di Val d'Ema, resembling a mediæval fortress."

Baedeker is right about the olives and cypresses and the resemblance, but otherwise it would seem more accurate to say: "In the land of Lotus Eaters, on a hill overlooking the Garden of Eden, stands an enchanted castle of dreams in which the Past lies spell-bound."

There she stands, La Certosa, frowning at you with all her walls, the moment your foot is off the steam tram; and if you have any sense of fitness at all you begin at once an involuntary mental apology to her for the manner of your approach. She does look very like a fortress, with her grim battlements—a



THE KITCHEN.

likeness which is heightened by the species of causeway up which you wind beneath one wall to her gates.

Within, you find yourself in a courtyard, and mounting on the pediment of the encircling wall, you may learn conclusively what manner of view can be gotten up of rolling valleys, endless olive slopes, hills, streams and space, with indefinable Italy thrown in. There are views which rush in upon the spirit and overwhelm it; there are others which the spirit goes forth to meet and run abroad in: the view from La Certosa is compounded of both, for while you are hastening to it with eye and spirit it pours in upon you an indescribably tranquil flood of delight. Indescribable, literally, but its conscious elements are the vast sunny tranquillity and illimitable peace.

One goes by preference to La Certosa on Sunday, for on that day the white brethren are visible, and Fra Benedetto, the prior, the spiritual head of the order, or the porter (for we never could ascertain at which end of the monastic scale he stood), shows one about the monastery.

La Certosa was founded in 1341 by an Acciajuoli, one of the noble Florentine family of the name, who had grown rich at Naples. So much fact I got from the guidebooks, but happily no more; not even the name of the architect. I could therefore enjoy myself with a clear mind and an easy conscience while I wandered in those cloistral walls. There is a hush about the monastery, as if the finger of silence were laid upon its lips. According to Fra Benedetto it is. The rule of the order forbids speech among the members within its walls: only on *festas* and Sundays do they meet in the outer cloisters and exchange brief words. Perhaps they keep that rule, and perhaps they do not. I am inclined to believe they do. Every seventh day is a Sunday, and five out of the other six are *festas* in Italy.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the heavy white woolen robes of the order, whether gliding about the corridors or in the elaborate carved stalls of the chapel; they even throw a certain glamour over the wearers, which it must be confessed is a little needed. Small suggestion of nightly vigil or spiritual conflict is there about the inmates of La Certosa. A jollier, better-conditioned set I have never yet beheld. Huge were the expanses of rope about their capacious waists. As for Fra Benedetto, he might have stood for Friar Tuck, the veritable Friar of Orders Gray, with a change of garment. They really needed all that costume could do for them.

There was one exception—I wish there had not been. My eye fell upon him as we passed from the chapel and photographed him upon

memory for the permanent type of human anguish. A young, wasted, pallid figure, his hollow eyes, deep-circled, expressed as plainly as ever tortured soul did the absence of every form of peace. He looked like a wasting candle among his portly brethren, and one could not help wondering if to him had been deputed the vigils and fasting and penance for the whole monastery. He was a ghost amongst the living, and like a ghost he haunts me still. I looked for him the last time I visited Certosa, but his chapel stall was vacant. I fervently hope his vigils are ended and those sleepless eyes shut fast. All over bright Certosa the shadow of his shape seemed to lie for me, and all the oily laughs and hearty speech of Fra Benedetto, trotting on in advance, his white gown flapping and his substantial feet flopping in his shoes, could not banish it. I bore him a grudge for being so well to do and comfortable. After all, I said to myself, the young monk was more fitted to his monastery than these fatted fathers. If the one was a blasphemy against nature and the God who made man, these others were a worse blasphemy against the spirit which made *men*. Alas, so easy is it to be untuned! All at once La Certosa appeared as nothing but a vast prison house on the one hand, a feeding house on the other: here for the torture of aspiring souls, there for the debasement of human bodies. It was only by an effort of will that I summoned my imagination again to clothe her anew in the mystic's robe and bind the scholastic wreath about her brows, and to reinvest Fra Benedetto with the attributes of good and kindly nature which were, after all, written all over his broad countenance.

Meanwhile, down corridors and through cloisters he led us. There is a fascinating garden where the brothers sow and plant and sprinkle, and gather their harvests of artichokes and the like. And in it there is a cozy graveyard where the brothers are laid away as one by one their number diminishes—still quite in the community and within the hearing of the Sunday and *festa* conversations. There is a well, stone below and iron above—that iron which has been called “jewelry in iron,” and which provokes the beholder to covetousness. There is a cloister—“the cloister of gifts and conversation”—where visitors are received at certain hours and the monks dispense counsel and charity, and I believe also receive offerings. Finally, and of course, there are paintings and carvings, and inlaid floors and stained glass, and all the rest of the adornments which were not deemed incompatible with a renunciation of the vanities of the world, the flesh and the devil.

But beyond all other things captivating are the domiciles, the little domains in which each monk is a king in his own castle. They are in the pinnacles which surround the building. To every monk there is a sleeping "cell," otherwise a generous little room with a bed and crucifix; a "cell" for study, with its table and chair; and a short corridor for his own solitary walk. At the end of each corridor a swinging shutter admitted of being closed against the wind or opened upon a view fair and noble enough to typify to an imaginative worshiper the heavenly landscapes. Wider and wider grew my eyes; this was a revelation of monastic solitudes beyond my imaginings. I made up my mind then and there to renounce a favorite project of a cell at San Marco with a Beato Angelico fresco all my own, and to take one at Certosa instead, there is so much more air and view.

In every cell there is a slide and opening in the wall through which the provender—or should one say the food?—for the inmate is silently thrust (except on Sundays and *festas*), after being duly dished up in the kitchen. My heart warmed to these domestic arrangements instantly, and I cast a glance not free from covetousness at those two rooms and corridor. For a student what an Ultima Thule of quiet and comfort!

I wondered discreetly how much studying they do in Certosa nowadays. They may all be learned scholars, though having not the air, nor being "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." In the past many a missal page must have grown beneath skillful fingers on these tables, and many a learned argument have been launched thence against heretic and schismatic. La Certosa is in her old age now—why shouldn't she take it easily?

But for a student!—How easily one could persuade oneself here that in the world outside was neither famine nor misery, neither crime nor want; how dimly the voice of mankind would come through these walls, softened to what a mere fretful murmur which no one would feel obliged to listen to! In Europe there is cholera, I thought; English operatives are starving; America's hundreds of thousands of unemployed are asking for work which means bread; everywhere a few are battenning on silver and gold; how wise are they who, concerning themselves with their own soul's salvation merely, batten here on solitude and the ample fare of La Certosa!

I was curious to know what that fare was, but the tables in the refectory were furnished forth as yet with nothing but plates and pickles. I am sure they do not live on such meagre diet as that, however.

Rather as the crowning pride of the place, Fra Benedetto ushered us into a room which had lodged Pio Nono when he visited the monastery. The canopied bed was pointed out for our admiration, and the portrait of his holiness opposite, which, I believe, he bestowed upon the order.

"I suppose," said the sympathetic member of the party with duly lowered voice, "you consider this as *terra sacra* now."

It was humiliating to have this pious effort received by Fra Benedetto with a burst of jolly laughter, whether at the sentiment or the Latinized Italian we could not guess.

Beneath the chapel are the crypts with the tombs of the founder and other "people of importance," a cool and shadowy sleeping place; but after a moment's balancing I chose the queer little garden cemetery with the sun and air and hum of monastery life.

From the crypts the untroubled conscience of Fra Benedetto shot us straight into the antipodal pharmacy, a most living, cheery place, where in beguiling rows glittered and beckoned fascinating seductions in the shapes of little flasks and bottles, all bekidded, beribboned and adorned—oils and essences, and ointments and perfumes, and the famous *liqueurs* of Certosa, green and white—the Chartreuse of Italy. Some one or more of these temptations you are expected to yield to: it is a pretty and gracious way of paying one's fee.

My heart warmed again to La Certosa; it brought back at once the days when the Frati were healing leeches in a small degree, and gentle old monks potted over herbs and essences. And suddenly a nameless regret pierced me for the passing away of all this; for it is passing—indeed it is almost past. The order at La Certosa numbers but a handful, and with the last of these the monastery is to be closed. Even now it is but a memory of itself—like the gentle flavor of past ages which floated out of the pharmacy as we entered.

And what then, I wonder, will become of La Certosa?—whose noble cloisters and dreaming walls seem fit for nothing but the gliding of picturesque shapes and to echo Ave and Matin.

Her day is gone, and she is going. The age of the monk and the warrior is over. So best—nobody in his sane mind wishes it back. And yet, and yet, as leaf after leaf of the missal is detached and flutters away, one looks after with an involuntary sigh of regret. It was not convenient; it would suit us in no way; we would not give our printing press for all the missal art in the world—but the missal was fine to look at, for all that.



THE CLOISTER WELL, CERTOSA D'EMA.

IN A ROMAN ATELIER.

BY THEO TRACY.

THERE are two parts in the making or evolution of a statue, each quite as distinct from the other as are the two parts or stages of a musical composition; one is the birth conception and springing into life of the thought, or idea, or theme, whichever it may be called; the other is the softening or perfecting of the theme, the gradual and exquisite melting of part into part and line into line until there is the final gracious harmony.

That we who are so apt to think of a statue as springing Minerva-like from the marble block, with perhaps the slight assistance of a previous design or two on card, may witness for ourselves this most beautiful of growths or evolutions, let us "look backward" quite a century, at the same time changing our *locale* to an ancient building on that neat and most attractive little Roman strada, the Via San Giacomo, which is one of the

many connecting links between the gay and famous Corso and the gray old Ripetta whose houses are sometimes overflowed to half the depth of their lower floors during the Tiber inundations. This building is one tall story in height with two wide "portones" (doors), one near each end of its façade; embedded in the gray stucco of its walls there are fragments of beautiful ancient marbles, bits of laurel and anthemion frieze; clusters and garlands of fruit; a limb and part of the torso of a human body; and close by the Corso end of the building a headless statue, the peculiar folds of whose robe prove an imperial model.

Soon after one of the floods to which I have referred, and which were particularly frequent at and near the close of the eighteenth century, a man somewhat above medium height left the studio building by its chief portone, and attended by a servant in white blouse and cap, walked

rapidly down the Via San Giacomo and across the Ripetta, passing at last under one of the massive arches of its ancient bridge. Pausing to look carefully into each of several excavations that had been made close to the water's edge, and with keen and practiced eye selecting two or three of these, he directed his servant to test them with the long wand he carried, and examining the depth and quality of the clay thus revealed, to take from the last a mass for conveying to his studio. At the base of the Vatican hills, opposite, there was other clay, and in such quantities that several of the lesser

elevations were entirely formed of it, but the clay of these hills has always been less plastic than is that of the rich yellow tint taken from the Tiber excavations.

It was only a little before this time that the artist had learned of a citizen of a fair Southern State in a land across the sea, who, changing the garb of a leisured country gentleman for the cos-



ANTONIO CANOVA.

tume of a warrior, had kindled anew the longing of his people for independent citizenship, leading them nobly on, and over tremendous odds, to one of the grandest victories ever won, and himself becoming chief sponsor at the birth of a free land. Then to this artist dreaming grandly and embodying divinely, in the heart of Rome, the Western warrior, who was one of the greatest peacemakers, too, that the world has ever known, seemed like a hero of the grandest country time's annals have recorded—the Roman land whose confines acknowledged no boundaries save the extent of its imperial

ruler's ambition; and so the inspiration of Rome's greatness and his thoughts of the conqueror in the new land blended in splendid harmony.

In the San Giacomo part of the studio there were three high and spacious rooms; the second opened from the first, and the third opened from the second, and then led to a graveled outer way with the chiseler's studio across, and a tiny garden



CANOVA'S ATELIER, VIA SAN GIACOMO, ROME—EXTERIOR VIEW, AS IT APPEARS AT THE PRESENT DAY.

with ivied walls. At the end and out of that again a little "cortile" where crystal-clear, deliciously cool water plashed deep down in a marble vase, fern-fringed and covered with quaint carvings. The central room of the studio suite looked out upon the two cortiles, and it was on the tall modeling stand, midway of the windows, that the artist directed his servant to place the mass of yellow clay; then he stood silent by its side, his luminous eyes penetrating its depths as if he already saw in them the realization of an ideal. Suddenly he tossed the wavy masses of hair back from his broad, high forehead, and then, as if impelled by inspiration, touched and molded the clay deftly here and there with his strong and slender fingers and his wooden spatula, until it began to take form, and the form was that of a victorious Roman general, while the features marked with noble thought for the people whom he had just inscribed, on the marble tablet he held, as "friends and countrymen," were those of the conqueror in war and leader in peace who had arisen in the new and far-distant land.

With lightninglike rapidity the first bozzetto—that little embodiment of an ideal which every sculptor knows so well—took symmetric shape; but the raised arm must be held a little differently; a breastplate of fine chain armor must be added; the sandaled feet must be more firmly placed; and so one bozzetto was made, and then another and another, until the ideal was realized; the Roman warrior of the artist's land and the general from across the sea were united in majestic dignity.

Although the artist himself knew every step of the way to the final finish—as every real artist *must* know it—after the last bozzetto there came to the studio those assistants who are known as "formatori," and with their help came that moment of intense and exquisite anticipation at whose end the artist first sees his clay bozzetto hidden with pure white plaster for the casting, and finally the cast itself in the same subtle substance.

I said "a moment"; it *seems* a moment, but it is hours—at least from sunrise to sunset and halfway back again—before the formatori's work is done, a work that is of constant and most incessant care, for on it depends the perfection of the whole development.

For the first step of the casting the bozzetto is closely bound and wrapped with cords that follow the exact outlines of the figure; then the formatori, standing well back and one at each side, dash showers of liquid plaster over it in equal quantities and in all directions. They watch

the drying with the greatest intentness, for directly it is finished the plaster shell thus formed must be carefully cut into at least a dozen pieces, of which the strong thread outlines—through and over which the plaster has passed—form the foundation; each piece is carefully scraped, and then quite as carefully washed with strong soda solution, before the pieces are carefully fitted together and tied into one again; this is done because it is possible that lumps may have formed here and there; they are so small as to be scarce visible to an inexperienced eye, yet they are capable of doing great damage to the finished statue, as the cast is to be taken from the inside, and not the decidedly chaotic outside of the plaster shell. The cutting, cleaning and reuniting completed, the liquid plaster is poured into the strange receptacle whence it will emerge as a perfect figure. The plaster is necessary because, despite the artist's greatest precautions, if the marble were worked from the bozzetto the clay would crack and crumble so that it would be almost unrecognizable before the work was completed; the plaster, too, being easily marked for the mechanical measurements and processes, without cracking or peeling in the marking, is infinitely the more convenient of the two materials.

In the chiseler's room of this studio great blocks of marble waited from the quarries of Carrara and Massa and Seravazza; it was one of the latter he chose, because, while the others are always good, this is sure to be exceptionally flawless. It seems such a weird thing, the looking into the heart of a great massive block of marble and seeing with artist's and mathematician's eye the beautiful life that slumbers there—and no less weird is the awakening of this life; a powerful arm is rising here, a noble head is emerging there, and everywhere there are foreshadowings of the beautiful creation.

For the mechanical measurements (always on the triangular basis) and the rough outlining of the figure, the artist trusted his "lavoranti" (workmen), but after that the chisel was guided by his own hand; it was his own skill that wrought the inimitable perfection that stamps his creations, whether they mark the tombs of pontiffs in St. Peter's or beautify royal palaces and gardens in Russia and England, and Germany and Italy, or make yet more glorious the world's great-treasure houses of art, or move with inspiring sentiment in the legislative halls of great nations like our own, as in the figure just described—for the Western leader in the Roman general's costume was our own George Washington, and the artist himself was that great and tender sculptor Antonio Canova, whose own singularly

pure and beautiful life has been as superb an object lesson as have been every one of his nearly two hundred marvelous creations. It was from Canova's own hands that these creations received the delicate finish and the strong and yet poetic grace that compel one who knows art at all to exclaim, "That is a Canova!" even if he meets it in some strangely unexpected place, as, for example, the "Hebe" in the Forli Palace.

It is from the lips of the famous sculptors Tadolini, father and son, descendants of Canova's bosom friend, the first sculptor Tadolini; from Missurini's many times re-edited and fascinating "Vita della Canova" and Signor Cortesi's "Silent Company," just published in Rome, that I give you a brief *résumé* of the life of this great man.

Born in Possagno, a quiet and obscure little village not far from Venice, he was brought up in the simple customs and tranquil life of this pretty settlement. In the little parish church that he attended there were no wonderful works of art to arouse his ambition; indeed, his creations seem entirely the children of his pure and noble nature; for his father, though also an architect of sufficient skill to satisfy the very simple tastes of the people of Possagno, was a stone-cutter by trade and was well satisfied with his calling; he was a thoroughly good man, and so honored by the people of this little community that they named many of their public streets and squares for himself and his family.

From infancy the little Antonio was passionately fond of handling his father's stonecutting tools, using them with great dexterity in his earliest years; this was good in his father's eyes, for he had destined him to follow his own profession. But, as Missurini says, "he seemed born with the full-fledged wings of a sculptor, attracting from the first the deep admiration of the people. . . . His was a soul given to all good practices and performances; a heart humane in every pulse."

At fourteen he was introduced to the Venetian Senator Giovanni Faliero, who, admiring his true and earnest nature and seeing what the future promised him, kindled his enthusiasm by boldly prophesying it. Our own Washington Allston once said: "If you would be a great artist, keep your own nature pure and noble." What better exemplification of this saying could there be than the story of Antonio Canova?

The Senator Faliero recommended the lad to Torretti, with whom he studied modestly and simply, using only this sculptor's somewhat limited store of models; but Torretti, who was greatly interested in him, died, and he became an ordinary

workman (as far as nominal position went) in Giovanni Ferrari's studio, enduring in this capacity servile trials and receiving only the barest remuneration. His trials became so great, indeed, that his stepfather, appreciating his character, knowing well his talent and having a true affection for him, sold his little remaining property, giving him the use of a hundred ducats (almost the same number of dollars), that were the proceeds of the sale, for a year; and this was the only pecuniary aid Canova ever received from his relatives. It was of great benefit, however, because it came just at the moment of terrible necessity, enabling him, while continuing his work with Ferrari on half-time, to devote the other half to the study of design and life modeling.

His first commission was for two marble baskets of flowers and fruits, and was given him by his kind benefactor and true friend, the Senator Faliero, who a little later gave him also the commission for his first group of statues, "Orfeo and Euridice"; and it was in these statues that his wide departure from the then set lines of sculpture attracted great and immediate attention. Giving himself wholly to the creation of simple and classic forms, he made nature his great guide, modeling the two statues in the quiet of his native village, and with results that filled the whole art world with astonished admiration. Then came his second commission, an order for the busts of the Doge Ranieri and the Venetian Senator Marc-Antonio Gremani. Shortly after this his whole desire centred in Rome, "the seat," as he declared, "of all true art"; and with a small sum in his hand (for such a venture), from the sale of his "Dædalus and Icarus," sculptured in Venice, he entered the Eternal City, bringing with him an introduction from the Senator Faliero to his eminence Zuliano, Venetian ambassador to the Holy See. Again his sweetness of character won all those with whom he came in contact, and his new friend, the ambassador, contributed materially to his immediate renown by having the cast of his "Dædalus and Icarus" brought from Venice to Rome and publicly exhibited. The cast arrived at just that turn in the general current of artistic life that was exactly in accord with Canova's own ideas and sympathies; it was at the time, too, when pontiffs and princes alike delighted in the true advance of art, and when the powerful Cardinal Albani and half a score of others gave great sums for that restoration of the ancient beauty and purity of art which it was Canova's glorious destiny to accomplish.

One of the men whose friendship was most important to Canova was that distinguished scholar and art critic Gavin Hamilton, who, being elected

judge of Canova's works, immediately and emphatically declared: "The road taken by this youth is that of the classic authors, that is to say, beginning with nature and using care and judgment—the production of an exquisite ideal of a copious and broad-minded style, taking all that is noblest and most divine from nature." Hearing this judgment, the ambassador exclaimed: "What, then, shall be done for his develop-

the powerful incentives of constant patronage and assistance.

Thus it was that Canova began his first Roman statue, "Apollo Crowning Himself," following it by that magnificent group, "Theseus Seated on the Minotaur," which roused a perfect fire of excitement in the whole art world immediately it was exhibited in Rome. It was soon after this that Canova introduced the representation of famous



CANOVA IN HIS ATELIER — DRAWN BY DANTE PAOLOCCI.

ment?" To which Hamilton answered: "Nothing but to give him an immense block of marble and let him do as he chooses; having seen the ancient monuments, he will at once divine the road taken by the old masters." This sentence shaped Canova's future; the munificent ambassador at once provided him with studio and marbles and all needed means and materials, bidding him choose what he would for work, and giving him

moderns in ancient characters: Pauline Borghese as Venus Victrix; Napoleon as an ancient Roman, and Letitia, his mother, as Agrippina.

Canova's tomb in the Venetian Church of the Frari is marked by one of his own beautiful monuments, but the greatest monument of all those he has left to the world of gifted and persevering workers is the influence of his own pure and unselfish life.



THE SILVER SHAFTS.*

By FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS.

AUTHOR OF "MR. GADSBURY'S BROTHER," "THE JOCELYN SIN," "OLD FORTY'S MASTER,"
"THE MUSCOE PLATE," "MISTRESS MARION," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED).



HE yellow, livid hue drifted back slowly over Mrs. Melvern's hard, repulsive visage. She could make no headway against such a determination to eliminate her from Chandos's future. A sense of guilt cowed the woman's natural audacity. She looked at him. He did not return the gaze. Their eyes might never again meet. That time was past.

"Order the carriage, madam," suggested Mr. Bland, politely.

"There is no carriage. I sold the carriage two months ago," she retorted; and despite the fear a gleam of exultant avarice glittered in her eyes. "And I sold all the horses except the farm horses. George, I'll go out, but not to-day. I can stay until to-morrow?"

"You must go now."

She started in alarm. Chandos stretched out his hand and rang the bell, but he neither left the window nor glanced at her.

"George, the tenant might not have my room ready."

"You will leave my house now," he repeated.

"But I want to stay until to-morrow—only to-morrow!" she whined, her eyes turning swiftly and greedily to the silver coffeepot and the Chandos spoons and forks. "It is an outrage to turn a poor old woman out in the dead winter."

"It is not night, and it is not snowing," rejoined Chandos, in a low tone.—"Tell Barney to bring a conveyance to the door in one hour. He will drive Mrs. Melvern home," was the order to the servant answering his summons. "In one hour," he repeated.

Chandos moved from the window and passed

out along the passage to the study—the one place fraught with painful memories of perfidy and wrath. A half-shudder quivered through him—a strange sensation of evil and enmity. He tried the door. It was locked. All the doors were locked. Every chamber and apartment in the great luxurious house might have been a convict's cell, so carefully secured they were. The damp atmosphere crept through him, the gloom and cold of the long-closed building penetrated with an insidious chill. He descended to the hall in the main building. The identical shadowy, freezing obscurity met him there. The marble figures stood in their niches like a mournful array of monuments to past glories. An ignominious cloud of dust settled on the folds of Roman togas and leaflets of crowning bays. The old Chandos portraits looked down from their panels upon the last of their race. They peered through the dead gloom, and seemed to survey him with upbraiding eyes. The same plebeian cloud of dust obscured their aristocratic features. Chairs and sofas, bronzes and cushions had not doffed their cheap uniforms. Mrs. Melvern appreciated their marketable value and protected them from dust. Works of art she regarded with scornful indifference, and left them to take care of themselves. Chandos sighed as he traversed the fine hall; his disgust and indignation were steadily gathering force.

"And they were Dorothy's ancestors as well as mine!" he muttered, casting a glance half of shame, half of resentment at the torn, flapping canvas of an old Chandos in powdered wig and sky-blue coat. He walked on. His household gods seemed to have fallen under the general blight touching Chandos Manor.

"Marse George!" whispered a voice near him.
"Marse George!"

"Who is that?" asked Chandos, striving to see through the shadows.

"Me—it's Barby." And the dark face suddenly came to view from behind a pallid Psyche. "Oh, Marse George, is you comin' back, sir?" asked the faithful servant, wiping her hand on her tidy apron before she ventured to put it in the smooth white one extended to greet her. "I'se done slip up en kindle a fire in de libr'y. I'se feered you'd freeze. Eph, dat triflin' niggah, says he knowed fo' sho' Marse George was comin' back, en he sneak out de libr'y key off 'n de hook in Miss Dorofy's room."

"Yes, Barby, I shall return to my house and my people again. They belong to me once more," Chandos replied. "Where are they all?"

"Us niggahs is down in de servants' hall, Marse George. Bress God! it's powerful news. Bress God! it's Marse George." And Barby, not quite so substantial and well fed as in old days, sat her arms akimbo and looked as if her bliss transcended expression.

"I will go down and see the servants; and, Barby, I am supremely grateful for a fire—just now it is the most acceptable boon you could bestow."

"Yes, sir; I sent Eph en ax de gemmen down dere—dey's comformable like," briskly retorted Barby, beaming with a delight heightened by a sense of safety.

For the first time since the defranded master of Chandos Manor returned to this forlorn parody upon the old splendor and luxury of his home Chandos smiled. The calm, happy smile of content beamed as of yore when George Chandos went below to the servants' hall. One after another of the servants, upon a thousand pretexts, had crept stealthily to the house. Nobody quite credited the rumor. Everybody strove to give it credence. Field hands and servants and tenants somehow caught the flying echo of a whisper from the house.

"'Twas dat boy Eph fotch de tale down heah, en I cuff him good fo' it; en, bress God, it wa'n't no lie!"

"No, it wa'n't," echoed Barney, filling his pipe—Barney was always filling his pipe. "No, it wa'n't," he repeated, while Chandos shook hands with each one. "Dat boy kin tell de trufe sometimes."

"Yes, he kin," supplemented Barby, emphatically. "You, Eph, git dat hoeecake dar. You kin hab ebery las' crumb ob it. Spec' we ain't gwine to starve no mo'."

"I tole you so, Barby. I said I seen de sun

look green en red t'other day, en I said 'twas a sign Marse George was comin' back—didn't I, Hessie?" triumphantly demanded Barney. "En when I tree dat possum de udder night, didn't he jes' laff en laff, en untwist his tail, en drap down in de brush, en walk hisself away wid a onsultin' grin, en I couldn't cotch him nohow en noways? En didn't I say dat dat possum knowed sompum was gwine to happen—didn't I, now?"

"En you're gwine to driv' dat ole hyeny home fo' sho'?" reiterated Barby, dropping her voice as Chandos approached, having made the round of the hall.

"'Deed I is gwine to driv' her back whar she 'longs—dat's de mustah's order; en I'll do it—yes, I will," asseverated Barney.

"Where is the housekeeper, Barby?" demanded Chandos.

"Done gone, sir," answered Barby, decisively.

"Where is the steward?"

"Done gone, sir," repeated Barby.

Chandos's face darkened.

"Where is the porter, and why is the lodge closed?" continued the master, turning to Barney.

"Lord A'mighty, sir, de porter was clared out fust; en de lodge is done lock up, like de balance ob de place," responded Barney.

Chandos frowned. The ruthless hand despoiling his beautiful estate had spared nothing.

"Barney," he said, in a slow tone, "you are to take Mrs. Melvern home; and dispatch a messenger at once for my steward. I am going to the library now. Say to the overseer I desire his presence there."

The same dark frown and metallic ring of voice attested the anger surging in his breast. He gave no further orders, only quitted the servants' hall and descended the steps in moody silence.

"Bress God!" broke out Barby, "Marse George do look turrible as King Solymon hisself. En our white folks is all a-comin' back—Miss Flora like de Queen ob Sheby, and Marse Lawrence as grand as a prince en fierce as a roarin' lion, bress God! I'll go up to see ef dat fire's a-burnin'." And Barby followed her master to the regions above stairs, not visited of late by the servants.

Chandos walked toward the library. His step was dignified and deliberate. His head was bent in a meditation plainly anything but pleasant. Perhaps that explained why he laid his hand on the library door without perceiving a figure scurry swiftly behind an enshrouded bronze. The muffled sound of a heavy, stealthy movement caught his ear.

Chandos threw the door open suddenly. The two gentlemen within glanced up in mute inquiry.

"There is some one in the hall there. Barby, see what it means."

Chandos stood quite still while Barby deftly pulled aside the bronze. An affected laugh broke the quiet as Mrs. Melvern rose from the carpet—dropping her ample stuff cloak in the effort.

"Bress God!" burst out Barby, startled out of her propriety of demeanor. "Ef ole miss an't got one ob de big silver bowls, en de pitcher lined wid gold, en a silver sugar dish en cream pot; en heah's de bes' en biggest ladles lined wid solid gold, jes' as many as she kin tote!"

Barby held up the superb pieces of plate to the astonished gaze of the gentlemen.

Mrs. Melvern darted a furious glance at the servant defeating this last great *coup*. For the Chandos good name she cared nothing; but the Chandos plate her miserly soul coveted with a mighty longing. She had defrauded her half-brother once; she fully meant to do it again.

"I'm a poor old woman, George," she began, in a wheedling tone, which brought a sickening memory of perfidy back to him. "I am destitute and penniless—not one cent and no way to get it. I thought you wouldn't mind a few little things. I'd like a keepsake, you know." And Dorothy Melvern clutched the heavy silver bowl with greedy avarice.

"Barby, carry the plate back to the butler's pantry," ordered Chandos, refusing to glance toward this rapacious marauder.

"I will have it!" screamed Mrs. Melvern. "I've given up everything to you, and I won't starve! Give me some money—only five dollars—anything. I haven't one cent, I haven't one scrap to eat, and I want something. I'm a poor old famishing woman, stripped of everything."

"Marse George, silver spoons en forks, one set ob 'em, is upstairs; en a coffeepot, en de jellies en preserves, en a demijohn ob de bes' French brandy out'n de wine cellar, en mo' t'ings en plunder dan de biggest wagon on de place kin pack in, 'cause dey're tryin' to now. En I knows," went on Barby, obstinately, "dat Miss Dorofy hadn't nuffin' savin' en 'ceptin' one carpetbag when she come here."

"En all Miss Flora's silk dresses en clo'es—ebery one ob 'em," added Hester, who had appeared on the scene.

Chandos had retreated from the doorway. The degradation bore heavily upon him; nevertheless, when the maid supplemented the miserable charges with the despoliation of the fair little girl wronged so bitterly a blaze of anger seemed to break over him.

"Dorothy, quit my house, and never dare to

enter it again!" he said, hoarsely. "Go, I say, while I can master myself! For God's sake get out of my sight while there is time!"

"I'm going. Yes, yes, I'm going now, before you kill me!" she flung back, in a breathless taunt. "But I tell you that I only give up the property because I know who the girl is. I've always known it, and I know there is no good trying to hold the property. I won't spend the money fighting for it. But I detest you and her; and if I could have rid myself of her I would have done it, by fair means or foul. Yes, I would—yes—yes!"

The door shut with a loud slam. It was all that he might do to save her.

Chandos sat down, white and trembling with passion. Truth barbed the dart, and a certain horror of what might have happened his darling in those dark days.

"It don't matter, Chandos. We are quit of her forever," observed Mr. Bland, pausing in his restless tramp, the sole evidence of excitement, to draw the curtain back from the great unwashed panes. "Here is news from New Orleans. By my order telegrams and letters are to be sent here until our return. They have been sent. This is the first; and the first recalls us instantly to the South. Lawrence has arrived, and Oscar has levanted—gone ignominiously—deferred the day of reckoning by flight. And God pity him! for he knows that sooner or later he must face Lawrence."

A dogcart rattled past the window as he spoke, followed by a heavily packed farm wagon. In the former was Mrs. Melvern; in the latter, her spoils. The checkered handkerchief and blue hood bound her shrewish face and covered her head. The dingy stuff cloak enveloped her form. She glared up venomously at the window. She shook her fist furiously at the solitary looker therefrom, and hurled back a malediction at Chandos Manor and its master.

CHAPTER XX.

TRAVELS THE MYSTIC CIRCLE.

A SUIT of spacious apartments, alight with sunshine, redolent of flowers and luxurious in the thousand costly trifles a woman of artistic tastes may contrive almost imperceptibly to gather around her, evinced just such a feminine presence. The weird, antique tenement house had been deserted by two of its tenants. The famous doctor wrought the cure, and the famous doctor despoiled the old house of Marie and her "castaway." They were domiciled under the roof of Dr. Broissart. Possibly it was no whit more modern

than the great building long ago forsaken by its patrician owners. Those not chary of proximity to bustle and noise filled the once fine chambers. The vulgar shadow of trade and toil environed the tenement house. Aristocratic seclusion, far remote from business, draped its sacred purple over the garden of tropical creepers and glowing flowers around Dr. Broissart's quaint mansion, with its galleries and corridors, its echoing rooms and dreamy, poetic hush.

Flora for the first time was to appear at dinner. The *spirituelle* air of the half-recovered invalid scarcely detracted from her beauty. She made her toilet with occasional little gasps of overtaxed strength. Old Marie, in her gaudily colored dress, oddly becoming to the swarthy Creole, touched here and there with deft fingers and wonderful French taste the toilet of ciel blue. A knot of ribbon or fall of lace became effective under her fingers. Her countenance beamed with pride and joy. Hester had arrived only a few hours previously. A copious flood of tears occupied the time until her services were required to dress Flora. All the evil prognostications of servants and tenants at Chandos Manor must be detailed to amuse her mistress.

"We made sure, miss, you was gone. Barb' she said 'twa'n't no way 'ceptin' to be cotched up into hebben 'long ob Gabriel hisself; but, howsomdever, Barney he sneak off ebery night to quire at de houses ef any ob 'em had seen or heerd ob his young mistis; but 'twa'n't no use. Folks only axed all 'bout it, en said as how dey knowed it would be dat way ef Mis' Melvern en Mr Oscar Harvey set demselves down on Chandos Manor; en dey said fo' sho' en certain you'd been covered up in de snow; en when it melted in de sun nobody hadn't found you," chattered Hester, her mulatto face once more smiling and happy.

"Yes, yes, the *chère enfant*, old Marie have found her!" murmured Marie. "And maman have find her if she be cast away again."

"Oh, maman, wish me lucky and happy this time!" Flora said, the musical laugh tempered by a half-mournful pathos; "because, if I am cast away again, no one will ever find me—neither papa, nor Lawrence, nor maman."

"Oh, Missie Flora, you needn't be troublin' now!" eagerly chimed in Hester. "Marse Lawrence air: no lamb; Marse Lawrence don't hev no foolin' around him. Ef you trus' in de Lord en Marse Lawrence dere ain't nothin' top ob dis yeth kin harm you in any way. I knowed it would be so. I tole Barney young miss goin' to be married, 'cause I dreamed I seed a coffin wid two people sittin' on it, en day was all dressed in black en was a-cryin'—en dat's a weddin' fo' sho'.

Oh, miss, you do look sweet! I nebber did spec' to see you dressed up agin in blue en white after dat Miss Dorofy done pack ebery rag ob you'n en tote it off. Here's your fan, miss. Your color is comin' back, en you does look lubly!"

The beautiful face glowed into color; the magnificent eyes gleamed in their dusky depths. Hester shook out the lace handkerchief. Marie fastened the bouquet of cream-colored roses on the dainty corsage. Both leaned over the balustrade to watch her sweep down the steps to the *salon* below. A vivid flush drifted over her fair face as Flora entered the *salon*. Her limbs trembled under her strangely. She stretched out her hands in bewilderment, and was folded in her father's arms and almost carried to a *fautcuil*.

"Oh, papa," she gasped, laughing, while the luminous splendor of her eyes seemed for an instant dimmed by tears, "I can hardly believe that I have you and Lawrence again!"

She raised the long lashes and glanced up at Lawrence in appealing tenderness. He did not approach, but stood on the rug, his back to the bright blaze of fire. He had never looked so lofty and grand to Flora as at that moment. Little Mme. Broissart fluttered up to him with a *marguerite* in her hand, but a world of admiration in her eyes for this handsome, dominant man.

"You will bring Flora to dinner, Mr. Lawrence; doctor, you must take care of Colonel Chandos; and, last of all, I myself must fall to you, Mr. Bland," said the warm-hearted dame, still piquant and charming despite her sober middle age.

They were all dining together again. Not in the great dining room at Chandos Manor, as of yore, when toasts were quaffed to Flora when she was seventeen, when Chandos stood before the early autumn fire and told them of the fatal legacy, and when Mrs. Melvern had sneered at her birth and Marion had envied her engagement to Lawrence. It seemed ages ago; yet that was the early autumn, this the early spring. Bitter sorrows whitened the head of Chandos; Flora returned from the edge of the grave. Lawrence, with his fearless laugh, his herculean proportions and handsome, resolute aspect, alone seemed unchanged.

The gentlemen soon quitted the after-dinner wine. Despite a new dry sherry to be criticised, Lawrence lingered only a brief time.

"My darling, you are too lovely to reproach," he said, abruptly, as he drew a seat close to Flora. "But why did you not come to me when—when"—his face changed; a shade of savagery became perceptible; it taxed his temper to the utmost to speak of that dreadful time—"you

were in trouble and friendless? Did you fear that I would turn against you, too?"

Flora lifted her dark eyes to his in pleading deprecation.

"Lawrence," she said, in that plaintive, wonderful voice of hers, while the cream-tinted roses on her breast quivered and shook, "even if I hoped you would forgive me——"

my heart was breaking, and you said you would never forgive such a lack of affection. You said it, Lawrence."

She glanced up once more with a shudder, then her eyes fell. A secure smile curved her lips. All doubt must vanish forever under the fire of the deep, enduring tenderness in his gaze.

"My darling, I remember the selfish, idle words.



ONLY A FACE AT THE WINDOW.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

"Forgive you?" interrupted Lawrence. "My darling, did you suppose that I could fail you? Did you imagine that you were not the exception to my creed for all the rest of the world? You have no part and parcel in my dealing with others. You are something almost divine to me, my love—something I hold dearer than life itself."

"If I had only had courage to tell you, Lawrence, that day at the jail! But I could not;

They have upbraided me perpetually for their utterance since my eyes were opened and I understood the tortures racking your poor little heart. I would have given my life gladly to unsay them. Ah! could anything but death take you away from me? I was maddened by the restraint holding me powerless to protect you; and," he added, in a suppressed tone, "but for old Marie I might have lost you and gone wholly mad."

Flora laid her soft, slender fingers on his.

"Lawrence, I love you no more, no less, than on that day. I love you with my whole heart, as I have ever loved you; and I shall love you to the end, solely and entirely. I could not have sought your protection that terrible night when Mrs. Melvern pushed me out in the storm and the door closed behind me. I stood almost paralyzed with fear. The snow beat in my face, it blinded my eyes, and the darkness— Oh, Lawrence, do not laugh at me! I am such a coward! And, papa, you know what agonies of terror I endure."

She appealed to Chandos. He came nearer, and assented in stern silence to the apologetic explanation. No glint of smile or laughter softened the countenance of Lawrence. The barbaric look settling over his features and the steellike gleam in his eyes were not good to see.

"Ah, yes! I am such a pitiful coward!" she went on, in a tremulous, faltering voice. "I seemed afraid to scream; it was black and stormy, and so bitterly cold! The snow drifted in treacherous banks. I could not see—the appalling darkness bewildered me. I meant to strive to reach the cabins. I peered into the blackness for the lights in the cabins. There were none. Everywhere thick, impenetrable darkness met me. It was bitterly cold, and the snow beat—beat always in my face. I ran straight toward the cabins. I screamed for Hester. I never found the cabins, and no one answered. In reality I did not do either. In my terror I must have rushed away from the cabins, and the gale drove my cries back into my throat. I remember that I thought myself insane. I shrieked for papa and Lawrence, and—"

"My darling," interrupted Chandos, drawing a long, difficult breath—"my darling little girl, I cannot bear it."

Lawrence averted his face. A deadly, implacable bitterness had gradually frozen every trace of human kindness therefrom.

"And oh, papa!" she said, with a tearful smile, "it was so dark, and I am such a coward! I don't remember much—I don't know when and how I passed the gate without seeing it. We had probably left it open when Barney drove through. The snow seemed to cover my face with an icy sheet. I was panic-stricken. Terror of the blackness and storm overwhelmed me—I struggled to rush forward as long as possible; but I remember that I stumbled and sank down, and somehow the snow seemed to beat—beat on my eyes. The storm raged with a dull, distant roar like the sea. I recollect that I hoped I might not die, because it would distress Lawrence and papa. I knew they would pity me if the others did not."

"My darling!—my little darling!" repeated Chandos, in a strained voice.

Lawrence lifted the delicate hand to his lips without a word. It was too frail and transparent for health. It related its own touching aside to the story.

"Ah, papa, memory fails me there. When it returned the day was half gone. I was in a farmhouse, far away in the next county. A passing farm wagon had found me, and the good old farmer carried me home, twenty miles, to his wife. Papa, I had but one idea—I had saved Lawrence by telling that you lived. I must save you by going to Mexico and warning you of the danger. The farmer and his wife were poor and ignorant, but oh, so good—so good!"

"They were angels, my darling!" interposed Chandos.

"They granted my entreaty. I started for New Orleans that night, while I had time, before I was too ill. My only fear was that I would die before I reached Tampico. But oh, papa, I hope you may never know my despair when I found the steamer gone, and no other for weeks! All my strength left me—my brain seemed to reel. I gave you up for lost, papa. My heart died. You know the rest—when maman cried out, 'Oh, ma petite!—ma castaway!' Dear, good maman! Papa, I can never tell it to you again. There is no more of it!" she murmured, with a little sob.

"I shall never ask you," rejoined Chandos.

There is punishment—nothing more than that," added Lawrence, in a grim, menacing voice.

"No, no, Lawrence; we can be happy without that. You will not care for that—will you, dear?" urged Flora, anxiously. "I shall never be afraid again, and you know I am such a pitiful little coward! We will forget it all now."

Lawrence bent his head once more over the fragile hand, but gave no syllable in answer—only pressed the soft fingers to his lips mechanically.

"Mr. Lawrence," said Dr. Broissart, appearing just then in the doorway, "it is too shocking to take you away from mademoiselle, but Pierre says a lady, beautiful almost as mademoiselle, insists that she must see you. She is in the library."

Lawrence rose with visible reluctance.

"Some mistake, I rather expect. However, I shall not be long absent," he said, carelessly.

"Peste!" exclaimed the host, as Lawrence had gone. "I quite forgot the card. Voilà, Pierre, give mademoiselle the card. Mademoiselle is too beautiful to have one pang of jealousy."

Flora lifted the card from the salver.

A pained smile flitted over the exquisite face as she read the name. The name was—"Mrs. Oscar Harvey."

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE GRIPES OF INFLEXIBLE DESTINY.

MARION HARVEY was at home. She had been at home for two whole days, and the *quasi* domestic bliss told unpleasantly upon her temper. She was there, nevertheless, clad in black, with a black lace scarf over her head. However strict her seclusion might have been for two entire days, she meant to emerge from it now. The black lace sleeves fell back [from snow-white arms. Her black eyes had a glitter of suppressed ferocity. The smooth cheek, scarcely as round as in days of less revelry and magnificence, needed an artificial tint to heighten the feverish flush. At her best Marion never looked more beautiful or more restless. Evidently she expected a visitor, and quite as plainly the visitor had no consideration for her consuming impatience. At last he came, walking at a leisurely pace, smiling his brilliant, heartless smile. They knew each other, Cadmus Hanton and his daughter, and in all the universe each would have sought pity from any source save the other. Nevertheless, another principle ruled their lives—interest. Marion faced her father with a swift, impetuous movement.

"Is this all true?" she demanded, rushing to the purpose in her mind without preliminary remark.

"Is what true?" carelessly inquired Hanton.

"Is it true that Grayfriars and all Oscar's fortune belongs to Lawrence? It will ruin Oscar!"

"Yes," deliberately answered Hanton, returning the gaze of her flaming, frightened eyes, "it is all true. The Harveys received the money and suppressed the canceled mortgage. It has come to light. Coupled with his wild expenditure, as you observe, my dear, it will ruin Oscar."

"Where are the papers? You have them! You have done this! It will ruin—ruin Oscar!" ejaculated Marion, stamping her foot furiously. "Where are they, I say? Is it too late to destroy them now? Why could not that fool Oscar tell me of this? I could have secured Grayfriars! What is to be done? I am disgraced and impoverished."

"Yes, my dear," coolly replied Hanton. "But Oscar brought it on himself. He was not liberal, Marion; nor were you."

"I will give you anything to destroy those papers!" she broke out, desperately.

"You have nothing to give," was the curt reply.

"I have if you will save it for me by swearing that no such papers existed."

She riveted her frantic eyes upon him in breathless suspense.

"That would be perjury; my conscience will not permit it," he answered, suavely.

"Your conscience!" she repeated, in bitter mockery. "I will pay you in dollars and cents for your conscience!"

"Thanks; I had a check cashed, a few days ago, for ten thousand from Lawrence."

She gave a cry of sharp pain. This terrible downfall was almost death to Marion Harvey. She must perforce surrender the wealth coveted so long, so hardly secured and briefly enjoyed. Freezing smiles and chilling glances had already pointed to overthrow.

"Where is Harvey?" observed Hanton.

"I care not," she answered, petulant in her misery.

"He is flying from the law; he is under charge of murder and fraud," informed Hanton, in an evil tone, nevertheless smooth as Satan. "He has not been heard of since Lawrence landed, three days ago. It would be well were he never heard of again."

Marion covered her face with her hands and shivered.

"Can nothing be done? I will give you five times ten thousand for that canceled mortgage," she said.

Not a twinge of conscience checked her unscrupulous offer. Not a thought of dishonor marred his supreme satisfaction. Neither perceived anything in the matter beyond a stroke of business. Hanton had the master hand; Marion only strove to repair her own fatal blunder.

"The papers are in the hands of Lawrence and his lawyer, beyond recall," answered Hanton. "You overshot the mark this time, Marion. You have winged your bird; but, unluckily, it is Oscar. Ah, well! you must trust to your wits. Oscar may turn up some day. He can add a postscript to his career, you see, to say that he remembers all his sins and knows the Lord will forgive them, and pass in his checks to heaven at any rate. He is such a thoroughgoing hypocrite! You can't say that I did not warn you," he added, with a brutal mockery, as if nothing was ever so delightful as squaring accounts with one of his own metal. They were quits at last. Past affronts put upon him were scored out. "And I warn you again that if ever men fall into the ill luck to serve the Lawrences a dastardly stroke they never live long to repent of it. A short shrift and a sure hand—that is the Lawrences; and there's never much talk when they mean

death. I really wonder you were so infatuated with your choice."

"Infatuated!" repeated Marion, her hands clinched in a paroxysm of wild rage. "How could I find it possible to care for a despicable creature like Oscar save as a pack horse to bring me wealth?"

Hauton contemplated the ferocious brightness and fury of her excited face. The pearl-white teeth gleamed between the red lips. The canine look returned in savage viciousness.

"You are like your mother, my dear—you spurn a homely man," he philosophized, in tranquil satisfaction.

"Spurn him!" ejaculated Marion. "I hate him! He has tricked and deceived me. How could I know that this estate was not his?"

"By Jove, just what I said half an hour ago, my dear, when the papers were handed me at the club! There is so much deception in this world! It has not been a week since I cut Chandos dead, and now he has come into all his money; but how could I know it?" pathetically responded Hauton, suppressing a yawn.

"Everything is gone. What am I to do?" asked Marion, in sullen despair.

"My love, you must trust to your wits," observed Hauton, taking his hat and gloves. "You had better pack up and slip away to some obscure place in Europe. You might see Chandos and his daughter, and ask their intercession with Lawrence. Women are very effective intercessors when they don't happen to be one's wife or one's daughter—then they are immensely boring. And, by the way, my love, I considered your excellent advice given at Chandos Manor—charming place—your sensible suggestion of marriage. I have decided to marry Lelli next month. Her voice brought her a fortune, you know. I shall be quite too much engaged to see you again. Bonsoir!"

Marion uttered a shrill scream of rage and disappointment. Her father whistled a lively air as he strolled through the garden of roses. Outside, a man in a dark overcoat paced up and down the pavement. Inside, nothing escaped his keen scrutiny. This was the policeman stationed there to watch Oscar's house for a clew to Oscar's whereabouts. His sharp, searching glance traveled over Marion as she hurried through the garden. Flinging herself into a carriage waiting at the gate, she gave an impetuous order to the coachman. As the carriage rolled away from the Harvey mansion the man crept out from the shrubbery and followed swiftly. He shadowed every turn of the handsome equipage, and noted every movement of the fair occupant.

Marion sprang on the pavement and rushed into Dr. Broissart's.

The man folded his arms and leaned lazily against a wall in the heavy shadow of the trees. She meant to defraud Lawrence if chance favored the scheme; failing that, Marion was there to appeal for mercy. He opened the library door, and crossed the apartment before this strange visitant gave any token of recognition. Weeks only had elapsed since their last meeting.

"Oh, Lawrence," she broke out, passionately, "what am I to do? Lawrence, spare Oscar. Let him go unpunished, for God's sake! Do not impoverish and degrade me so terribly! You will be rich and honored. Spare me utter poverty, Lawrence!"

She besought him to spare not Oscar, but Oscar's money. Lawrence rested his arm upon the mantel, and met the glitter in her black orbs with a fire in his scorching her very heart. He towered above her in relentless strength.

"It is too late," was the icy response.

"Lawrence," she exclaimed, in accents almost wooing, "you will make me the wife of a criminal and beggar!"

"No, madam," he answered, in the same freezing tone. "You have made yourself the wife of a criminal and beggar."

"Lawrence, you will not compel me to suffer for his crimes! You will spare me! I hate him—I always hated Oscar!"

"I require no atonement from you."

The answer came with the same significant brevity. Lawrence had mercy for her, but he was invulnerable to charms other men found irresistible.

Marion tossed the lace back from her dusky hair. A *séduisante*, wooing softness crept into her eyes.

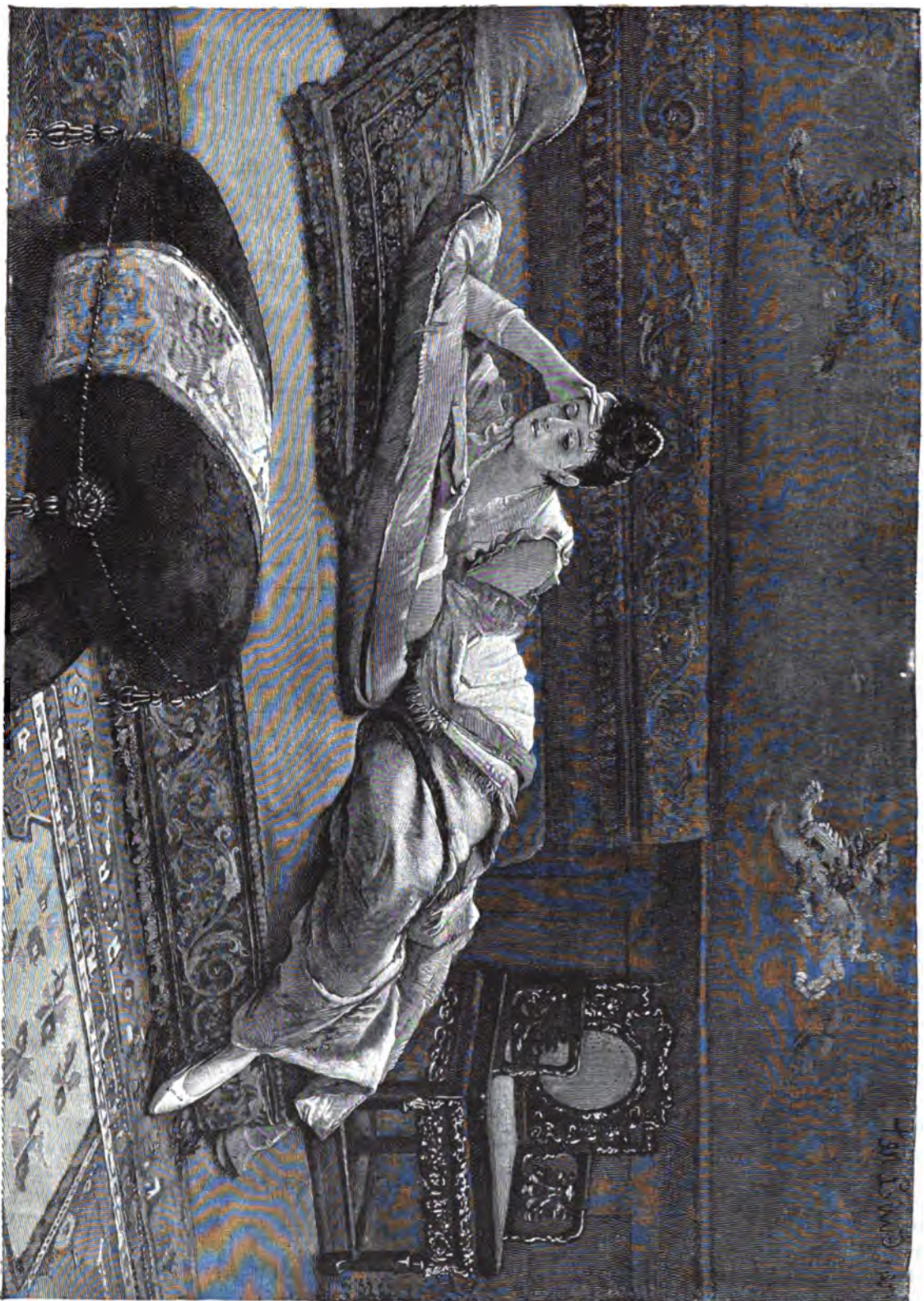
Lawrence, leave me my establishment!" she said, in soft, luring tones. "Do not break the settlements Oscar made upon me. Oh, Lawrence, I will love you forever if you spare my income!"

"Thanks, madam," he returned, in frigid politeness. "The law will decide your rights."

Marion drew the black lace over her head and receded a step. If ever a savagery, hard and pitiless, came into any countenance, it was legible on the one fronting her.

"Are you so barbarous?" she asked, in a low tone. "Have you no mercy?"

Even as she syllabled the words Marion knew that the appeal was in vain. He said that he required no atonement from her. She filled the dire void in her passion and misery. How could he have mercy left in his heart for Oscar or for



ROMANCE AND REPOSE.

Oscar's wife? The last line of the tragic page was yet untraced. How could Oscar atone for the guilty past? Could he restore the years of toil and deprivation to Lawrence? Could he efface the fraud and bitterness from his existence? Could Oscar open the grave under the firs—the grave with the long, yellow sedge waving over it, and a plain stone slab, already gray and moldered, whereon were graven the words, "Raoul La Pres, Aged Twenty-three"? Could he bid the laughter-loving Frenchman leave his lonely home to take up the broken song and return to the haunts of men? Ah, no! the crime lay in the domain of the past. The past is immutable. The atonement was in the hands of the man wronged. There was no mercy for Oscar. There had been none for Lawrence—none for La Pres. Marion rushed away from him. She quitted the room in bitter disappointment. The door of the *salon* stood open, and Marion was desperate. Crossing the hall, she walked into the *salon* with a swift, impetuous step, and stood before Flora and Chandos—stood there a suppliant to the woman she had scorned.

"Flora!" she said, bitterly, "ask Lawrence to spare me. Ask him. You can make him spare me. Ask him, for God's sake, not to ruin me utterly!"

Flora paled a shade as she went nearer to Marion. Through the vista of trial and calamity came a scene when she herself asked a similar boon of Marion. It started from the arras before her mental vision.

"Marion, long ago—it seems ages—I said that you might have something to ask of us——"

"You need not throw that in my teeth," she interrupted. "I said I would never ask a favor of you until you were richer than I was. I have kept my word. God knows you could leave me my establishment and never miss it. Lawrence could call off the hounds of the law, and not degrade me by dragging Oscar from his hiding place. You can ask him to do this. He will listen to you."

"Marion, in the old, miserable days," softly returned Flora, "you said I could have my revenge by refusing any favor you asked."

"And you will take it!—you do refuse!" screamed Marion. "And Colonel Chandos will refuse, because I called him a swindler!"

"I do refuse," asserted Chandos, slowly.

"Yes, yes!" she exclaimed, with a harsh laugh; "you have your revenge—you are richer than I am. I have no love for you, but I wish now that the miserable favor you asked of me had been granted. I could have restrained Oscar—fool and hypocrite that he is! Yes, yes, you have your revenge!"

"Marion, I do not refuse. I will go to Lawrence and implore him to spare Oscar. Oh, Marion, do you think I have forgotten the misery I endured when you would not help me?"

A wild hope flashed into Marion's eyes.

"Come now. I will not believe it unless I see it," she urged. "Come—come!"

Flora walked straight to the library. Marion followed in breathless, frantic anxiety lest this last hope fail. Lawrence stood just where she had left him. If possible his aspect was more inexorably severe.

Flora passed her arm within his caressingly. She folded her frail, almost transparent hands across his sleeve, and pressed her cheek to his shoulder. Marion watched her in a hard, angry disdain.

"Lawrence, I have said that I would ask you to spare Oscar—will you do it? Oh, Lawrence, you love me!—for my sake, will you do this?" she pleaded, in a low, plaintive tone.

Lawrence passed his hand over the shining golden head. He neither looked at Marion nor heeded her presence.

"It is too late, my little darling. These matters are not for your ears. Good night."

"Lawrence, one moment! Dear Lawrence," she implored, detaining him with her light touch, "will you spare Oscar? Do not ruin and disgrace him—for my sake!"

He looked down on her, then turned away.

"Not even for your sake will I forego the punishment of iniquity. Good night."

They listened to the firm step passing through the hall and out into the garden. Lawrence had gone, and Flora speculated in dread and anxiety where. What purpose was in his mind she could not fathom. Oscar had gone, no one cared whither save the police and Lawrence.

Marion's face whitened. Her fury knew no softening; but this last blow shattered her sole hope.

"You have had your revenge!" she cried, hoarsely. "Oh, that I could have the money and the wisdom too! Oh, how I hate and loathe all the world—everybody, everybody—and you above all others!"

She flung the door open and ran at frantic speed back to her carriage. It drove away from Dr. Broissart's door. The man emerged from his vigil in the shadow, and followed in its wake to Oscar's door. The grand town house was closed and guarded. The superb picture gallery and the costly furniture were in the hands of the emissaries of the law. Creditors rose in myriads. Unexpected transactions of questionable character had developed in odd localities; foolish spec-

ulations simply to inflate the public estimate of his wealth became apparent. Each and all waited to grasp what Lawrence might leave. Of the friends and admirers, only a few men had wondered in the last two days how "La Belle Marion" looked, and whether she had faded under the wear and tear of this spicy scandal.

CHAPTER XXII.

ATONEMENT.

THE wind howled with the fury of a hurricane. The boiling sea lashed the shore and rolled its white froth far up on the sands.

A few fishermen from the scattered huts stood back in awe. The fishwomen, with faded shawls and worn blankets over their heads, whispered in grewsome conclave, and waited in the drifting, sheeting torrents of rain, striving to catch a glimpse of an object only visible an instant when the fierce wind swept aside the rain. The masts of a vessel, ever and anon riving the mist, were the objects upon which the practiced eye of mariner and mariner's wife fixed in breathless horror. A vessel rolling and plunging in the hideous trough of waters.

Her masts appeared and disappeared, now driven close to the reefs, now swept away into dangers not less appalling.

A group of men in oilskin coats and hats watched the masts. Equally with the coastmen they disregarded the violence of the storm; and with the coastmen they knew the vessel was doomed. The latter was a foregone conclusion; the former, secondary to the accomplishment of their purpose.

"She is a furriner, sir—Spaniard," one of the men replied to a question from an officer in the group.

"Of doubtful reputation?" queried the officer.

The coastman laughed; then added, in a meaning tone, as a wild sea burst over the rocks with a roar of thunder:

"Her reputation be naught now, sir, whether good or bad; but she be a bit of a free trader once in awhile."

The heavy fog thickened; the rain dashed into their faces as the storm rose higher.

A satanic roar of the waters deafened human ears to human sounds. The steady rays of a light far out on the sandy headland still warned the wrecked vessel of dangers no human skill might shun.

"Can nothing be done?" asked a deep, sonorous voice rising easily above the gale.

The coastmen shook their heads and glanced significantly at the shapely white hands of the

magnificent-looking gentleman in a suit of oilskin.

"He is only a landsman. What can he or anybody do in a gale like this?" muttered one of them, pointing to the boiling sea.

"No, no, Mr. Lawrence; there is nothing to be done. Boat nor man could never weather this sea," answered the officer.

Lawrence glanced at the appalling mountains of foaming waves. Every sailor knew that they were the tomb of the hapless craft whose "reputation" was "naught," and whose fated souls were to perish in sight of shore.

"I can't see her," the officer said, striving to peer into the enshrouding gloom.

"You'll not be like to see her again," replied the sailor.

Lawrence fastened his hat firmly. The water poured in streams down on his broad shoulders. The gale and rain beat and drifted in his face. He walked closer to the slippery, treacherous reefs, venturing upon them with an agile strength and daring amazing the sailor hard after him. With a roar of thunder, the seething waters, driven by the hurricane, broke over the long, black line stretching out to the sea. The spray and foam almost swept Lawrence from his hold; nevertheless, he crawled seaward until the coastman warned him of further advance. He threw himself flat upon his face as a frightful sea burst on the reefs.

Suddenly something loomed through the sheets of rain and heavy mists—something close to him, flying past like a noiseless phantom; a silent spectre, creeping up horribly close, and dashing onward.

"She's struck!" shouted the coastman. "Ay, sir, she's aground! She's gone! The Spaniard's gone! She's gone now!"

It was true. The foreign sailing vessel with the doubtful reputation had gone down into the caldron of the Gulf—gone to the bottom—and the waters roared over her grave with a hellish, deafening sound.

Lawrence crawled back over the dangerous sand reefs, and rejoined the group standing in the forlorn shelter of a dilapidated cabin.

"Ay, sir, them reefs is t'devil hisself. Many's t' craft the hu'icane has driv' abaft them reefs," commented the old coastman, following Lawrence into the hut. "I've seen 'em afore creep up like sommat as knows they's driv' into their coffin. Sometimes it's ghosts of wrecks, en sometimes it's t' wrecks theyselves."

"Body come ashore!" shouted the coastmen, rushing by.

"Only one of the crew," the officer said, in a

tone of disappointment, standing off so that the women might revive the swarthy stranger.

"There's no chance for him, poor soul!" murmured one of them, while she straightened the dead man's limbs.

Then another and another of the wrecked crew reached the shore—all too late. Darkness fell over the lonely coast and shut off all save the gleam of the light on the banks, when one more tempest-torn body washed on the sands.

"This one is not gone," they said.

Instantly kind hands pressed forward to help the feeble flicker of waning vitality.

"He's none of the crew—he's a stranger," observed a coastman.

"And not naturally dark," added the officer, placing a lantern on a window sill at the head of the rude couch.

The light fell on the cold, wet face while the officer of the law bent over and scanned the rigid features.

"This man is disguised, and this man is our man."

He pointed to the dark line around the throat, under the rough collar, where the staining of a naturally sallow skin abruptly ended. He removed a dark-red wig from over closely shaven black hair.

Despite the rough disguise the face of the man was easily recognizable. They looked at him moodily. They identified him angrily. Oscar Harvey had cheated them of their reward for his capture.

"He still lives, but one can scarcely hope that he will recover," Lawrence said, a faint pity in his voice. Pity for the criminal cast off by friends, hunted by the law, and abandoned by all the world save the city detectives and human retribution.

The night wore on. Lawrence still sat before the fire. Sailors and coastmen sought to revive Oscar's wretched life. The minions of the law watched him hungrily. No friendly eyes noted his heavy breathing. He was a criminal. Atonement was what they required. Whether he perished in the storm or suffered the penalty of outraged justice, his life must atone for his crimes. A half-conscious moan at last broke from his lips as he moved uneasily.

"Marion!" fell, in a feeble voice, on the gloomy silence of the smoky hut.

"Did you send the dispatch to his wife?" asked Lawrence of one of the detectives.

"Hours ago, sir, the man went to the nearest station. He has just returned. Here is her reply. She declines to come, or have anything to do with his affairs, although I told her he was

dying. She begs to be informed immediately of his death," answered the other, putting the dispatch in Lawrence's hand.

"Marion!" repeated Oscar.

His eyes unclosed. They traveled over the faces around his bed—traveled on until they rested upon Lawrence.

"My God! It is Lawrence!" he cried out with a shrill scream of horror. The blood trickled in a little stream from his lips. He sank back helplessly, watching Lawrence, the Nemesis who had overtaken him at life's finality. The men moved away. The women, with that shrill scream in their ears, retreated. Lawrence approached his old enemy once more.

"Oscar," he said, slowly, "you are dying. There is no hope for you. A half-hour seems the utmost you can live. This is no time for bitterness and too late for terror. I am not a good man myself, but I am mindful that when a man comes to die he has some desire to make his peace with the God who is to judge him."

Oscar's terror-stricken eyes fastened themselves upon Lawrence. He had dreaded him in life; he hung upon his every word in death.

"Is it all over, Lawrence?" he questioned, a curious relief in the tone.

"There is no chance of life," was the brief response.

"Marion?" slowly interrogated the dying man, not once removing his spellbound gaze.

"I have telegraphed her," replied his enemy, in merciful evasion.

"She will not care!" he burst out, in high, thin tones. "She does not care for me. Marion wants only my money—solely that. Lawrence," he ejaculated, catching his arm, "I did move the rock. I dislodged the spur. I flooded Shaft No. 2. They have all deserted me, but I care nothing for it. Life is over for me. I could have lived on and been happy if they had not played me false."

"You had best regret that you ever committed your crimes, not that your accomplice betrayed you," sternly reminded Lawrence.

"Yes, yes. Hanton sold you the papers. He meant to ruin me, and I thought to stop it," rambled Oscar, declining swiftly. "I was a fool not to give his price. You would have killed me—I knew that. And now I have lost all—character and fortune. Marion will have nothing—she has spent it and I have spent it. I thought we would have old Melvern's money. Grayfriars is yours. I believed I had burned the papers. We kept the money and the place. Help me!" he cried out, loudly. "I am dying!"

Oscar's eyes still watched Lawrence. Turn

where he would, those eyes never diverged from their intense, magnetized gaze.

The criminal's clutch tightened desperately on the arm of his bitter enemy, and his lips moved convulsively.

and take your father's house, for God's sake! Oh, who will help me? Marion! Marion!

Her name, syllabled in a last shriek of pain, echoed on the stormy night above the roar of the Gulf. Oscar was dead. The great fortune ac-



AN OLD CAMPAIGNER — FROM THE PAINTING BY K. H. KÖNIG.

"I have wronged you. God Almighty save me! I am sorry for it."

Both hands closed in convulsive grip upon Lawrence's arm. The fascinated watch never wavered. He would die with those frantic eyes riveted upon Lawrence.

"Hide me here, without name or headstone,

cumulated by two generations of fraud and iniquity, culminating in deadly crime, barely yielded its last owner a wretched couch. A rough blanket pillowed his head; rougher hands gave him final service. Nobody mourned or pitied a man whose sole claim to respectability had melted with an income once inflated to sixty thousand a year.

Lawrence looked down on his bitter foe, and perhaps that was the sole kindly glance cast upon the dead criminal. The coastmen regarded him as something uncanny, and longed to hurry him into the grave. Superstitious old wives shunned the dead man, and averred that he could never rest in peace where human hands might lay him. The detectives replied to Marion's significant inquiry, "Is he alive?" by one word, "Dead!"

Hauton declined any "interference," as he termed it, in the affairs of his son-in-law.

"Harvey was always an observer of propriety," he said, afterward; "and nothing could have been more considerate or diplomatic than to die without any public exposure. The world may now always doubt his guilt."

The night succeeding the great storm was calm and moonlit. The coastmen carried the hastily constructed bier to a remote clump of trees, and lowered the *ci-devant* millionaire into his last resting place. Beyond the baffled detectives, nobody cared whom they consigned to the commonest of all destinies on the coast, an unrecorded grave. There were other graves, under the firs at the Crevasse, with fresh young blades of grass starting upon them. The long, yellow sedge had fallen away from a sad record—"Raoul La Pres, Aged Twenty-three."

Society effaced Oscar's name from its books, his memory from its mind, with a bitter, scornful sneer. Whether it be beggar or millionaire, slayer or slain, we will say, "God's rest be his."

There was a quiet wedding one morning in the pretty *salon* of Dr. Broissart. Lawrence was minded to risk no further delay, and Chandos reared no obstacles this time. Old Marie, far less withered and aged in appearance, was flanked on either side by pretty Amina and soft-eyed Rosine and the "pickanina." Mr. Bland was there, beside Chandos, and when Church and State had welded the bond which "no man should put asunder" the lawyer offered a casket to Flora, along with his tender wishes for happiness.

"They are your old friends, dear child," he said.

"Did you suppose I would suffer any such sacrifice from you, my darling?" whispered Lawrence as Flora raised the lid and revealed her jewels, just as she had packed them that miserable day when her heart ached to breaking and Lawrence was in dire peril.

However bleak and calamitous the winter had been, it was gone now. The great oaks at Chan-

dos Manor waved their gleaming leaves in the summer sun. The shrubbery bloomed in beauty under the hand of the old gardener.

Housekeeper and steward were restored to their accustomed places. Chandos was there, no longer the ex-Pacific speculator bent on new ventures, but calmly happy, the same pleasant companion and charming host.

Flora and Lawrence were there. Lawrence refused to occupy his fine old Grayfriars until thoroughly freed of the pollution of its last occupant—until the atmosphere of perfidy and crime had removed its taint. Flora, in fleecy white robes, as of yore, flitted about the great mansion, making it alight with the sunshine of her presence. She was a matron of wonderful childish beauty. A matron neither very sober nor staid, seeing she was scarcely eighteen, but always a matron tender and loving. Her merry, musical laughter echoed through the beautiful hall and the spacious rooms until "Maman Marie" would laugh to herself and say, "Ah, ma petite have took heart again!"

Lawrence did not fail of his promise to Barney. He "remembered" him to such good purpose that a universal merry-making was held in honor of Barney's marriage to Hester. No cabin on the manor estate is so tidy and tasteful as Barney's; and he has a deed of gift for that same cabin and twenty acres of land around it.

The Silver Shafts are still a stirring, dangerous locality, and despite the gaseous odors and begriming clouds of black coal dust might be termed "Silver Shafts" with a thousandfold more of reality now than when they sought the imaginary vein of ore.

Mrs. Melvern perforce obeyed the grim summons, all too soon for her. By her will Marion fell heir to the carefully hoarded little property. "I also bequeath to my niece Marion," this remarkable document stated, "Sister Metella's linen sheets, and Sister Sarah's best linen pillowcases. I desire that she will not use them in any way. I have saved them for fifty-five years in the same corner of my black trunk. Cotton sheets were always good enough for me."

The small estate was sold. Whether or not the bequest served to bring Marion happiness, no one knew. They never heard of her again. A moderate stipend allowed by Chandos was drawn with prompt regularity. The demand suddenly ceased. The bankers wrote and advertised. Letter and advertisement received no answer. The woman once called "La Belle" left neither trace nor footfall. In the gray, chill haze of obscurity and oblivion Marion had vanished.

"THE HARBOR OF REFUGE."

(Painted by Fred. Walker, A. R. A.)

By J. W. NORTH.

THIS picture (see next page) acquired lately by the British nation is, I think, the most complete of Walker's oil pictures; it has great strength and beauty of color, and is equal in noble conception to any. Its system of coloring may well be compared and contrasted with that of his "Vagrants," for some years past in the National Gallery, which will appear by comparison poor and superficial in this respect. The glow and richness of color so perceptible in "The Harbor of Refuge" is no accident, but is the intentional result of intelligent underpainting; this glow will increase in charm with age, and the picture might even stand direct comparison with the "Bacchus and Ariadne"—but "The Vagrants," in this respect, never.

We must speak of color when we criticise a picture, but unfortunately it is the element most difficult to describe, most impossible to suggest to those without intuitive love of it. In the endeavor one is forced to fall back upon mere assertion (which is hateful), or upon a reference to the work of some great acknowledged colorist and make comparison with that. Yet this may be unfair, and may be especially so to the most original man; for color is infinite, the variety of harmony and contrast inexhaustible. If one really delights in color irrespective of other qualities—in the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian, the "St. George" of Tintoret, the "Ulysses" of Turner, the "Alexander" of Veronese—he may be grateful for a sense capable of exquisite gratification without alloy—a sense not too common, be it observed, or we should not find intelligent and sincere men writing of William Hunt without appreciation of his feeling for color, and praising for that quality the curious and pretentious falsity of Hobbema or Ruysdael's birch broom dips in whitewash waterfalls backed by tin fir trees.

The landscape setting of Walker's picture is only slightly altered from its original (the almshouses at Bray, near Windsor). I remember his saying that the door on the left by the black cat was that in and out of which his picture went. The main liberty taken is the imaginary terrace and the shifting of the little belfry to one side of the roof. The little man in black with his hands on his knees pleased the painter much; he had a whimsical notion that he might himself become just such a little figure in old age. The statue introduced (studied from one of Charles II. for-

merly in Soho Square) was a happy afterthought; but it is scarcely correct to say this, for all the more important of Walker's pictures were the outcome of long consideration, the original idea, the centre subject, being turned over and over in his brain, forming itself very gradually as a rule into a complete pictorial dream. When it was sufficiently clear in his brain he would go to nature direct, with an absolutely open mind as to receiving suggestions from fact which he would thresh and winnow upon his actual canvas until he fairly satisfied himself that all was pictorially harmonious, and yet told the story with which he started. A very rapid worker from nature, he yet spent much time upon his pictures, destroying by razor and benzine without hesitation the work of months when he was dissatisfied with the result.

Walker did not invent out-of-door painting, but no man more honestly worked in open air, more determinedly, more appreciatively. I have known him working under circumstances of physical discomfort which would have made painting impossible to most men. On "The Plow," for instance, he worked some windy days with the canvas lying on the uneven earth, with great stones and lumps of wood on its corners to keep it steady. Once it was carried into the stream which is its foreground by an extra-strong blast, and floated down some way—luckily, face up. This he took very calmly, saying, "I have noticed that unfinished pictures never come to harm from accidents."

The title, "The Harbor of Refuge," a singularly good one, was suggested to the painter by Mr. John R. Clayton, of Clayton and Bell.

There is a curious appearance of failure to carry through the intention of the young woman's face in this picture. It is impossible to me to believe that this arises from want of power of drawing—rather, I think, from an ideal in the painter's heart beyond his power completely to express.

Strange as it is, I fancy that an actually better drawn and painted face of more ordinary character is difficult to imagine in its place without the poetry of the picture suffering. What is poetry? Is it not an *unintentional* emphasis or exaggeration of some part of a subject which appeals to our finite capacities more than the whole?"



"THE HARBOR OF REFUGE"—ALMSHOUSES AT BRAY, NEAR WINDSOR.—FROM THE PAINTING, IN THE BRITISH NATIONAL GALLERY, BY FRED. WALKER, A.R.A.



"HE STOOD STARING AT HER IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT."

FAREWELL!

BY JUDITH SPENCER.

Just before the raising of the curtain, while the orchestra is yet blaring out its medley of popular airs, a party composed of two elegantly dressed women and two distinguished-looking men, in faultless evening attire, take their places in the box to the left of the stage, and immediately become the cynosure of all eyes.

The older woman, in rich velvet gown and bonnet, with blazing jewels at her ears and throat, and her soldierly-looking, gray-haired cavalier, occupy seats a little in the background. The young girl sits well forward, facing the stage, while her handsome escort settles himself oppo-

site to her, and, after a few light words, turns to survey the house, and carelessly scans those faces in the parquet still upturned toward the box.

Suddenly, as his eyes meet those of a black-robed woman among the audience at some distance away, he starts, and a wave of unusual color sweeps over his marblelike face. It is but for a moment. Then her eyes droop, and his turn back—as if by an effort—to the smiling, youthful face at his side. He changes his position slightly, and with one hand resting upon the back of his companion's chair he bends forward a little and speaks to her again.

The curtain rises. And then, while the eyes of Mrs. Mayo, the colonel and Marion are on the stage, watching the progress of the comedy, those of Marcus Waring look back upon this tragedy of the past.

It began with the old, old story of a boy's first passionate love. The scene was a quiet country town on the bank of a beautiful river, where Waring had spent two of his infrequent holidays.

He had met her first upon the river, and had been able to render the young girl some trifling assistance in replacing a broken oarlock. They had met again on the church porch, where Vernon shyly had introduced him to her mother.

They had chanced to meet, here and there, so often after that—and it was chance upon Vernon's part—that before his brief holiday was over he had given his heart into her keeping, and had gone away at last with a firm resolve to win fame and fortune for her dear sake.

He was only a young reporter then for one of the daily papers. And his first holiday in this quiet place was the result of a blow on the head which he had received from a ruffian who had discovered him listening at the keyhole of a room where a band of agitators were holding their secret meeting.

His hurt had not been serious, but the physician had ordered him a period of entire rest; and he had chosen this particular place because of the beauty of its river, and also on account of its moderate rates of board.

When he went back to the city it was as one inspired by a great courage and a new hope. He had said no word of his love to her as yet, but Vernon knew. And it was her part to wait and hope and dream, until summer came again and brought him back to her.

Then their daily meetings recommenced, but now chance had no part in them. In the morning they were together under the birches; in the afternoon, upon the river; in the twilight, upon the vine-canopied veranda of Vernon's home, where her mother sat near them and dozed, or dreamed of her own long-past youth.

Vernon had become his inspiration. He was writing his first novel, and building high hopes upon it. It was audacious for a first attempt, but he had served a long apprenticeship on the newspapers, and he felt that his wings were strong enough now for a higher flight. Straight from Vernon's side he would go back to his room and write far on into the night. And the next morning, when he coolly and impartially read over what he had written, his critical judgment told him that it was good.

And Vernon believed in him fully—believed in his talent and in his future.

Suddenly he was recalled to town. He would return in a week, he told her; but in three days he was back again.

It was afternoon. Would he find her under the birches or on the river? He would go to the birches first.

Vernon, indeed, was there; but she was not alone. A man was sitting beside her; Waring could not see his face, but she was talking earnestly to him, and now and again laid her hand upon his arm and looked into his face with an appealing, wistful look that was wholly new to Waring.

At length the man arose, and as he turned Waring recognized him as a fellow reporter of several years before, turned off, at last, for his dissipated habits; after which, falling lower and lower, he had become a horse jockey and a common swindler. Why, it was only the day before, in town, that he had chanced to hear him spoken of, for the first time in many months, in connection with a bold attempt to rob an express company. And there was even now a warrant out for his arrest.

How came Vernon to know such a fellow?

Just then the man suddenly bent forward and kissed her upon the lips.

Many a time had Waring longed to do the same, and never had dared take such a liberty! Were those lips he had thought so pure and sacred such common property, then?

Mad with jealousy, anger, indignation, he broke through the intervening bushes, but when he reached Vernon's side she was alone.

There was no glad light, such as she was wont to welcome him with, in her eyes as she turned and saw him. There was nothing save pain and confusion and trouble.

"So," he said, bitterly, for his own intense suffering made him unkind, "you were not expecting me back so soon! And during my absence you have chosen a worthy substitute!"

"Mark!"

"Perhaps you do not know what that man really is," he went on, roughly. "He began life with a good-enough start, some years ago; but, drunkard, trifle, swindler, he fell lower and lower, until now there is a warrant out for his arrest!"

Vernon had grown very white, but there shone a light through her suffering eyes which he had never seen in them before.

"Even though that is true, I still remember that he was good once. And even now he is not all bad!"

"Vernon!" he cried out, madly, then, "he is not fit for you to speak of, let alone to speak with; and to let him kiss you—as I saw him do—why, his very touch is pollution! I love you, Vernon—you know it! I want you to be my wife. I am working for you, thinking of you every moment of my life; but now you must choose between us—between that man and me!"

Her face became whiter still.

"I have chosen," she said, at last, in a low, strange voice. "I ought to have known—it was folly, it was madness; but oh, it was so sweet! I can never give him up!"

"Vernon, Vernon, what are you saying? Think well what you are doing—what you are forcing me to think! Say anything rather than that!"

"It is my last word," she said, very quietly. "Farewell!"

He stood staring at her in silence for a moment; then, catching her to his breast, he kissed her passionately again and again. At last he flung himself away and turned and left her, without one backward glance.

Back to his room he went, and thrust his few belongings into his trunk with nervous, rapid hands. He must get away from all this, and at once!

On the table by the window lay his writing materials, and the scattered MS. sheets of his novel. Here he paused. It was completed except for the final chapter, and over this Vernon and he had had many a long discussion. She had wanted a happy *dénouement* to this, his "first great work"; while he had claimed that a tragic ending would be more artistic, and more in keeping with the motive of the story. So it had stood during the past few happy weeks, but now there could be no further question!

Vernon had been his inspiration throughout all his work—she was his inspiration still. He seized the pen and began to write. He had never been gifted with such power before. He wrote on and on. It was long past midnight when he threw down the pen at last, and his book was ended.

He had eaten nothing since noon. He was utterly worn out and exhausted, but though he threw himself upon his bed he could not sleep. He would get away by the earliest train, so he was up and ready when he heard the first faint sounds of life through the silent house. But he had not spoken the night before of his departure, and there was no early breakfast ready.

He said it was of no consequence, that he really could not eat. He took a glass of water, paid his bill, and found a farm hand to wheel his trunk to the station.

The train came thundering down the iron rails

in a way which made him shudder. He smiled to think how his nerves had given way. On board was a man he knew; but though he sat down beside him he could not talk.

The train rushed on till it rounded a sudden curve where the steep rocky walls made an abrupt change in the river's course. There was a short, sharp shriek from the engine then, an ugly thrill, a sudden stop, and the passengers rose to their feet.

"An accident—some one run over," they said.

Waring and his companion left the car with the others, and walked forward to where the crowd had already gathered.

"A woman!" some one said.

The crowd fell back a little, but Waring still went on. Suddenly he saw a woman's form, fearfully mangled, lying prone before him. She had been struck in the back and thrown forward upon her face; but the familiar gown, the jaunty hat with its bunch of cornflowers were—Vernon's!

The ground turned unsteady beneath his feet, the bright sunlight changed into darkest night, and Waring fell back insensible.

It was six weeks later when he came to himself in his cheerless city room. He had had brain fever, they told him, and when his recollection fully returned he wondered bitterly why they had not let him die. But youth is strong, and health and strength at last returned to him.

His book was published, and was the success of the year. Many among his host of admirers thought he had never since written anything as fine. It proved the turning point of his career, and success followed success. Talent, industry and a strong will are bound to find their way to fortune.

But the glowing enthusiasm of his youth was gone. The fire was out, and Waring sometimes curiously pondered over his own apparent apathy, and wondered if anything could ever fan the ashes of his life again to a glowing flame.

All this had happened ten years ago, and though often those days by the riverside came back to him in dreams, he never could bring himself to return there.

He was not an unhappy man; he had many friends and friendly flatterers, while more than one ambitious mother stood ready to give him her lovely young daughter's hand for the asking. In deed, Mrs. Mayo had become convinced—

But what was he thinking of? The face he had thought gone from the earth forever was there, but a little way from him. He had been deceived; but how? And what must not she have thought?

The curtain is descending now, amid peals of

laughter and applause, and Marion turns her smiling face to Waring.

"It is very amusing, isn't it?" she says. "I am almost ashamed to have laughed so much!"

"Laugh while you can, my child." He is hardly conscious of his words. "The time may come when a smile will seem harder to you than tears."

She looks at him, surprised, but his face is turned from her toward the middle of the house.

A gray-haired man in the parquet is rising. Waring rises also. There is something unusual in his face and manner.

"Will you pardon me?" he says. "There is some one I must speak to—some one I have not seen for years."

He does not wait for her reply, but rapidly, though without apparent haste, withdraws from the box; and in a moment Marion sees him bending above a woman dressed in black. Then he takes the vacant seat at her side, and bends to speak to her again.

Two pairs of opera glasses from the box are leveled upon them. But Marion needs no glass to show her that the face of the woman is beautiful.

"Who is she?" Mrs. Mayo asks her companion.

"An old friend, mamma," says Marion, in her clear young voice.

"A widow, perhaps. Such old friends may be dangerous—when they are so beautiful," the colonel replies, in an undertone.

Mrs. Mayo's quick glance goes from her own lovely daughter to the woman by Waring's side.

"She is not what I call beautiful," she responds, coldly. "She is too colorless. Besides she is old; she must be nearly of his own age."

"Vernon!" says Waring, as he bends toward her.

In the blare of the music they seem as far from the crowd about them, and as much alone, as if they had been in the shadow of the birches by the river.

"I am utterly bewildered—I do not know what to think. For ten years I have believed you—dead! I was on that train and I saw—with my own eyes I thought I saw—Vernon, who was it, then?"

She slightly moves and turns her face away.

"It was my brother," she says, slowly, after an almost imperceptible pause. "He was in trouble. He was the man you had seen with me; he was trying to get away—in disguise."

"Oh, my God! Vernon, if I had only known!"

She looks up then and meets his gaze.

"It was far better as it was," she says.

"For you, perhaps, but not for me!"

"I am speaking of you. I have followed your

career. You have risen to heights which but for that—that youthful disappointment—you might never have attained."

"Do you think so?" Waring says, bitterly.

"I am convinced of it. You know how a river gathers force from every obstacle. From every rock that would obstruct its channel it flows on with a renewed energy. But I have been glad to feel—since you have attained such heights—that you were once my friend."

"You are dressed—in mourning?" Waring breaks the silence abruptly.

"Yes. My mother died last year."

Again a brief silence, then Vernon speaks.

"Rumor has told me that you are about to be married. If it is to the young girl in the box yonder I congratulate you. She is certainly very lovely."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Rumor has taken many liberties with my name since I have attained a certain prominence among a certain set. Perhaps you yourself are married? You see, I do not know; in your case rumor has not been so kind! And in ten years' time——"

She shakes her head.

"Oh, no! I shall never marry," she says, with a quiet smile.

"Vernon!"

She turns toward him again, but does not look up.

"Vernon!" he repeats, and she raises her eyes, only to marvel at the changed expression of his face.

"You are mistaken," he says, rapidly. "You will marry—I can prophesy it—and soon. And, Vernon, you will marry me!"

"Mark!"

"Oh, I mean it—unless my cruel words to you that day, and my heartless desertion of you, and apparent forgetfulness for all these years, have made you hate me? Ah, they have not! Then, do you really believe, now that I know you are living, and free, that I could even think of any other woman? Vernon, you do not know me yet! Living or dead, you are the only woman I have ever loved; and now that I have found you again—and it seems a miracle!—do you think I will give you up? Why, you see I cannot even wait for a fitting time and place to tell you this! You may even be glad that I have sufficient self-restraint not to take you in my arms and kiss you here before all these people!"

Vernon's smile, and the beautiful color which comes sweeping up at his words, fairly transfigure her face.

"Now you are like my beautiful, glad Vernon

of the old, happy days!" he says; "and I kiss you and embrace you with my eyes!"

"But that young girl in the box there, Mark—what of her? If you have given your word——"

"But I have not! And she will never care! She is a pretty doll, obedient to her mother's will; and if the mother thinks that I can give her daughter a good position and a fine establishment the child is willing to accept it—should it be offered to her. That is all. Vernon, you need have no compunction there!"

The curtain is about to rise again, and the men who had gone out are coming back to take their places. The gray-haired man stands waiting at Waring's side.

"My uncle, with whom I live," Vernon says, as Waring rises; and the two men clasp each other's hands.

"Good-by, then, until to-morrow," says Waring, turning to her again. "But what is the earliest hour that I may come to you?"

He goes back to the box, and seats himself at Marion's side. But his eyes remain fixed upon that transfigured face over there in the parquet, and Marion's eyes rest on him.

She has never seen him like this before. Though she has known him for many months, and has met him on many different occasions, he has always been the same quiet, courtly but indifferent man, with the same immovable, colorless face, whose strong features, in their intense repose, looked as if carved from marble.

Now a slight glow of color tinges his face, there is a light as of fire in his fine dark eyes, while the curve of a rare smile lingering upon his lips changes him almost beyond recognition. It is not hard for Marion, with all her inexperience, to guess what has wrought this sudden transformation. There can be but one solution to such a marvelous change.

The curtain falls again to the sound of laughter and applause, and Waring turns to the young girl beside him with a smile.

"How is it that you have not been moved to laughter as you were during the first act of the comedy?" he inquires.

"You were right," she answers, gravely. "One should laugh when one can. It does not seem so amusing to me now."

He does not leave her side, and his words are all for her, but his eyes are only for that other face out yonder, which feels his ardent glances and dares not trust itself to look that way.

Again the curtain rises, for the final act of the comedy. But now the attention of no one in that box is fixed upon the stage.

Mrs. Mayo's keen powers of observation have already taught her that the proposal she has been looking for from Marcus Waring for her daughter's hand will never now be made, and she is hastily readjusting herself to a new order of events.

The colonel's observations have also led him to the same conclusion; and he is silently chuckling over the chances of war, and the way in which the matrimonial manoeuvres of his clever old friend have met with an unexpected defeat.

Waring himself is lost in a dream of the future, in which he sees only Vernon and himself.

And Marion? If she feels that she has been playing a part in the great "*Comédie Humaine*," and that the curtain has suddenly fallen upon her unexpected failure, who can blame her?

The play is over now. The audience rises, and Waring meets Vernon's eyes across that sea of faces for one brief glad moment.

He and the colonel accompany the ladies to their home. As the house door opens to receive them Waring turns to his hostess and says, with unusual warmth:

"I have to thank you for one of the happiest evenings of my life!" Then, as he takes Marion's cold, gloved hand in his, he simply says: "Good night."

"Good night!" she echoes, with a faint, sweet smile. But in her heart she says, "Farewell!"





THE OLDEST RESIDENCE IN MONTGOMERY (1813).

MONTGOMERY: THE FIRST CAPITAL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

By WILLIAM H. BALLOU.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., which enjoyed the distinction of being the first capital of the Confederacy, has been caught in the whirlwind of progress which is rapidly blotting out whatever was formerly distinctive of Southern cities. In Southern centres of population, at least, immense building, bustle and enlarging business have replaced chivalric leisure, the duello and the glory of the great estate. No city was more thoroughly Southern in all its aspects than Montgomery. It was far removed from all Northern influences; far removed from the foreign influences which so long dominated along the Gulf coast; in fact, Montgomery was the perfectly natural geographical, if not ethnographical, centre of the Confederate idea.

Immediately after the war Montgomery was a wreck, with a population, possibly, of 6,000 inhabitants. Its growth has been slow, compared to some other Southern cities, but still there are fully 45,000 people now within its limits. In this growth Montgomery has received but little outside capital; it seems to have escaped the

notice of the great financiers of the East and Europe. The resources by which Montgomery has arisen unaided are largely the cotton and the agriculture of the surrounding country. In addition, and that which augurs well for the city, the new mineral belt to the north is destined to add to its resources and growth. The Alabama River gives it good navigable connection with the Gulf, and the Louisville and Nashville Railway connects it with the Northern and Southern cities. The city is supplied with 5,000,000 gallons of artesian well water daily, with the Brush and incandescent electric light; it has complete systems of street railways, and whatever else tends to make a city modern and comfortable.

Montgomery is located in an amphitheatre, with its business section in the bottom of the basin and its residences clinging to the sides of the slopes. In consequence, it is ever well drained, and its annual death rate is only 13 per cent. of 1,000 population. Its streets, where once were structures of the old-fashioned type, now teem with new and large business houses

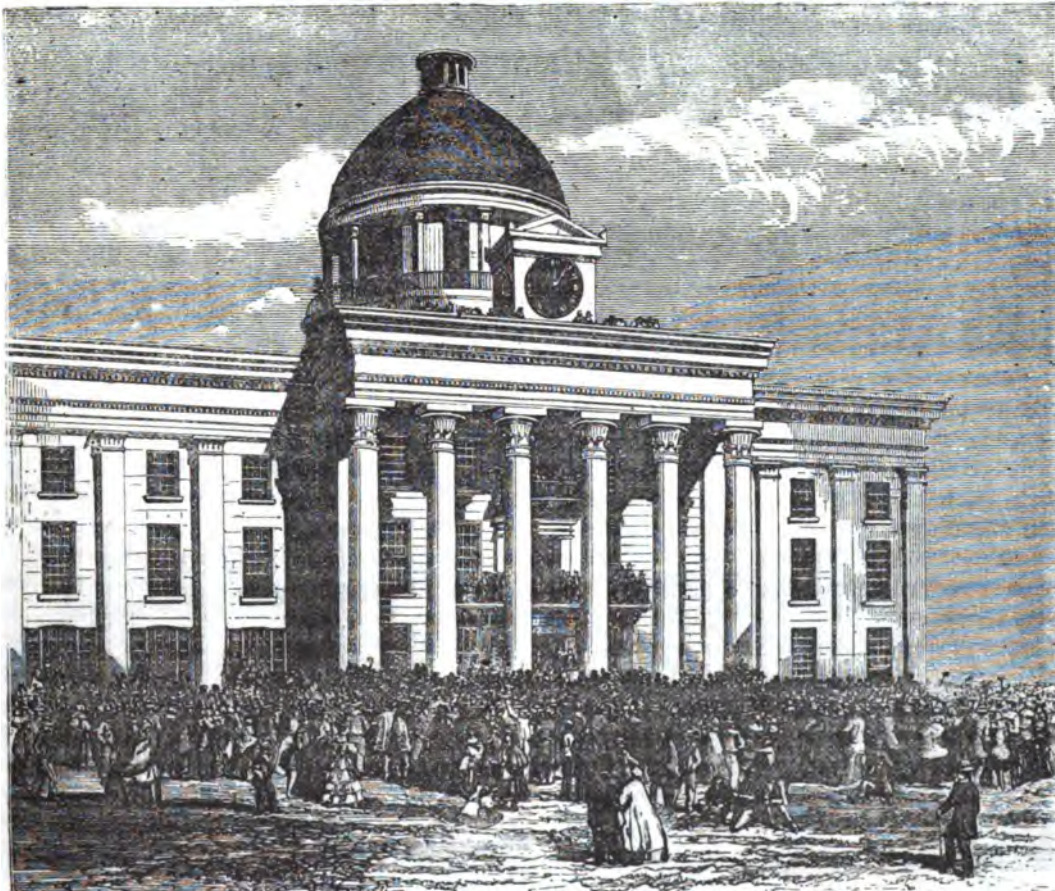
and palatial residences. Montgomery still retains its reputation for beautiful, stately and cultured women, unsurpassed in grace and sweetness.

A study of the history of Montgomery will serve to show the evolution by which it became naturally the first capital of the Confederacy. The historian, Mr. M. P. Blue, says: "The site of Montgomery was unquestionably known to the race of mound builders in remote times. These aboriginal people, whose existence and localities were attested by mounds, must have wandered through the original forests covering Montgomery in quest of game and in the chase of wild beasts. They regaled themselves, too, with fish and mussels taken from the Alabama River where it laves the winding border of the city. Frequently they fastened their light canoes on the Montgomery side of the river, and sought shelter and repose amidst the dense foliage from the sun's rays during the sultry summer."

I have a photograph in my possession of the first house on the present site of Montgomery. Presumably it belonged to Mr. John G. Klineck,

since he felled the first tree to make way for a house, exclaiming, "This is the first tree; future ages will tell the tale." The city was established by a Yankee, Andrew Dexter, of Massachusetts. He journeyed South in 1812, and at Milledgeville, Ga., purchased at public auction a large part of the present site of the city. In connection with Mr. John Falconer he laid out the city. It was he who at that early time foresaw the future of the place, believed that it would become the capital of the State and donated five acres for the future Capitol building. His expectations were realized thirty years later, twenty years after his death. The Capitol site was located on the highest elevation of the county, and there to-day, as a monument to the pluck and foresight of the pioneer Yankee, stands the magnificent pile which has served as the centre not only of the law manufactory of the great State of Alabama, but also as the place of the inauguration, and perhaps inception, of a lost cause, as personified in Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens.

Montgomery was first called "New Philadel-



INAUGURATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, AT THE STATE CAPITOL, MONTGOMERY ALABAMA; 1861.

phia." The Indians named it "Chunнанugga Chatty," or "High Red Bluff." In December, 1819, New Philadelphia and East Alabama Town, near at hand, were incorporated by act of the Legislature under the name of Montgomery, in honor of General Richard Montgomery, the hero of the attack on Quebec. I have often observed that most of our great cities and many lesser ones were located on the council grounds of the North American Indians. Montgomery was no exception. It has further been my observation that the Indians often followed the footsteps of the mound builders in their selections of community sites. It should stand to reason, inasmuch as the Indians have no traditions concerning the mound builders, that they did not destroy the mound builders when they took possession of North America, as is popularly supposed, but that the mound builders died out long before that conquest, from some unknown cause, or perhaps retired to Mexico of their own will, and there concentrated in one great Aztec nation, covering all Central America as well. It was near Montgomery that the meeting between Hernando de Soto and his Spanish cavaliers and the Choctaw chief Tus-



JEFFERSON DAVIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT MONTGOMERY.

caloosa occurred. It was here that the French fleet under Bienville in 1714 paused on its way north to establish Fort Toulouse; also the English in 1763 to occupy that fort. Among other items of early historical interest was the first issue of the *Montgomery Republican* in 1821, the establishment of the Mansion House in that year where the present Exchange Hotel stands; the arrival of the first steamboat, the *Harriet*, also during that year. On April 3d, 1825, Lafayette arrived, and was received with distinguished honors. One year later the city honored the arrival of the Grand Duke Saxe - Weimar - Eisenach.

About this time the citizens felt the need of some defense against the possible encroachments of the Indians, and the Montgomery Light Infantry was organized, which, during 1836, became the body guard of Governor Clement C. Clay when the Creek Indian hostilities were rife. The first railway was chartered in 1834 as the Western Railway of Alabama. This, with other roads projected later, some years ago was merged into the Louisville and Nashville system. There are now six railways centring at this point. The State Capitol was removed here in 1846.



BUILDING IN WHICH THE FIRST CONFEDERATE CONGRESS WAS HELD.



OLD HOTEL, WHERE GENERAL LAFAYETTE WAS ENTERTAINED.



COURT SQUARE, MONTGOMERY, SHOWING CAPITOL IN THE DISTANCE.



THE ALABAMA RIVER, NEAR MONTGOMERY.

The oath of Office as first President
of the Provisional Government of the
Confederate States of America was
administered to

Jefferson Davis
upon this Bible, by Howell
Cobb President of the Provisional
Congress, at the front porch of the
Capitol in Montgomery on the 7th
the seventh day of January A.D.
1861.

Executive Office
Alabama

1853.

Montgomery, Ala. November 21st 1860

I certify that the note or memorandum on the opposite page
is in the handwriting of my father, the late Judge John D. Thelen,
who was at the time of the inauguration of Mr. Jefferson Davis,
Chief of the Supreme Court of Alabama, and I have often heard
him say that he witnessed the inaugural ceremonies.

This certificate is made by request in order to perfect
as far as may be the authenticity and reliability of the same
written memorandum

In testimony whereof I have set
my hand and also affix the great
Seal of State the seventh day of
November 1860.
John D. Thelen
Secretary of State



INSCRIPTION IN THE BIBLE UPON WHICH JEFFERSON DAVIS TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE
AS PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

It was on the 7th of January, 1861, that the State Convention convened here to express its dissatisfaction with the election of Abraham Lincoln. The call was made by Governor Andrew B. Moore. The Montgomery delegates, William L. Yancey and Thomas Watts, Sr., were in the ascendency. William M. Brooks was elected President of the Convention, which, on January 11th, adopted the Ordinance of Secession. Business was suspended, and the citizens gave vent to their acclaim by ringing of bells, firing of cannons and listening to harangues. Measures were adopted to enforce the position assumed by the State. Governor Moore sent troops to seize the arsenal at Mount Vernon, and Fort Morgan, of his own State, and co-operated with Florida in the seizure of the defenses at Pensacola, the navy yard, Forts Barrancas and McRee, excepting, of course, Fort Pickens, which Lieutenant Adam J. Slemmer, acting on his own behalf in the interests of the Federal Government, took possession of and held until the arrival of re-enforcements.

On the 4th of February delegates from the seceding States assembled at Montgomery and established the first capital of the Confederacy. The new Constitution was constructed and adopted. On the 18th of the month Jefferson

Davis was inaugurated President, and Alexander H. Stephens Vice President. The ceremony took place on the steps of the Capitol, in the presence of an immense throng. Mr. Davis selected as his residence a house which still stands on the southwest corner of Washington and Bibb Streets, and which is to-day known, as it was then, as the "White House." The Central Bank of Montgomery showed its devotion to the cause by loaning it a half-million of dollars in notes.

Montgomery at once became the scene of activity of the Confederacy. Here was the receiving and distributing point of supplies. Fortunately for the city the capital was removed to Richmond, else here the war would have raged most fiercely. As it was, Montgomery continued to be the hot-bed of secession. Historiographer Blue asserts: "No city in the entire Confederacy was more prompt, none more liberal in contribution of brave, gallant, devoted men, and none more untiring in its efforts to uphold the honor and secure the independence of the South. When the first tocsin of war was sounded her noble sons sprang to arms, and up to the last call for brave hearts for the field the small remnant at home rushed to fill up the depleted ranks. Lifeless and maimed forms of her noble soldiers were al-

ways found after each severe conflict in which they participated. Many slept that last sleep upon the bloody field where they fought their last battle. These, in a nobler cause, could send back the immortal language of the Spartan band at Thermopylæ, "Stranger, go to Lacedæmon and tell that we died in obedience to her laws." On the mountain tops, on the hillsides, in the valleys, on rivers, and in Confederate cemeteries of the South, and even in Northern soil, their dust will repose until the trump of resurrection is sounded. Not a few of their surviving comrades, in their mutilated limbs, still bear about their persons enduring memorials of the colossal war of the nineteenth century. Certain, indeed, when the South makes up her jewels, Montgomery will shine in that resplendent crown of glory."

The State Capitol is a beautiful and symmetrical structure, commanding a view of the gorgeously picturesque Alabama River for twenty miles, and the environing landscape for a radius of thirty miles in all directions. To the south are fertile prairie lands, composed of rotten limestone and underlaid with the cretaceous rocks. The prairie belt is some thirty miles broad. For fifty miles northward are the Gravelly Hills, formerly covered with a vast acreage of the long-leaved yellow pine, which is fast disappearing before the storm of industry and steel. Still further north are the newly developed areas of coal and iron. Within a radius of forty miles are one hundred and twelve species of indigenous woods. It was on the historic steps of this Capitol, so beautifully environed, that Howell Cobb administered the oath of office to Jefferson Davis. The Bible used on this occasion is kept in the Treasurer's Office. In the Supreme Court is kept the original Ordinance of Secession. The building in which the first Confederate Congress assembled is now used as a grocery store. A building now used as a saloon was at one time a hotel, and was the place in which a reception and ball were given to Lafayette. A house stands at the corner of Bibb and Leo Streets which was the Confederate White House, and excepting the Capitol, was more intimately associated with the Lost Cause

than any other structure in the city. It has since been used as a boarding house. In the beautiful City Cemetery stands a noble shaft in honor of W. L. Yancey. The ladies of the capital, with Mrs. Judge David Clopton as president, have succeeded in securing on the Capitol grounds a lofty and beautiful Confederate soldiers' monument, at a cost of \$50,000. At the foot of Dexter Avenue, in the centre of Court Square, stands an imposing fountain, 25 feet high, with 25 jets. On the apex is a swan, supporting a female figure, in the arms of which is a child. There are four life-sized female figures and four storks. The most beautiful building in the city is the Federal structure, which cost \$130,000. It is constructed in Gothic style, with Queen Anne feeling, and has elegant appointments, the wainscoting being done in native oak. There are other massive business and miscellaneous blocks, including that of the Montgomery Theatre, the Moses Building, the Noble, Boykin and Clopton Block. The State Fair grounds are located near the city; also the great cotton mills and gin on the Tallassee Falls, with 20,000 spindles and 330 looms, consuming 7,500 to 8,000 bales of cotton annually. The Police Headquarters are guarded by a cannon left by Bienville at old Fort Toulouse. Montgomery has miles of beautiful drives, and is to-day one of the healthiest, cleanest and most attractive winter resorts of the South.

As a natural consequence of Montgomery's rapid growth and sudden prosperity, its past history and its antiquities have been laid aside by



THE FEDERAL BUILDING

her enterprising business men, who only expose to the world the city's inviting present, future and glowing prospects. It has been my observation that within two years there has arisen a new South which prefers to have the past overwhelmed with progress. The past, if referred to at all, is spoken of very much as Chicagoans allude to their great fire, as the one thing needed to awake the citizens to their vast potential and unutilized prosperity. Old slaveholders were too rich and luxurious to utilize the immense ore, coal and other natural resources. The liberation of the slave was really the freedom of the master. The latter awoke in a condition of poverty to find vast deposits of wealth beneath his feet which should in time place his children among the commercial masters of the continent. He saw the West battling with blizzards, cyclones, devastating forest and prairie fires and unfriendly droughts. He saw the horde of immigrants who had occupied the boundless West discouraged and looking with crazed eyes for some land of promise where their hoped-for fortunes could be made or their destroyed fortunes retrieved. He arose, uncovered the mineral beds where iron ores, coal and lime dwell together in unity, and exposed the vast areas of rich soils, potential in three crops per season. The result is not less amazing to those who live in the midst of the South's remarkable progress than to those from other sections who visit the South annually.

Before the war Montgomery was the home of many wealthy cotton planters and numerous brilliant statesmen and State officers called to the capital. As a result a large and refined society developed which even the war could not obliterate.

There still lingers the ancestral air of wealth, prestige, education and culture, which new and growing wealth enhances in its certainties of luxurious homes. The hospitality of the society people of Montgomery is lavish and conducted on a scale original to itself; in fact, each Southern city has its own peculiar forms of hospitality. The legal and medical professions form a bulwark of local society by reason of the distinction which their members have conferred on

the city. The State Supreme Court has long enjoyed such eminent talent as the late Justice David Clopton, and its decisions place it among the first of judicial tribunals. There are a half-dozen social clubs having sumptuous apartments, and at Jackson's Lake, four miles distant, the Shooting Club has commodious buildings for the enjoyment of its members and friends who love sport.

Among the distinguished citizens who probably did more financially for the city and State than any other ten men was the late great banker, Mr. Josiah Morris, the richest man south of the Ohio River. The banking firm of Josiah Morris & Co. has been behind all business enterprises of the city and many in the State since the



CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT MONTGOMERY.

war. But for him the city of Birmingham might not have become the centre of vast mineral development for another decade, nor been conspicuous for some of the most magnificent structures on the continent. The Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, by becoming Secretary of the Navy, adds new laurels to the capital city; and Miss Herbert, by her rare social tact, further distinguishes the fame of Montgomery as a social centre of the new South.



IN THE KITCHEN.

A LOST EDEN.

By G. A. DAVIS.

"It was many and many a year ago
In a kingdom by the sea"—

Or not a kingdom at all, but a little, primitive, unpicturesque Long Island village, where the summers were longer and warmer, and the air sweeter and the days clearer, and the nights more wonderful, than ever summers and days and nights are now; for it was thirty years ago, and I was a little child to whom the earth was still a new thing.

Never mind the name of the village; it was as the Garden of Eden to me; and Eden let me call it. Sportsmen know its Indian syllables well, for

there was deer hunting in the pine flats all about it, and all the streams swarmed with trout. It is barely an hour's trip from Hunter's Point now, but we got there, in those halcyon days, by a long afternoon's journey, starting somewhere in the neighborhood of the Atlantic Ferry in Brooklyn, and reaching a little naked shed of a station, set in the midst of a lonely land of sand and scrub pines, at the golden time of sunset. There the stage met us. It was a long, lumbering, springless omnibus, with high, slippery seats, so narrow that even the legs of infancy hung down from them, instead of sticking straight out in



AUNT NABBY.

wonted fashion. In it we performed the remainder of the journey through those interminable barrens of scrub pine, and turned into the main—the one—street of Eden just as the night darkened and the first stars came out. Everybody used to say that they dreaded that long ride from N—, but I loved it. I liked even the rickety stage, driven by fat Uncle Billy, overflowing the front seat with adiposity; I loved the great wide circle of the horizon, unbroken by any undulation, or even by one tree higher than the rest: the warm pungent smells of pine and winter, green, the grinding of the wheels in the narrow track of white sand, that poured like water from their tires, and the whipping and rustling of the branches against the hubs. It was so still that one seemed to hear the earth breathing through all her leaves and stirring grasses, and to catch far off, like the sigh in a shell, the deeper breathing and moaning of the sea; and the silence, and the wide, lonely level, and the coming on of night, were all full of a mystery that took me captive in its fascination.

It would be quite dark when we got into Eden, with sparse lights in the homely houses, and long spaces of blackness where clover fields and pastures lay between. I remember the straightening up and wriggling out from among the knees of my elders, with thrills of hot expectancy and joy pricking all over me as the wheels came to a jolting stop, and from under the heavy masses of trees by the gate we saw the lights of the homely sitting room shine out. The door was always wide open, and in it stood the comfortable figure of the dear hostess, with the yellow glow behind her shining on her fat shoulders and sober-col-

ored gown and broad white collar, and the black apron that arched out nobly from her massive waist. She was "Aunt Patty" or "Aunt Grover" to every mother's son or daughter who ever crossed her threshold; an incarnation of maternity and housewifery.

The first thing that I realized joyfully in Eden, even more acutely than Aunt Patty's embrace, in which each one in turn was folded, was a familiar and penetrating smell, inherent in the old farmhouse; a smell not distinctly of dampness, nor of saltiness, nor of whitewash, nor of old linen kept in trunks with vanilla beans—and yet suggesting all these. I have smelt it since in old houses in England and once in Holland, and straightway, like the flash of a search light, the interior at Captain Grover's opened out before me. It was not a new smell; it was essentially of age and stability, and the house seemed to me then almost prehistorically old. It was just a square white farmhouse with a little strip of grassy dooryard, darkened with heavy trees, and a well at the side, and a grapevine trellis, and a great open, sunny, uncidy farmyard, backed by a big red barn, and granaries with lofts that were full of all sorts of flotsam and jetsam of past years. There were pigpens, where the pigs—who had large black eyes and looked quite wild and foreign—wallowed in deep beds of wet seaweed, full of sand and empty shells of horseshoe crabs; and there was a weather-painted and mossy-roofed milk house, under an oak tree, where you went down three steep steps into a cool, dank, brick-floored room, lined with shelves, and on every shelf were rows upon rows of yellow bowls full of thick buttery cream.

Indoors there was a great freshness of whitewash and glossy white paint; little windows with many panes, high mantelshelves carved in fans and lozenges, spindly dark wood banisters, polished by contact with many hands; doors with iron thumb latches, and queer little cupboards high up in the walls, fastened with no latches at all, but a button. The bedrooms were so brilliant with whitewash and white curtains that they dazzled your eyes on awaking; there were patchwork quilts on the high-piled feather beds, and the sheets were of cold slippery linen, smelling of sweet fern and clover hay. Before each bed lay a deerskin, that felt smooth and velvety to little bare feet. The carpets were of rags—if I ever owned a house I should fill it with rag carpets—and there was a great abundance of braided rag mats and mats of husk, as well as a gala rug or two, showing forth Newfoundland dogs with birds in their mouths. The sitting room, in a little wing by itself, backed by the kitchen, had doors

and wainscoting painted blue, and rattling green Venetian blinds in the windows. It was dining room and living room, and out of it opened what in Eden we called the "milk room," where everything eatable and dainty was stored: all the pies, and the bread and cake, and the baskets of pears and peaches, and the bowls of berries, and platters full of moist white balls of pot cheese—nobody called it "cottage" cheese then. The floor sloped downhill, and the threshold was worn quite into a hollow with the track of Aunty Grover's feet; there was a single little window without glass, but guarded by slats, and the light came in greenly tempered through lilac and snow-ball bushes.

There was just one street in the village in those days, and two or three crooked lanes leading down to the bay where the sloops and oystering craft danced at anchor in the glitter of small waves. There were no Queen Anne houses, evolved by nightmare-ridden rural architects; the homes of the fishermen and sailor-farmers were like Captain Grover's, square and white, with blue or green blinds, and a little wing with a living room and a "kitchen chamber" above it, hot, airless and sloping low in the ceiling, and full of wasps' nests in dark, hot corners. Long rows of buttonwood and oak trees shaded the street, and here and there a gnarled old wild cherry, dropping its black shiny fruit thick in the clear sand of foot-paths, conveniently for a child's browsing. Beyond the line of the street, on the outskirts of the scrub-oak barrens, pine woods gave out their strong incense in the hot sunshine, and there were deep fresh-water ponds with pebbled beaches shadowed by the pines, where the children waded with tucked-up dresses, taking an awful joy in skirting about certain black wavering patches in the yellow sandy bottom—deep and ghastly holes ready to drown the unwary wader. Walking east along the main street, we came to Mill Creek, where the water lilies grew; walking west, past another pond, the natural terminus was the graveyard, where village Hampdens and mute Miltons slept among sand and blackberry vines. Sand was everywhere; the corn grew tall and mighty out of its shifting white hillocks, fertilized with rotting seaweed and mossbunkers, which smelt to heaven; the roads were deep with it, and mud and dust were evils left behind when one entered into the garden.

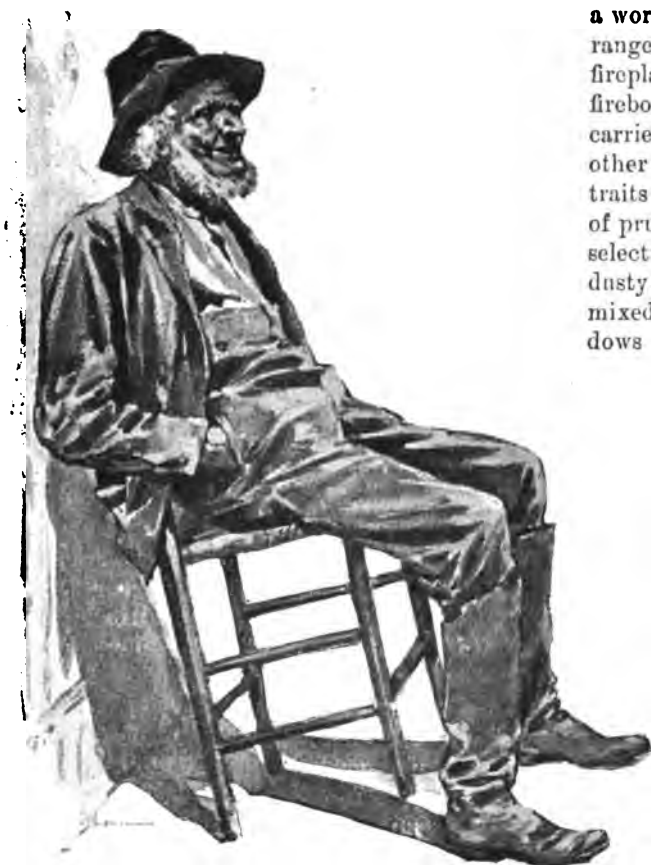
Unlike the first Eden, it was full of old people. Captain Grover—we never called him "uncle"—had hair whiter than and as bright as silver, and glittering blue eyes set in a good ruddy face; there were many more lean, weather-beaten old men, with faces and necks like brown rhinoceros

skin, who wore earrings and kept their hats on everywhere but in church, and, I suppose, in bed; old women with gold beads round their wrinkled necks, and wide tatted collars and black net caps with large flat ear tabs and purple bows.

They were all "aunts"—it was a brevet title, bestowed on every female at her grand climacteric. There was Aunt Nabby, who lived "east"—which was just beyond the Grover homestead—a wise woman, who brewed medicines and strange drinks out of herbs, and was supposed to be indispensable at sick beds and funerals. The moribund were filled full of her resurrection pills and potent "hot drops," and the dead were put away with strewings and garlands of her flowers—not the white carnations and orchids and snow-white roses of to-day's funerals, but homely fringe pinks, phlox and many-colored verbenas, mignonette and petunias and sweet alyssum, squeezed up into stiff bouquets with lemon verbena and rose geranium. Her garden was crowded so full of flowers that you could hardly find the paths; the porch of the little house was darkened with honeysuckle and spicy old cinnamon roses, and dried flowers and dried grasses courted dust and spiders within. She was a little bent, cheerful old person with a shrewd, humorous face and a keen tongue, and I enjoyed in her a general flavor of weirdness and eccentricity that was very inspiring. I liked her better than Aunty Jarrett, who lived in the next white house, and who was a little trim, prim old lady with a tiny round, wrinkled face and pink cheeks, and a very thick black front parted in an ogee arch on her



AUNTY JARRETT.



AN OLD CAPTAIN.

forehead ; she was gentle, but she was not interesting. Aunt Polly Appleton lived away by the graveyard, in a tumble-down brown house in a grove of locust trees ; she was tall and thin, and had very large gold beads indeed, and her face was brown and shriveled into a million fine wrinkles, wonderful to a child's observation. She used to repeat little old-fashioned "pieces of poetry," and once I remember her singing an appropriate verse of some antique song as a form of farewell, and in a little thin, quavering, high voice. There was another Annt Polly who lived far east, and who was large and prosperous and looked quite fierce, with a square fat face and gold spectacles. I remember suffering from a surfeit of fruit cake with heavy white icing, eaten at her table on one occasion when we all went solemnly to take tea with her. Teas were one of my favorite forms of revelry in that happy land. We went at about four o'clock, and sat in the parlor, a sacred apartment never opened but on such occasions, until half-past five, when the great rite took place. All the parlors were much alike : there

was haircloth and mahogany furniture, slippery and awful ; a table of state, with a large oil lamp on a worsted mat, and piles of family daguerreotypes ranged neatly around this centrepiece. The open fireplace was shut in, of course, with its summer fireboard ; the high chimneypiece, painted white, carried far beyond the reach of any small arm and other assortment of ghostly and shimmering portraits in black cases which always made me think of prunes ; some branches of white coral, a choic selection of shells, and a china vase or two with dusty bunches of dried grasses and everlastings, mixed with satiny pods of "honesty." The windows were generally shut tight, and there were buzzing wasps and dead flies in corners of the tiny blurred and knotted panes, when the blue paper shades were pulled up. The rocking chair wore a white "tidy" worked in red cross-stitch ; before the sofa lay a mat on which a cavalier's plumed hat was depicted guarded by two spaniels of the King Charles breed. The room was always a little musty and a little stuffy as to its atmosphere, and there was a solemn air of company about it, that vanished hilariously when tea was served. Then we all trooped out into the sitting room, where from the open kitchen door floated in cheerful smells of hot bread and cakes newly baked, and we all sat around the square table, as at a banquet. I knew what generally to expect : solid homemade bread, light puffy hot

biscuit, parings of smoked beef, pungent green pickles that looked so cool and were so hot, and sliced cucumbers watery and green ; blackberries and huckleberries smothered in sugar, balls of pot cheese and cakes—round cup cakes—and brown doughnuts and black slabs of fruit cake. And I ate of them all. I ate, and listened with greedy ears, and an ostentatious air of absorption in food alone ; and thus I learned the annals of the village, past and present, and the minute, behind-the-scenes history of every family feud and neighborly vendetta, and formed private opinions and made secret but cutting criticisms of the Charys and Tempys and Clarissys who figured in them.

Teas were not our only festivities. We had beach parties, when one of the little fishing boats, sailed by a brown, wrinkled and salty mariner, carried a select dozen or more over the bay to the sand bar on which beat the eternal storm of the surf. It was not in the least like a party to Manhattan or Long Beach, or to one of the Hamp tons. There were no hotels, no bathhouses, no

crowd—there was no life at all on those sand dunes except the gray sandpipers and the little transparent gray fleas that hopped in the drifts of seaweed; there was absolutely nothing between white glare of sand and blue glare of sky and roar and flash of sea except the bare bones of some old wreck sticking up stark and white in the sunshine. We carried dinner with us—fried chickens, ham and apple pie, and cold biscuits and cheese; also bathing dresses—nightgowns for the children and ancient calico frocks for the adults; and we picnicked under umbrellas on the hot white sand, and undressed behind the sand hills among the beach-plum bushes and the long salt grass, when the men had all tramped over to the salt meadows on the edge of the bay. The beach was sown thick with great white clam shells, long ropes of bladderweed, and shiny black skate's eggs, which we called devil's purses; and the children packed the empty lunch baskets full of these to carry home. Everybody used the quahog shells for sugar and flour scoops, and they were also good for playhouse dishes on which to serve huckleberries and white button-toadstools masquerading as pot cheeses.

It was a point of honor with the children—there used to be three or four of us, Aunt Patty's little granddaughter and a neighbor or two—to get as fine and deep a scarlet as sunburn could possibly induce. When we staggered up to bed, heavy with sleep, with our clothes stiffened with salt water, sand in our hair and hills of sand in our shoes and a general grittiness from the knees down, it was a fine thing to have our faces plastered with buttermilk, and be told that we should peel to-morrow, and it was deeply exciting to compare the respective progress of our noses. Chary Grover (short for Charity) was usually ill after a day on the beach. She was a child of dyspeptic habit, and suffered much through a devout following of my example in the matter of fruits, ripe and unripe, and the pleasures of the table generally. Pears and harvest apples, with peaches from the big basket in the milk room, and incidental "peppermint lozengers" from the store, invariably culminated in her case with a severe dose of Aunt Nabby's hot drops, or for an aggravated attack "blue mass," administered by her grandmother with solemn and searching diatribes on the one side and floods of tears and loud and shameless howls on the other. Chary wore nankeen pantalets, at which I jeer-

ed, and had long braided pigtails behind, which I envied. She is a grandmother now—and it is only thirty years ago!

There were only three churches in Eden—the Congregational and Methodist, and a tiny, shabby little chapel, shut up most of the year, where a handful of "'Piscopalians" infrequently worshiped, when a clergyman could be borrowed. They were bald, staring white barns, with green blinds and long flights of steps, scorching and shadeless in the sun of hot Sunday mornings. The old men, seen for these solemn occasions only in black shiny coats and strange old satin vests, looked unlike themselves, with heads uncovered and their thin locks sleeked and plastered from the recent brush, and bald foreheads strangely white above the russet tan of their faces. They slept shamelessly and without disguise; the old ladies, in large, massive black bonnets—would to Heaven I could see a real old lady's bonnet, and upon an old lady's head, once more!—with lace mitts on their fat, creasy brown hands, waved palm-leaf fans, and keeping



PLAYMATES.

their moony spectacles fixed upon the minister, punctuated his remarks with groans. Aunt Grover groaned more loudly and faithfully than any; I did not know whether from deeper searchings of the spirit or a higher sense of etiquette. She wore a black silk gown, stiff and rustling, with a black net shawl pinned over the vastness of her "surplice front," and a deep coal scuttle of a bonnet; in the pocket even of this gala attire was the lacquered snuffbox and the red bandanna handkerchief which I firmly believed she would carry into heaven with her. In the evening herds of children flocked to the gallery of the Methodist church, where the agonies of prayer were most powerful and exciting; through the open windows, where the June bugs were blundering in by swarms, were wafted the spiritual songs of the Congregationalists, a quarter of a mile away. Sometimes there was a prayer meeting at Captain Grover's, and this was a treat indeed. They met in the sitting room, where Chary, tearful and rebellious, was planted upon a stool under her grandmother's wing, and I, with a select following, perched in the porch outside and enjoyed a service flavored with apples. Aunt Patty's groans on these occasions were louder and more long drawn out than usual, rising in fine crescendos and dying away in quavers that I never heard equaled. I don't remember that she ever led in prayer herself, but she reveled, if I may say it, in the exertions of the others. There was a certain Deacon Floyd, a lean and hale old mariner, the clauses of whose petitions became fragmentary shrieks, and who, in the ecstasies of devotion, was wont to wriggle himself, still kneeling, quite across the room. To see this weather-beaten saint—I speak it seriously—with his face streaming with perspiration and twisted into a thousand puckers of agony about his shut eyes and wide-opened mouth, with his knotty hands, brown and hard as mahogany, clinched before him or clapping in the air, and his cowhide boots straggling afar as he hitched himself in spasms across the rag carpet, was a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. We children looked forward to it as the treat of the evening. I regarded it as an awful and mysterious seizure or possession, and when I met the deacon in a secular way through the week, normal and benign in his sunburnt yellow coat and baggy trousers tucked into columnar boot legs, I steered away from him, as a man of mysterious gifts and much to be avoided.

Do people ever sand their floors in these days? A barrel of pure cool silver sand always stood in the kitchen porch at Captain Grover's, and every morning before breakfast the new-washed boards of that sacred apartment, the black, half-rotted

floor of the old porch, and the plank walk that led down to the milk house under the oak tree, were duly sprinkled. Aunt Grover, with a painful held in the curve of one fat side, went about flinging it with majestic arm sweeps into wavy patterns, damp and compact. I loved to see it, and I loved that kitchen, so homely and quaint and old. Paint nor plaster had ever touched it: the walls and the ceiling were all heavily beamed and studded, browned and mellowed with time and glossy with rubbings. The two windows were tiny—just four little panes, through which one saw the green world outside wavy and twisted like running water. The two great heavy-beamed doors, with their clicking latches, always stood wide open; through one we looked out under a grapevine trellis, over the barnyard toward the street; from the other, with a rickety old porch, black with weather and green with moss, one stepped over a space of long grass to the milk house. Tansy and yellow-flowered "old man" grew thick near this porch, and a big wax-berry bush full of white balls; there stood a great water butt streaked green with vivid moss, in whose deep well of rain water, black as ink, I used to peer at my own face, sharply mirrored with a background of blue sky, and watch the tiny larvæ of the mosquitoes wriggling and jerking by nyriads across the smooth, still surface. The churn stood in the porch too, and there Aunt Grover used to stand for hours, a statue of patience in her purple calico gown and dark-blue apron, her fat white arms bared to the elbow and as full of dimples as a baby's, working the dasher with a mighty, monotonous force; her head thrown back, the spectacles pushed up on her forehead, and her placid blue eyes gazing afar at the summer world and sky. I hovered round the churn, for there was a prospect of unlimited glasses of buttermilk later on, cool and sweet, and full of clots of yellow butter sticking to the glass. Or I watched her kneading the ropy white curd in a big yellow bowl, her fat fingers squeezing and patting it, mixing the salt and butter, working it with deft manipulations, until there rolled up compact white balls of pot cheese, nestled five together on a broad platter, and swiftly transferred to the cool dark shelf in the milk room.

There was always plenty of company in the kitchen; the "help," a neighbor or a neighbor's daughter; Chary, a recalcitrant and frowning prisoner at dish washing or potato peeling, chafing under a mild monotone of exhortation from her grandmother, beginning, "When I was a young woman—"; the hired man bringing in a mess of peas or a big overflowing basket of corn in the

silky husk, and stopping for a dipperful of cold well water at the little sink; or perhaps only the big brown lurching pointer dogs, or a six-toed Maltese cat or two out of the perennial brood; or a sudden incursion of hens, scuttering and scraping their claws in a wild flight across the floor, chased by Aunt Grover with a huge bunch of peacock's feathers and fierce cries of "Out wi' ye! get out!" I can hear the crisp scrape of Captain Grover's big boots on the sanded floor, and see him wiping his forehead with the red handkerchief under his old tilted black hat as he comes in to wash his hands for the noon dinner. I can see Aunt Patty treading her swift monotonous path from the kitchen to the milk room, through the sitting room and back again, fifty times a day; I can hear the swish of her peacock feathers driving the flies before them, and the click of her snuffbox lid when she sits down at last, in the cool of the day, in her old rocking chair by the east window and rests. She rests all day long now, and for all time; that old track from the kitchen to the milk room is trodden no longer, for there is no old kitchen, as there is no Aunt Grover; they pulled the rotting old walls down a dozen years ago, and before that was done she was laid down and covered away in the old graveyard—not the new cemetery, but the sandy bit of ground beyond the west pond, where her oldest neighbors lie all around her, silent and at home.

For Paradise is lost indeed, and when I look for it only the site remains. There is a village, but it aspires to be called a city now. There is no drive from the old station any more; the scrub-pine barrens are laid out in building lots, and the railroad runs a snorting, hissing train four times a day over the spot where the old white Methodist church used to stand. They have built new churches with pressed brick and gray stone, with clock towers and stained glass, and memorial windows to some of the old men who sat in the wooden church, and some of the children I used to play with. The old shady village street is lighted with electricity; the wide spaces of clover fields that lay between the old white houses

are crowded full of hideous Queen Anne cottages, with coleus beds on the lawn and tennis courts at the side. Aunt Nabby's house stands yet, but the garden has been rooted up, and the very shrubs razed to the ground; you could not find even a cinnamon rose there now, or a "yarb," and Aunt Nabby would turn in her grave if she could see it. All the aunts and uncles of the simple, homely little village have departed; there are no old men and women left—especially no old women. They who were middle-aged have stood still since then; they wear their gowns out in the fashion of sweet sixteen, and crown their capless hairs with round hats full of nodding roses—you could not find a cap or a string of gold beads from Hunter's Point to Montauk. New streets have been cut through the fat farm lands; there are no more piles of seaweed for the pigs, and no pigs any more to want them; and not a mossbunker is left between sun and sand. But there are rows of new brick stores, and big white staring hotels, crowded with summer people: the streets are so full of strangers that when I go back to them I am obliged to walk in the old graveyard to find familiar company.

The old house stands, but the barnyard is gone, and the big red barn and the granaries, with lofts full of musty treasure of deers' antlers and old powder horns and rust-eaten guns; the kitchen is gone, and a smart new room, with a gilt paper on the walls and ingrain carpet for the floor, is built in its place. The old clock ticks no longer on the sitting-room chimneypiece, and the blue-painted wainscoting is grained in oak, and Aunt Grover's old creaking rocking chair was long since taken away from the east window. When I am there sometimes in the summers now, the unlikeness in the midst of likeness—the mingling of old and new and dead and living—grieves my heart; I am homesick for the old house that was—for the awful passing away of all created things and places.

Verily it is good to remember that after all we shall have "a house not made with hands—*eternal* in the heavens."



"SHE APPEARED TO HIM EVEN PRETTIER THAN WHEN HE HAD MET HER IN THE COUNTRY."

A CASE OF IMPORTANCE.

BY FRANCES ISABEL CURRIE.

MR. FREDERIC GUNNING glanced at the clock on his office wall. Miss Antoinette Carroll had written that she would call at three o'clock, and it now lacked fifteen minutes to the appointed time. There was a looking glass hanging under the clock, and from his position at his desk he could see his own reflection. To-day he consulted the mirror frequently, and seemed well satisfied with what he saw. He stroked his brown mus-

tache affectionately, and his expression became animated and even gay.

"Egad, Freddy," he said to himself, "you are looking well to-day! You ought to make a great impression on the prima donna."

He was thirty years old, a lawyer, and unmarried, and in spite of a few unreliable traits of character he was a favorite with women. Women have learned by experience that they may not ex-

pect perfection in men. If Gunning was vain he was forgiven because he was no more so than many uglier men.

He had known Antoinette Carroll in a country village where he had passed a summer and where she had lived nearly all her life. Since then she had become a popular singer in light opera. Gunning had the usual interest felt by men for women who succeed, but he thought lightly of Miss Carroll's profession. He believed that none of the girls on the stage ever did succeed without the assistance of some male friend who secured for them engagements and fine feathers. Gunning had learned some of the vernacular of the greenroom, and called these gentlemen "angels," and he had a deep-rooted conviction that none of them led heavenly lives, or were disinterested in their favors. Miss Carroll had written that she wished to consult him in a matter of business, and he wondered if she had a breach-of-promise case on hand, or if he was to hear the details of an unsuspected and flimsy marriage contract.

When she arrived she appeared to him even prettier than when he had met her in the country, and her "style" was unmistakably better. He received her effusively and with more familiarity of manner than he would have indulged in had her profession been different. He even called her "Antoinette"—a liberty which their acquaintance scarcely justified; and while she did not verbally rebuke him she raised her eyebrows after a fashion that nettled him. He said to himself that this girl who had recently risen from the ranks of the chorus was putting on unnecessary airs.

She stated briefly that she wanted to sue her manager because he had failed to pay her salary and was soon to leave the country. Gunning assured her that he would look after her interests with the devotion and faithfulness of a lifelong friend; then he refused her proffered retainer, and the interview was over.

After that he fell into the habit of visiting her, and posed as her benefactor. He showered bouquets upon her, and began a suit in her behalf against her manager. She consulted Gunning about most of her affairs, and he greatly enjoyed the position he held of adviser to this captivating woman. He would have enjoyed it more if she had not occasionally evinced so much shrewdness that she appeared quite able to take care of herself; and he was rendered uncomfortable at times because he rarely saw her alone. She had many visitors, and among them was Rodman Gregory.

He was a native of the village in which she had been reared, and was a millionaire. He was fifty years old—a taciturn man, who was rather lonely in spite of his wealth, and who enjoyed Antoi-

nette's society and her singing, although he did not know one tune from another. It annoyed Fred to find him in the prima donna's parlor, and he would scarcely have borne the infliction with grace if the man had not been so inordinately rich.

"I don't like the old chap," he said to Antoinette. "He sits about here and looks at you, but he doesn't do a thing for you. Why doesn't he send you a present occasionally, or help you to rise in your profession? A millionaire can do a lot of things to help his friends without much sacrifice to himself."

"I am doing very well," she said. "I don't like to be under personal obligations. It even disturbs me to know that you are being troubled with my law business."

"You need not think of that," he answered. "I intend to show your manager that he can't impose on my little friend without coming in contact with me. I couldn't take any payment from you; but if you wished to do me a favor that is worth more to me than money you could probably do it."

"How could I benefit you?"

She was looking at him so shrewdly now that she embarrassed him. She appeared to be reading all his thoughts and purposes.

"I am doing well in my profession, too," he said, with an attempt at careless speech; "but my wants are numerous, and they are my children crying aloud for money. Gregory could stop their mouths and make me rich. He controls a huge corporation that is being constantly attacked by smaller ones. The litigations against it are almost countless, and are such heavy ones that a lawyer's fortune would be made if he could represent the great company. I would not ask for any greater advertisement than to be connected with one of these famous lawsuits."

"Well?"

"If you chose to ask Gregory to give me a big case he might do it. You are a diplomat, and heavy men are proud to be the friends of women who are on the stage. He could make me rich without stirring from his office chair."

She knew that he expected her to make the suggested effort in his behalf, and she went to the financier's office for that purpose. Gregory was seated in the centre of the room, where he appeared more at his ease than in the singer's little parlor. Antoinette knew considerable about the silent man's strong personality, and admired him greatly here where he controlled millions of dollars and held a giant corporation under his direction.

"Why are you so much interested in this young

man's success?" he asked, when she had stated her errand.

She colored slightly under his keen eyes, but answered readily:

"He has taken my case without compensation. He is clever, and I want him to have a chance of success."

"Is his kindness disinterested? Is he not fond of you?"

"He is not fond of me. He would not think of marrying a woman who is on the stage. He does not know it, but at heart he is an aristocrat, although he is an obliging one. I would be glad if I could rid myself of all obligation to him, even if by so doing I must transfer it to you."

Gregory was flattered.

"If he deserves it I will give him an important case," he said. "I will judge of his ability by the way he conducts yours. When that has been settled I will decide what I will do."

"Mine will not be a fair test," she said, "for he will do it for friendship, not for money."

"It will be the best possible test," he contradicted. "A man who would neglect his friend's interests could be trusted with nothing."

She had to be content with that. Afterward she told Gunning that the financier had given her no definite answer, but that she believed she had been successful.

Gunning went home that night with his head full of fancies. In spite of his selfishness he was greatly interested in Antoinette. He had repeatedly said that he would never be such an egregious ass as to marry a public singer, but he was beginning to waver in his determination. He told himself that if she managed to secure him a case that would be talked of all over the country she would deserve some reward. If she helped him to become famous, and he was rich enough, he would want to marry her.

"I know that she likes me," he reflected. "She wouldn't have gone to the old man for the case if she hadn't been rather fond of me. Well, some day her interests and mine may be the same, and then she will doubtless be glad she helped me to succeed."

Later he grew restless because he heard no more of the prospective case, and urged her to jog the millionaire's memory on the subject; but she declined to do so.

"It will do no good to worry him," she said. "When he is ready he will send for you."

She observed that Fred talked very little about her own lawsuit now, and that his interest in it appeared to have waned. Still she did not tell him how important it had become to him that he should win it. Sometimes she was tempted to do

so, for she had a new use for the money involved in her suit, which she did not care to mention.

She was accustomed to large audiences and to the publicity to which her profession subjected her, yet she dreaded the courtroom. Had her case not been a just one she would have abandoned it before it was reached, for she experienced the worst attack of stage fright she had ever known. She could not even ask a postponement of the trial, for her manager had engaged passage for Europe, and would be out of the jurisdiction of the court if her case was not tried on the appointed day. In her extremity she turned to Fred Gunning, and gained comfort from the thought that he would see her safely through her ordeal. He was to meet her in the courtroom, and she went there with a pleasant sense of being the object of his care—a feeling that is always gratifying to a womanly woman.

She did not enjoy this experience long, for when she reached the vestibule of the courthouse Fred was not there. His office boy was waiting for her with a letter, which she hurriedly read, as follows:

"Don't be angry; but I cannot be in court this morning. I am awfully sorry, for yours is the first case on the calendar. Rodman Gregory has sent for me, and I must go to his office at once and see about his business. You know I cannot lose this chance—which may mean thousands for me—for the comparatively trifling matter of yours. The court will assign you counsel if you ask for it, and you are so clever that I know you will get through all right. Yours in great haste, GUNNING."

The girl was angry. She stood for a moment looking through the open door of the courtroom. She observed that there was not a woman there, and the crowd within seemed frouzy, dirty and altogether vulgar. Some of the men stared at her impudently, and the place and people disgusted her.

"I can't go into that horrid room alone," she said to the boy. "You may tell Mr. Gunning that my case will be dismissed because I have no one to represent me. I have treated him better than he has me."

Gunning had to wait in the millionaire's outer office for nearly an hour before he was admitted to his presence. He was greatly surprised when Mr. Gregory opened the conversation by inquiring about Miss Carroll's lawsuit.

"I thought I would learn from you exactly how it is progressing," he said. "I am desirous that all her wrongs shall be righted, and she assures me that you are very much her friend."

Gunning fidgeted uneasily in his chair.

"Her case hasn't been tried yet," he said.

"It will be a shame if she loses it and the

money she has earned," Gregory continued. "A woman who makes a fight to support herself deserves to have her interests protected."

Gunning assured the gentleman that he was of the same opinion. In reality the young man was at his wits' end to know how to escape from an awkward situation. If Miss Carroll had been assigned counsel and the trial was now in progress it was possible that he might join her in time to be of service. It would never do to have her tell Mr. Gregory that her lawyer abandoned her.

"Miss Carroll's case will be on to-day," he said, with some desperation, "and I must hurry back to her. I would not have left her for anyone but you, Mr. Gregory. I understood that you had some important business for me, and I was most desirous of serving you."

"I told Miss Carroll that I would help you to make your fortune if you conducted her business satisfactorily."

Gunning's face was crimson and full of perplexity. He was saying to himself:

"What does he mean? Is it possible the old fox sent for me just to see if I would leave her in the lurch?" To Gregory he said: "I will do my best for my client, you may be sure. I need no incentive but my desire for her good."

He bowed himself out as soon as possible, and rushed over to the courthouse, hoping that he might still be in time to sum up the case. He was furiously angry because Antoinette had failed to tell him how important it was to his personal interests. He came into court, breathless and perspiring, only to learn that he was too late. The case had been dismissed through his failure to prosecute it.

He decided to go to her house and urge her to help him out of what he designated as "a confounded hole." He came into her parlor looking worried and dejected, and found Rodman Gregory there before him. He was suspicious that the latter had played him a trick, and his manner had none of the marked courtesy that had previously characterized it. Gregory opened the conversation while they waited for Miss Carroll to appear.

"I took up considerable of your time this morning," he said, "and I realize that I am indebted to you. I was unwilling to have Antoi-

nette figure in a suit of law, and by your attention to me and your astonishing disregard of her interests you aided me in keeping her out of court."

Gunning's blood was up, and he spoke with reckless disregard of consequences:

"You appear to have taken unwarrantable interest in my affairs. I am not aware that I have any business that concerns you."

"Then you never will have any," Gregory retorted. "Perhaps you had better curb your temper and hear what I have to say. You did me the favor of coming to my office when I sent for you, but you did so at the expense of the woman who has promised to be my wife. She thought you could not be attracted away from her cause, but I believed you were fonder of money than of anything else under heaven, and I judged you more correctly than she did."

Gunning would have broken into violent invectives then if he had not been restrained by a certain flinty expression about Gregory's mouth which boded ill if the interview continued. Still he asked a question:

"Were you in earnest when you said that Miss Carroll intends to marry you?"

"You cannot consider me capable of jesting on such a subject. It was her desire to pay for her trousseau with the money she had earned by her profession. I will marry her without the trousseau."

Whereupon Gunning left the house in profound disgust.

"I hate these professionals," he said to himself. "They are so confoundedly calculating and clever. Who would have supposed that Antoinette would have thought of marrying old Gregory, or that she would have stopped to recover a few dollars in court when she was about to marry a millionaire? She was very pretty, though" (he half regarded her as though she were deceased), "and she looked unsophisticated and good. Who would have supposed she was setting her trap for such enormous game? I must have been hard hit to feel this so keenly," he continued. "If I had won her case I would have had her gratitude for life, and Gregory would have made me rich. It would have been great luck so far as it went; but after all I never could have won the woman."



LANDSCAPE.—FROM AN ETCHING BY ANDREW GEDDES.

BRITISH ETCHING.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

FIRST PAPER.—TURNER—WILKIE—GEDDES—PALMER—
WHISTLER—SEYMOUR HADEN.

AS IN France and America, so very specially in England, the productions of the etcher have to be divided broadly into two classes—the one of which is the result mainly of a commercial demand, and the other of an artistic impulse. The etcher whose employment of the etching needle is confined wholly, or confined in the main, to the work of realizing and translating the conceptions of another, is, like the reproductive line engraver, or the reproductive engraver in mezzotint, little more than the dexterous instrument which carries another's message. So artistic is his process, when it is properly used, that it is preferable indeed that he be himself an artist as well as a craftsman—it is, indeed, essential that he shall have some measure of artistic feeling, as well as the flexibility of the executant. But our demands upon him stop, in any case, at a comparatively early point; and we find him more or less sharply cut off in our minds, and in our estimation, from the artist who, when he employs

the etching needle, is occupied with the spontaneous expression of his own thought and fancy—of the particular things of beauty and of interest which may strike him on his way through the world.

Of fine original etchers within the confines of these realms, Turner was the first to appear. He was the senior, considerably, of Wilkie and Geddes, who will have to be spoken of just after him. During twelve years of his “early middle” period—between 1807 and 1819—he wrought what were in some respects important etchings upon something like seventy plates. But his etchings differed in aim (as well as in execution) from any others I shall speak of in this brief general survey of the achievements of the etcher's art in Britain, by reason of the fact that it was never intended that they should be complete in themselves. They laid the basis of an effect which had to be completed by the employment of another art. They did hardly more than record—

though always with an unequaled power and an unerring skill—the leading lines of those great landscape compositions which the mezzotint of the engraver (often Turner himself) endowed with light and shade and atmosphere. For it was by a union of these two arts that that noble publication was produced whose business it was to surpass in variety and subtlety the “*Liber Veritatis*” of Claude. It is very possible that in some of the plates of his “*Liber Studiorum*” Turner did not undertake the “biting-in” with acid of those subjects whose draughtsmanship was his own. Probably he did in all the best of them. In an etching the strength and the perfection of the result—the relation of part to part—is dependent so much on the biting. It is hardly conceivable that where the etchings of the “*Liber Studiorum*” strike us as most noble they were not wholly—in biting as well as in draughtsmanship—Turner’s own. They differ much in merit, apart, I think, from the necessary difference in interest which arises from the opportunity given by one subject and denied by another for the exercise of an etcher’s skill. They have generally, within their proper limits, perfect freedom of handling, and an almost incomparable vigor, and a variety which liberates their author from any charge of mannerism. There are few of them which could not hold their own with any plate of Rembrandt’s done under conditions sufficiently resembling theirs. The etching of the “*Severn and Wye*,” or the etching of “*St. Catharine’s Hill, Guildford*,” is carried very nearly as far as the etching of the “*Cottage with White Palings*,” and with a result very nearly as delightful and distinguished. And in regard to the average etching of Turner, it may fairly be said that a hand put in to pluck out of a portfolio by chance any one of the seventy would discover that it held a print which was at least the equal of that one of Rembrandt’s with which it is fairest of all to compare it—a print of Rembrandt’s done, like Turner’s, for “leading lines” alone: I mean the famous little *tour de force*, the “*Six’s Bridge*.” So much for the greatness of our English master. I pass

from him with this reminder, given again for final word. Wonderful as is his etching for selection of line, wonderful for firmness of hand, you must never allow yourself to forget that it was not intended to present, that it was not intended to be in any way concerned with, the whole of a picture.

A famous Scotchman and his very distinguished friend and fellow countryman—Sir David Wilkie and Andrew Geddes—wrought, each of them, in the middle period of Turner’s life, a certain number of etchings of independent merit. Those of Sir David Wilkie, which were but very few, happen to be the best known, because Wilkie, much more than Geddes, was a leader of painting. But, meritorious as are the etchings of Wilkie, in their faithful record of character and picturesque effect, they are seldom as admirable as the prints of his less eminent brother. They have, generally, far less freedom. “*The Receipt*”—or “*A Gentleman Searching in a Bureau*” (see below), for this second title explains the subject better—is much the most successful of Wilkie’s. It is, I consider, charming.

Geddes etched four or five times as many plates as Wilkie. He issued ten from Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, in 1826. The dates on some of them are 1812, 1816 and 1822; and, besides these ten that were published, about thirty more—which there was no attempt to issue to the world—have to be taken account of. Some, like the



THE RECEIPT.—FROM THE ETCHING BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

excellent "Portrait of the Painter's Mother"—which is so fine in illumination, in drawing and in character—are directly suggested by the artist's paintings. Others—including all the landscapes—are, apparently, studies from nature, done with a singular appreciation of the later art of Rembrandt. Geddes was very sensible of the charm of dry point—of its peculiar quality of giving individuality to each one of the few impressions which you may safely produce from it, and of its unique capacity for rendering very broad effects of light and shade. But there is at least one plate of his, in pure etching, which shows him just as completely a master of elegance and grace as the dry points show him a decisive master of masculine effect. Geddes's work will not decline in value. The real connoisseur has no business whatever to forget or to ignore it. Only, if he collects the etchings of Geddes, he had better wait for years, if necessary, for early impressions of them, and he had better repudiate altogether the unsatisfactory modern edition—the worthy Mr. David Laing's volume, "Etchings by Wilkie and Geddes," issued, with the best intentions in the world, in Edinburgh in 1875.

Samuel Palmer—an English classic, by this time, as a painter of water colors—made a limited number of elaborate etchings in which the play of line is almost wholly lost: more lost, much more lost, than in the etchings of Méryon. But Samuel Palmer, like Méryon, was a great poetic artist. Slowly he built up his effects, his noble sunrise or sunset landscapes—the landscape of artistic convention and poetic vision. The unity and strength of his thought were never sacrificed or frittered by the elaboration of his labor. To condemn him, then, because he was not a free sketcher, would be as pedantic as to condemn Méryon. Nay, more, were any such pedantic condemnation meted out to him, it would have to be meted out to the author of the "Ephraim Bonus" in his turn, since it is a characteristic of Rembrandt that in his engraved work he allowed himself an amazing elasticity of method. He, like every great man, is *super grammaticam*. He is a law unto himself. And so, in a measure, was Samuel Palmer, the creator of the solemn plate of "The Early Plowman," which Mr. Hamerton has praised so well, and of certain hardly less admirable coppers which illustrate his own translation of the *Eclogues* of Virgil.

We pass from the brief mention of a dignified artist, high of soul—whose work is charged with reverie, grandeur, admonishment—to the consideration of an artist little concerned with humanity's fortunes, but who is simply the most skilled wielder of the etching needle whom the world has

seen since Rembrandt. Mr. Whistler's scarcely sympathetic attitude toward his kind may be occasioned in part by the conviction that it is his kind's most urgent business to be concerned with his prints, and his knowledge that this conviction of his own has not been—until somewhat lately—largely shared by them. Popular he could not be; or scarcely in his own time. A Sarasate with his music attracts the world; but in pictorial art of every sort the *virtuoso* appeals only to his brethren. His "brethren"—his real brethren—are more likely to be connoisseurs than to be fellow workmen. But "brethren" shall be the word, and it is such who—some of them for more than thirty years, and some of them since yesterday—have recognized the genius of Mr. Whistler.

Mr. Toole, our admirable comedian, is—if I may quote Mr. Beerbohm Tree—popularly supposed to have been born in every English provincial town in which the receipts, when he visits it, do anything to justify the town in claiming him as a native. Not quite for the same reason there are towns which dispute with Baltimore the honor of having given birth to the artist of the French Set, the Thames Set and the Twenty-six Etchings. Mr. Whistler was born, anyhow, of American parents—it is only Baltimore after all that can fairly claim him—and it is stated to have been in July, 1834, that he came into the world.* American, then, by birth, he is to a very great extent French by education, and his first dated etchings, of the year 1857, were wrought when he was a student in Paris. Along with the popular English draughtsman of Society, Mr. Du Maurier, he was in the studio of Gleyre, and to Gleyre, for all that I know, he may have owed something; but no debt is apparent in his work. A few etchings wrought in Paris, and a few during a journey in Alsace and Lorraine, and then in 1859 we find Whistler settled in London and busy with the laborious series of etchings of the Thames. He was himself almost from the beginning, though it is possible to trace the influence of even minor Dutch etchers in such a tentative little work as "The Dutchman Holding the Glass," and though in the nobler plates known as "The Rag Gatherers," "La Vieille aux Loques," "La Marchande de Montarde" and "The Kitchen" it is clear that Whistler in his conception of a subject was scarcely without reverent thought of the great masters of pathetic suggestion and poetic chiaroscuro—Rembrandt, De Hooch and Nicholas Maes. But by the time he executed the most famous etchings of the Thames Set—the most famous of the "Sixteen

* Mr. Whistler has sworn in court that he was born in St. Petersburg.—Ed.

Etchings," such as "Black Lion Wharf," "The Pool" and "Thames Police" (see page 492)—he was himself, wholly. He was in full possession of what may be called his earlier manner; nay, in December, 1859, not many months after these things had been wrought with a detail which the art of Van der Heyden or of Hollar could not have excelled, we find in one unfinished plate of extreme interest and extraordinary rarity ("Paris: Isle de la Cité") some union of his earlier detail with his later suggestiveness.

and low-lying roofs. And, elaborate as the work is, it is never for a moment either fatigued or mechanical; it preserves inviolate the freshness and vivacity which it is the province of the true etching to retain. Nor does the work of Whistler, either at this period or later, ever lose sight of that which, again, it is the etcher's special business to cultivate—the value of pure "line." By "pure" I do not mean Classic (Classic line has other functions): I mean the line that is expressive—that is set with a purpose; that, being



PIAZZETTA, VENICE.—REDUCED FROM THE ETCHING BY J. M'NEIL WHISTLER.

The early detail of Whistler in the Thames etchings is never for a moment dull. He puts down for us on the copper endless results of endless and interesting observation. The life of the river "below bridge" and the life of riverside London is all there—barge and bargee, crane and warehouse, wharf and chimney, clipper and wherry, and the sluggish stream, the flat horizon, the distant river curve, the tower of Rotherhithe Church rising perhaps from out of the remote

laid, is not interfered with—the line that lives and that tells its story.

By 1863—as is shown by the exquisite "Chelsea Wharf," with its quiet of the suburban afternoon, and by the admirable "Amsterdam," with its houses, its shipping, its thin line of long flat coast under a wildish sky—Whistler had thoroughly entered upon the work of his middle period. A manner, more suggestive to the expert and more economical to the artist, though re-

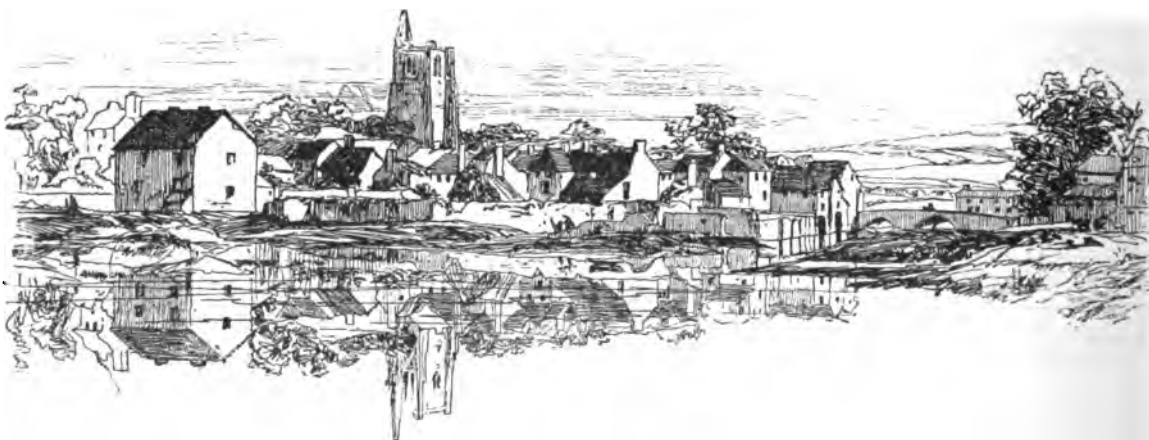


THAMES POLICE.—REDUCED FROM THE ETCHING BY J. M'NEIL WHISTLER.

ceived less readily by the first comer, was by this time clearly upon him; and, with certain modifications, it has continued to this day. Perhaps it is most distinctly marked in that Leyland period—a period of the rare dry points of the Leyland family—which, after a little interval, succeeded the period of the “Chelsea Wharf” and the “Amsterdam.” It is in its perfection in “The Model Resting” (1870), in “Fanny Leyland” (1873), and in “Dam Wood” (1875)—all of them rare, desirable, notable plates of the true Leyland period, in most of which, as in some of his later work, Mr. Whistler would seem—if I may put it so—to have painted upon the plate as much as drawn: to have sought, that is, paint-

er's as well as draughtsman's qualities. I endeavor to note the distinctions, but after a dozen years of close study of Mr. Whistler's works—and of fruitful enjoyment of their possession—I must still guard myself against expressing any marked preference for one period over another. The work of each period has its own qualities, and, since all art is concession and compromise, the work of each period must have likewise its own deficiencies. Practically there has been no bad time; but at more times than one there have been—even from this gifted hand—unsatisfactory, impertinent, cheeky etchings.

In 1879—after some financial incidents which may, presumably, have saddened Mr. Whistler's



KIDWELLY TOWN.—REDUCED FROM THE ETCHING BY F. SEYMOUR HADEN.

creditors, though they are reported to have left Mr. Whistler cheerful—the great etcher went to Venice, at the instance of the Fine Art Society, and there, in line extraordinarily expressive and vivacious, he recorded not so much the recognized beauties of the town as the vividness and variety of his personal impressions. And that, indeed, was his true business. Some of these etchings were exhibited before they were properly finished. Hence they were received with some coldness—though the fairylike “Little Venice,” nearly finished to begin with, was always an exception to this rule. There is nothing of Rem-

most of them Venetian in theme—which had, fortunately, been bought by hardly anybody until, in 1886, their excellence was achieved. In this set the entrancing freedom, the inexhaustible suggestiveness, of “The Balcony” and “The Garden” demands note: the balcony that, with drapery flung upon it, hangs over and overlooks the Grand Canal: the garden which passing humanity peers into, and peering, perhaps reflects with the Greek poet whose youth was gone—

“Spring for the tree and herb; no spring for us.”

It was in 1886 that I published my “Whistler’s



THE WATER MEADOW.—REDUCED FROM THE ETCHING BY F. SEYMOUR HADEN.

brandt's, there is nothing of Méryon's, beside which this diminutive masterpiece may not most fitly be placed. Power of selection, power of composition, delicacy of handling—all say their last word in the “Little Venice.” Art does not go any further. But since 1880—when they were first exhibited—many of the plates done in Venice have been taken up and completed. The “Piazzetta,” for instance—unattractive at first as a ragged thing or a skeleton—has lately been brought to the very highest level that is attained by any etcher's art. And, several years ago, Mr. Whistler perfected for the limited issue by the Messrs. Dowdeswell the “Twenty-six” plates—

Etchings: A Study and a Catalogue.” About two hundred and fourteen etchings had then been executed; and these—the work of what must necessarily be the better part of Mr. Whistler's lifetime—were carefully described. I am told that the book was not without effect, in England and America, on the demand for Mr. Whistler's prints, some of which, of course, were already unobtainable, so narrowly limited had been their issue. Anyhow, there immediately cropped up under my notice ingenious but insignificant *croquis*, declared by those interested in them to be valuable, simply because they were “undescribed.” Why were they “undescribed”? Because they

had that moment been done. Plates with a few scratches on them—clever, since they were Mr. Whistler's, but each plate less important than the last—were hurried (I know not by whom) into the hands of men who had, presumably, much money and exceedingly little knowledge. Soon there was an end of that game; and during the last two or three years—with a creditable reaction from this fever of immature fruitfulness—Mr. Whistler has produced a few new plates of serious interest and accomplishment. The best of them that has yet been seen is the most admirable "Zaandam," over whose stretched line the breeze from across dike and fen and Zuyder Zee stirs here, stirs there, stirs everywhere, the wings of the windmills of Holland.

Several years before Mr. Whistler etched at all—in 1843 and 1844 indeed—a now veteran artist, President *de sa propre Académie*, who has been famous surgeon as well as famous etcher—founder of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, energetic advocate, by speech and writing, of the art he loves—drew delicately upon six tiny plates what were meant to be the beginnings of views in mid-Italy. As rare as anything in Mr. Whistler's long *œuvre*—though, as their author knows, in themselves less desirable—are the impressions of those little plates which few have seen, but which I beheld, perhaps ten years ago, strengthened here and there with pencil work, yet even then only feebly holding their own, among the abundant treasures of an upper chamber in Hertford Street—the almost unknown initial chapter, they, in the sturdy and now celebrated volume of Seymour Haden's etched work. The days when they were executed were about the days of the Etching Club, a body which in its turn was followed by the Junior Etching Club. These clubs left us no legacy we care to inherit; their productions were fidgety, prim, at best desperately pretty and ridiculously elaborated, so that there was practically nothing in them of visible and expressive line. A little—just a little—of that visible line there was—there actually was—even in an unenlightened period—in those few trifling plates of Seymour Haden's on which his first work was accomplished. He wrought nothing for many years afterward; then, in 1858, when Whistler—by this time his brother-in-law—was already busy, Mr. Haden, urged thereto by the knowledge of good work executed in France at that moment, and by a fitting reverence for the master etchings of Rembrandt, took up some coppers seriously—set down upon them, in this and the few following years, with an appreciation not less certain and immediate than Mr. Whistler's, of these laws to which etchings should conform, his powerful and

personal impressions of English landscape, of the trout stream and the stately river, of forest trees, a sunset over the Thames, of the yews and cedars of an English country house ("Mytton Hall"), of the reflections, in some quiet water, of the homely buildings of a little whitewashed town in Wales ("Kidwelly Town," p. 492).

A few years later, when the achievements of Mr. Haden had grown numerous, the intelligent French critic, M. Philippe Burty, praised and chronicled them in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. There were fifty or sixty etchings by that time. This was in 1864. And in 1865 and 1866 about thirty of them—including the minor but still attractive plates used as "head" or "tailpieces"—were published in Paris, with a French text which consisted in part of an excellent analytical and didactic letter, written in the foreign tongue, by the artist to M. Burty. 1864 and 1865 were years of great productiveness, and amongst educated lovers of art, at home and in France, popularity, hitherto denied to the etcher—for Whistler was little appreciated and Méryon was starving—courted Mr. Haden with its blandishments, or threatened him with its dangers. In 1870 the large and impressive plate of "The Breaking up of the *Agamemnon*"—"large," I say; not huge, for "the huge plate is an offense"—put the coping stone upon that edifice of his celebrity to which the writings of Mr. Hamerton (in a now standard volume, published in 1868) had contributed an important story. Mr. Hamerton, at that period, there can be little question, did not fully appreciate Mr. Whistler. He already wrote of him—need I say?—with intelligence and interest, but his enthusiasm was reserved, so far as the moderns are concerned, for Méryon and for Haden.

Save for an exceptional activity in the year 1877—the year of the Dorsetshire dry points and of the Spanish etchings—the productiveness of Mr. Haden, since 1869, had begun to slacken. In 1879 it stopped. The 185 etchings chronicled by Sir William Drake in "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Etched Work of Francis Seymour Haden" had all been executed; and soon after—either during Mr. Haden's visit to America or during a visit of Mr. Keppel's to England—the veteran artist said to the New York print dealer: "I shall etch no more." I imagine Mr. Keppel's countenance of surprise and regret, and Mr. Haden's observation of it. But the incident was not over. The artist brought out his etching needle; looked at it; placed it gravely in Mr. Keppel's hands. It was presented to him as a sign that that which had been spoken would surely be fulfilled, and the etcher would etch no

more. Like Mme. Arnould-Plessis, like Macready, too, but like how few of his fellows in any department of public effort, this artist withdrew himself from productiveness before ever the quality of his production had visibly failed.

Perhaps I shall do well, in one or two last paragraphs about him, to name, for convenience sake, a few of Seymour Haden's most excellent and most characteristic works—prints in which his vivid impression of the object or the scene before him has been most vividly or, it may be, subtly conveyed—prints, perhaps, which have his most distinguishing qualities of directness and vigor. The etchings of Seymour Haden are deliberately arrested at the stage of the frank sketch; but it is the sketch conceived nobly and executed with impulse. It is not the sketch upon the thumb nail, it is not the memorandum that may be made upon the shirt cuff at dinner time, in the interval between the soup and the fish.

The tendency of his work, as time went on, was, as is usual, toward greater breadth; but, unless we are to compare only such a print as "Out of Study Window," say (done in 1859), with only the most admirable dry point, "Windmill Hill" (done in 1877), there is no greatly marked contrast, no surprise; there is but a steady and slow and apparently inevitable development. This I in part attribute to the fact that when Mr. Haden took up etching seriously in 1858 he was already a middle-aged man. He had lived for years in the frequent intercourse with noble and accomplished Art; his view of

Nature, and of the way of rendering her, or letting her inspire you, was large, and likely to be large, almost from the beginning. Yet, as time went on, there came no doubt an increasing love of the sense of spaciousness, of breadth and of potent effect. The work was apt to become more dramatic and more moving. The hand asked the opportunity for the fuller exercise of its freedom.

"Sawley Abbey," etched in 1873, is an instance of this, and I am glad to mention it, not alone for its merits, but because, like a certain number of its fellows among the later work, it is etched on zinc—a risky substance, which succeeds admirably when it succeeds, and when it fails, as Mr. Haden tells me, fails very much. "Windmill Hill," "Nine-Barrow Down," "Wareham Bridge" and "The Little Boathouse," and, again, that "Grim Spain" which illustrates my "Four Masters of Etching," are the prints which I should most choose to possess amongst those of Mr. Haden's later time; whilst, going back to the period of 1864 and 1865, "Sunset on the Thames" is at the same time popular and strong, and "Penton Hook" remarkable for its draughtsmanship of tree trunk and stamp. Yet earlier—in 1860 and 1859—"Combe Bolton" is unsurpassed for sweetness and spontaneity, "Mytton Hall" for its full share of that element of style which is never wholly absent from Mr. Haden's work, and "The Water Meadow," an extraordinarily happy transcript of a sudden rainstorm in the lowlands, where poplars flourish and grass grows rank. (See p. 493.)

GERARDIA.

(*Gerardia Tenuifolia*.)

BY CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

Pure little bells, low swinging
Along the pasture ways,
Accept my rustic singing,
Although I lack the bays!
For when the dew is ringing
Your pink with diamond rays
There's nothing fairer springing
In rich September days.

Like shy, sweet little lasses,
Your faces, bright and clear,
Salute one as he passes
With courtesies kind and dear.
How glad I leave the masses
To linger with you here!
Oh, greet me in the grasses
Till life be late and sore!



Permission of Berlin Photographic Co.

ARIADNE.—BY HENRIETTA RAE.



"HE WALKED OVER TO JACK, AND TAKING HIS HAND IN BOTH OF HIS, SAID, 'YOU LOVED HER, TOO—AND SAID NOTHING!'"

EXHIBIT 203879.

"LOVE-FOSSILS."

N.B.—Very rare.

EXHIBITED BY WILLIAM DE WAGSTAFFE.

"PARIS, *October 16th*, 1869.

"MY DEAR PHIL: At twenty love is a thistle; at thirty, a rose; at forty, a weed; at sixty, a poison berry; at eighty, a grave blossom! The whole bouquet is but a survival of time, and as certain a consequence of your passion, if pursued, as age itself. Better to die before the rose time has withered and the weed replaced it; or, best of all, leave the matter alone altogether. Travel, enlist, ship to China, study Sanskrit, or, rather than allow a pretty woman to creep into your heart, blow your brains out, and if you must be sentimental leave the bullet to her in your
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will. I will see that she receives it safely, a condescension to sentiment which even taxes my long friendship for you, dear fellow. You asked my advice—here it is. You won't like it, I know, but that is your own fault, not mine. If I do not hear from you in a week, or fail to see your name ornament the obituary column, never expect consolation from me in the future you will have adopted against my wishes.
Yours, JOHN STRANGE."

"Was the writer of this epistle a cynic? Was the web of sentiment woven into the fabric of his

message merely the effort of literary skill, or was it unconscious betrayal of a love story long past—the rose turned to a weed?

"Surely a winter in Paris could not have been so cold as to penetrate Jack's nature with its frost! He was a handsome fellow, a man of the world. It was possible that the boulevards had drawn him into some amour, which, cradled in his own ideal imagination, had left him utterly heartless.

"Ah, those boulevards of Paris! How many natures born to noble instinct had by virtue of nobility been drawn into idleness and cynical dishonor!

"I remember as keenly as though it had been yesterday the time when I had received this letter. Jack and I had been studying art in Paris together, and when I returned to New York our correspondence was vigorously kept up. Then the summer came, and on one of my sketching trips I met Lilian Langdon, fell in love with her and proposed. It was most natural that upon my acceptance by this lovely woman I should write and tell Jack all about it, and I did. I described her as best I could, and left the depth of my attachment to his imagination in the fact that we were engaged.

"Instead of congratulations, I received this most peculiar of all missives that had ever reached me. I answered it in bantering humor, charged him with too reckless a nature and—married Lilian.

"I never received any reply from Jack, and in the years that have gone by since then I had heard nothing of him until recently. At first I was surprised, then hurt, and finally I became indifferent: such a defiant monster is time to the laws of love and friendship.

"To-night from an old portfolio I have dragged this record of a past memory, and though the paper has grown yellow and the writing feeble with age, the letter has lost none of its cynical vigor, and to me it now seems full of wisdom, years ago it was a dyspeptic's logic.

"Poor Jack! I wonder if he has grown gray and silent as I. I wonder if the dawn of eternity with its silver mist has settled in his hair, and crept into his heart with the strange misgivings of coming dissolution?

"When a man grows old his vanity is all he has left of the many follies of a lifetime, and he compares with pride the wrinkles of other old men with his own, just to see if he cannot take a year or so from his own face, or even a few months from the feebleness of his walk.

"Not that I have reached that stage myself—dear me, no!—but I notice it among a few old

men of my acquaintance, and I intend to profit by the observation.

"Now, this very evening, after all these years, we are to meet as elderly men. Perhaps Jack would call me an old man. Nonsense; spectacles don't make a man old; a few gray hairs (I don't know how many—I never counted them) don't mean age in these days of premature growth; and what if I do need a stick to lean upon when I walk out? I could do without it if I were absolutely obliged to. I go to bed a little earlier than I used to, but a man is all the better for regular habits."

So mused Mr. Philip Granton as he sat in an easy chair set close to the edge of the fireplace that he might rest his feet on the fender.

Old people are so fond of warmth! It takes the chill of age out of their bones.

A few moments the reverie continued, when Mr. Granton's butler was thrown into a shocking state of amazement by his master.

"Jerkins, bring me my pipe and my smoking cap," he had said; and the respectable servant in an awe-struck tone replied:

"In here, sir?"

"Yes."

"In the drawing room, sir?"

"Exactly," replied the master, indifferently. "By the way, I expect Mr. Strange here to-night. When he calls show him directly into this room."

"Very well, sir," answered Jerkins; and while he hunted for Mr. Granton's pipe and cap he was saying to himself: "Poor dear lady, and she so pertickler about that room, too! Smoke in the drawing room indeed! The old gentleman must be gettin' childish."

He brought him his pipe and tobacco and put them on a table beside him, then he stirred the fire a little viciously with the poker.

"Now, don't make a mess there, Jerkins; I never could bear to see the fireplace untidy," said Philip, lighting his pipe slowly with a taper as he spoke.

"The lady couldn't bear it either, sir," replied Jerkins, with a home thrust at his master's intrepidity.

"That will do, Jerkins," said Mr. Granton, more respectfully; and when the door was closed he laid his pipe down beside him and waited silently for John Strange.

Later on, during a bustle in the hallway, the old gentleman overheard the following conversation:

"Ah! does Phil Granton live here?" said a stout, heavy voice.

"Mr. Granton is at home, sir," Jerkins was heard to reply.

"Well, never mind a card; you just tell him Jack Strange has come."

"Walk right up, sir."

"Is Mrs. Granton at home?" asked Jack, in a lower voice.

After some hesitation the butler's voice said, meaningly:

"No, sir, she is not."

"Good! All the better. I'd rather see Phil first," muttered Jack, half aloud, partly to himself.

Then he mounted the stairs, and the two men who had not seen each other since they were young met. Except for the change that time had wrought in their appearance no one would have believed that there was any age in their hearts. They gripped each other firmly by the hand like men.

"Jack, old friend!"

"Phil, my boy!"

That was all that reached the lips from the inner flow of feeling that is indescribable, being entirely distinct from all other sentiments of the heart, unless you call it comradeship.

Twenty years had passed between these men in silence, yet they cared more for each other then than they did when they were art students in Paris. Time had twisted their faces and their figures out of symmetry, but it had not disturbed the true fealty of their hearts.

"Phil, you've grown since I last saw you," said Jack, wickedly, when they had seated themselves by the fire.

"Well, I haven't swollen," replied Phil, looking Jack keenly over.

His figure had changed from a parallelogram to a rotund far from becoming.

"Can't stop it—taken everything I can find," said Jack, apologetically.

"I should think you had, from your size."

"I tell you, Phil, we're getting old."

"Confound it, we are old, Jack, and yet—and yet—" And the dignified Mr. Granton relit his pipe, and Jack Strange puffed away at a cigar.

"I know it doesn't seem so very long ago—those days in Paris," said Jack, solemnly.

"How long ago is it? Let me see. In '72 I—"

"Oh, it is only a few years," said Jack, waving most of a lifetime into oblivious calculation with his right hand.

"About that," said Granton, wisely.

Then the two old cronies paused to think. Granton broke the reverie.

"Married, Jack?" he asked, almost tenderly.

"No!" said the other, simply.

"Why not?" asked Granton, thoughtlessly.

"Too fat, I suppose," replied Jack, with a sinis-

ter tone of humor. "And you—did you marry that fascinating youngster you wrote me about?"

"Yes," replied Granton, sadly.

"Are you sorry?" asked Jack, with genuine curiosity.

"No; we were very happy—very happy." And the old man's voice quivered a little. Jack misunderstood the pain he recognized. Like a man of the world, he judged the world by its majority.

"I'm truly sorry for you, Phil. Did she—did she leave you?"

"Yes, a year ago."

Men cannot comfort each other. They can only fight for one another. So both were silently conscious of a pain that neither one could soothe.

"I had a similar experience," said Jack at last, bluntly.

Philip did not answer, but signified that he was listening.

"You remember that you wrote me for advice, and I gave it to you. I forget what I said, but it was to the effect that you should forget her. Some men's lives are better without a woman's worship. I had found that I was to be one of those men, when I received your letter. I thought it would be best for you." He paused as if waiting for Philip to say something, to comment in some way upon his words. The latter remained perversely silent, however. He was thinking of Jack's letter—"At sixty love is a poison berry."

"Well, just then I had loved a woman for a long time myself," continued Jack, thoughtfully.

"You?" said Philip.

"Yes; but I had made a mistake. She was a woman who had a very pretty face, but a false tongue."

Granton looked round at Jack with a perplexed stare.

"Did she deceive you?" he asked, softly.

"Well, time has, perhaps, changed her nature, and—and—well, she ceased to care for me."

"That was?"

"About the time I received your letter announcing your engagement."

There was another pause. Philip had lowered the light, as if instinct had commanded this confidence to come, and required only the gloaming of the firelight to cloak truths that were sacred.

"Why did you not answer my letter?" asked Philip, awkwardly.

"I had said all I had to say. When you wrote me you were married I—I went away. For many years I lived in China."

"Why, that was where you advised me to go!"

"True. You staid at home, though. I forgive you, Phil. I did not think I ever should; but that was all poetry. When a man borders on

sixty the music of life turns to prose, old chap—stern, sober prose."

Jack Strange stood up to knock the ashes of his cigar into the grate. In doing so his foot caught in a small table, and over it went with all its burden, smashing a valuable china vase. The light was turned up, and with profuse apologies Jack began to gather up the pieces. Among the *débris* was the photograph of a beautiful girl in pensive attitude, her eyes looking just a shade of sadness from the picture. John gazed at it long and eagerly. Granton noticed his interest.

"A picture of my wife, just before she was married. A great beauty, was she not?"

"A lovely face," said Jack, slowly; then laying the picture down carefully on the table, he added: "She does not look like a woman who could deceive."

"Deceive?" asked Granton, with some astonishment.

"Ah, forgive me, my dear friend, for reviving painful memories, but if you had taken my advice!"

"I should have been in China, and missed a lifetime of peace and happiness."

"You still love her?" said Jack, tenderly.

"A man does not forget his wife in a year, Jack, even in this cosmopolitan city. Why shouldn't I love her?"

"She is happy with—the—other man?"

"What other man?" asked Philip, in alarm.

"Why, when she left you," said Jack, thoroughly embarrassed and growing red in the face.

"Lilian is dead," said Philip, slowly comprehending the mistake.

"Dead! dead!" cried Jack, in evident amazement.

"Yes; she died last winter," added Philip, quietly.

"And she—you—you were both happy?"

"We loved each other, Jack, to the end, in spite of that letter of yours. Your prophecy was too reckless, dear friend; it was never fulfilled. I have your letter still; and when Lilian and I were left alone together—that is, when our son died—we read your letter over, and wondered why it was that the rose still blossomed and changed nor to weed nor poison berry. It became a morbid fancy of my wife's even to the last to read that letter of yours, and at length, in her final hours, she understood it. 'Philip,' she said, one night, 'the rose is withering a little, that is age; the weed is stronger, that is faith; the poison

berry is our parting; the grave blossom is memory. I knew I should understand his words some day.' And so she passed away. Look, there is the very letter, dated Paris. Read it."

There is no age too cynical for tears, and these two old men, with all their *sang-froid*, found themselves crying like whipped boys. Jack took the worn letter and read it.

"Philip, will you give me this—this rubbish?" he said at last, in a half-choking voice.

"No, Jack; I can't do that. She asked me to keep it," answered Philip.

"I will give you one in exchange—the one that inspired me to write this," said Jack, fishing out his pocketbook and dragging from among the papers a letter equally worn and old. "Read it," he said, handing it to Philip with unsteady hand.

After much rubbing of spectacles, with furtive attempts to dry his eyes, Philip Granton carefully unfolded the yellow sheets and read as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. STRANGE: I regret that you should have written me the letter which I herewith acknowledge. We have been friends so long that I cannot bear to cause you any pain. You will believe me when I tell you that only the constraint which your letter puts upon me compels me to say that I must decline the honor you have shown me to ask for my hand. Indeed, I realize what a mistake we have both made, I to encourage your friendship, you to misunderstand my feeling. You ask me to give my reasons should I refuse. I must tell you that I am engaged to marry Mr. Philip Granton, a young artist of much promise, whom I met recently. What more can I say? If we can be friends again write to me.

"Truly yours, LILIAN LANGDON."

Philip Granton read the letter slowly. When he had finished he walked over to Jack, and taking his hand in both of his, said:

"You loved her, too—and said nothing!"

"I came to see her to-night," said Jack, sadly.

"You never even told me!" added Philip.

"I told you to go to China, didn't I, and a lot of other hotheaded stuff?"

Granton gently took the letter from Jack's hand, and folding it with the other, he held the two over the fire.

"We will burn them both, Jack. Their mission is fulfilled," he said.

As the letters twisted and writhed in their black agony in the flame the two old men watched them burn with mingled feelings. It was their doxology to romance.

And above their heads, in an old-fashioned frame, was the face of a quiet, peaceful-looking old lady who had only died a year ago.



CHARLES H. CRAMP.



WILLIAM CRAMP.

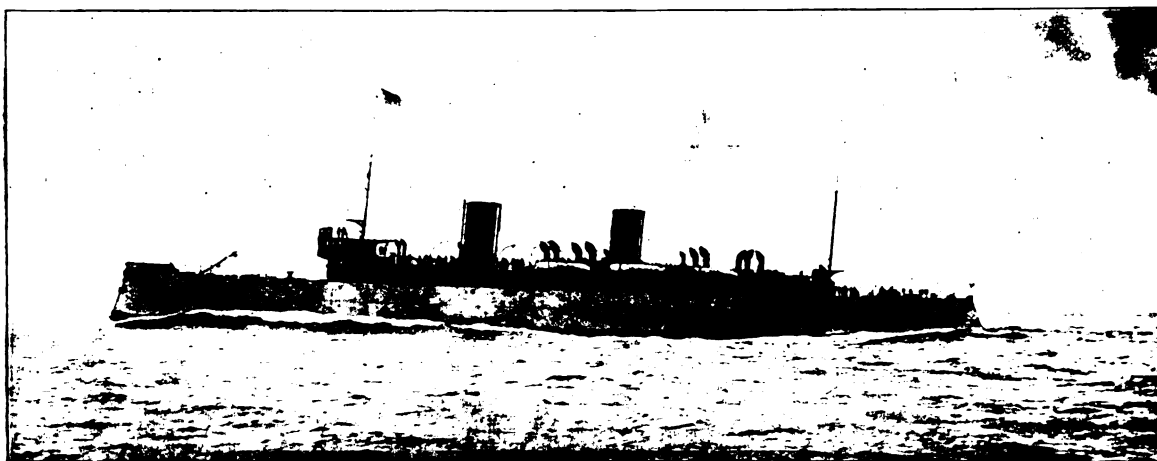
CRAMP'S SHIPYARD, AND THE NEW UNITED STATES NAVY.

By S. MILLINGTON MILLER.

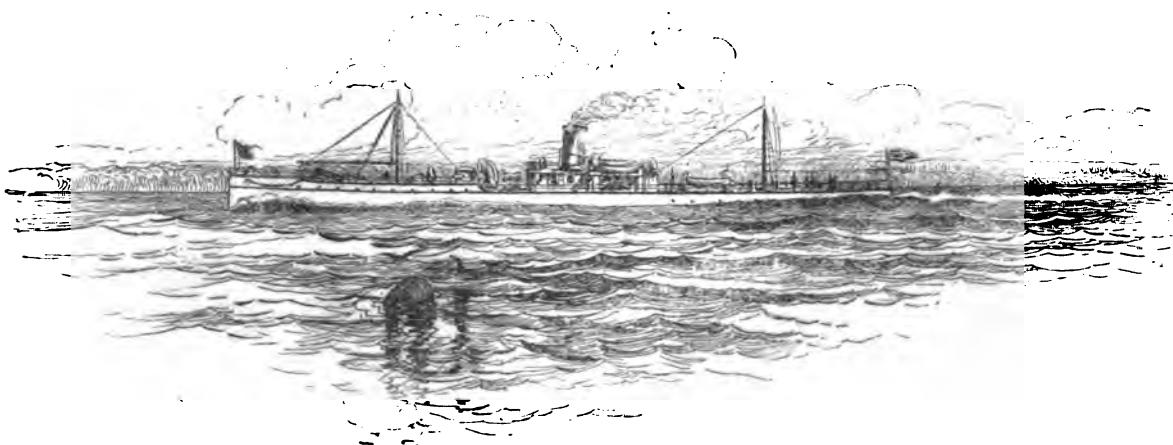
WILLIAM CRAMP, the founder of the now celebrated shipbuilding corporation, was born at Kensington, Philadelphia, in 1807. His parents were American born, but of English descent. He was educated in the Philadelphia public schools. In 1823 he was apprenticed to Samuel Grice, the most famous Philadelphia shipwright. With a very clear foresight of the future of American shipbuilding, he acquired some property in the neighborhood of his home, fronting on the Delaware, and began, in 1830, to build river steamboats and other wooden vessels.

The business prospered under his able management, and became the nucleus of the present enormous and opulent plant.

The head and founder of the firm of William Cramp & Sons was, as above stated, a man ahead of his time. In the year 1869 he decided that wooden craft had seen their best day, and he and his sons then associated with him began to devote their attention to the building of iron ships. (The *Rebecca Sims* and *Woodrop Sims*, of 560 and 565 tons respectively, were the largest wooden vessels of the American merchant marine prior to 1822.)



THE "MINNEAPOLIS" ON HER SPEED TRIAL.



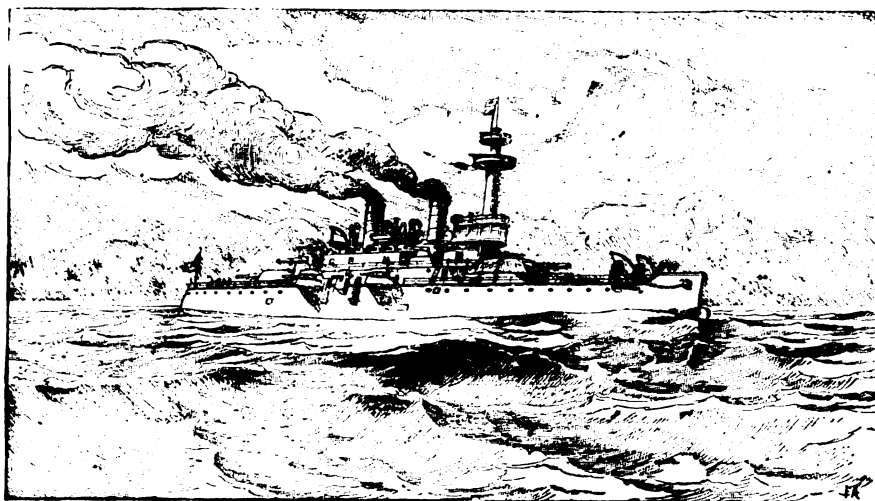
THE "VESUVIUS" (DYNAMITE CRUISER).

During the War of the Rebellion the Navy Department turned to the Cramps for help and obliged them materially to enlarge their plant. The famous ironclad steam frigate *New Ironsides*, which was long employed in the blockading fleet off Charleston, was built at the Kensington yard. The monitors *Yazoo* and *Tunxis*, as well as the 3,500-ton steam frigate *Chattanooga*, were also constructed by the Cramps during the war. Their work gained the reputation of being done rapidly and well. The keel of the *New Ironsides* was laid in May, 1864, and she was launched in October of the same year. The famous protected cruisers of to-day were modeled almost exactly on the *New Ironsides*. In those days such vessels were not called protected cruisers, but frigates—armored or belted cruisers, built of wood, but protected by a shell of armor.

In 1870 the American Line was organized by a number of prominent Philadelphians, and the building of the vessels for this line was intrusted to the Cramps, with the idea of proving that the work of American shipyards was as excellent as that of the great establishments abroad.

Immediately following this event in the history of the plant—in the year 1872—the firm of William Cramp & Sons was organized into a company. The original capital was \$500,000. This capital, in accordance with the terms of the constitution of the company, has been at various times enlarged, until it is now \$5,000,000. In 1879 William Cramp died, and his son Charles H. Cramp (born in Philadelphia on May 9th, 1828,) was elected president of the company to succeed his father. Benjamin Brewster, of New York, is the vice president; and the board of directors consists

of William M. Cramp, Samuel H. Cramp, Jacob C. Cramp, Thomas Dolan (the great mill man), Henry W. Cramp, Clement A. Griscom (the president of the Inman Line and the American Line), and Henry Schigman, of New York. Mr. Charles H. Cramp is president and general manager; Mr. Henry W. Cramp is secretary and treasurer; Mr.



THE "INDIANA."

Edwin S. Cramp is superintending engineer; Mr. Nathan P. Towne (late Chief Engineer, U. S. N.,) is assistant engineer, and Mr. Lewis Nixon is superintendent of construction.

There are forty different departments in the yard, with as many heads. That famous old sea dog, Captain Robert Sargent, has charge of all the government cruisers when on their trial trips.

In addition to the executive there are two great general departments in the Cramp Shipyard. First comes the engineering department, with Mr. Edwin S. Cramp in charge. It is in this department that all the machinery and motive power for the vessels is constructed. Stationary engines, mining machinery, etc., are also built. The enormous boiler shops, unequaled by any in this country or the world, for capacity, are also under this same department, as well as the gun plant and ordnance department, which promises to develop wonderfully.

The department of construction, under Mr. Nixon, has to do with the construction of hulls, fittings, and all elements of the ship except the motive power.

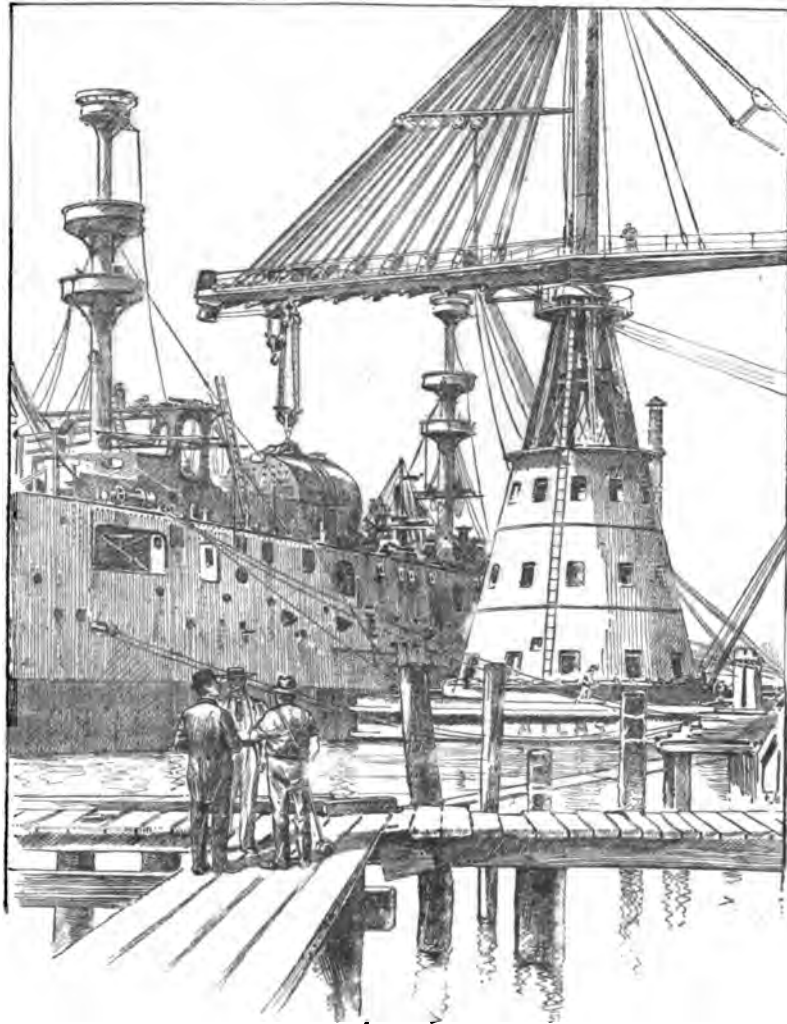
The most interesting curiosity of the yard is the great dry dock, which was the largest in America at the time of its construction. It is 462 feet long, 111 feet wide and has a draught of 20 feet. An idea of its working capacity may be obtained from the fact that its centrifugal pumps have a capacity of 120,000 gallons per minute. Its entire water-holding capacity of 5,400,000 gallons can be emptied in three-quarters of an hour. It cost \$500,000 to build.

The floating derrick *Atlas* is another feature of the yard. It is the largest piece of machinery of its kind in the world. It is 116 feet high. Its arms, boom, mast, braces, collar, helmet—all its lifting and traversing gear, in fact—are of tough steel, and its pontoon of iron. The maximum load of the *Atlas* is

125 tons. All four of the battle ship *Indiana's* boilers were transferred from the wharf and put on board in the course of 4 hours and 20 minutes. It took just 26 minutes to transport one of them, weighing 70 tons, 80 feet and deposit it in the hold of the ship.

The gun plant of the Cramps was started in 1892, in a newly purchased property which was formerly a brass foundry. The company now manufacture guns of all descriptions and of the finest grade, from 1-pounders up to 14-inch rifles whose projectile weighs 36 pounds. A majority of the small guns carried by the new cruisers are made at this plant.

The area of the ship- and engine-building plant in the Eighteenth and Thirty-first Wards is 31 acres. There is a water front of 1,303 feet. There are 5,600 men on the pay roll, and a total



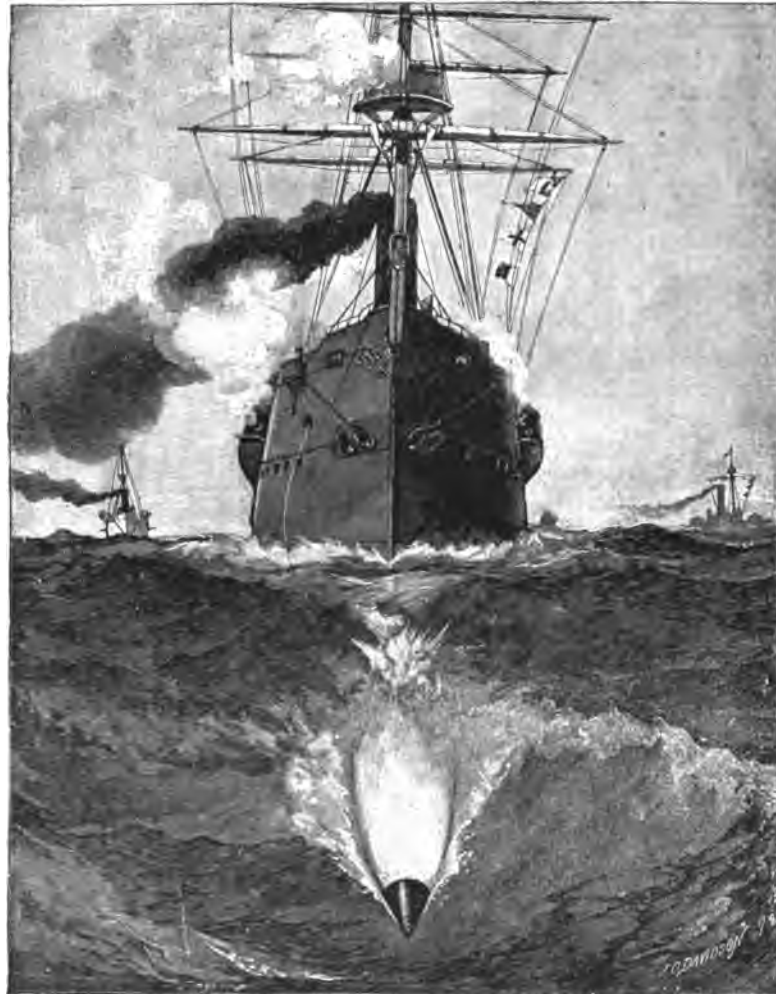
THE "ATLAS" DERRICK—HOISTING A BOILER ABOARD THE "MINNEAPOLIS."

tonnage of 147,000 now under process of construction. The total machinery at this moment under construction is 236,600 horse power. Since 1830, 282 engines have been built, and 141 marine engines turned out since 1872.

The Cramp family seem to have a genius for shipbuilding. Many of the fine tools used in the yard are of their own invention or modification, and their unprecedented success in shipbuilding

that they lead the world as builders of speed, and that their triple-expansion engines are unequaled anywhere. The heads of the company concede that the machines of the *New York* and of cruisers Nos. 12 and 13 mark the limit of boilers of the cylindrical or tubular type. Those for the *New York* are 15 feet 9 inches in diameter and weigh 70 tons.

The Russian officers who were at Philadelphia

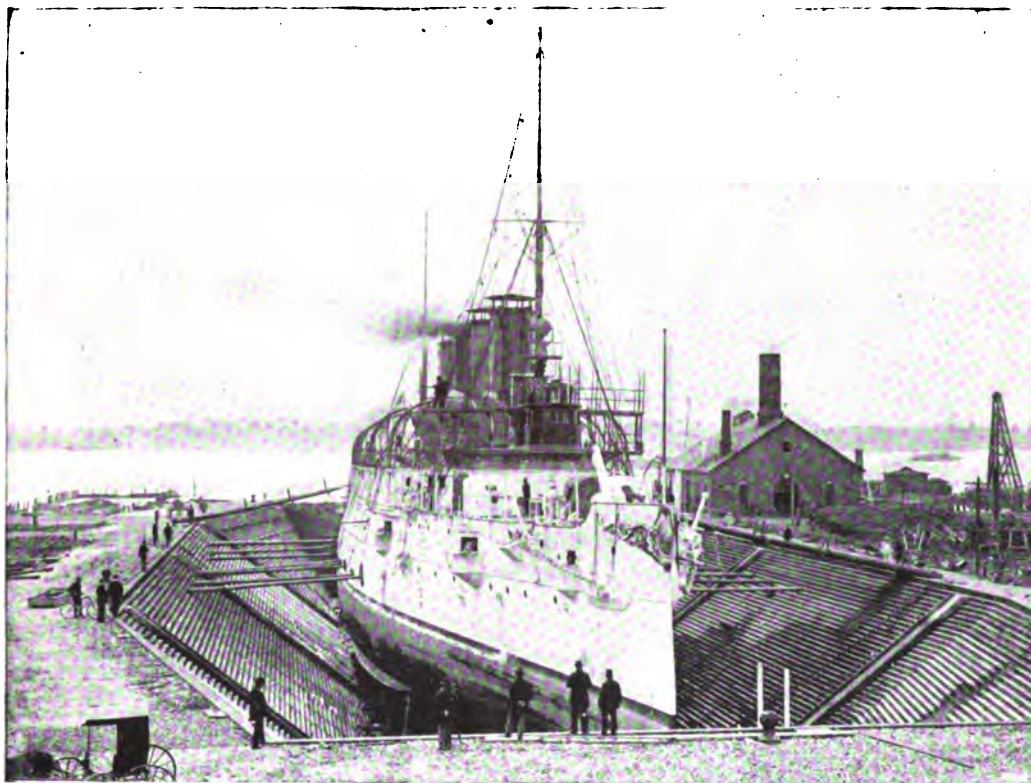


RAM ("CHICAGO" CLASS) FOLLOWING A TORPEDO INTO ACTION.

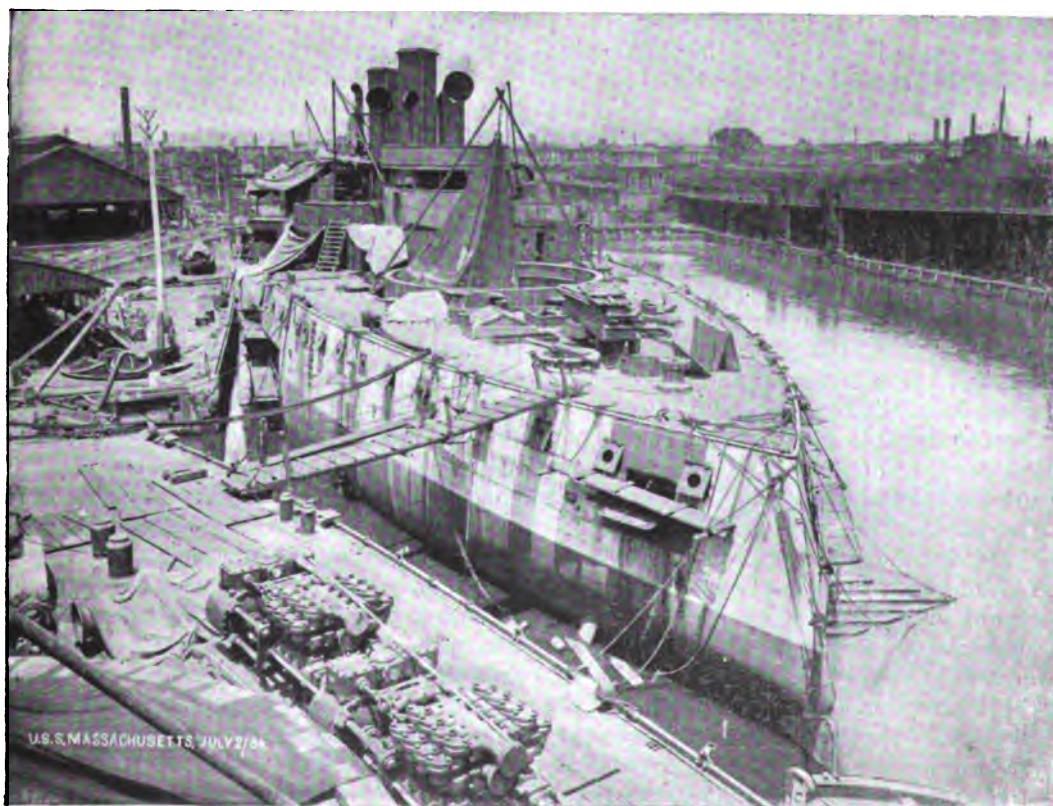
is largely due to this precision in the tools employed. Professor R. H. Thurston, of Cornell University, claims that between the completion of the *George W. Clyde* in 1872 until the building of Jay Gould's *Atalanta* the Cramps pushed the development of the compound engine to its climax of forced draught, air-tight fire room and highest boiler pressure consistent with the economy of double expansion. The *Columbia* was a triumph in this direction. This cruiser's record has shown

in 1876 were so much impressed by the efficiency and capacity of the Cramp plant that they persuaded the Czar to send the corvette *Craysser* to Philadelphia to be repaired.

The Cramps have thus far built the gunboat *Yorktown* and the cruisers *Baltimore*, *Philadelphia*, *Newark*, *Vesuvius*, *New York* and *Columbia*. They have just finished the *Minneapolis*, which is a counterpart of the *Columbia*. It has 7,500 tons displacement, cost \$2,725,000, and is



THE "COLUMBIA" IN DRY DOCK.



THE "MASSACHUSETTS," IN UNFINISHED CONDITION, AT THE CRAMP SHIPYARD.

to have a speed of 21 knots per hour—being so-called cruiser No. 12—with 22,000 collective horse power. It made its trial trip to Boston on July 9th and showed a speed exceeding that of her twin.

Besides the battle ships *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*, now in process of construction, are the *Brooklyn* and the *Iowa*.

Within the past few months the Cramps have sent bids to the British Admiralty for their proposed new war ships.

With all this work on hand the corporation is constantly seeking more room. It is also planned to construct two new piers 600 feet long, and a gigantic pier long enough to accommodate the *Campania* and *Lucania* end to end, viz., 1,300 feet. When these improvements are made the Cramp Shipyard will be the largest in the world.

The achievements of the Cramps have turned the eyes of the naval world upon their yard. One year ago the armored cruiser *New York* was launched. Displacing 8,000 tons of water and driven by 16,000 horse power, she has surged through the sea at a rate of 25 miles an hour. She upset all speed standards for war vessels, and was a fighter as well as a racer. Not many years ago her speed was considered worthy of remark for a locomotive over smooth rails and a well-kept roadbed.

The *Columbia* was the boldest experiment in the history of American shipbuilding. A point near the limit of speed and power had been attained by a twin screw in the *New York*, and the one inevitable advance was the construction of a triple-screw cruiser. Chief Engineers Melville and Towne designed the engines of the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*. When bids were advertised for these vessels the Cramps were the only competitors—the only shipbuilders in the country that had the nerve to guarantee the success of an experiment.

In imitation of the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* the English Admiralty has caused the plans of two cruisers to be made which shall be of 10,000 tons displacement, of 30,000 horse power and have a speed of 25 knots per hour. In her spurt of 8 miles on her trial trip last November the *Columbia* went at the rate of 25.3 knots per hour.

The *Indiana* and *Massachusetts* will carry the heaviest guns ever trained upon the deck of an American vessel, and will be the finest battle ships of the declining century.

But the Cramps are not employed upon war vessels alone. Two gigantic hulls now growing in the yard will develop into the *St. Paul* and *St. Louis*—the newest vessels of the International Navigation Company.

The seagoing battle ship *Iowa*, whose hull is also under construction, and which is the last of the war ships contracted for by the Cramps, is the first of a new class of war vessels. The *Iowa* was authorized by an act approved July 19th, 1892, which was to some extent a departure in the programme of naval construction. The dimensions of the *Iowa* are: Length on the load water line, 360 feet; extreme breadth, 72 feet 2½ inches.

As it is believed that the war ships *Indiana* and *Massachusetts* will have no superiors as fighting vessels, a brief outline of their history will prove interesting. One of the first decisions reached by General Tracy after he became Secretary of the Navy was that the new navy must include a number of heavily armored and formidably armed battle ships of the first class, capable of combat with any afloat, and, while primarily intended for coast defense, to possess sufficient seaworthiness for extended cruises in case of offensive operations. These vessels were planned on a scale considerably larger than that contemplated by Congress, so that they are ships of 10,200 tons displacement.

Their length on the load water line is 348 feet; extreme breadth, 69 feet, 3 inches; and their draught at normal load displacement is 24 feet. When deep-loaded with coal to their full bunker capacity their displacement will be about 11,000 tons.

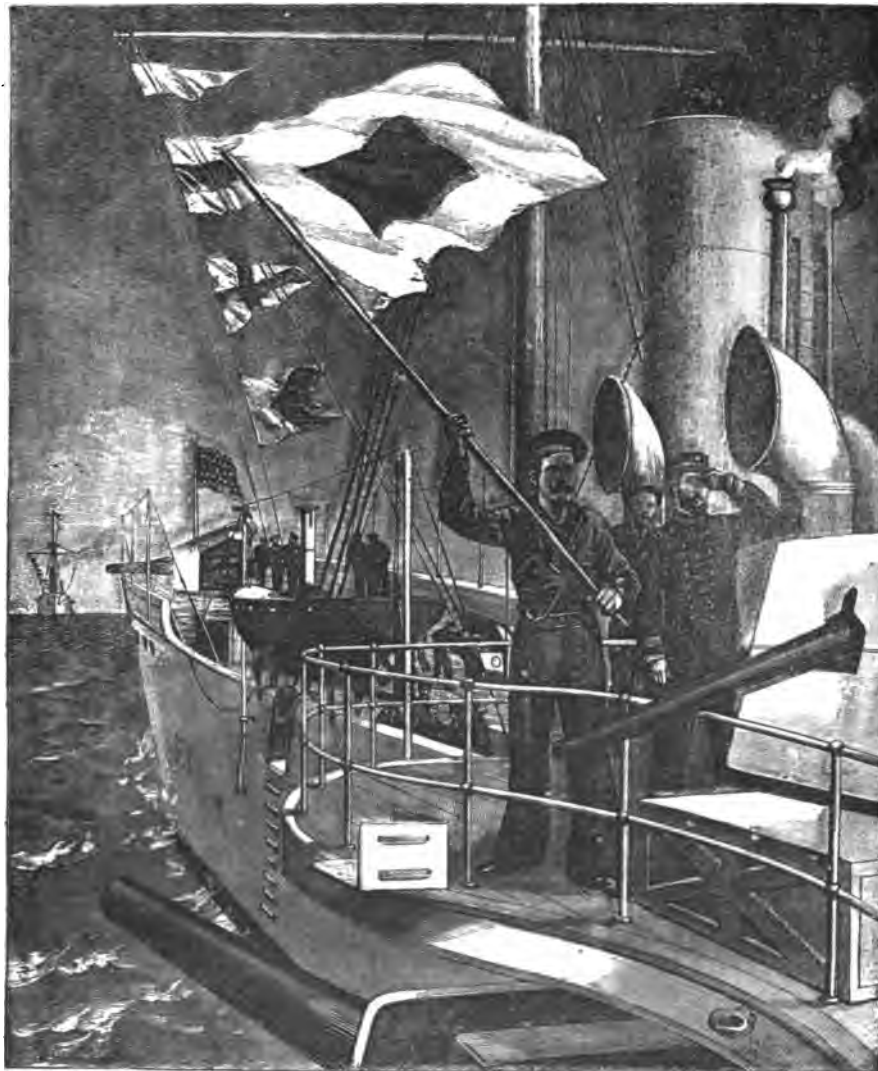
Their power consists of two vertical, inverted, three-cylinder expansion engines of about 5,000 indicated horse power each, actuating twin screws and calculated to develop a speed of 15 knots per hour. The protection consists of a water-line belt of nickel-steel armor extending through the machinery and boiler spaces, and the bases of the main or 13-inch-gun turrets. This armor is 18 inches thick at the top of the belt and extends downward 4 feet, when it is beveled to a minimum thickness of 8 inches at the bottom; the entire width being 7 feet 2 inches.

The armament consists of four 13-inch B. L. R. 40 feet long, and weighing 63 tons each, mounted in pairs in the two main turrets; eight 8-inch guns mounted in pairs in the smaller turrets on the upper deck; four 6-inch guns mounted in broadside in the upper casement amidships, with a secondary battery of twenty 6-pounder and four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns and four Gatlings in the military tops. This forms the heaviest and most diversified armor and armament ever placed on any vessel of like dimensions. The weight of the armor, exclusive of the protection deck, is 2,695 tons, and the weight of metal thrown at one complete discharge of the main battery is 6,680 pounds.

One of the big hulls now under course of construction at the Cramp Yard is the armored cruiser *Brooklyn*, which is to be 400 feet 6 inches long, 64 feet 8 inches beam, 41 feet 3 inches molded depth, and at a draught of 24 feet will have a displacement of 9,150 tons. The *Brooklyn* is powered with four triple-expansion engines working in pairs on twin screws. The battery

protected by 10-inch barbettes, inclosing the bases of revolving turrets six inches thick.

The *Minneapolis* is a triple-screw protected cruiser, intended to be a commerce destroyer, capable of long-distance cruising, with a speed greater than that of any other cruiser or any merchant steamer now afloat. Her displacement is 7,350 tons, and her indicated horse power



SIGNALING THE FLEET TO GET UNDER WAY.

consists of eight 8-inch guns mounted in four turrets, ten 5-inch guns and sixteen 6-pounder and rapid-fire and machine guns. Her protection is a nickel steel deck six inches thick on the slope and three inches on the flat, and a water-line belt of three-inch plates backed on a double streak of hull plating extending over the whole of the machinery space. Her 8-inch guns are

about 21,000; length, 412 feet; beam, 58 feet; draught, 22½ feet. The coal supply of this truly formidable cruiser will be fully 2,600 tons, with which she can steam about 15,000 miles without recoaling, although her theoretical cruising range is 26,000 miles.

Her battery will be one 8-inch and two 6-inch breech-loading rifles, eight 4-inch rapid-fire guns.

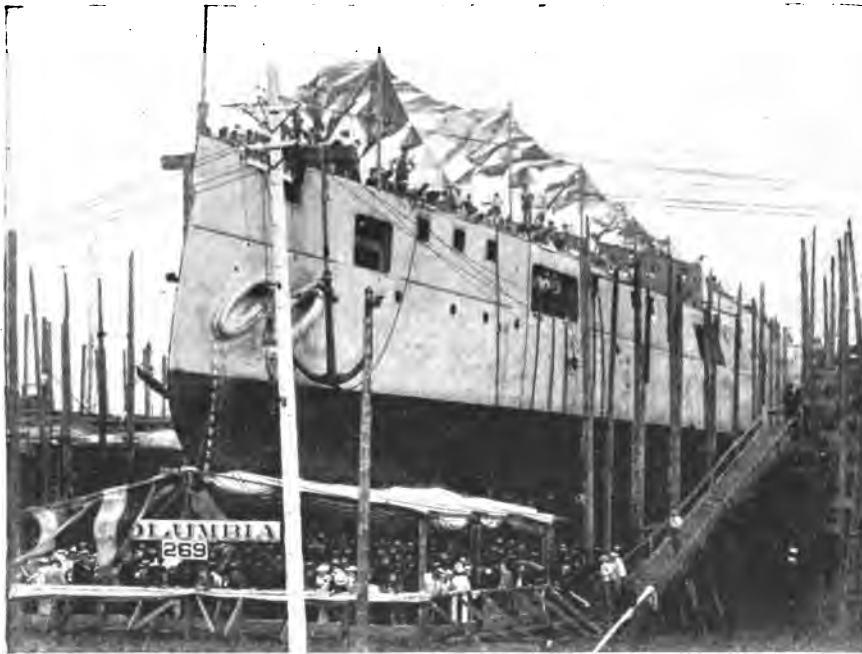
and twelve 6-pounder rapid-fire guns. She is nearly a twin of the cruiser *Columbia*, except in having somewhat better boiler capacity and two smokestacks instead of four.

The *Minneapolis* is mistress of the sea. On July 14th she made a record of 23.05 knots, or $26\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. Over two sections of her course she surpassed the marvelous speed of her twin, the *Columbia*, by making 25.42 knots (29.23 miles) over one and 26.09 knots (30 miles) over the other. She is a naval wonder in every sense. She is not only a distinct advance over that queen of cruisers the *Columbia*, but she emphasizes the splendid victories of the latter, and proves again that American skill and brains can build ships whose performances can put the records of the choicest output of the Old World's

shipyards to the blush. She won at her speed trial something over \$400,000 for her builders, the government having offered \$50,000 of prize money for each quarter-knot of speed attained upon her trial over the 21 knots demanded by the contract.

The axes of the forward pair of 12-inch and all of the 8-inch guns are 26 feet, and of the after pair of 12-inch guns 18 feet above the load water line, so that with the stability due to her great beam she can fight her whole battery in any weather. Her full war complement will be 512 officers, seamen and marines, and at deep-load draught her coal capacity is sufficient for about 10,000 miles of economical cruising.

The contract price of the *Iowa* is \$3,010,000. She is to be completed by the beginning of 1896.



LAUNCHING THE "COLUMBIA."

AWAKE, MY HEART.

BY ROBERT BRIDGES.

AWAKE, my heart, to be loved; awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky; unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

She, too, that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee;
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take:
Awake, O heart, to be loved; awake, awake!

And if thou tarry from her—if this could be—
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee;
For thee would unashamed herself forsake:
Awake to be loved, my heart; awake, awake!

Awake; the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree:
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake;
Awake, O heart, to be loved; awake, awake!

Lo! all things wake and tarry and look for thee:
She looketh and saith, "O sun, now bring him to me.
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake, my heart, to be loved; awake, awake!"

SUPERSTITIONS OF GREAT LEADERS.

BY CAPTAIN H. D. SMITH, U. S. N.

THE sailor is superstitious, and your true old salt will not attempt to deny it. And the sentiment is not confined to the fore-castle. It reaches to the sacred precincts of the quarter-deck, swaying with its subtle influence the admiral in his laced coat, as well as the grizzled quartermaster who believes firmly in the Flying Dutchman.

The profession and associations of a seaman have a natural tendency to promote and develop sentiments pertaining to the supernatural. He passes his life amid the vastness and solemn solitude of the ocean: the silence and opportunities for meditation; strange occurrences and phenomena that cannot readily be explained; the awful majesty of God's presence in the thundering vibrations of the gale; His infinite wisdom and boundless power as displayed in the glowing, glittering firmament, aglow with the lamps of heaven—all these mighty evidences of an unseen power, that every day, every hour, are brought vividly to the sailor's eye and attention, could scarcely fail to appeal to his imagination and develop a love for the miraculous.

But how is it with the landsman, who has a thousand and one pleasures and frivolities with

which to divert his mind—the landsman who affects to laugh and ridicule Jack, transferring to his broad, honest shoulders the stigma of "ignorant superstitions," which he is manly enough to assume without attempting to masquerade under false colors? There is very little hypocrisy in the make-up of your true Jack Tar.

The man of blood, the astute Bismarck, believes in the fatality of the number 13, and will never sit down to table with that number. At a dinner given at Rheims by the Chancellor one of the invitations had to be countermanded because otherwise there would have been thirteen at the table. General Boyer, Marshal Bazaine's envoy, arrived at the German headquarters at Versailles on Friday, October 13th, but Bismarck would not see him till the next day, saying that he would never do anything of importance on any Friday, much less on a Friday the date of which coincided with the anniversary of Hochkirk, Jena and Auerstadt. He was talking one day of a defeat the Germans had experienced in the course of the campaign of 1870. "I beg you to observe, gentlemen," he said, "that that happened on a Friday."

The great Napoleon was a firm believer in presentiments. He once called attention to a bright star he believed he saw shining in his room, and said: "It never deserted me. I see it on every great occurrence urging me onward. It is my unfailing omen of success." Once, when he was anxiously awaiting news from Egypt, he heard that a Nile boat had run ashore, and that the crew had been put to death. This boat bore the name of *L'Italie*. Napoleon was much concerned when he heard this. He looked upon it as an omen that his hopes of annexing Italy to France were to be shattered. "My presentiments never deceive," he said. "All is ruined. I am satisfied that my conquest is lost." His presentiment in that instance certainly came true. It is difficult to picture the prosaic Dr. Johnson counting his steps before entering any place, so as to arrange that his right foot should always precede his left; or, again, touching every post which he passed along a certain route, fearing that if he missed one some misfortune would befall him.

When General Grant was plain Mr. Grant, and lived in Galena, Ill., the ladies of that place gave a series of tea parties. The Grants were invited to all of them, and the invited guests returned the compliment to their entertainers. Mr. Grant, noticing that his wife was much disturbed, upon inquiry was told that she was worried because she could not give a tea party as her neighbors had done, for the reason that she had no china tea set. A few days after Mr. Grant told his wife that she would soon be able to give her tea party. "I dreamed last night," he said, "that we were surrounded with the most beautiful china dishes, and you stood in the midst admiring them." The next day Grant's orders to report at headquarters were received, and Mrs. Grant was soon enabled to return the compliment of the tea party. The neighbor to whom Mrs. Grant related the incident has a lively remembrance of it. Strangely enough, dreaming of china is said to betoken a sudden rise in life and extreme good fortune.

The great soldier's aversion to turning back when he had once started for a designated place is well known, and in his memoirs he admits that he was superstitious regarding turning back until the thing intended was accomplished. He had the same feelings regarding filling a position of responsibility, and when once assigned never to use influence to change his position. He once expressed a desire to command a brigade of cavalry in the Army of the Potomac, and being urged to make the application by a staff officer, was told he would cut his right arm off first, and alluded to the superstition he entertained concerning it.

Both President Lincoln and Garfield were dreamers. A few days before his assassination Garfield dreamed that a cur dog followed him everywhere, leaping upon him and caressing him. He had a horror of hydrophobia, and seemed to connect the dog with some possible disaster. Two days after he was shot.

President Lincoln had a singular dream in which he beheld himself lying dead in his coffin and heard the mourners grieving as they filed by. It created a great impression upon him; and shortly after he was assassinated.

Lord Nelson believed in many singular superstitions. The battle of Trafalgar was fought near Cadiz, where Nelson waited for the sailing of the enemy, who were ignorant of his force, and had determined to put to sea. On the 20th of October, 1805, they were all at sea off Cadiz, and on the 21st, after much manoeuvring, the two fleets came in sight, with a mutual determination to fight. This day had been a festival in the family of Nelson, because it was the anniversary of a victory gained by his uncle. Nelson of the Nile, as the officers loved to term him, seized upon the omen as an auspicious one, his face lighting up as he watched the distant sails of the enemy. Yet, though he expected to win the battle, he felt equally sure that he would not survive to enjoy it. He had heard that the enemy's fleet were filled with Tyrolese sharpshooters, stationed in the tops, and knew of course that his own life would be especially aimed at. Far from dreading such a result, it seemed to be the dearest wish of his heart to die on his quarter-deck in the moment of assured victory. Nailed to the mizzen-mast of the *Victory* was a horseshoe, placed there by his own hand, and no one was allowed to touch it but his favorite coxswain. Nelson would talk to it, pat it affectionately, and often call the attention of his officers to his faith in the superstition that associates the horseshoe with good luck. As Nelson gazed upon the allied fleet he asked Captain Blackwood what he would esteem a victory. The answer was, fourteen prizes. "I shall not," said Nelson, "be satisfied with less than twenty."

Despite the entreaties of his friends he insisted on wearing his uniform of admiral, with his brilliant decorations arranged in the form of a diamond. For some reason he made no use of small arms in the tops, and to this he owed his death. Twice he ordered the fire upon the *Redoubtable* to cease, and was struck by a ball from that vessel's mizzen top, which was quite close to the poop of the *Victory*. It struck his epaulet and entered his back. Taken below, he awaited for news of the battle, and when Captain Hardy reported fifteen of the allies as having struck their colors, Nelson

answered, "That is well—but I bargained for twenty;" and his wish was prophetic, for that number fell into the hands of the English.

John Paul Jones, the hero of the desperate combat off Flamborough Head, believed himself to have been born under a lucky star, and his peculiar mind was no stranger to nautical superstitions. He believed firmly that profanity brought ill luck, against which he guarded carefully. The sky was beautifully clear and the sea smooth when Captain Pearson of the *Serapis* opened a terrible fire upon the *Richard*. The battle had progressed with varying fortunes for some time, with the vessels lying with the stern of the *Richard* to the bow of the *Serapis*, and their starboard sides so close that the guns met, muzzle to muzzle; the rammers entered opposite ports, and were dragged from those who used them.

Paul Jones was engaged with Mr. Stacy, the sailing master, in lashing the two vessels securely together, when the old sailor in a fit of impatience let fly a volley of oaths, and was immediately collared by the *Richard's* commander, who in a stern voice ordered him to stop. "Mr. Stacy, this is no time or place for swearing; in the next moment you may be in eternity. Remain silent, attend to your duties, make use of no oaths, and I will win this fight." The shot from the *Serapis* went clear through the rotten sides of the *Richard*, cutting the men in pieces and destroying them with splinters. The rudder was destroyed, the quarter beat in, and while the water entered on every side one of the pumps was shot away. There were already four feet of water in her hold, and it gaining. But Paul Jones had abiding faith in his destiny and believed that his star had lost none of its brilliancy. The carpenter spread the panic; the master at arms liberated one hundred English prisoners, and the gunner ran terrified on deck to haul down the colors, and bawling for quarter. Jones followed him, throwing his pistols at the fellow, one of which fractured his skull and precipitated him down the hatchway. The explosion of some powder near the magazine of the *Serapis* decided the combat in favor of the American ship, and Jones's wonderful belief in his fate, coupled with his splendid courage, determination and ability, won for him the victory, which cost, however, three hundred men in killed and wounded of the *Bon Homme Richard's* crew.

Captain Charles Stewart, one of the distinguished commanders of Old Ironsides, was a believer in dreams and pinned his faith to certain favorite superstitions. On the morning of February 19th, 1815, a number of the officers of the *Constitution* were standing in the lee gangway

lamenting their hard fate at the unsuccessful nature of the cruise. They had been absent from home some time, and no opportunity to win prize money or renown had presented itself. Captain Stewart, hearing the disconsolate remarks, bade the officers not to despair. "The old craft has not lost her good luck, and I assure you, gentlemen, that, unless all signs fail, we shall have our hands full ere another sun rises and sets. We shall meet the enemy, and it will not be a single ship—you may depend upon that."

He did not reveal the source of his information, but it was a well-known fact amongst the officers that Captain Stewart had unbounded faith in a certain dream. It was the forerunner of good fortune, and many a quiet joke and smile was indulged in at the captain's expense when sheltered by the precincts of the wardroom.

At 1 P.M. that very afternoon a sail was discovered on the port bow and to leeward, and soon after a second vessel was seen to leeward of the first and made out to be a ship closehauled. One of the vessels was painted with double yellow streaks and false ports in the waist, presenting the appearance of a double-decked ship. Lieutenant Ballard expressed his opinion to his commander that she was nothing less than a 50-gun ship. "You may be correct," was the response; "but you know I promised you a fight before the setting of to-morrow's sun, and if we do not take it, now that it is offered, we may never have another chance." The strangers proved to be the British sloops of war *Cyane* and *Levant*, both of which were captured by Old Ironsides, and Stewart's faith in his favorite dream was increased tenfold.

Farragut, America's first and greatest admiral, was not without a suspicion of superstition in his sturdy and rugged nature. Entering the navy at the early age of twelve years, and associating so long with men of the sea, it is not to be wondered at that one possessing so ardent and active a temperament as Farragut should have absorbed more or less of mystical nautical lore.

It was that eventful August morning, the 5th, 1864, that Farragut, sipping his early morning coffee, said to his fleet captain, Percival Drayton, courteous, thoughtful and reserved: "Drayton, we may as well get under way;" and it was fifteen minutes to six o'clock when the entire fleet was in motion. The admiral was standing in the futtock shrouds under the maintop, the fight was at its hottest, when the tactics of the *Brooklyn* caused disorder in the advance of the fleet. It was a critical moment in the destinies of the battle, with defeat or victory hanging in the balance.

It was then the stout old sailor offered up the

prayer, with the sulphurous pall of battle drifting about him, "O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do! Shall I go on?" And amid the crash of that furious cannonade, above all the din of battle, Farragut heard a voice as if in answer, commanding him to "Go on." He obeyed that mandate, and the crowning victory of his brilliant career was won.

There is a curious custom and absurd superstition in connection with the Spanish Navy, that has its counterpart in no other portion of the civilized world. It had its origin under the follow-

fact that the sheaves through which sheets and running gear led had been tightly wedged with plugs, rendering useless the gear of the vessel. It was the belief that no human agency could have accomplished such mischief, which was charged to the machinations of the Evil One.

Shortly after the official report had been submitted a general order was issued by the naval authorities directing that the crew of every Spanish war vessel be sent aloft at the hour of sundown to examine all sheave holes, and by such vigilance circumvent any subsequent attempt,



PREHISTORIC BASEBALL—A HOME RUN.

ing circumstances: A Spanish man-of-war under all sail in the Mediterranean was overtaken by a violent squall common to the latitude she was in, and all hands were hurried to their stations in order to shorten sail. The vessel heeled under her straining canvas, and the sailors exerted all their strength on clew lines and buntlines, but not a sheet would start an inch.

Every moment increased the peril of the ship, and amid great confusion the halyards were ordered to be cut by the commander. But the yards remained immovable, resulting in the capsizing of the man of war. An investigation revealed the

through uncanny influences, to work mischief on board the royal vessels. And from that day to this it has been the custom faithfully to carry out the instructions. With the lowering of the colors the boatswain pipes the topmen aloft, who pry into every block and sheave, with the officers at their stations overseeing the ridiculous manœuvre.

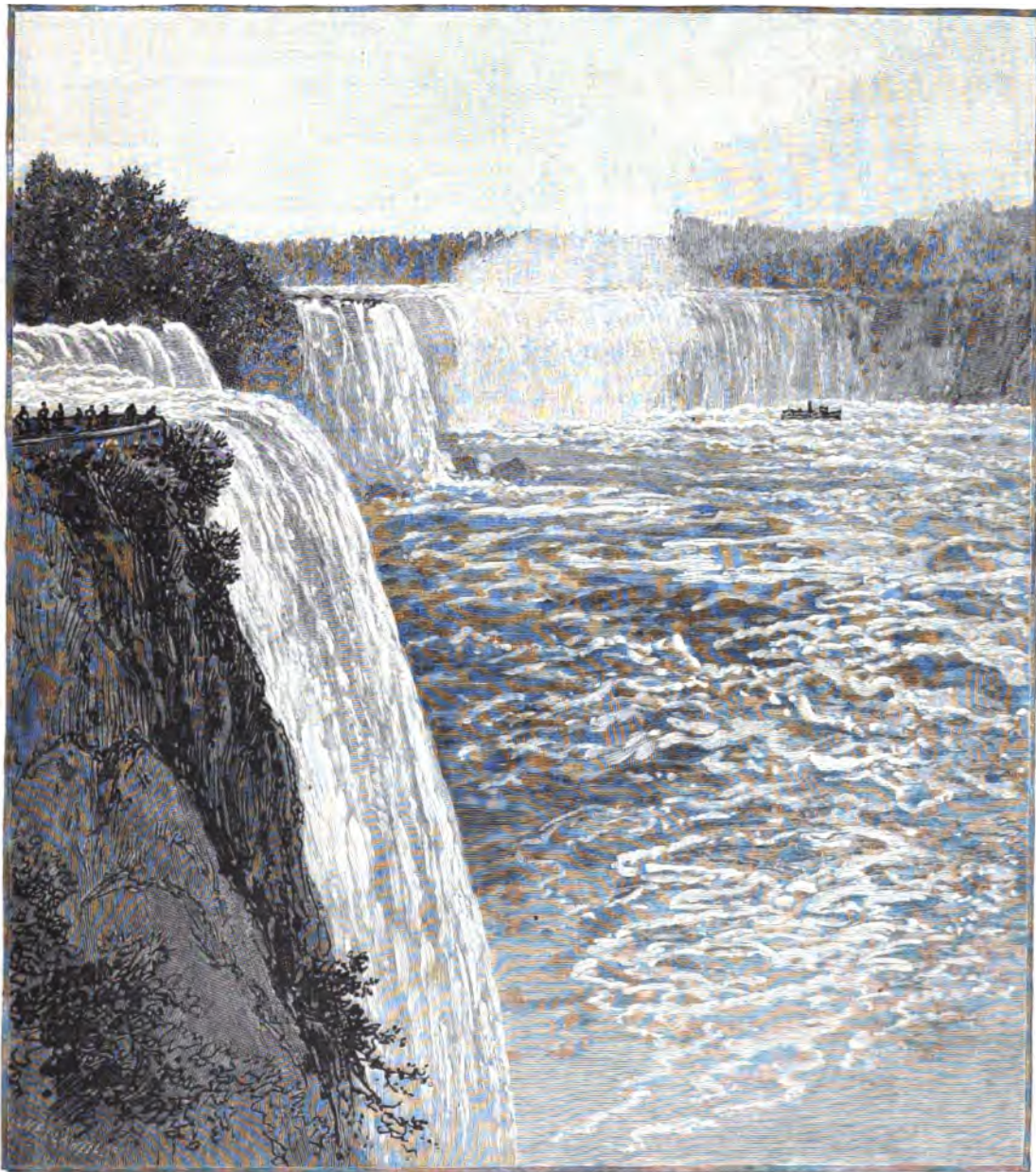
While such silly and nonsensical regulations, founded on superstition, are officially recognized and practiced on ships of war, there remains but little hope of eliminating from the followers of the sea the accusation that they are given to the dark theories of superstition.

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NIAGARA FALLS, FROM THE AMERICAN SIDE.

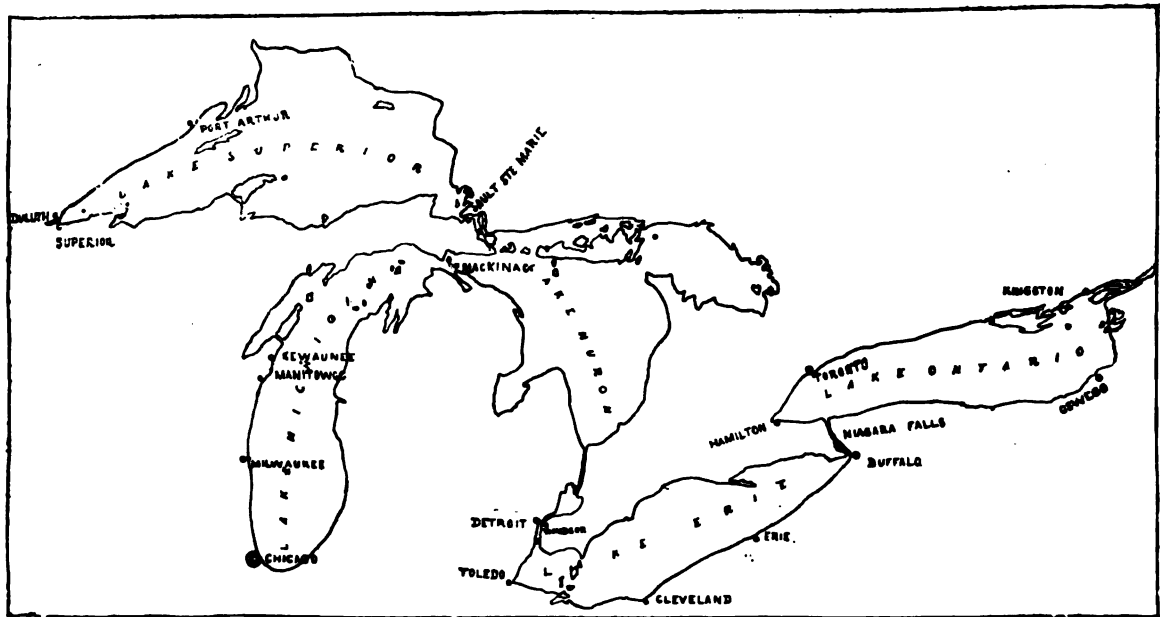


FIG. 1 — THE CHAIN OF GREAT LAKES

NIAGARA IN HARNESS.

BY ARTHUR VAUGHAN ABBOTT, C. E.

THE extent to which natural supplies of energy are utilized is an accurate exponent of the civilization of a nation. In savagery man satisfies all his demands for power by the labor of his hands. The treasures of the coal mine are unknown; the swift running river evokes no idea but the fear of a malignant water sprite; while the wind indeed "bloweth as it listeth," arousing no thought as to whence it comes or whither it goes. The earliest attempts to increase or supersede manual energy were endeavors to appropriate the forces of other animals, or of captive men reduced to slavery. Then the action of the wind and waves upon the primeval canoe suggested their sup-

plies of power; while it was not until the close of the last century that the value of fuel as a mine of force became understood. With the progress of invention the value of animal energy, originally the only source of power, is continually decreasing, and bids fair to eventually vanish as a factor in the problem.

The discovery of a new supply of energy would be more valuable than the fabled purse of Fortunatus, but alas for those who still pursue the Fata Morgana of perpetual motion! Science shows that man is as powerless to create energy as he is to create matter; and that as the sum of the matter and the sum of the force in the universe are constant quantities,

all that man can ever hope to do is to so modify the forms of these essentials of creation as may best adapt them to his needs. Only four sources of energy are now known.

First: The

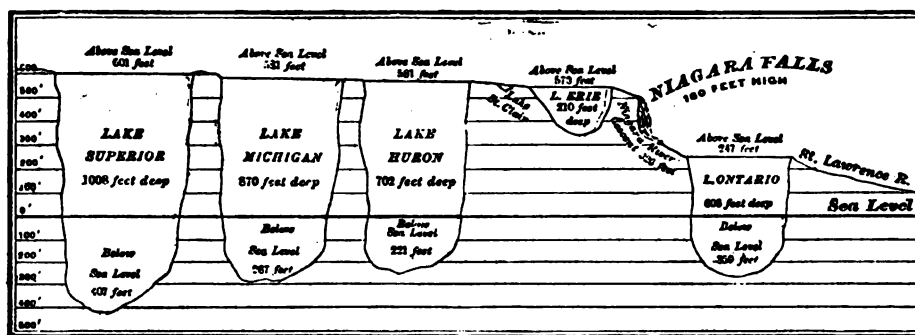


FIG. 2 — LEVEL OF THE CHAIN OF GREAT LAKES.

interior of the earth being still in a molten condition, a certain infinitesimal amount of energy, in the form of heat, is conveyed by conduction through the solidified crust to the exterior.

Second : A minute amount of heat and light energy is radiated to the world from other stellar systems.

Third : The moon, in causing the ebb and flow of the tides, expends upon the earth quite a large amount of energy, which may eventually be usefully employed.

Fourth : From the sun, in the form of radiant light and heat, the earth has received in the past immense quantities of energy, now stored in beds of fossil fuel, and is still receiving daily supplies, that are manifest in living animals and plants; in the waterfalls and rivers; in the constant motions of the atmosphere; and in an attraction that at one time opposes and at another aids the moon in producing tidal effects.

Without serious error the first three causes may be neglected in a consideration of the energy utilized by mankind. The amount of force delivered by the first two is unappreciable, while that so far derived from an application of the tide is insignificant. There is, it is true, a proposal to construct an enormous dam, 15 miles long and about 300 feet high, extending across the Irish Channel, at the Mull of Cantire. The effect of this dam would be to convert the Irish Sea into a large mill pond, that at each ebb and

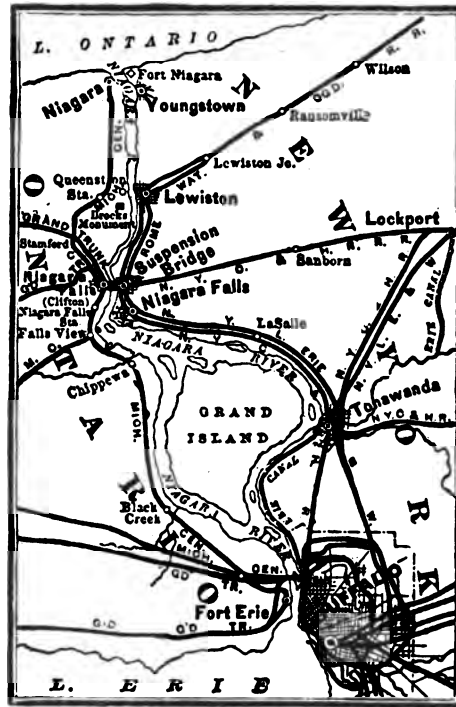


FIG. 3.—NIAGARA RIVER FROM LAKE ERIE TO LAKE ONTARIO

flow of the tide would be filled and emptied with water sufficient to deliver millions of horse power. While there is nothing impossible in this

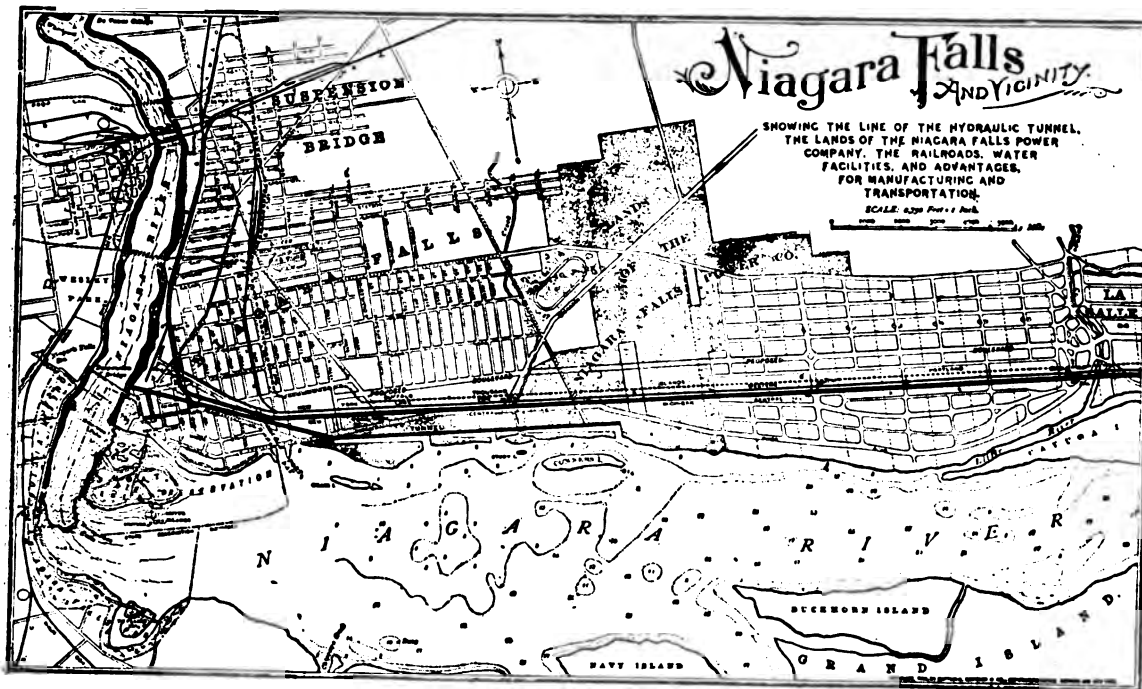


FIG. 4

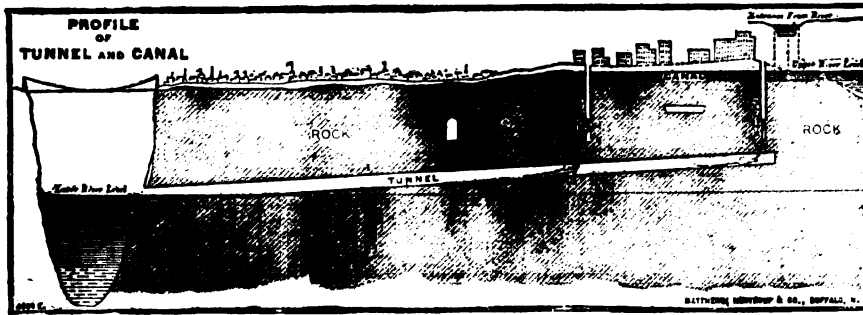


FIG. 5.

proposition, it cannot, as yet, be regarded as affecting the world's supply of power; and thus the sun may be considered as the only present supply of energy worthy of extensive consideration.

Mechanical work is usually defined as the production of motion against resistance. Thus, to raise a book from the floor and place it on a table requires the expenditure of a directly measurable amount of force; the attraction of gravitation tending to hold the book on the floor and resisting the hand that raises it. Assuming the book to weigh two pounds and the table to be three feet high, the lifting hand is elevating a weight of two pounds through a space of three feet, and if the weight be multiplied by the distance through which it moves, a compound quantity—

six foot pounds—is obtained, which is a measure of the power exerted. While the book remains quietly on the table the energy expended is stored in it. If a push shall dislodge the book, in the concussion produced on striking the floor all the energy previously

expended in raising it is given out, and could by suitable mechanism be utilized.

The rate at which mechanical work is accomplished is an important factor. If an hour were required to lift the book, instead of a second or two, while the amount of energy expended would in the end be the same, the rate of expenditure would be too slow for practical availability. When occupied on his improvements of the steam engine James Watt defined a horse power as the expenditure of 33,000 foot pounds per minute, or in other words Watt considered that a horse could overcome resistance at a rate that would be equivalent to lifting 33,000 pounds one foot high in a minute of time.

Though it has been shown that Watt's estimate is too high, and that an average horse cannot

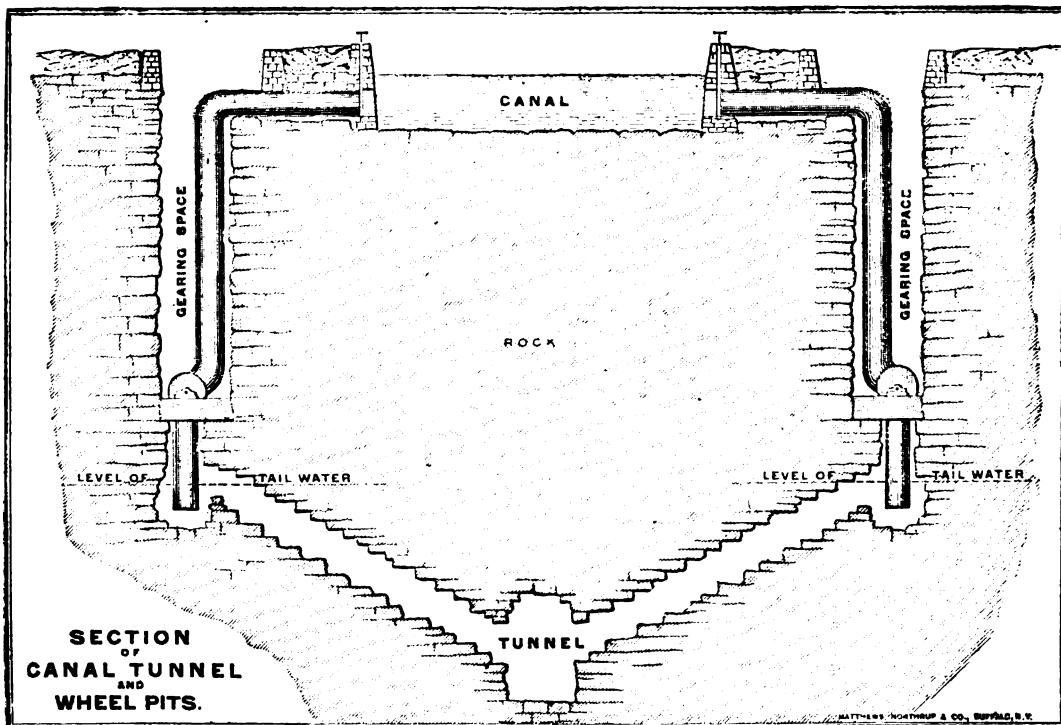


FIG. 6.

exert more than one-half or two-thirds of this quantity, yet his unit of work remains as the universal English estimate of mechanical energy.

In a somewhat parallel manner the sun is storing energy for the use of mankind. Throughout the luminous hours of each day the sun pours upon the expanse of the ocean enormous quantities of energy as light and heat, of which a large proportion is expended in evaporating the surface water. The vapor flies upward into the high regions of the air, as truly lifted against the attraction of gravitation as was the book from the floor; each pound of water raised a foot from the sea level requiring the same expenditure of force as did each pound composing the mass of the book.

Again the sun power comes into play, for through the agency of the winds the moisture-laden upper air is wafted over the continents until it reaches the mountain chains, the cool summits of which act as condensers, precipitating the moisture in rain and mist. But here the reappearing water is hundreds, or even thousands, of feet above its former sea level, and as in the book illustration, each pound of water at the higher level possesses, in virtue of its position, precisely the



FIG. 7.—VIEW INSIDE THE TUNNEL.

amount of energy that was expended in raising it from the ocean. Down the mountain slopes, collecting into springs and gathering into brooks that swell into rivers, rush the water drops, emitting at each inch of fall some of their pent-up sun energy. To this cause the Cañon of the Colorado, the Delta of the Mississippi and the Palisades of the Hudson are impressive monuments, while the terrible disasters at Johnstown and Mill River testify to the awful resistlessness of the uncontrolled expenditure of a small amount of solar force.

To render water power useful, in the commonly accepted meaning of the word, arrangements

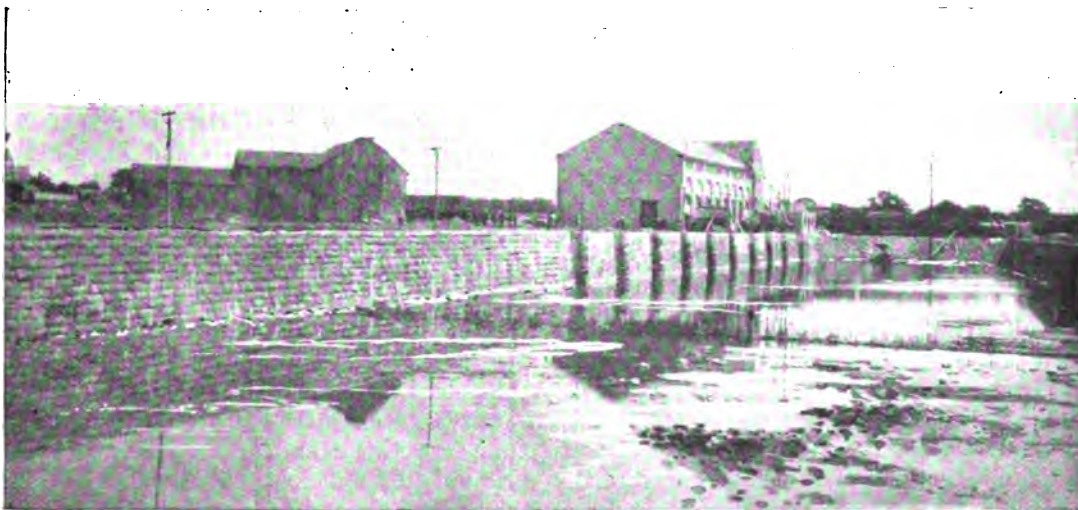


FIG. 8.—POWER STATION, AND CANAL TO INLET FROM NIAGARA RIVER.

must be made to direct and control the energy otherwise devoted to abrading the soil, rendering it available in the arts. As the amount of energy is proportional to both the quantity of water and the height of the fall, either a little water flowing a long way or a large quantity with a short drop will develop a corresponding amount of power, the maximum amount of energy evidently being obtained by the highest fall with the largest volume. In California small streams with a fall of many hundreds of feet, producing jets of only a few inches in diameter, can, with appropriate wheels, yield several hundred horse power, while in New England a whole river with a few feet of fall is sometimes required to operate a small mill. Reliability, at least from a commercial standpoint, is a *sine qua non* of any water power. If in the dry season the stream is so reduced that the fall cannot supply the wheel, the factory must stop, causing both invested capital and employes to lose more or less time, and introducing into the business a disastrous element of uncertainty. The construction of dams, creating an artificial reservoir, guards, in a measure, against such contingencies, and further adds to the value of the water power by increasing the height of the fall. The question of the utilization of the waterfall is always a problem in economics, though to the superficial observer such power appears to cost little or nothing. The construction of the necessary dams, canals, wheels, etc., requires the investment of large sums, upon which interest must be annually paid, and machinery of this class usually entails a considerable outlay for yearly repairs and maintenance, causing an aggregate of fixed charges that is frequently disappointing to the supersanguine promoter.

The application of water power has been limited to the immediate vicinity of the fall, for previously to the most modern applications of electricity no economical means were known of transporting energy from place to place, excepting within the most limited areas. So it was found necessary to locate all the machinery directly at the fall, and raw material as well as finished goods must be subjected to the necessary cost of transportation, such expense tending still further to increase the true cost of water power. Energy derived from fuel presents much greater flexibility. A steam engine of precisely the required size may be so located as to render the expense of transportation, both for raw material and finished product, a minimum, the cost of the engine as well as annual maintenance charges being usually less than that required by waterfall improvements, thus leaving the expense of fuel as the chief item assessed against the steam plant.

Owing to various geographical and commercial circumstances, the cost of the production of energy by water or steam varies greatly in different localities. Taking the averages from a large number of well-built steam plants, it is found that installation of engines developing 250 horse power and upward costs for machinery alone from \$60 to \$70 per horse power of capacity. Such plants, when operated for ten hours a day, require an annual expenditure for fuel, superintendence and maintenance of from \$22 to \$48 per horse power of output, depending upon the size and kind of engine, and assuming the price of coal to vary from \$2 to \$5 a ton. The expense usually incurred in rendering water power available varies between even wider limits; for large enterprises a cost of from \$80 to \$100 per horse power developed may be a reasonable amount, while should the expense exceed from \$135 to \$145 there would be few locations where steam would not be commercially a successful competitor.

Water power owned and rented by a company undertaking the installation of the necessary dams and canals usually sells for from \$3 to \$5 per horse power per year in particularly favored localities, or commands a price of from \$18 to \$25 in cases where water is scarce and the demand for power large. With these considerations in mind, an intelligent consideration may be given to the proposed utilization of the greatest waterfall in the world.

A glance at the map (Fig. 1) of Central North America discloses the most remarkable chain of water ways in the world. Five expanses of fresh water, aggregating 95,000 square miles and draining an area measured by 300,000 square miles, stretch, in series, throughout 17 degrees of longitude and 8 degrees of latitude.

The physical geographic features of this chain are quite peculiar. Turning to Fig. 2, in which a profile of the lake chain is shown, the eye is at once arrested by the fact that the four western lakes are very closely on a level, there being but 28 feet fall between Lake Superior and Lake Erie. It is also worthy of note that the bottoms of the four lakes, Superior, Michigan, Huron and Ontario, are approximately on a level, being 360 to 400 feet below the sea level. Out of the 600 feet between Lake Superior and the level of the ocean, 326 feet occur in the Niagara River and 160 feet in a single leap at the Niagara Falls. At this point a great dike of limestone stretches across the country between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, acting as an immense natural dam, imprisoning the waters of the Great Lake chain.

In Fig. 3 the geographical features of the Niagara River are indicated. On geological grounds it is evident that at some former epoch the falls

were nearer, and perhaps quite close to Lake Ontario, the resistless energy of the water being sufficient to cut the Niagara gorge southward from Lake Ontario to the present location of the falls. Some idea of the work done by the water may be had by considering that the river has excavated a cañon 7 miles long, from 200 to 300 feet in depth, and from 600 to 1,200 feet in width. Measurements on the falls show them to be receding southward at the rate of about a foot a year, thus requiring an allowance of about 35,000 years for the excavation of the present gorge.

At first appearance the Niagara River would seem to present unparalleled advantages as a power supply. Here the rocky limestone forms a natural dam, giving an available fall of 150 feet; while behind it the four Great Lakes with their 270,000 square miles of drainage area, collecting annually about 675,000,000 tons of water, afford a storage reservoir upon which the longest drought could make no impression, and from which all the mills on the continent could draw adequate supplies of energy.

Unfortunately, these very conditions, that at first, apparently, seem so favorable, have, until the present time, precluded a commercial utilization of Niagara. For seven miles northward of the falls the general level of the main is at least 200 feet above the bed of the river. To locate mills above this level would be to place them at the same height as Lake Erie, and no power would be available. Below the falls Niagara River flows between two rocky walls that slope so perpendicularly into the stream as to afford no possibility of a mill site near the water's edge unless by blasting out of the solid rock sufficient space to receive buildings. To a limited extent this plan has been adopted, and here and there on the American side one may see a factory perched upon the side of the cliff, seeming in constant danger of being washed away by the very stream that turns its wheel.

About five years ago, when by means of electrical appliances it became possible to transfer energy over considerable distances, plans for the utilization of the falls revived. The problem was attacked in a different way, and in a manner which promised a successful utilization of a sensible fraction of Niagara's power. To carry out their plans the Niagara Falls Power Company have secured a large tract of land bordering for about two miles along the Niagara River, commencing about a mile south of the falls. A detailed map with special reference to the location of the power company is shown in Fig. 4.

The plans of the power company contemplate locating the mill buildings upon available sites at

the general country level of the Lake Erie side of the falls, at a sufficient distance above the rapids to secure a safe and commodious harbor for shipping. At this point, as indicated by the map, the river is very wide, the numerous islands affording ample opportunity for an unlimited harbor. The current is none too swift for navigation, and the site selected secures all the advantages of the many systems of lake navigation. Railway facilities are exceptionally fine, as some of the largest trunk lines pass close to the buildings of the power company, while at a distance of three miles the town of Suspension Bridge is a centre for nearly all American and Canadian roads. While the mill buildings are placed upon the upper water level, the wheels evidently must be at or near the level of the river below the falls, the successful accomplishment of this condition being one of the triumphs of the Cataract Construction Company.

The idea was advanced of cutting vertically downward through the limestone rock a large slot, and placing the wheels, with their necessary machinery, at the bottom of this excavation. To provide the necessary tailrace and accommodate the discharge of the wheels it was decided to construct a large tunnel, extending from the bottom of the slot at the location of the mill buildings, entirely around the falls, having its opening into the river, at the water level below the cataract. The general features of this scheme may be still more clearly illustrated by reference to Figs. 4, 5 and 6.

In Fig. 4 the location of the tunnel is indicated by a heavy black line which extends along the water front of the property of the power company, and then bending northward, runs to the westward, opening into the river a little below the carriage suspension bridge. In profile the tunnel is represented in Fig. 5. Here the mill buildings are shown located in double rows along slots cut into the canal, on the upper river level. The wheel pits discharge into the tunnel, that empties the water into the river at the lower level. The location of the wheels and the office of the tunnel is still further indicated in Fig. 6.

On either side of the canal two slots are excavated in the rock, near the bottom of which the wheels are placed, taking their water supply from the canal, through iron penstocks. The wheels discharge into a passageway that, connecting with the tunnel, affords an outlet for the exhaust water. The construction of the tunnel and the preparation of the wheel pits are noteworthy pieces of hydraulic engineering, although, both for magnitude and difficulty of execution, they are surpassed by many other famous tunnels.



FIG. 9.—WEST SIDE OF POWER STATION, WITH TEMPORARY DAM.

Fig. 7 gives a general idea of the interior of the tunnel. It is 19 feet wide, 21 feet high and 7,000 feet in length, and occupied upward of four years for its completion. According to the original expectation, it was intended to form a tunnel by cutting the required hole through the rock. Unfortunately, the character of the strata was found to be too soft to permit of this construction, and a lining of four courses of brick was required.

The discharge of the tunnel is 205 feet below the sill of the gate to the main canal. Of this a total fall of 140 feet is available to drive the wheels, the difference being required for clearance from the wheel pits, the incline of the lateral tunnels and the grade of the main tunnel amounting to 36 feet per mile. The tunnel, as at present constructed, will give sufficient capacity to develop over 100,000 horse power. Fears have been expressed that enterprises of this description would mar the natural beauty of the fall; yet if the tunnel were running full it would barely

accommodate two per cent. of the mighty volume that now pours over the Niagara edge, so half a dozen tunnels would not sensibly decrease the magnitude of the cataract. Provided the power company carry out their present intention of erecting handsome and slightly buildings, little or no difficulty from this score may be apprehended.

To distribute the 100,000 horse power rendered available by the tunnel, it is proposed to lease to

various manufacturing enterprises of sufficient magnitude building sites for the erection of mills, together with water privileges on the canals, including the use of the great tunnel as a tailrace. The first of such factories has been established by the Niagara Falls Paper Company, their works being opened last January. This mill is supplied with three 1,100 horse power turbine wheels, that have so far proved to be unqualified successes.

Another extensive plant is in process of erec-

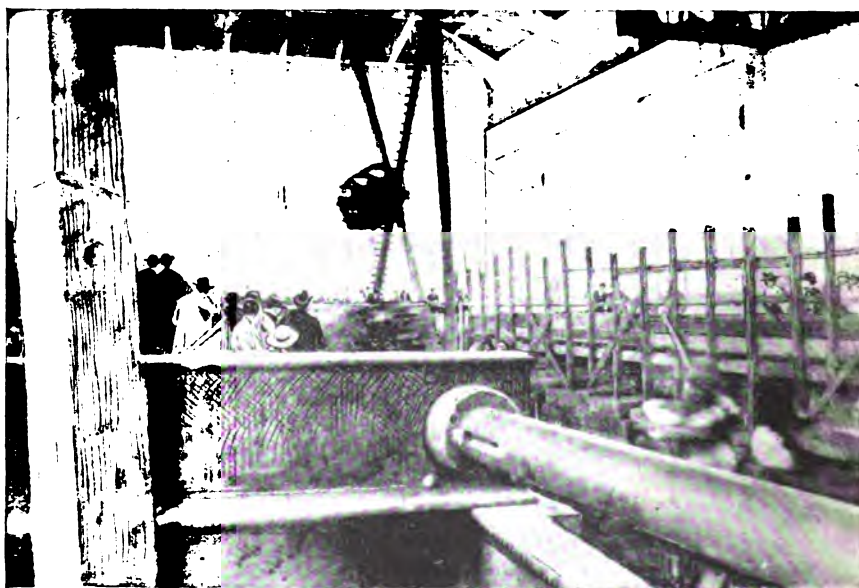


FIG. 10.—INTERIOR OF POWER STATION.

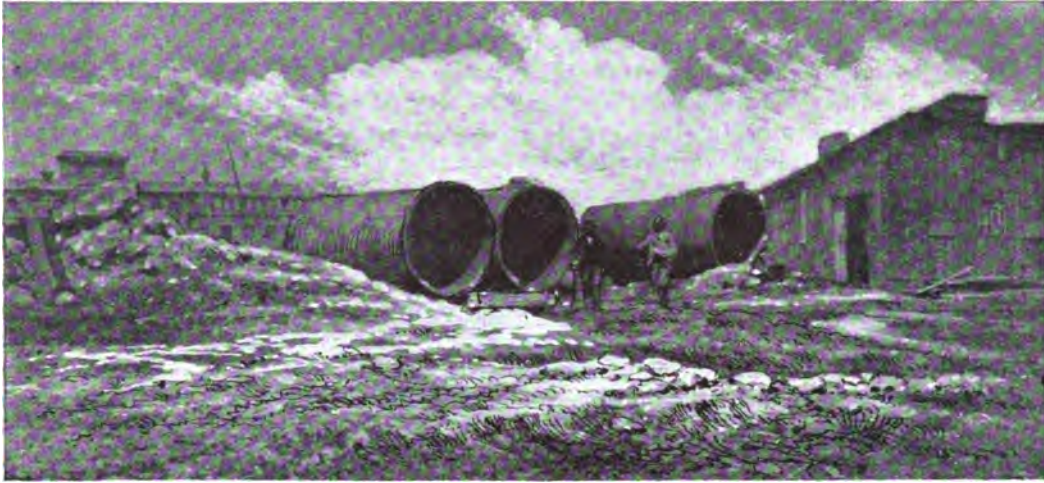


FIG. 11.—PENSTOCKS.

tion, to be occupied by the Pittsburg Reduction Company in the manufacture of aluminium. In the process adopted, energy chiefly in the form of electricity is needed, that it is expected will be supplied directly from the great power station.

It can hardly be profitable to build in this manner mills of less than 1,000 horse power, and as the whole 100,000 horse power for which the tunnel is designed could not thus be utilized, it is proposed to establish an immense central power station, having an ultimate capacity of 50,000 horse power, from which, by the aid of electrical machinery, energy may be distributed over a large section of the surrounding country. The present status of this part of the enterprise is indicated in Figs. 8, 9, 10 and 11.

Fig. 8 is a view of the main canal and the present station building, looking northward from the river. The canal is about 188 feet wide and 17 feet in depth at the river, but narrows to 116 feet in width, while preserving a depth of 17 feet throughout the entire length of 1,260 feet.

The water in the canal, when the wheels are in full operation, will be about 12 feet in depth. The sides are of solid limestone, 7 feet thick at the bottom, narrowing to 5 feet at the top. The station building is an imposing structure of Niagara limestone, placed upon the west side of the canal. It is designed to accommodate 10 turbine wheels, each capable of developing 5,000 horse power. The wheels are so arranged as to receive their water supply from separate inlets, the locations of which, in the walls of the canal, may be readily traced in Figs. 8 and 9.

At present the station building is only carried far enough to the southward to accommodate 3 of the 10 wheels, the end being temporarily in-

closed with a thin brick wall easily removable when enlargement shall become necessary.

In Fig. 9 a complete view of the west front of the station is indicated, in which the architectural features are more fully developed. The interior of the station, when finished, will present the appearance of a large and light room surmounted by an iron truss roof, constructed to be perfectly fireproof (Fig. 10). A monster traveling crane runs the full length of the station, designed to lift the heaviest pieces of machinery, and thus greatly facilitate any repairs which may be necessary.

The turbines are set as indicated in Fig. 13, at

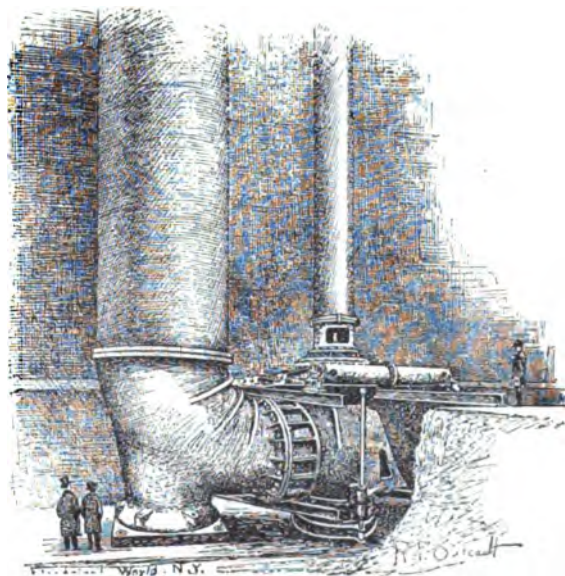


FIG. 12.—PENSTOCK AND WHEEL IN PLACE.

the bottom of a huge slot in the limestone. To conduct the water from the canal to the wheels, enormous penstocks, composed of steel tubes, 7 feet in diameter, are arranged to extend from the canal downward to the wheel level. Sections of the penstock are shown in Fig. 12. The turbines are of Swiss design, although manufactured in Philadelphia, in this country, and are shown in section in Fig. 13. The turbines are twin wheels, and are made of bronze of a similar quality to that employed for steamship propellers.

By means of ring gates and automatic governors it is hoped that the speed of the turbines may be rendered essentially constant, with an extreme variation in speed of not more than one-half of one per cent.

From the rotating part of the turbines a hollow steel shaft extends upward 140 feet, for the purpose of transmitting the power to the level of the station floor, being here attached to the revolving parts of the dynamos. The shaft is a hollow steel tube about 1 foot in diameter and some 4 inches in thickness. One of the most important of the engineering problems is that of supporting the wheel, shaft and dynamo. This mass of machinery weighs about 80 tons and will be continually spinning at a rate of 250 revolutions per minute. By properly designing the wheel casing the upward pressure of the water is

so directed as to act against this mass of metal, buoying it and causing the whole mechanism to float upon the water supplied to drive the wheel. Indeed, when the wheels are lightly loaded the 80 tons of metal will not only be supported by the water column, but there will be an upward thrust of about a ton over and above this quantity. When the wheels are running at full gait a freer outlet is afforded the water, decreasing the supporting power and allowing the downward pressure to come into play. To provide for this inequality a thrust bearing is arranged as shown in Fig. 13. The bearing consists of a series of steel rings on the main shaft, that are recessed into corresponding grooves in a large bronze collar, securely fastened to a ponderous steel frame, forming a part of the wheel foundation, being built into the limestone forming the sides of the wheel pit.

While the design of the water wheels and the construction of the tunnel have attracted to the Niagara development the liveliest engineering interest, it is the possibility of commercially delivering power to the various cities within a radius of some hundreds of miles that concentrates upon this plant the undivided attention of the mechanical world. It is only modern electrical developments that make this result even a possibility. From time to time all sorts of schemes

have been put into operation to accomplish the transportation of energy. In the ordinary mill the familiar belts and ropes carry power to the various floors, and while successful enough for very short distances, this method is one of the most limited scope. Under special circumstances, as, for instance, in cable railways, such transmission has extended over distances of considerable magnitude, carrying quite large amounts of power. Experiments have been tried, involving the pumping of air, ammonia, or other gases, through pipe lines of considerable extent. Steam and water, both hot and cold, under heavy pressures, have also been advocated, but none of these efforts have been commercially successful, excepting under special circumstances and on small scales. With the advent of the modern dynamo the ability to produce electricity exceedingly cheaply and efficiently opened new opportunities for

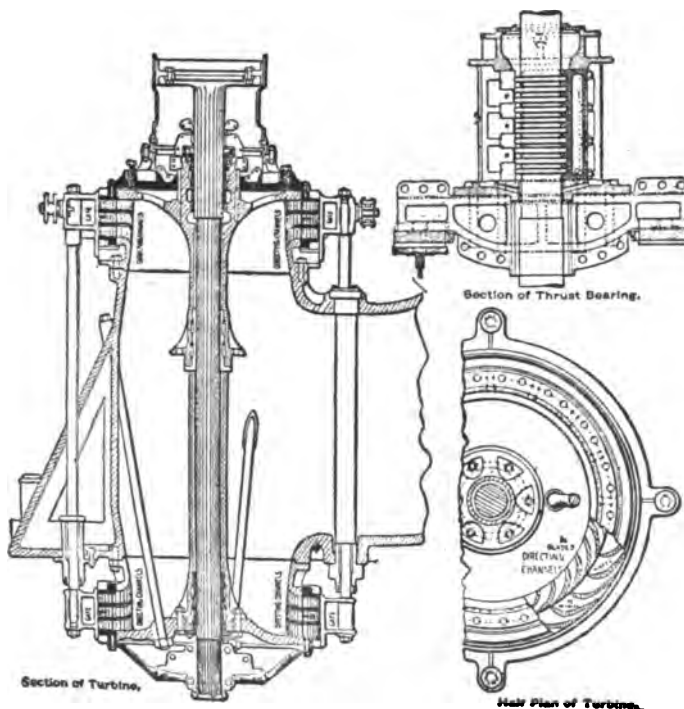


FIG. 13.—SECTIONS OF TURBINE WHEELS.

power transmission, as electrical energy peculiarly lends itself to this purpose.

The dynamo is a mechanical contrivance for converting any form of mechanical power into electrical energy, by the rotation of a wire between the poles of a powerful magnet. The essential organs of the dynamo consist of a strong magnet, between the poles of which is placed a wheel called the "armature," upon whose circumference coils of insulated wire are placed. If, by means of a steam engine, or water wheel, the armature be rapidly rotated, the mechanical energy of the source of power is converted into electrical energy in the coils of wire. Precisely why or how this transformation takes place even the most advanced scientist is not at present able to state. Suffice it, therefore, to say that, owing to its simplicity, the dynamo machine is an exceedingly economical and efficient means of changing mechanical force into electrical energy. Investigation has further shown that the electrical force in the armature wire is produced in the form of a series of waves or pulsations, the crest of each wave occurring as the particular wire passes immediately in front of the magnetic pole. The operation of such a machine is, therefore, to set up a series of undulations, and if the armature be adequately connected to a length of wire it is found that these pulsations will travel to and fro through the entire circuit, and by means of proper mechanical devices may be made to give up their energy at any point along the conductor. In fact, the dynamo machine is not infrequently compared to a force pump, and the wire to a pipe, through which, as in the case of the familiar garden irrigator, successive jets of water are squirted. The analogy, however, fails of full comparison, for while the irrigator emits a succession of water jets, there seems to be in the wire an ebb and flow of energy somewhat similar to the ebb and flow of the surf on the seashore, or the periodic variations of the tide. With the dynamo machinery, as above described, a complete wave is generated with every revolution of the armature. Thus, if the armature revolves 500 turns per minute, there would be 500 waves per minute in the wire, and, technically speaking, the electrical current would be said to possess a frequency of 500.

By multiplying the number of magnets, so that

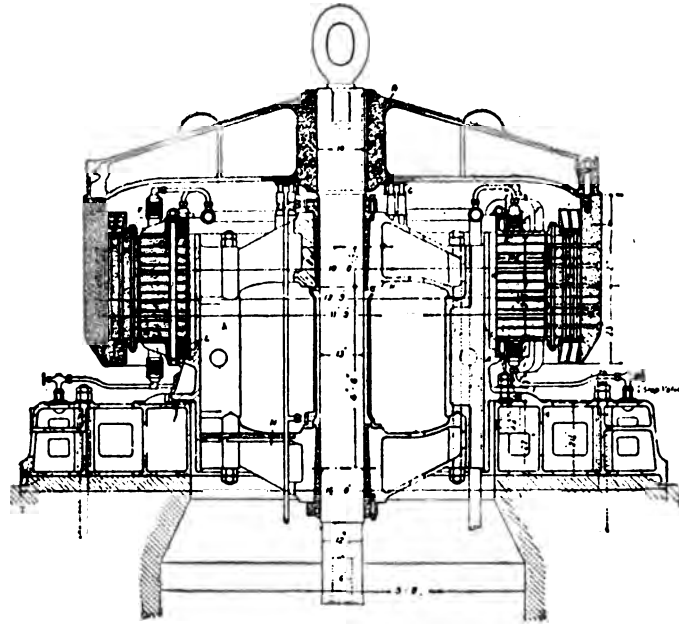


FIG. 14.—SECTION OF DYNAMO.

in each revolution the armature wires pass through several successive magnetic fields, or by increasing the number of revolutions, the number of waves may be correspondingly augmented. In this country, particularly for lighting purposes, machines are made with a large number of poles, giving rise to alternating currents of high frequency, reaching 100 to 150 waves per second.

Like other forms of energy, the amount of power developed by an electrical current depends upon two quantities, namely, the pressure or intensity, and the quantity of electricity set in motion. In a waterfall the energy developed depends both upon the quantity of water and the height from which it falls. In the case of a steam boiler, a little steam at a high pressure will do as much work as a large quantity at a lower tension. Similarly, a little electricity under a high voltage, as electrical pressure is usually called, will exert as much energy as a larger quantity under a lower voltage. The transmission problem is greatly facilitated by the ease with which electrical pressure may be produced or modified. In the dynamo previously cited the electrical pressure is directly proportional to the number of wires on the armature which pass the poles of the magnet. Obviously, multiplying the wires, increasing the number of magnetic poles, or accelerating the rotation of the armature, will serve to increase the voltage of the current.

The electrical circuit further resembles the hydraulic analogy of the garden irrigator in three

other important analogies. The wire forming the conductor opposes the transfer of energy, exhibiting properties closely resembling the friction offered by the water pipe to the flow of the water. The conductor also exhibits the phenomena of capacity, or otherwise, a certain quantity of electricity is required to fill the wire, so to speak, before any energy can be obtained at a distant point. So with the irrigator, several strokes of the pump are necessary before any water issues from the end of the hose. Curiously, in common with water, an electrical current seems to possess the property of inertia. If in a pipe through which a current of water is swiftly flowing a sudden obstruction occurs, the momentum of the moving column is usually sufficient to burst the pipe or inflict other serious damage. Also in the electrical circuit, when the waves are surging to and fro, anything impeding their uniform action is frequently attended with the most disastrous results.

Electrical quantity is measured by amperes in a manner precisely similar to the measurements of water by quarts and gallons, and the electrician customarily speaks of amperes with the same familiarity and the same meaning with which the milkman does of pints. Electrical pressure (measured by volts) has as real a meaning as pounds to the grocer. In speaking of a waterfall, the energy developed was found to be expressed in foot pounds, and was ascertained by multiplying the amount of water by the height of the fall; so with electricity, the power exhibited is measured by the product of the volts and amperes.

A current of 10 amperes having a pressure of 15 volts is equal to 150 volt-amperes of energy. For brevity, a volt-ampere is frequently called a watt, and experiments show that one watt is equivalent to 45 foot pounds, requiring 746 watts to equal a horse power. As the energy is proportional to the product of the volts and amperes, it is evident that a variation in either factor would produce a corresponding change in the quantity of power. To the passage of the current it has been shown that every conductor opposes a certain amount of resistance corresponding to friction, and investigation indicates that this opposition in the same conductor varies as

the square of the current. If the pressure remains constant, doubling the energy necessitates doubling the current and quadrupling the losses in the circuit. Increasing the pressure, however, meets with no such disastrous result, so by doubling the voltage the quantity of power may be doubled without increasing in any respect the losses. Were it not that a point is soon reached at which it becomes difficult to insulate the conductors, thus causing them to become sources of danger, the amount of power which could be transmitted by a single wire would become almost infinite. At a potential of 1,000,000 volts a wire as large as a lead pencil could transmit 1,000 horse power from New York to Chicago without severe loss; but as this pressure approaches that of a thundercloud the installation would, on the score of danger alone, be impracticable. In order, therefore, to avoid the loss due to resistance, it is the aim of electricians

to operate a transmission line at the highest possible electrical pressure consistent with safety.

To this end, in dealing with the alternating current, they are greatly aided by a device termed a transformer, whereby the relation in any electrical circuit between the pressure or voltage and the current or quantity may be readily altered. Given a circuit with a pressure of 10

volts and 150 amperes, by means of a transformer the pressure could be raised to 100 volts with a current of 15 amperes. In this case the pressure has been increased 90 volts, while the current has been diminished tenfold; and it will be noticed that in both cases the energy remains unchanged, for 10 volts multiplied by 15 amperes gives a product of 150 watts, and 100 volts multiplied by 15 amperes is precisely the same quantity.

The transformer is an exceedingly simple piece of mechanism, consisting of an iron core overwound with two coils of wire, one of which consists of a few turns of coarse wire, while the other has a large number of turns of fine wire. If, now, a series of electrical waves pass through either of these coils a corresponding series of waves will manifest itself in the other coil, although the two have no metallic connection with each other; and further, the pressure of the waves



FIG. 15.—INTERIOR OF CONDUIT.

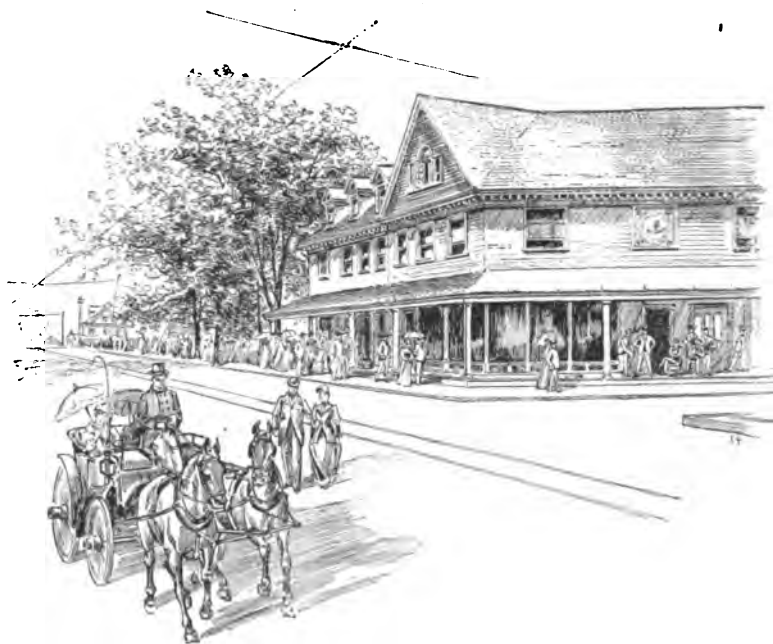


STREET IN ECHOTA.

in the second coil will bear the relation to the pressure in the first coil that the number of turns in the first coil bears to the number of turns in the second coil. Thus, if the coarse wire has 10 turns and the fine wire 100 turns, the pressure in the fine wire will be ten times as great as the pressure in the coarse wire, while the current in the fine wire will be only one-tenth the current in the coarse wire. This action of the transformer is as mysterious as that of the dynamo, and while entirely inexplicable, electricians are only too glad to avail themselves of this apparatus; for, as there are no moving parts in it, it is exceedingly cheap in construction and maintenance.

The design of a successful transmission plant must thus steer its way between obstacles on every hand. The electrical pressure must be as high as possible, to avoid loss in the conducting circuit, but yet restrained within limits that will not injure the insulation, exposing the plant to possible destruction. The capacity of the line and ap-

paratus and the frequency of the current should be reduced to the lowest possible limits, and provision made to absolutely prevent the possibility of opening the circuit, or the disastrous effects of electrical inertia and self-induction would, in all probability, wreck the entire installation. The stopping and starting of the dynamos, as well as of the motors and other apparatus actuated by them, must be accomplished by an artificial load



ECHOTA HALL.

so interposed that during the period of starting and stopping it shall absorb temporarily the energy developed. If the frequency is too low the machinery becomes too extensive and bulky, and on lighting circuits the lamps are afflicted with unbearable flickering.

The best present practice for transmission plants indicates the advisability of designing the dynamos to operate at a moderate pressure, and then connect them with step-up transformers, whereby the pressure may be raised to several thousand volts for transmission in the conductor system. At the distant receiving station step-down transformers are employed to reduce the pressure to limits that may be safely introduced into the consumer's premises. In small stations the difficulties mentioned may be to a certain extent ignored, but in dealing with thousands of horse power attention to the smallest details is the only price of success.

For the Niagara plant it is proposed to build three huge dynamos, each capable of absorbing and converting into electricity 5,000 horse power, thus corresponding in size to the output of the turbines. The construction of these machines is indicated in Fig. 14.

Through the centre of the drawing the massive shaft of the water wheel extends, and is capped with a spider-shaped steel casting that surrounds and incases the entire machine, revolving with the turbine shaft. The spider casting is supplied with 8 internal projections that form the magnetic poles. On these projections coils of insulated copper strip are wound, that, being supplied with current from a small auxiliary dynamo, form the means of exciting the intense magnetic fields required for this giant machine. The armature consists of 16 coils of No. 0 copper wire. These coils are supported by a bronze framework, that in turn is sustained by a massive bedplate bolted to the masonry foundation of the power house. A peculiar feature of this dynamo consists in designing the machine with an oil-tight casing, provided with circulating pipes, whereby the whole machine may be kept flooded with oil. As oil is an admirable insulator and the best of lubricants, this design greatly enhances the electrical and mechanical efficiency. Further, by the constant flow of oil, the generator will be supplied with a circulation of cool fluid, preventing the machine from heating and contributing to steady and uniform operation. By means of these features Professor Forbes expresses his confidence in the success of machines of this type, able to operate at a potential of 20,000 volts and delivering a current of 200 amperes. The first three machines, however, are designed to operate

at 2,000 volts, with a frequency of $16\frac{2}{3}$ per second, delivering a current of nearly 2,000 amperes, and if successful will probably lead immediately to the installation of the 20,000-volt generators. As it is quite probable that the output of the first three machines will be entirely consumed in the immediate vicinity of the power station, the transmission losses in the short lines required for this work will not be serious. By the use of transformers to raise the potential, as has already been indicated, the output of the present generators would readily be adapted to economical long-distance requirements.

To provide adequate conductors for distributing the energy manufactured by the power station presents engineering problems as intricate and as interesting as the details of the station machinery.

Transmission lines have usually consisted of a copper wire strung upon poles, but such ephemeral construction is totally unsuited to the Niagara problem. In the present installation an underground conduit is introduced, shown in section in Fig. 15.

The conduit is built by excavating the necessary trench through the ground, into which a horseshoe-shaped mold is placed. Around this mold concrete made of the best Portland cement is tightly packed, in quantities sufficient to make a solid arch one foot in thickness. Previously to the introduction of the concrete on the bottom of the trench a secure and solid foundation of masonry is laid. When completed the internal dimensions of the conduit will be 5 feet 6 inches high by 3 feet 10 inches in width. At intervals of 30 feet substantial bracket-shaped castings are set in the concrete, upon which the insulators for supporting the metallic conductors are placed. To transmit all the energy to be manufactured by the great power station, bare copper strips will be secured to the insulators, a sufficient number being used to aggregate 6 square inches in cross section. Along the bottom of the conduit a railway track is laid, upon which a small car may be driven, for the purpose of inspection and repairs. The inclosure of the circuit in an underground conduit presents great advantages by protecting the conductors from the severity of the elements, and from either malicious or accidental interference. Grave doubts, however, have been expressed as to the feasibility of the present design. It would certainly seem difficult, if not impossible, to maintain many miles of such subterranean trench sufficiently dry to prevent destructive electrical leakage, and it is extremely doubtful whether it will be safe for workmen to enter so confined a space, when on either side of the arch

there will be bare copper strips having a difference of potential of 20,000 volts or more. Supposing an accident should occur by short-circuiting in the lines, liberating in a single instant and at a single point the tremendous current of energy delivered by the turbine, the magnitude of the disaster seems almost beyond estimation.

Anticipating rapid growth in population due to so great an enterprise, the Niagara Company has endeavored to provide for the wants of employes by establishing a model village. In the southern part of the land acquired by the company extensive systems of the most improved drainage, and gas and water supply, together with a complete railway network of both steam and electric roads, have been installed; trees have been planted; a townhall and hotel erected; while long lines of tasteful cottages mark the present village and the future city of Echota. The present village centre is shown in the two pictures on page 525.

Underlying the scientific and engineering problems of the Niagara plant is the ever-present economic question, Will it pay? If the Niagara plant is all to be utilized in the immediate vicinity of the falls an answer in the undoubted negative must be returned: but if in ever-widening circles the energy may be transmitted to Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse and Albany; if, under its influence, the towpath of the Erie Canal shall be abandoned, to disappear under a grassy mound, and if through its influence Western New York and Eastern Pennsylvania can with blue sky and a clear air compete with the smoky junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, an unequivocal affirmative is assured.

By calculation some of the most experienced electrical engineers in this country show the strong probability of delivering Niagara's energy at various points, essentially in accordance with the following schedule:

COST PER HORSE POWER PER YEAR OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY
AT THE FOLLOWING CITIES:

	Cost.	Distance.
Buffalo	\$ 8.00	15 miles.
Syracuse.....	13.00	164 "
Schenectady	16.00	300 "
Albany.....	17.00	330 "

In comparison with these figures, at the same places it is estimated that producing an equal amount of power by the best steam plant cannot be accomplished for less than \$20 per horse power per annum. A similar estimate made by one of our most distinguished steam engineers indicates that the cost of electricity developed by Niagara and delivered at Buffalo will not be less than \$20 per horse power per annum, and at Syracuse at least \$32 per horse power per annum, while the cost of steam power, under corresponding circumstances, at these two cities will amount to not less than \$25 per horse power per annum, showing upon this basis electrical transmission to Albany and Schenectady to be economically out of the question. Possibly both of these estimates may be somewhat one-sided, for, without questioning the undoubted attempts at fairness of all estimators, the electrical engineers could probably no more help the most favorable presentation of the electrical aspect of the question than could the steam engineers fail to exhibit a similar predilection for *that* type. On the basis of the most unfavorable estimate, the town of Syracuse, distant 164 miles from Niagara, is within the probable economical limit of transmission, in competition with steam. Ten years ago such a result could not even have been contemplated. Now electricians are hinting at possibilities that the next decade may realize, which will not only indefinitely extend the economic radius of transmission, but will also enable us to deliver energy through purely the agency of the luminiferous ether.



SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN, AT ENTRANCE TO RIO BAY.

TO RIO IN A SAILING VESSEL.

BY HENRY WYSHAM LANIER.

IN these days of floating palaces, which race across the ocean at railway speed, a man may travel around the globe and not know the sensations of the mariner who formerly started out with the certainty of being for months subject to the caprices of old Boreas and his companion zephyrs.

The passenger travel has been entirely absorbed by the steamships, but the difference in cost of transportation between steam and wind power is so enormous that many articles which are not af-

fectured in condition by being a week or a month longer on voyage are still carried by sailing vessels. Notable among these is the large importation of coffee from Rio, which is brought up mainly by sundry clipper barks and barkentines, which make the voyage between that city and Baltimore in almost as short a time as do the steamers.

The difference in comfort seems also at first to be altogether in favor of the more primitive method. Of course "at first" means ex-



BOTAFOGO.

cepting the week of seasickness, which is the lot of most of those who go down upon the deep in ships. In such a condition anything else seems preferable, even the *mal de mer* itself in other circumstances. But when you can take a

travel. For one thing, it appeals to one's imagination to be rid of the boilers and funnels and oily, greasy machinery; to be bowling along with a ten-knot breeze bellying out the foresail and staysails and straining the tackle of the huge booms aft.



HEAD OF ROCK, CARAHY BAY.



VIEW AT BOA VIAGEM.

trip up to the to'gallant mast and return without feeling a qualm; when the three meals, instead of being three periods of anguished uncertainty, or certain anguish, could only be improved on by the addition of a fourth, then it seems easy to pick out points of superiority in this mode of

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If you feel in an athletic mood you can help the sailors to trim the yards, or tauten the jib, or take a spell at the wheel—in short, have all the pleasure of a sailor's life without any of the night watches in nasty weather, and other disagreeable concomitants which help to make it a vocation

fit for—a dog? No, I am fond of dogs. If, on the contrary, the air has become drowsy and soporific, just take a seat way out there on the bowsprit. The ship is behind; nothing is visible but the vast, awe-inspiring stretch of tumbling waves, and the blue, blue sky overhead. Apparently you are flying through space; below your feet a school of flying fish, their silver sides gleaming bright as molten metal, shoot up out of the water, and along over the tops of the waves; and in their wake a vivid goblin-blue and green streak shows where the gayly colored dolphin, who has caused this disturbance, is disporting himself.

But when you have been out a month without sighting land, and all the freshness of interest is gone; when, from Thackeray to Old Cap Collier, every book on board—except the mathematics which you brought along to work up—has been read several times; when the lack of ice for the stale water and your flat Apollinaris, and the lack of any meat except the barrels of half-spoiled salt junk, have driven you almost frantic; when, moreover, you have been becalmed for four days, alternately bemoaning the nasty drizzle or the broiling sun, till the melancholy whanging of the booms from side to side and the monotonous creakings of the cordage seem to mock your prayers and whistlings and vain hopes for a breeze; when this has gone on till you feel that a hurricane would be preferable, as you realize that the calm may last for another week, and that even when you do start once more there are fourteen dreary, interminable days to elapse before sighting the lights of your destination—then, then is the time when you long for a few minutes' earnest conversation with the imbecile who talks about the "good old days before steam was."

The old, slow methods of living may have been healthier and more conducive to longevity, but to one brought up under the new *régime* the transition backward is unbearable.

It seems strange how clearly and sharply defined trivial incidents stand out at the end of a seven weeks' voyage. The porpoise harpooned from the bow, and the subsequent luxury of fresh liver; the dolphins caught; the intense amusement over old, grizzled, half-blind Barney's attempt to wash our Japanese paper handkerchiefs—each of these is an epoch. Though the time while sailing seemed really interminable, I recall distinctly as we neared port a feeling of doubt which would come over me as to whether it were possible that we were really going to see land again in two days—looking back at the voyage, it appears a lazy sort of dream; and, inasmuch as these breaks in the monotony are the only details

which can be grasped, the impression is decidedly one of brevity.

We had experienced all the above, and were within a day's sail of Cape Frio, when a storm swooped down on us from the northeast, and for two days we had to scud before the gale. Finally it abated, and beating in cautiously through a dense, wall-like fog, the captain announced, one morning when S—— and I came up on deck, that land ought to be in sight.

We had a great deal of confidence in the captain, and were apt to take his assertions about such matters blindly, but it did not seem within the bounds of possibility. Land? It was something we had left behind way up there, weeks—or was it months?—ago. So we went below and dispatched a hearty breakfast, with the exciting feeling that perhaps he might be right after all. Accordingly, as soon as the meal was over, we posted ourselves well forward, and gazed at the gloomy, gray barrier in front.

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock. I began to call myself names for standing there; if there were anything to do I should leave, but amusement required co-operation, and S—— was like a marble statue. Two of the sailors straddling the bowsprit seemed as eager to get in as we, and were straining their eyes ahead.

Suddenly "Land ho!" sung out S——, who has eyes like a hawk.

Up rushed the captain, incredulous; but presently he and the sailors joined in the chorus. Meanwhile I was looking at the horizon till I thought my eyes would burst from their sockets, but never a sign of terra firma was visible.

"Look higher," said S——.

Lo! there was a great pyramid-shaped blue mass showing above the mist, which the sun was gradually dispersing. This, by comparison with the chart, proved to be Redonda Island. To its right a smaller, flatter lump showed us Raza Island. By the time we were abreast of Raza, on which is the harbor lighthouse, the day was clear as crystal.

To our right, a group of palm-covered rocks, lie Pai, Mai and Menina—Father, Mother and Child. Ahead is the narrow entrance, with the Pao de Assucar—Sugar Loaf—rearing up its thirteen hundred feet of black stone; an admirable representation of its namesake, except that from our point of view one side slopes too much.

From the Sugar Loaf a narrow peninsula runs off to the northeast, at the end of which is Fort San Joao, and on a little island, quarter of a mile further out, Fort da Laga is visible. Opposite, Fort Santa Cruz frowns down from its granite crags, and since the channel, which is between

the two latter forts, is only three-quarters of a mile wide, it would seem to be remarkably well defended. However, as we pass in close under the guns of Fort Santa Cruz, it is apparent that these flimsy walls would not stand long under the fire of a modern war vessel. Indeed, the very number of fortifications would seem to imply a lack of confidence in their efficiency on the part of the builders themselves, for in the four miles from the entrance to the city there are on both sides of the harbor fully a dozen such structures.

The bay widens immediately, almost insulating the rocky peninsula which supports Santa Cruz, and sweeping in back of the Sugar Loaf to Botafogo bay and town.

The city is on the west side of the harbor, some four miles from the entrance, and opposite it is Cobra Island, around which is the anchorage ground for merchant vessels.

The two great, green hills in the middle of the town, contrasting with the yellows and blues which dominate the architectural coloring, are quite pleasing to the eye, but on closer inspection the attractiveness vanishes. The streets are narrow, dusty and filthy. In the older portion of the town the regulation width is eighteen feet, and some are mere alleys, where it is necessary to flatten yourself up against the wall to avoid the street cars, which come dashing along, drawn by a pair of miserable little mules. These the drivers keep at full gallop by the simple expedient of lashing them literally from start to finish. There is, too, a superfluity in the matter of dogs; nearly every shop has a lean, dirty, disagreeable cur sleeping either in the doorway or on the pavement in front. Although these do not impress a dog lover favorably, they are decidedly preferable to the innumerable specimens of loathsome human wretchedness which strike the eye everywhere. I can still see, with a reminiscent shudder, a decrepit old negro, sunning himself on the sidewalk, his leg bare, covered with sores and one mass of flies, which he seemed to mind not a whit.

The outlying and resident parts of the city are much more attractive. Indeed, some of the intricate and artistic combinations of color in the houses, and the gaudy tropical shrubs surrounding them, are very beautiful.

The edifices are rarely more than two stories in height, and often only one. They are built of stone or yellow brick for the most part, and since the narrow plain on which the city is situated is only a few feet above the surface of the water there are practically no cellars. The scarceness of chimneys, too, seems strange to one accustomed to the wilderness of brick and metal smoke vents in our own great cities.

In whatever directions Rio may be lacking, it is overstocked both with lotteries and beggars.

The passion for gaming seems to be rampant, for besides the many gambling houses, one sees lottery tickets everywhere. Many of the shops advertise them; there are little corner stands which exist solely to sell them, and itinerant vendors thrust them into the hands of the passers-by, or infest the offices and restaurants. A common method of raising funds for the church was to get the government to grant them a lottery, which was considered equivalent to a present out of hand.

The mendicants go by the generic name of "beach combers." The term originally meant about the same as our "wharf rat," but is now used for all grades of beggars, from the half-savage wretch who lives on the refuse and semi-decayed fruit washed up near the market to the neatly dressed impostor who fastens on you like a leech with a long tale of woe, which he strings out for blocks and blocks if you do not satisfy his pleadings. It is better to meet these gentry by day than after dark, for their whinings are then apt to turn to demands.

The population is amusingly indeterminate. For instance, one reliable source of information gives it as 800,000 in 1870, and only half as much in 1880. The best recent authorities, however, place it at over 420,000. Of these a tremendous number have more or less colored blood, and there are some astonishing racial mixtures. The greater proportion of the whites are of Portuguese extraction, with many Spanish, French, German and English immigrants. The American colony is a small one.

Society is divided up into an infinite number of cliques, each jealous or scorning the other; but as a rule the foreign residents, particularly the English and Americans, have no social intercourse with the natives.

Having hunted up our only acquaintance, Dr. —, he insists upon our dining with him next day, an invitation we are glad to accept. The houses are built to keep out the heat, and succeed in their object admirably. It is delightful to sit in the comfortable atmosphere, chatting with our host, and listening to the soft strains of the Gounod "Ave Maria" which one of the ladies is playing in the next room. Moreover, the doctor is decidedly a *bon vivant*, and regales us sumptuously. When the soup has been removed the butler comes in looking a little worried, and our hostess informs us that on account of the heat the fish "cannot come on the table"; which delicate euphemism seems to express such a common occurrence that no one takes any notice of

it. Indeed, the beef often spoils *en route* between the abattoir and the butchers' stalls.

Our worthy friend's hospitality shone up even more brightly afterward, when our struggles began in the restaurants. We knew no Portuguese and were unaccustomed to fend for ourselves, so when we had requested the overworked waiter at the Globe to bring us a "fillet" we were stuck, and could only point, asking for "that," and "that."

A good steak is delicious, and yet beef-steak *solus* for two days is apt to pall, and we were in despair, when we discovered a charming little upstairs retreat in the Rua do Ouvidor, where the *garçon* understood a little English and furnished us with delicious dinners at most reasonable rates.

We made our headquarters on board ship, but were always relieved to escape from the fearful monotony of unloading the cargo. This consisted largely of barrels of flour, with some pork and lard, and such like.

According to regulations, the first mate and a customhouse officer each kept check of the number of barrels taken out, counting five and then putting a tally mark on their respective lists. Up

come the barrels, and are rolled down the gang plank to the wharf:

"U-na, do-is, tre-s, qua-tro, cin-co, talha!"

This sleepy, drawling song is repeated over and over, hour after hour, until it becomes positively unbearable. The only break is when the two checkers compare notes. They always differ and get into a violent squabble, vilifying each other most energetically. As neither understands the other's language, they finally resume work without coming to any very definite agreement, but the interruption probably saves them from going mad, as they must inevitably do without some such safety valve.

The barrels are rolled from the wharf into the warehouse, which opens on the street. An amusing illustration of Brazilian business methods is afforded by the fact, which was afterward discovered, that the man in charge of this warehouse had been in the habit of rolling a certain number of barrels from each cargo straight through into the street, and carting them away to his own premises. This had gone on for years!

These wharf houses are often the old slave barracks, which, since the abolition of the slave trade, have been utilized in this way. They are dark and gloomy structures, well fitted for such a purpose, and it requires but little imagination to re-people them with their wretched human freight at the mercy of the often ignorant and brutal half-breed overseers. From the size and extent of the buildings it is plain that the business was pursued on a tremendous scale, and of the fact that it was profitable there is plenty of contemporary evidence. One writer, visiting the city in 1857, speaks of the wealth and magnificence of old Fonseca, who was one of the kings of this commerce, and relates that one of his cargoes just sold netted him 100,000 pounds!

Probably few people realize that slavery was still the law of the land in Brazil six years ago. As early as 1871 a statute came into force liberating all children born of slave parents subsequent to that date, but the total abolition did not take place till 1888. This freeing 800,000 human beings from a condition of servitude was one of the wisest acts of a beneficent Empire, which but one year later was destined to be overthrown by the people who had been so surely and



"FIRST OF MARCH" STREET.



MOUNTAIN RAILWAY UP CORCOVADO.

steadily elevated by its enlightened and just government.

When our vessel had discharged her cargo of flour she was towed to another wharf, and began to load with coffee for the return trip. According to the most reliable analyses this Brazilian coffee is the best in the world, containing a larger proportion of caffeine, the active principle of the berry, than any other variety. The importance of this trade may be realized from the fact that in Brazil it contributes almost three-fourths of the total value of the exports, which in 1890 came to about \$110,000,000. Indeed, Brazil produces more coffee than the rest of the world put together. The United States takes about two-thirds of the entire crop, and in the year quoted this portion amounted to 2,000,000 bags, with a value of \$50,000,000.

The stevedores, who carried these sacks of coffee on their heads, were in some respects a fine-looking set of men. There is probably no class in the world with more erect and graceful carriage than these Rio porters, and they transport surprisingly heavy loads. Several in the gang mentioned could manage two sacks at a time, and there were frequent stories of sons of Anak who were in the habit of bearing three. Inasmuch as a sack of

coffee weighs 160 pounds, these tales seem slightly apocryphal, but it was a common occurrence to see a man trotting along the street with three



RUA DO OUVIDOR.

trunks piled up on his head, which he could barely lift down with the assistance of another porter.

Coffee is quite a universal drink with the Brazilian gentry. There is a tremendous amount of spirituous liquor consumed annually, but they often step into a restaurant and take merely a *demi tasse* of *café noir*. It is *noir* with a vengeance, and so strong that we found it quite unpalatable till reduced one-half with water, when it was excellent. Our particular tippie, though, was milk. A queer custom obtains among the city milkmen of driving their cows from door to door early in the morning, and milking before the customers' eyes, drawing out a pint or a quart, according to the order—a proceeding strictly analogous to that signified by our own signs of "Ale on draught from the wood," and the like. Of course the object of this peripatetic and inconvenient method is to insure absolute purity of the lacteal fluid. There are, however, grewsome hints of syringes, filled with water and hidden up the sleeve of the performer, whereby he prevents the public from suffering from any overrichness of the product. Be this as it may, the milk thus obtained is naturally not first-class, as the poor cows get little proper food, and have to endure these daily tramps; so we used to patronize a little shop in a side street where was dispensed bottled milk, sent in each morning from the adjoining District of the Mines—Leite de Minas.

The most prominent trait of Brazilian character which strikes the notice of a casual observer is their fondness for uniforms and for fireworks. Every tenth man you meet is decked up in red or gold braid, and the fireworks are an institution. There are apparently several hundred saints' days in the year, and going along the street, you are suddenly startled by a most tremendous popping and banging in front of some church. Inquiring, it proves to be a celebration in honor of St. Agatha or St. Therese. Shortly before we reached the country the police, in attempting to stop one of these festivals, precipitated a riot; when it was quelled two of the gendarmes and several townsmen remained as mute witnesses of the people's determination to resist any infringement of their privileges in this direction.

One diversion from which we derived much enjoyment was the early morning row from the ship down to the market. Here was a most heterogeneous collection of people, natives of all shades, and interspersed with them representatives of the many vessels in the harbor, doing their daily foraging. You could buy anything, from a live pig or a monkey to an artichoke. Our boat

always contained a large heap of oranges, which sell for about fifty cents a hundred. Many old negro women had large iron pots on a fire, and ladled out bowls of "farinha" to the other venders. "Farinha" means simply *flour* in Portuguese, but used alone signifies the flour of the mandioca, a universal staple of food among the poorer classes. The mandioca is very closely allied to the cassava of the West Indies. Both were originally poisonous, but the secret of getting rid of the harmful constituents was discovered so long ago that the date is buried in obscurity. The plant bears several tubers which have the consistency of a parsnip. These are scraped, rinsed and grated to a fine powder. The poisonous juice is then pressed out, and the remainder forms the "farinha" upon which the negroes are so dependent. The expressed juice is allowed to stand, when a white precipitate forms at the bottom, which is our tapioca.

A characteristic feature of the country about Rio is that it does not undulate at all, but is either a series of high mountains, cut up by fearful chasms and precipices, or is quite flat. One of the most interesting peaks is Gavia, nine miles southwest of the city. A great cubical mass, 2,600 feet high, with the breakers dashing up at its foot, it is a landmark to mariners far out at sea. On an apparently regular face, absolutely inaccessible, are twenty or thirty generally perpendicular and parallel marks, having the appearance of gigantic characters, 25 feet high, cut in the face of the cliff. The wildest theories have been advanced to account for them, despite the fact that they bear no resemblance to any known writings or hieroglyphics, and in 1839 the Geographical Institute of Rio sent a committee to the mountain to investigate the matter. They copied the supposed writing and prepared a very unsatisfactory report, wavering between a natural and artificial origin. In view of the remarkable rock representing a human head just across the harbor in Carahy Bay (shown in one of the illustrations), and the many similar freaks of nature throughout the world, it seems hardly necessary to seek an explanation.

But the peak *par excellence* is undoubtedly the Corcovado, about three miles from the town. Ewbank gives a graphic account of the perils attending the ascent in 1858, which was then accomplished on horseback, over a rough and narrow track, flanked by fearful chasms, and rising in some places at an "angle of forty degrees." There is now a cogged railway, erected by American enterprise.

We took the horse car, which swung out for a mile at a round pace, but presently slackened to

a walk, as the ground began to rise toward the base of the mountain. After a long climb, during which we got frequent sights of the four-mile aqueduct which brings the city's water supply from a reservoir on the Corcovado, we arrived at the little station and took our places in the half-open car, which the dumpy little engine pushes up at the rate of about four miles an hour. It seemed like meeting an old friend to see the name of one of our great locomotive makers on the boiler.

There had been a slight accident the day before, during the descent, and though it had really demonstrated the perfectness of the automatic brakes, the story of it caused quite a flutter among the occupants of the car as we started out.

The grade kept getting steeper and steeper, till, when we struck Sylvester's Bridge, with its rise of 25 feet in 100, it was difficult to keep one's seat. Imagine being in an ordinary railway car, and having one end raised between 15 and 20 feet, and you have the situation.

There was an extremely beautiful girl facing me, a typical *señorita*. I was on the upper side, expecting to slip at any moment, and wondering, as I attempted to brace myself, what her grim and swarthy escort would do when I should be precipitated into her lap. The grade slackens a little beyond this viaduct, however, and finally we stopped without any such *contretemps*, opposite the hotel, where the residents of Rio who can afford it often flee during the terrible summer.

Here we were told the train would wait half an hour; so, with true American unrest, we started to walk the rest of the way, S——, who had been there before, assuring me it was "only a hundred yards or so." It proved a quarter of a mile, and steeper than ever. To add to our chagrin, as we toiled up, our collars mere limp reminiscences, the train passed us with its carload of cool, smiling passengers.

We finally reached the end of the track, almost exhausted, and very much ashamed of ourselves. Here a couple of flights of steps lead up to a sort of summerhouse on the pinnacle of the peak. Heavens! what a view! In front the rock falls apparently sheer to the plain below, with the city, 2,300 feet down, an insignificant splotch of brown and green.

The bay widens to ten or twelve miles just above the town, and is thickly studded with islands, from big Governador down to mere rocks jutting up out of the water. The great sheet of water sweeps away for forty miles, till at the head it washes up against the giant Organ Mountains, standing tier on tier in serried array. It is easy to see how the namers of the harbor mistook

it for a river. There are some interesting historical details as to this name. Magellan entered the bay, the Indian term for which was *Nietheroy*, in 1519, and named it *Santa Luzia*. Martin Alfonza de Souza, who was sent in 1530 by King John III. of Portugal to take possession, ran in on New Year's Day, and christened it *Rio de Janeiro*, supposing it the mouth of a mighty stream. The first settlement was made in 1555 by a colony of French Protestants, under Ville-gagnon, who fled here in their desire for religious freedom. But, by an irony of fate, they became irrevocably divided through religious dissensions, and twelve years later the Portuguese drove them out. As this auspicious event happened on St. Sebastian's Day, the new settlement was put under his special protection, and official documents still give it that title.

From here the Sugar Loaf looks quite straight, and the truncated pinnacle of *Gavia* stands out clear against the sky. Across the bay, above Fort Santa Cruz, towers the False Sugar Loaf, and following the east coast northward, we come to Carrahy Bay, Fort San Domingo, and the town of *Praia Grande*, or *Nietheroy*, in which the primitive title of the bay is preserved.

The water is dotted with craft of all sorts; busy tugs puff around among the shipping, and the ferries cross and recross from Rio to *Nietheroy*. One of these ferries stops at a little lump of an island just off the eastern shore. This contains a famous old church—that of *Nossa Senhora de Boa Viagem*.

The Portuguese mariner, setting forth on his journey, used to invoke Our Lady of a Good Voyage in the same way in which the ancients prayed for the intercession of Neptune or Oceanus. Did a storm rage which threatened to engulf the vessel, one of the sails, beginning with a small one, was vowed to *Nossa Senhora*. If this failed to quiet the turbulent waters, another and another were added, till all were pledged; as a *dernier ressort* the weight of one of them in wax being sometimes added to the price of temporal salvation.

There are cases on record of the sailors crowding around the captain upon arriving safe in port, after an experience of this sort, and reminding him of his promise to the interceding saint, each offering to pay his share of the gift. The sails were put up at auction, and sold to the highest bidder. Of course the captain always bought them in, the priests taking care that they should not go too cheaply, and the conscience-eased skipper received a regular receipt, stating that he had paid so many milreis to *Nossa Senhora*, in pursuance of a vow made on such and

such an occasion. Inasmuch as the island church was difficult of access, an office was opened at the Church of St. Luzia in the city, where these contributions were received. They did a thriving business; but alas! Our Lady has fallen into disrepute now, and the good old custom is no more.

Having gazed for a long time at the marvelous scene, we betake ourselves to the hotel, where a good dinner awaits us. After strolling along some of the beautiful paths—one is supported by a ten-foot wall literally covered with exquisite green moss and maidenhair fern—we again seat

ourselves in the car, and the grotesque little locomotive pulls us down considerably faster than it had ascended.

There were many beautiful and interesting sights in and around this great city, and we enjoyed them fully; yet, despite the six weary weeks ahead of us, it was a distinct relief to find ourselves, after a month's sojourn, once more aboard the stanch *White Wings*, with her load of coffee.

Behind us is the Pao de Assucar? the marvelous Corcovado? the mighty Gavia? Ahead is Home.

COSTUME ON THE STAGE.

BY PERCY ANDERSON.

(With Illustrations by the Author.)

THE late Lord Lytton, in an article which appeared two or three years ago in the *Nineteenth Century*, made objections to the use of correct archæological costumes on the stage, and sug-

gested that dresses which were merely beautiful in themselves should be worn, and that they should be made without any attention being paid to correctness of period, material or detail.

Mr. Oscar Wilde replied that it is absurd to attack archæology, which, being a science, is neither good nor bad, but a fact simply; that its value depends entirely on how it is used, and that only an artist can use it. And surely anyone who takes any interest, or feels any pleasure, in the stage as an artistic medium, must be on the side of those who would let the drama have the assistance of the sister arts—as accessories, possibly, but as accessories which, by care and completeness, give to the drama a fuller and more comprehensive significance. Of course, we know that the ancient Greeks went to the theatre to listen rather than to see, and that the Elizabethan plays were not helped to any appreciable degree by costume or surroundings, and that there are still great actors and actresses in Paris who think that the art of acting can rise so superior to all the others that it needs no help from them. But in England at the present time we are greedy to experience all the emotions; and author, actor and audience wish for a play to be adequately surrounded by scenes and dresses that have the effect of giving a helping tonic to the imagination.

And though it was with regret that I put aside for a time my ambitions as a portrait and subject painter to accept



MRS. BEERBOHM TREE AS "ZANETTO," IN "LE PASSANT."

the commissions for stage work which resulted from the fact of my having designed costumes for an opera written by a friend of mine, the consciousness that one may worship art at so many different shrines makes me less reluctant to accept an invitation to say something about a branch of the painter's profession which Leonardo da Vinci himself was not ashamed to work at.

The old-fashioned idea that all stage glitter is meretricious, and all stage finery tinsel, is no longer an acceptable axiom. Thoroughness of detail and indifference to expense may sometimes have diminished the profits which accrue to the managerial pocket, but they have undoubtedly raised the standard and tone of many of our theatres.

For instance, in the production of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "*Ivanhoe*" at the now unfortunately defunct English Opera House, the very minutest attention was paid to archæological accuracy, and I visited the cathedrals of Hereford, Shrewsbury



MISS PALLISER AS "ROWENA," IN "*IVANHOE*"



ADA REHAN AS "VIOLA," IN "*TWELFTH NIGHT*."

and Canterbury, and there found many interesting details of armor, draperies, coifs and ornaments among the brasses and effigies. For, although I tried to follow Sir Walter Scott's descriptions as much as possible, even my admiration for the great novelist could not hide from me the fact that in archæology he was at times a little inaccurate. The cloth for the green surcoats worn by the merry men of Sherwood Forest was dyed, washed and dirtied repeatedly in order to obtain realistically the effect of material long exposed to wind and weather. So also *Wamba's* dress, which was probably not even noticed, was bemirched and torn to pieces when it came to the theatre from the shop of the conscientious costumer. A book of drawings in the British Museum of early Limoges enamels was of great use, and the design for the cloak worn by *King Richard* was borrowed from the pattern on the effigy on the tomb of his mother, Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine, which still exists in Fontevraud.

The designs in the dresses of the women may have been thought by some to have been too fantastic for the period, but there are still extant in the Museum of Munich embroideries manufactured in the West of Europe in the twelfth and

thirteenth centuries; some of these are not deemed unworthy to be compared with the superb silks and satins made in France in the reign of Louis XVI. The Eastern nature of much of the embroidery of the time of Richard I. and John is easily explained by the fact that the Crusaders, on their return home, brought Oriental stuffs as presents for their ladyloves, some from Palestine, and some from the Cyclades and Byzantium.

In the procession of Fairy Tales at Drury Lane last year there was, of course, a certain leaven of phantasy; but historical accuracy was aimed at as much as possible, and splendid materials were used.

The use of exotic colors and tints is only of comparatively recent growth; not many years ago an opera or burlesque was considered well mounted if only there were sufficient crude yellows and reds, and the favorite, if obvious, combination of pink and blue. The dresses were then described as being "all that could be desired." But now that we appreciate, and can obtain, cloth and dyed silks of every conceivable hue, and now that the enormous value of black and neutral tints as tone givers is realized, there is no excuse for bad taste or hideous contrasts and combinations. The eye can be trained to appreciate colors as well as the ear can be taught to understand harmony. A color ugly in itself is

soon tolerated, and even honestly liked, if Dame Fashion decrees that it shall be worn; and I have met many people whose eyes play them tricks of willfulness in making them detest a certain tint, often beautiful in itself, for awhile. After all, Nature, whom many are pleased to belittle nowadays, is always with us to give us ideas. Any artist who has been in the East or among the islands of Greece, and seen the sun setting behind purple mountains amid a glory of crimson and saffron, and who has watched a pale-green moon rise at the same time on the opposite side of the horizon in a sky tinted with shades of the most delicate violet, sapphire and topaz, can never be at a loss for ideas; and in England the simple facts of town and country scenery—poppies in a wheat field, or sulphur-colored chimney pots on a slate roof—suggest innumerable possibilities to him who cares to look for them. The discussion as to the exact relations between Art and Nature, and the assertions as to the supremacy of one over the other, have given materials to many pretty phrasemakers: would it not be better to wed the two great forces and let them, working together, be of infinite help to each other and to ourselves? Nature, as well as the stage costumer, is often handicapped by an unsuitable background; and certainly not enough attention is paid in our theatres to the desirable harmony of



DRESS FOR QUEEN, THIRTEENTH CENTURY

dressos and scenery. No matter whether the scene painter is subservient to the costumer, or *vice versa*, it is, at any rate, certainly desirable that there should be a distinct understanding between them. Scenes are generally painted quite irrespectively of the color scheme of the characters. In the accompanying sketch, made for Mrs. Beerbohm Tree in an adaptation of Coppée's "Le Passant," the suggestion of background, which unfortunately cannot be properly seen in black and white, seemed to me necessary to explain the dress, and to point out that its tones were only meant to be seen in a moonlight effect.

Only once have I been given the opportunity of having the entire stage at my command as to costume, subject and scenery. The scheme was a symbolical procession of the Arts and Sciences—a subject which gives one large scope and is peculiarly suggestive. My idea was that the scene itself should be of two colors which would harmonize with all others brought into contact with them. The two which seemed to me to be the safest, as well as the most distinctive, were gold and amethyst; and I found that I was not mistaken, for every color in the procession not only harmonized, but was actually helped by the background. Some day I hope this procession, the working out of which was a keen pleasure, will be adequately staged, and be itself the proof of my color theories, if, indeed, there be anyone so far interested in them as to cast doubt upon them.

One great difficulty and annoyance to me is the unwillingness of many inartistic actresses to wear anything that they imagine is unbecoming to them, and the carelessness of "supers" and chorus women in the matter of wearing a dress correctly. The prevailing fashion always holds absolute sway over feminine minds, and they will always contrive to introduce a suggestion of it—either by altering the shape of a wig, the fullness and position of a sleeve, or generally trying to modernize their appearance. Yet the stage sometimes has an appreciable influence on the fashions of real life. That particular kind of fashion



A DANCING DRESS.

called the "accordion plait" was shown to the milliners, and they, with unanimity, refused to have anything to do with it. I introduced it into the dresses of the dancers in the "Pas-de-Quatre" in "Faust-up-to-Date," and afterward designed a white peignoir in the same material for Miss Letty Lind in "Ruy Blas." Immediately one saw it on every side, and the "accordion plait" soon became as vulgar and objectionable as the barbaric instrument of music from which it derived its name. And when Miss Ellen Terry appeared, as *Lady Macbeth*, with a gown embroidered with Indian beetles, which made a splendid foil to the auburn tresses of her hair, many ladies of fashion appeared with their dresses jauntily decorated with the iridescent insect in question. And in two instances in my own experience the style of dress on the stage has created or suggested a different kind of dance. When I first tried to do away with the unsightly short skirt which was always considered suitable for burlesque or comic opera, the critics, in the case of

Miss Letty Lind, said that she was hindered and encumbered by her voluminous and ungraceful skirt. Yet now, what has become of the short skirt? Surely the sketch on page 539 of what I think a dancing dress ought to be is preferable, in grace of line at any rate, to the Italian ballet dress, or to the extremely abbreviated skirts of French *opéra comique*? And consequently a new form of dance was introduced, in which the swing of the drapery plays a prominent part, and in which the movement of the whole body is studied as well as the waving of the arms or the pirouetting of the feet. The much-talked-of "Serpentine" dance is in essence neither more nor less than one form of the Indian Nautch dance. When designing the dresses for Mr. Edward Solomon's opera "The Nautch Girl," for the Savoy Theatre, I was hunting for the facts in the Indian Museum. There I came across an Eastern dancing dress, which I copied as accurately as the conditions of comic opera and our stage would allow. The great quantity of material used, in order that the dancers might envelop themselves in billowy folds of drapery, seemed to be an obstacle, but the result was curiously graceful. A clever American dancer, who was engaged at the Gayety Theatre, saw that the idea might be even further developed; so, with the practical instincts of her



GENTLEMAN'S WALKING DRESS, 1830.



NAUTCH COSTUME—ORIGINAL SUGGESTION OF THE "SERPENTINE" DANCE.

race, she sped across the ocean and appeared at the New York Casino in the now famous "Serpentine" dance which has set the impressionable Parisians frantic with delight and suggested to Sir Augustus Harris, ever Titanic in his methods, a whole ballet in imitation of Miss Loie Fuller. And all this was the result of one dress, which is lying hidden in the security (or obscurity) of the India Museum.

With regard to the method of working out a scheme of color, one has to remember every possible shade that will have to come into collision. Starting with the crowd of supernumeraries and minor characters, I find it advisable to leave out certain strong and prominent colors, and to design the less important dresses in such tones as form a sort of background for the principal characters. In the ac-

companying sketch of "Merveilleuses," which is in a measure fanciful, as it was done for a comic opera to be produced in New York, one design was drawn for several characters, and a certain number of shades were chosen, all of which were used in each dress; then, by varying the actual position of any one color in the different details of the costumes, the latter appeared to be quite unlike each other while at the same time they, of course, harmonized perfectly. It is naturally important to avoid anything that is unbecoming to a woman's figure, and long, graceful, perpendicular lines are always satisfactory in result, for the reason that they neither accentuate nor detract from the beauty of that which is essentially feminine. And here, knowing that I risk being accused of Puritanic Impuritanism, I feel bound to add a note of wonder at the fascination which a woman dressed in masculine garments exercises over many of the public. We do not find it a joy to see men in women's clothes; why then should we delight in the antithesis, and think an actress charming when she abandons the becoming costume which custom and

the evolution of countless fashions have chosen for her sex in favor of a dress which can never be suitable to the lines of her figure?

Some two years ago there was produced at the Court Theatre a play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, the period of which was laid in the year 1830. The dresses of the women characters in that year suggested the fashion which prevails at the present time; but in the play the men's dresses seemed to harmonize with them, whereas nowadays male costume certainly does not, and it seems a pity that some attempt cannot be made to induce the tailors to try and introduce a fashion for men which would not be so incongruous. (See p. 540.) There is a certain tendency in that direction, as shown, for instance, by the long, full-skirted overcoats and bell-shaped hats; but it would be very easy to go a little further and make the change more complete. At any rate, whether the stage has any effect on the dress of modern life or not, it is a pity that a little more of the consistency which is aimed at by the theatrical costume designer does not obtain among and influence our latter-day tailors and dressmakers.



MERVEILLEUSES.—FAC-SIMILE OF A DESIGN IN COLORS.

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

BY MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY.

THERE was some kind of convention on, and the small Southern city was crowded with men of all sorts and conditions. The hotels were reaping a rich harvest, and accommodation of even a primitive kind was at a premium.

Women visitors were in the minority, and the few were regarded with impatience by the busy hotel clerks, who seemed to consider their presence intrusive and untimely. It was therefore no very hospitable welcome that greeted Miss Margery Bond when she requested to be assigned a room at the Harper House.

The clerk knitted his brows and didn't quite see how he could oblige her. She hoped he might make an effort—it was only for the night, as she intended continuing her journey to New Orleans early on the following morning. She had broken her journey intent on getting a night's rest in a real bed, something she had been unable to accomplish on the cars.

No; the clerk had only double-bedded rooms left, and he could not give to a single guest a lodging intended to accommodate four. Miss Bond regretted her inability to make a quartet of herself, and expressed her willingness to defray the expense of the three other imaginary guests.

Having no further excuse at hand, the clerk was now reluctantly compelled to comply with the young lady's demand, and having summoned "Front!" in an abrupt manner, Miss Bond was conducted to No. 44, on the second floor.

It was a large, ghostly chamber, truly Southern in its faded bygoneness. It was stuffy, too, and not very clean according to Northern ideas of cleanliness, but the sheets looked tolerably fresh and very alluring to Miss Margery's tired eyes. The boy lighted the lamp and brought the usual ice water, and then the guest was left alone to revel in the luxury of a wash. The two beds were gaunt four-posters, and they were placed as far as possible from one another, as if to give the intended occupants as much privacy as possible. Margery was some time making up her mind which looked the more inviting. She at length decided in favor of the one in the further corner, as being away from the light of the window. This important point being reached, she hastily made her toilet for the night, blew out the lamp and jumped into bed. Presently she remembered that she had not locked her door. What a nuisance to have to get out of bed and grope about for the door, when she was feeling so lazy and comfortable! Well, she would wait a minute or

two—she didn't feel a bit sleepy yet—and in the meantime she would try and map out the geography of the apartment. But her thoughts flew on to her destination, and she wondered if her sister Madge would meet her, and how Madge's husband liked the prospect of having a sister-in-law for a permanent resident. Why, there were Fred and Madge now! How soon the journey had been made! And why had one never noticed that Fred was a negro and Madge a negress? It had certainly never occurred to Margery herself before. And even now the discovery carried no surprise or dismay with it; but that was because Miss Bond was away in the land of dreams, wherein the greatest surprises lose their effect, and nothing seems odd or strange.

In the meantime, how about that intention with regard to the unlocked door?

By midnight the office of the Harper House wore an air of repose. The night clerk had come on duty and was tranquilly making out the bills for the early morning departing guests. A belated roomer came in from his club, took his key and went to bed.

Toward two o'clock the stillness was broken by the arrival of a stranger, a young man whose natural good humor seemed in no way disconcerted by the announcement that there was no single room to be had. That was all right; he didn't care where he went, so that he could get a few hours' sleep. He had come on from New Orleans to be present at a billiard tournament, and after the game they had had a great time—felt awfully fagged now—must have a bed somewhere—didn't want to inconvenience anybody, etc., etc.

The clerk referred to his room plan, and discovered that there was a vacant bed in No. 46—old gentleman in there who had retired early—young gentleman might have it if he promised not to disturb roommate, who was a regular guest. Young gentleman pledged his word, and, preceded by a very sleepy "front," made his way to the second floor and No. 46. The lamps stood ready on a table at the top of the staircase, and after lighting one for the guest and pointing out the second door on the corridor as No. 46, Master "Front" betook himself to his improvised couch on a bench in the office. The billiard enthusiast made three strides down the corridor, which sufficed to extinguish the lamp.

For a moment he hesitated. Had he a match? Not one. Should he go back to the office? What

for? Who wanted a light? Not he—and besides it might wake the elderly gentleman regular guest. No. Here was the room. He would go to bed in the dark. Cautiously turning the handle of the door, he entered the room.

A faint streak of moonlight through the shutters sufficed to show him the unoccupied bed by the window. Congratulating himself on the fact that his elderly roommate was evidently a non-snorer, he hastily got to bed, and in less than five minutes was sound asleep.

A quarter to six.

Miss Bond yawned, looked at her watch, and decided that it was time to get up. She thought she had never slept so soundly in her life, and felt thoroughly refreshed. One bound, and she was out of bed. She wondered what the morning was like, and was about to make her way to the window, when something made her change her mind. She stood still and gasped.

Just in front of her was a large yellow leather valise with a name in silver letters on it, and at the other end of the room were scattered numerous portions of masculine attire, and in the bed yonder lay the peaceful figure of a young man fast asleep!

Now, Miss Bond was not an ordinary young lady by any means. She didn't scream, simply because that method of procedure never occurred to her. She even left off gasping, feeling it was ridiculous to gasp when there was no one to pay any attention to it. She thought the matter over for a moment, and then set about robing herself as quietly and as expeditiously as possible, in the meantime bottling up her anger for the benefit of the clerk below.

In ten minutes she had her valise packed and was ready to depart. In leaving the room she could not help getting a good view of the sleeper's face. It was a good-looking, manly face, and she fancied it looked almost apologetic. She went back and looked at the valise, and there she read, "John Grayling."

As she reached the door she remembered that she had omitted to turn the key before going to bed, and then it occurred to her that perhaps she herself was a little to blame; and by the time she

reached the office she had concluded to say nothing whatever concerning her adventure. She reasoned that up to the present she alone held the secret; then why publish that which was likely to cause her considerable embarrassment, if not shame? This resolution was strengthened by a glimpse at the register in the office, which gave the name of Mr. John Grayling in No. 46, not No. 44, so that it really was an accident; and Mr. John Grayling still slumbered above, unconscious of any mistake—so let him continue till the end of time. So thought Miss Margery Bond as she took her seat in the New Orleans express. As an actual fact, Mr. J. G. came down a few hours later without regarding the number of the room in which he had slept. He even expressed his gratitude to the clerk for a good night's rest and a roommate who was considerate enough to have arisen and gone out without disturbing him.

Some three weeks later found Margery thoroughly settled in her sister's home. It was early one morning that Madge was discovered making all sorts of preparations for a visitor. Who was it? An old chum of Fred's. A delightful fellow! Margery would be charmed with him. He was coming to stay over Sunday, and would arrive before dinner. Margery's interest in the stranger was not very great. She was not what is termed romantic, and she refused to put on any extra adornments in his honor.

A few minutes before dinner she entered the dining room to find Fred conversing with a tall, athletic-looking young man. She was about to beat a retreat, when Fred called her back in order to present his friend—Mr. John Grayling!

The room seemed to go round as she muttered some incoherent sentence and fled.

Her brother-in-law has never ceased to twit her with her behavior at that introduction. Her sister says she blushed in a most unaccountable way for a whole week. Mr. Grayling, who is now privileged to say teasing things to Miss Margery, says it was simply a case of love at first sight.

They are to be married next week. Will she ever let him into the secret?

I wonder!



LOVE EXPECTANT.

BY WILLIAM ST. LEGER.

*THE music to the Silence clings
Like Love, that will not woo in vain;
Nor die, when countered by Disdain;
And still the tuneless Silence sings
Around the unresponsive strings,
Waiting till they are touched again.*

*So in your calm and pensive breast
Love softly plays a prelude rare,
And now the echoes haunt the air
Like Cupids hovering round your rest,
Soft-whispering and soft-footed, lest
You wake, and chide them being there.*

*Ah, that your girdle could reveal
The rhythm of that breast divine!
If, though your eyes ne'er answer mine,
Some love should there unhidden steal
When at your feet I dare to kneel,
Although your sweet face gives no sign.*



HIGH TIDES.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER I.



THE sun was going down.

Through its fiery crimson light a flock of white cranes flew toward the cross timber, seeking shelter for the coming night. Far to the blurred sky line the prairie rose and fell like a parti-colored sea, all its long rolls billowing with grass, and

flaming with poppies and the scarlet bloom of the cypress plant. A great wind soughed and rustled through the tangle of growth—the wholesome exuberant wind of a Texan solitude. Overhead a lonely buzzard sailed, and now and then the bark of a coyote broke the silence. High above the tops of some pecan and live-oak trees, etched darkly against the sky, one big star broke like a torch from the low-lying, purple-fringed clouds, and shone cheerfully out across the prairie.

“Get on, Apache!”

And through the deep golden grass, and the snarl of blossoms that painted it, a horse and rider came tearing at breakneck pace. A plainsman evidently, following the trail with the ease born of habit. The poor beast reeked with foam. Like the Roland of Browning’s ballad, his nostrils were “pits full of blood to the brim,” and the mark of the spur reddened his palpitating flanks. He seemed to embody some desperate need, some cruel, unsparing haste, as he plunged and panted forward in the last copper-red glare of sunset.

As for the rider, he was young and beardless—a ranchero, perhaps, or cowboy, for the region was given over to stock raising, and the time for the annual round-up had but just passed. He had a slender, well-knit frame, a clear-cut face,

burned brown by the sun, and the free, devil-may-care carriage peculiar to the nomads of the plains—the devotees of draw poker and frontier whisky. He wore a sombrero, with the stiff rim and tasseled band of a Mexican, and the wide collar of his flannel shirt revealed a handsome columnar throat, swelling now with his hurried breath. A “slicker,” or oilskin coat, was carried in a roll behind him, and his buckskin trousers bore the stain of constant contact with the saddle. From his leather holsters protruded the brass-mounted handles of a brace of revolvers.

Evidently this man had been in some recent *mêlée*, for a great clot of blood, half dried on his cheek, showed where a bullet had grazed it. There were blood stains also on the embroidered bosom of his shirt, and his left wrist, round which a handkerchief was roughly twisted, hung disabled on the saddle. He was covered with the dust of the trail, and his young lips, ashy and hard, had settled in a haggard line. Once he turned and looked back over the prairie. Not a living thing was in sight save the sailing buzzard; nevertheless the young fellow knew his peril, and in a hoarse, broken voice he spoke again to his horse:

“Get on, Apache—for God’s sake get on!”

Apache answered with a last generous effort, but his strength was spent. As the dusk deepened and the stars began to appear faster and faster in the purple sky the animal’s pace slackened. It was certain that he would soon “roll neck and croup over,” and if the safety of the rider depended longer on the endurance of the horse a critical moment was at hand. Mechanically the young plainsman raised himself in his stirrups, and stared around the landscape.

The gloom and mystery of the prairie encom-

passed him on all sides. A mist was creeping, like smoke, up the timbered horizon. All distant objects were lost in darkness; but what was that great yellow spark, shining straight before him, on a level, as it seemed, with his own eyes? A candle! And burning, doubtless, in some settler's cabin.

"Life or death—here goes!" muttered Apache's rider, and he turned his horse's head toward that warm dot of light.

Skirting a wire fence, the barrier of a small garden inclosure, the young fellow rode up to a habitation that strongly resembled a Mexican "jacal." The cottonwood framework was plastered with mud, and the roof was of thatch. From its one window shone the solitary candle which had lured him from the trail. It shone like a beacon at sea—strong, ruddy, home guiding. Something in its cheery gleam made the heart of Apache's rider beat fast.

As he drew rein before the cabin its door flew wide open—the hoof beats of the horse had been heard within—and a young girl appeared on the threshold.

"Father!" she called, with a quiver of apprehension in her bell-like voice. "Is it you, father?"

The open door revealed a poor room, with a bare earth floor, littered with various farm stores. A small fire burned on the rude hearth. A Winchester rifle hung against the wall, and beneath it stood a chair draped with a gaudy Mexican blanket. The lissom figure on the threshold was sharply outlined against the background of mingled fire and candle light. The small face shone like a star. Over the girlish shoulders, down to the slight waist, fell a mane of flaxen hair. She looked white and unreal like a spirit.

"Father!" she called again. "Are you there, father?"

The horseman slipped out of his saddle.

"No," he answered, huskily; "it's a stranger, miss. My throat's on fire—give me a drink of water!"

His parched lips could hardly frame the words, but his eyes were as full of dumb appeal as some wounded wild creature's. The girl looked at the blood and dust that disfigured him—at his disabled hand, and without a syllable she turned back into the cabin and brought out a tin cup of spring water. He tossed off the contents feverishly. Twice and thrice she refilled the cup, and in silence he drained it.

"God bless you, miss," he muttered, as he returned it to her for the last time. "What place is this?"

"Hading's ranch," answered the girl.

"And you are Hading's daughter?" hazarding a rough guess.

"Yes, sir; I am Laurel. When I heard you at the door I thought it was father. He went to Fort Lac this morning, and he hasn't come back. I wonder where he can be?"

She was pressing the long fair hair from both sides of her face with a nervous motion that betrayed her inward anxiety. "Perhaps you are hungry, stranger. Come into the cabin. Father's supper is waiting—you are welcome to half of it."

Glancing past her slender shoulder, he saw a rude table spread in the room beyond, and jerked beef and bread upon it. He shook his head.

"Thank you," he answered. "I cannot stop—I must be gone. Are you all alone in the cabin?"

"Yes. One gets used to being alone in Texas."

"But it's trying when night comes on, is it not?"

"Rather," she admitted; "the prairie is so dark and big, you know. Father has never staid away like this before. Maybe some harm has come to him."

"I hope not, for your sake."

He was young, and by nature chivalrous. This fair-haired little maid, alone and lonely in a prairie cabin, watching for one who did not come, touched him to the heart.

"I have heard father say that there are bad men at Fort Lac," she faltered, in a troubled tone.

"Bad? Good Heaven, yes!" he replied, hotly. "The whole place is a nest of scoundrels—I know, for I've come myself from that direction."

She caught her breath.

"You didn't see father on the road, I suppose?"

He smiled in a ghastly way.

"I fear I wouldn't have known him even if we had met, miss. Has he been long in Texas?"

"Years. We are from the North. Mother died here—she is buried yonder under the pecan trees," making a motion toward the outer darkness. "Oh," with a faint sob breaking into her voice, "I wish father *would* come!"

For hours this man had been in desperate danger; every moment of delay increased it. Death was grinning at his very shoulder; but in a cool voice he said:

"Look here, miss. If you like, I'll take it on myself to stand guard over you and the ranch till your father puts in an appearance. Mind, I'm a stranger, and I've not a decent word to say for myself—on the contrary, I tell you plainly I'm a bad lot; but I swear you shall come to no harm while I stop hereabouts and can use my

one sound arm—you see I have but one. The other has two or three bullets in it, and isn't of much account at present."

She made an involuntary step toward him. Her eyes flashed over his pale, blood-stained face and disabled hand, and then wandered to the worn, exhausted Apache.

"You are riding for your life, stranger?"

"I reckon."

"What have you been doing?"

"Shooting," laconically.

"And will you be hurt if you are caught?"

He gave a grim little laugh.

"You live in Texas and ask that? It seems that you are not learned in the ways of the country. I shall hang, most likely."

She grew pale.

"That beast cannot carry you five miles farther, sir."

"I know it."

"Then why are you wasting precious time here?" she demanded, sharply. "You must have another horse, and hurry on. Every instant that you lose takes from your chances of escape. You must not think of me—I am not afraid. I have father's Winchester, and I can use it very well—for a girl. Besides, father himself will be coming soon—very soon!"

She ran to a corral adjoining the cabin—the young man had heard the breathing and movements of domestic cattle feeding near by—and led forth a horse—a dark bay, with black points, young, handsome, fiery-eyed, framed for speed and endurance.

"He is my own property," said Laurel Hading. "Take him, sir; I give him to you, for I see that you have great need of him. There's nothing in these parts that can outstrip Bluebottle. Just fling the saddle on him, and I will corral your beast and give him a feed of corn."

Her generosity seemed to overwhelm Apache's master. He fumbled weakly at the girth.

"You can't mean it, miss," he said, huskily.

"It's next to certain that I can never return the animal."

In her impatience she seized the saddle, and with her own hands transferred it to the bay.

"You are wasting time! I don't expect you to return Bluebottle—he is a free gift, I tell you. He will carry you to a place of safety. You probably know the country round about. I'll not ask the direction you mean to take, for if I do not know I shall not be able to tell those who may come this way looking for you."

She flung her arms suddenly around the glossy neck of the bay and kissed his thick mane and his wrinkled black nose. He was her pet, her pride,

her one only possession, and she was giving him unreservedly to this stranger! As he watched her the heart of the young man seemed turning to a hot coal. A sudden moisture blinded his eyes and made the small, fair, wistful face of the girl and the cabin firelight blend weirdly together. At the same moment a faint sound from the far darkness of the prairie smote his ears. It might have been simply a night bird's cry, but it aroused anew in him the instinct of self-preservation, the love of life. With a bound he sprang upon Bluebottle. His sound hand went instinctively to the pocket of his buckskin trousers.

"I've no money, miss," he muttered, in confusion. "I left it all in the gambling saloon at Fort Lac."

"I do not want money," answered Laurel Hading. "Be off, sir!"

"As God hears me I'll not forget what I owe you, miss!" he muttered, and setting spurs to the bay, he shot like a thunderbolt past the wire fence, out of the light made by the cabin candle, into the vast gloom of the prairie, where he vanished to the sound of receding hoof strokes.

Laurel Hading, left alone at the threshold of the ranch, twisted her hand in Apache's mane and led that long-suffering beast to the corral, and the trough and rack from which she had taken Bluebottle. Leaving him to his corn and water, she returned to the cabin, shut and barred the door, for her young nerves had been somewhat shaken by the incident of the night, and resumed her lonely waiting.

She seated herself by the rude hearth, with her chin on her palm, and stared into the fire. Its warm glow fell lovingly on the long, loose hair that lay in flaxen ripples on her lap and gleamed along the coarse ware of the table, and the Winchester slung against the wall. The girl had made an acquaintance this night that she would not soon forget. His bronzed boyish face, with the haggard lips and desperate eyes, haunted her.

"I wonder how far Bluebottle will carry him!" she mused. "I hope he knows the prairie. I hope, too, that he will get off safely. Of course he is a bad man—he confessed as much to me; but I am sorry for him—if I had not been very sorry, indeed, I would not have given him Bluebottle!"

Laurel was fifteen years old. She had lived nearly all that time in Texas, and knew something of men and manners there. A youngster riding for life was no very amazing thing—a phase of the turbulent frontier—nothing more. Of course he had been guilty of some grave offense, broken some law—taken life, maybe; but in that region such things happened every day. She felt no

particular curiosity concerning his crime. He was young, good-looking, and in sore trouble, and, womanlike, she pitied him. She would tell her father the story when he came back to the ranch.

But he did not come. Hour after hour went by. There was no sound save the movements of the cattle in the corral, and the night wind whistling around the corners of the cabin. Worn out with her vigil, she fell asleep, at last, by the dying fire.

When she awoke the candle had gone out. Gray ashes filled the hearth. In the east a primrose light was dawning. Laurel ran to the door and looked across the prairie. Against the misty rim of color that marked the sky line she saw a cluster of moving shadows darkly drawn. Horsemen, advancing rapidly along the trail. With breathless anxiety she watched their approach. They were strangers—her father was not among them.

Brighter and brighter grew the landscape. The whole sky blushed to the zenith with morning. Sun up! The horsemen rode up to the ranch. Laurel looked at them steadily. The leader, a stout man, dressed in a cotton shirt and homespun blue jeans, and mounted on a rusty mustang, saluted her gruffly:

"Howdy? 'This is Hading's ranch, I reckon?"

Laurel nodded. The men were all armed to the teeth, and every face wore an exasperated look. The stout man swung his legs off the saddle.

"It's plumb sartin that you are Hading's darter. I'm sorry to bring you bad news, miss, but we have to git used to sich things in Texas. Ahem! Hading ain't a-coming back to the ranch at present."

"He ain't coming, *never*!" said a grim, impatient voice from some member of the party who disdained beating about the bush.

"Never?"

Laurel's hands fell prone at her side. She stared in an uncomprehending way at these messengers of ill.

"Over there at Fort Lac," the first speaker made a sweep with his arms that might have taken in the whole of Texas, "there was a pizen row yesterday, and an onery, low-down cuss, called Whisky Dick, got the drop on your pa—accidents like that will happen to the best of men, miss. We've been on Dick's trail ever since the shooting, but we ain't sighted him yit."

"Might as well chase the devil!" broke in that grim voice from the background.

The blue-jeans man gave a sidelong glance at Laurel's white, stunned face, and hurried on with his story:

"Whisky Dick he shoots to kill. 'Twas a little

dispute over cards, you see. Hading tried to knife him, but the boy carried a brace of six-shooters and knew how to use 'em. Then other parties interfered, and we had a general scrimmage. The saloon got wrecked, and the price of coffins is up in Fort Lac this morning. Now, what we want is that young cuss that started the mischief. We've some past accounts to square with him. He's an old offender. Sorry for you, miss, but don't lose heart. We'll wipe out your pa's score, you bet, for we carry a good lariat along with us. Whisky Dick has given us the slip, but we're bound to run him down afore many hours."

His eyes, in seeking to avoid Laurel's grief-stricken face, fell suddenly on the turf at her feet.

"Lord above!" he shouted. "Look at the hoof prints! Whose been a-fooling round this ranch, and a-tramping up Hading's garden, like a wild bull of Bashan?"

Laurel did not answer. She had fallen helplessly on the cabin threshold and covered her face. The stout man shook her smartly by the shoulder.

"Come!" he urged. "We've got to know about this yere business, miss—speak up!"

"A stranger changed horses at the ranch last night," answered the girl, dully. "I don't know where he was going—I don't know his name. I gave him a drink of water and my horse Blue-bottle."

There was a prolonged murmur from the men.

"What did the beggar do with his own beast?" asked a voice.

"Left him here," said Laurel.

The blue-jeans man skipped nimbly round the cabin to the corral. There, at a rack, the stranger's tired, galled castaway stood peacefully feeding. He uttered a yell.

"By the living God! here's Whisky Dick's Apache, boys—I'd know the beast in any State of the Union!"

The men crowded forward to look. Volleys of oaths filled the air. Laurel was forced to give every detail of the stranger's visit, and at the close of her story Blue Jeans spat on the ground in deep disgust.

"You've been and gone and helped Whisky Dick off!" he cried, "when we wuz a-going to hang him comfortably to the nearest tree. You've saved your pa's slaughterer, miss. The devil himself must have led him to this yere ranch last night. We lost his trail twice—cuss the luck! Now he has a fresh horse, and a start of hours and hours, and we may as well throw up our hands. He's safe enough by this time. We'll never set eyes on the rogue again." He brought



"HE TOSSED OFF THE CONTENTS FEVERISHLY."

his fist down angrily against the cabin door. "Good Lord, miss, that onery Dick has made off with his life, and it's you—it's Harding's own darter—that he's got to thank for it!"

CHAPTER II.

FOUR weeks passed.

Across the prairie, grown arid now and brown with summer heat, the stage from Fort Lac car-

ried, one fine day, a passenger who informed the driver that his prime business in life was to find the orphan daughter of the murdered Jason Hading.

"Well, I reckon she ain't at the ranch," said the veteran of the ribbons, as he cracked his whip over the heads of his leaders. "Hading didn't own a foot of it—he war as poor as a coyote—had some book larning, I've heerd, like most North-erners, but that's all. A man from Fort Lac laid

claim to the stock and drove it off. The little gal is at some neighbor's place—she wants to go North."

"Ha!" said the passenger; "drop me at that neighbor's, driver."

And he was dropped. He found Laurel Hading, with her sleeves rolled over her dimpled elbows, frying a rasher of bacon in a lean-to kitchen. Her fair mane of hair was confined in a huge plait. She had a subdued, homesick look—the air of a bird confined in a strange nest.

"Delighted to find you, my dear," said the passenger. "I am Judge Story, of Fort Lac—I've been sent, you know, to look you up. Your friends have wired full instructions, and provided the money. Good Lord! what a sun! It's a wonder the whole prairie isn't burning like greasewood. So you're sheltering here with neighbors? I knew Hading owned nothing at the ranch—he never had a shadow of luck in Texas."

She left her frying, and came toward him, with a vague hope kindling in her dejected eyes.

"Did my uncle send you, sir?" she asked, breathlessly.

The judge was a lean, lanky man, with a speculative eye and a stubby chin. He spoke with a Southern drawl.

"Ah, you have an uncle, then, Miss Hading?"

"Yes, my father's brother—he lives at the North. I wrote to him after—after—"

"Just so. I understand," said the judge, considerably. "Go on, my dear."

"Father and Uncle Jasper were enemies, sir—they held no communication with each other after we came to Texas. Mother used to say that there was bad blood between them."

"Not an uncommon circumstance, my dear."

"I never saw my uncle Jasper, but I knew that he was living in a place called Deepford, Massachusetts. So I wrote to him there the day after father was shot. I told him that I was all alone, and without money, and that I wanted to come to him in the North. He is my only relative, sir. I thought I ought to tell him of father's death."

She fixed her large violet eyes inquiringly on the judge.

"She's a tremendously pretty creature!" he thought, and then said aloud: "Certainly, my dear. Quite right. Your uncle may have been your pa's enemy, but death frequently smooths out family snarls, like a—warm flatiron. I bring you good news. Your pa's unfortunate taking-off has softened his brother's heart, I reckon. Anyhow, he's coming round handsomely. He means to do the right thing by you, Miss Laurel."

"Does he?" she replied, and then waited for an explanation.

"Yes, yes," said the judge, cheerfully. "I was a good deal in the dark at first, but it's plain to me now—I understand everything. Here's the whole matter in a nutshell: After your father's death you wrote to Jasper Hading that you hadn't a cent and wanted to shake the dust of Texas from your feet. Well, yesterday a firm of Boston lawyers wired me urgent instructions to hunt you up without a moment's delay, bring you North and put you at a young ladies' school. I was directed to find the necessary funds at the Fort Lac bank, and I found them there, my dear—yes, I made sure of the funds before I took the stage to look for you. Your uncle is a rich man, eh?"

"I do not know, sir."

"He is. I am sure of it. He's a whole Golconda mine. And," with a fine flight of imagination, "you will be his heiress. Ah, Miss Laurel, I congratulate you!"

He kissed her hand gallantly. The girl looked dubious.

"But Uncle Jasper has never answered my letter, sir—is not that a little queer?"

"My child, the world is full of queer things. Take the goods the gods provide and ask no questions."

"He might have written a few lines, sir, and expressed some sympathy for me—some pity for poor father."

"Nonsense! Such things are of no consequence. He puts the whole affair in my hands." The judge threw up his stubby chin with a pompous air. "Miss Laurel, I have won fame in my day—maybe it has soared North to Massachusetts, and influenced your uncle. Men sometimes call me the most eloquent lawyer in Texas, if not in the entire country. Perhaps Jasper Hading heard me so named, and said, 'Ah, there is the man to take my charming niece in charge!' Letters? We can do very well without his letters, my dear, so long as he furnishes us with a full purse. Let his actions speak, instead of his goose quill. When can you make ready for the journey North?"

"To-morrow—to-day—any time," answered Laurel, in a flutter of excitement.

"Very good. To-morrow, then, we will start. So bid a long farewell, my dear, to the bunch grass and the sagebrush."

After his departure Laurel sat down in the lean-to kitchen and thought her brief life over. It seemed quite devoid of interest. She could remember nothing of the North, for she had been a mere infant when her father journeyed to

Texas to mend his ragged fortunes. Her mother, a sad, gentle, refined woman, had taught the girl all that she knew of books, and, better yet, communicated to her the speech and manners of a lady. Laurel recollected that Jason Hading, too, had possessed scholarly tastes—that he was known as a college-bred man, but luckless—always luckless, as the Fort Lac judge had said—shiftless, too, and ease-loving, wholly unequal to the exigencies of life on a frontier, and overflooded, alas! of cards and strong drink. Now the tragedy at Fort Lac had ended everything. Laurel could only weep bitterly for his fate, and in her girlish wrath heap bitter execrations on Whisky Dick, his murderer. As she had told the judge, in all the world she now possessed but one relative—Jasper Hading, of Deepford, Massachusetts.

"I do not know the cause of his differences with my father," thought the girl, "and certainly it was very unkind of him to leave my poor little letter unanswered. I fear that my uncle Jasper is a hard man; but now that he has sent this Fort Lac judge to me, can I afford to reject his help? No, no; I will go where he bids me—I will do as he wishes. I have always longed to attend school. Life on a Texan ranch has not been so pleasant that I should hesitate to leave it—I can bid good-by to this place without a regret."

When the stagecoach stopped at the ranch next day Laurel had gathered her few belongings together, and was waiting to step forth into the world, under the guardian wing of the Fort Lac judge. Away, over the hot, dry plains the great lumbering vehicle carried the two to the railway terminus. There they stepped aboard a Northern-bound train and went speeding out of the State as fast as steam could carry them. Judge Story treated his charge with great kindness and a continually increasing respect. Had she been a princess he could not have paid her greater deference.

"I am instructed to consign you to the lady principal at the school," he explained; "and after that, I'm sorry to say, I shall have no more to do with you, Miss Laurel. It's my opinion, however, that you'll be well cared for at the North. Your uncle may be eccentric—that seems an indisputable fact—but his heart's in the right place. My advice to you is to humor his whims, and let him educate you, according to his own ideas. An old man is usually a crank on some subject."

"Is Jasper Hading old?" said Laurel. "I think not—my father used to speak of him as a younger brother."

"Well," answered the judge, placidly, "his age is of no importance, one way or the other.

What chiefly concerns us is the provision which he intends to make for your future, my dear."

Laurel's long and tiresome journey ended one evening at the Boston school where Judge Story had been instructed to leave her. The midsummer vacation was not yet over, and the house seemed silent and empty; but the dignified principal, who had been apprised by telegram of the new pupil's coming, received Laurel kindly, even while regarding her with a severely critical eye.

"My school," she said to the judge, "is the most expensive and the most fashionable in the commonwealth. My pupils are, without exception, the daughters of old and wealthy families. I would not, on any terms, receive a common person here. It would never do, I assure you. The career of every young girl must be strongly influenced by early associations. There is no aristocracy in the country more strictly conservative than that of Boston."

The judge, as Laurel's protector, took instant fire.

"If Miss Laurel has come to the society of aristocrats," he answered, loftily, "I give you my word, ma'am, she has only found her proper sphere. Do you observe anything common in her make-up? Notice her hands and feet, her perfect ears—the manner in which she carries herself. I ask you if these things do not indicate the bluest of blood? The Hadings, I reckon, are patrician to their spinal marrow. Doubtless you have heard of Jasper Hading, of Deepford, Massachusetts?"

Miss Bowdoin, high-featured, serene, with her glasses nicely adjusted upon her critical eyes, answered politely. No; she had never heard of Jasper Hading.

"Why, he's a regular King Midas," declared the judge; "the autocrat of—ah, all this region, ma'am!" Miss Bowdoin smiled faintly. "And Miss Laurel is his heiress. He chooses to transact business with us through his lawyers, ma'am. I myself have never seen him; but I feel sure that he is a high and mighty old fellow. He is ready to pay well for first-class companions for his niece—nothing but the best can content him."

Through her glasses Miss Bowdoin was quietly studying the new pupil.

"I feel no hesitancy in receiving Miss Hading," she said, at last. "Her appearance certainly speaks volumes for her"—for Laurel had sustained the lady's scrutiny with admirable composure, with an air of mingled dignity and sweetness that impressed Miss Bowdoin. "I suppose she has been taught many things already?"

"I reckon," answered the judge. "Her mother was a lady."

"I cannot doubt it," said the principal, graciously.

Now that his young charge had received Miss Bowdoin's approval, and a full admittance into her temple of fine manners and fashionable accomplishments, the judge made haste to depart. A dark, chilly night was closing in. A spiteful east wind surged through the narrow streets of the city. He missed the Southern sunshine, the flower-scented, health-laden air of the plains. Miss Bowdoin's parlor, with its aristocratic atmosphere, and the brown-holland ghosts of swathed furniture, oppressed him.

"You are sure to come out of this place a full-fledged lady, Miss Laurel," he said, as he put a well-filled purse into the girl's hand. "Pin money, my dear, from King Midas, your uncle. I drew it for you from the bank at Fort Lac. Spend left and right, as the other aristocrats do—you have no call to use it carefully." And with this flourish he left her.

A substantial tea was served to the tired traveler in Miss Bowdoin's own sitting room, where candles burned under pink shades, and a small wood fire tempered the east wind's chill. As the two were about to sit down to table Miss Bowdoin touched a bell.

"Miss Hading," she said, "you will now make the acquaintance of the only pupil left at the school."

A moment later the door flew open, and a young girl danced, like an animated flower, into the room. The principal greeted her with the reproving shake of an uplifted forefinger.

"My dear Miss Dole, how often must I tell you that repose is supremely important in a lady's manners? You quite shock me, my child. Here is the young person from Texas. Did I not mention at lunch that she would probably arrive tonight? As she is a stranger in the North, I depend upon you to amuse her."

Miss Dole advanced a little shyly, and offered a diminutive hand to Laurel. Before the Texan girl could take it two lovely arms were flung impulsively around her neck, and soft lips pressed her cheek.

"Oh, you are charming!" cried Miss Dole, gayly. "Already I love you! Welcome to the North—welcome to the school. Perish repose of manner on an occasion like this! Why, I have been waiting for you, with the wildest impatience, ever since lunchtime."

Then she drew back, and allowed Laurel to see that she was a brunette, *petite*, bewildering, with eyes of softest black, and lips like curled rose leaves—a beauty of the pale, creamy type. Her little head, all ruffled up with rings and curls of

copper-brown hair, was set most daintily on her slender milky throat. Her movements were like those of some bright tropic bird.

"To me your coming is a perfect godsend, Miss Hading," she said, "for the school is as dull as death at this season of the year. You see, I am the only pupil who remains here to torment Miss Bowdoin through the vacations. I have really no other home, for my mother died long ago, and papa is the captain of a great steamship that goes all about the world, and never tarries long in any port. When I am thoroughly finished off at the school papa means to find some suitable abiding place for us both, and retire from the sea."

The Texan girl looked wistfully at the speaker.

"I am homeless, too," she said, "and except for an uncle, who is quite unknown to me, I have not a relative in the world."

"Dear me!" cried the vivacious brunette; "how sad! You and I must be friends from this hour. You may call me Paulette, though Comet is the name by which I am commonly known among my schoolmates. I am supposed," with a gay little laugh, "to resemble that celestial body. Of course, you and I will be compelled to look to each other for amusement till the beginning of the fall term, so I hope you may like me—I am very certain that I shall adore you."

For years after that tea in Miss Bowdoin's pretty sitting room remained fixed in the Texan girl's memory. The principal, sedate, dignified yet indulgent, poured the steaming beverage into delicate painted cups; and Paulette Dole chatted like a magpie, devoured an incredible quantity of thin sandwiches and marmalade, and paid little heed to the reproving forefinger, which was frequently raised for her benefit. Laurel soon discovered that this young beauty was Miss Bowdoin's particular pet—a privileged scholar.

"I have been here for ages, you know," whispered Paulette to her new friend, "and poor Miss Bowdoin is not yet aware that I rule her shamelessly—I *must* rule somebody—it is a necessity of my nature, and papa is usually in the antipodes, so I cannot try my hand on him. By and by I may have lovers; then," her soft eyes danced behind their dense lashes, "oh, what a life I will lead them, to be sure!"

At Paulette's request the Texan was permitted to share her room that night. When the two were alone Paulette leaned her round elbows on the toilet table and gazed hard at her companion.

"You look like a girl with a history," she said. "Tell it quickly, please—I am dying with curiosity."

"There is little to tell," replied Laurel, with a sigh—she was very tired, and her eyes were heavy with sleep—"but such as it is, you are welcome to it."

And she related very briefly the story of her life. Paulette listened attentively.

"What a pity," she said, at last, "that Whisky Dick was not caught and hanged! I hope Nemesis will pursue him to the end of his days. And

secret to hide, as you, his niece, will yet discover. Of course, he can do no less than visit you at the school."

Laurel shook her flaxen head doubtfully.

"I shall not waste time in looking for him," she said.

During the fortnight that elapsed before the beginning of the fall term, when the two girls were quite alone with Miss Bowdoin, wandering



A DAUGHTER OF THE LAGOONS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY E. VON BLAAS.

so you have never seen this uncle who transacts his business with you through strange parties? Mark my words, he injured your father some time in his life, and is now trying, in this round-about way, to make reparation. And he left your little letter unanswered? Very bad form!"

"Yes," assented Laurel, faintly.

Paulette wrinkled her lovely brows.

"I do not like Jasper Hading. He has some

at will through the playground and the empty rooms, Paulette's fancy was constantly at work concerning Laurel's mysterious uncle.

"I find him fascinating," she said, "because he does things in uncommon ways. I wish he would explain to you the enmity that existed betwixt himself and your father."

But no explanation was forthcoming. Pupils crowded back to Miss Bowdoin after the long va-

cation; a corps of teachers came with them; the school began; but no Jasper Hading appeared. In his stead, however, a member of that firm of lawyers who had instructed Judge Story to bring Laurel to the North waited one day upon Miss Bowdoin, and assured her that no pains nor expense must be spared on Miss Hading's education, and that the legal gentleman above mentioned had full power to pay her bills and guard her general welfare.

"Miss Hading has powerful friends," said the lawyer, "but for the present they desire to remain entirely aloof from her."

Miss Bowdoin was so impressed by this interview that she at once ranked Laurel with the rich men's daughters who were her especial pride, and from that hour the Texan girl was entirely at home in the aristocratic school.

Time went on. The holidays were drawing near.

"Now is your opportunity, Laurel," said Paulette Dole. "Send the compliments of the season to the great unknown, and tell him that you would like to behold him face to face. We must lure him to the school, *ma belle*—in some way he must be made to visit you. I am wild to see the man. Together let us write a letter that will melt his stony heart and bring him without fail to our Christmas tableaux."

The two beautiful heads, blond and brunette, went to work with a will.

"Ah," sighed Laurel, "I am my father's daughter, and he hated poor papa. Jasper Hading is spending his money upon me from a sense of duty only—love me as a niece I am sure he never will."

"Pooh!" said Paulette, incredulously. "When he sees you, Laurel, he will be more than flesh and blood if he fails to love you. Courage! We will catch and conquer him in spite of himself. For my own part, I am always interested in odd people, and so your uncle Jasper piques my curiosity greatly."

After much effort the letter was indited—a masterpiece of persuasion, Paulette called it. She posted it with her own hand.

"Now," she cried, gayly, as she embraced Laurel, "O maid of the chaparral and the sagebrush, you will soon see your adamantite uncle at your feet!"

At the end of a long, tedious week Jasper Hading's reply arrived. It was written in a bold business hand, on thick white paper, and ran as follows: "I shall not visit your school—I do not know you, I have no desire to know you. Write me no more letters—it is simply a waste of time and money."

"Did I not say that he hated my father's daughter?" groaned Laurel Hading.

Paulette's incomparable eyes flashed with indignation.

"The rude boor! Could anything be more curt and strange? Well, never mind, Laurel, dear—he wants to pose for a disagreeable benefactor, he refuses to be thanked, he hates school-girl letters. But you have gained one point—you have forced him to communicate with you directly—to disregard for once the agency of the lawyers."

A hot flush was burning upon Laurel's blond cheek.

"And this is the man from whom I am obliged to accept charity!" she murmured, bitterly. "Ah, Paulette, the uses of adversity are *not* sweet when they force one into a position like mine. As soon as I leave this school I will find work—I will pay to Jasper Hading every dollar that he is expending on my education—I will remain under no obligations to such a person, even though we are of the same blood."

"Quite right!" said Paulette, with spirit; "and when that time comes you must insist upon an interview, dear, and open your mind to him freely."

Laurel folded Jasper Hading's letter and thrust it nervously back into the envelope.

"Yes," she assented; "I will write to him no more; but some day I will go to Deepford—to his house. Since he refuses to come to me I will beard the lion in his own den."

CHAPTER III.

EIGHT o'clock had just struck from all the timepieces in Dole Haven. The morning sky was without a cloud. A southwest wind, blowing up from Nantucket Sound, brought the salt odor of the sea into the long, wide veranda where Captain Davy Dole was pacing alone in the sunshine.

The captain had not slept well. Insomnia was the demon which, on dry land or blue water, pursued and tormented him mercilessly. This man had sailed every sea and faced countless perils—indeed, he was as familiar with danger as with his own shadow; and yet at the age of five and forty he found himself the victim of an incurable disorder that fed upon his strength, like the vulture on Prometheus.

As he paced the veranda back and forth one could see he was a handsome brown man, somewhat grizzled, weather-beaten, and with a shade of melancholy on his strong, well-cut face. He had a bold, searching eye, an abrupt yet kindly manner, and the unconsciously despotic air peculiar

to a king of the quarterdeck. Pausing at a flight of steps which led down into a big, well-kept garden, he looked straight out before him, with the eyes of one whose thoughts are turned inward.

"Great God!" he muttered, "how can a man hope to sleep raked up in red-hot coals?"

The scene which lay before the captain's abstracted gaze was as fair as any that could be found on the seventy miles of peninsula thrust out, like a gigantic arm, from the New England coast into the boiling Atlantic, and called Cape Cod. The big, rambling yellow house of Dole Haven was built at the head of a small bay, and flanked by pine woods that grew to the very edge of the sands. On hot afternoons one could recline in the dense shade of these trees, and doze to the music of long waves rippling in from the beautiful sound. At the foot of the captain's garden a smooth beach glistened, and a big cat-boat, with her sail up, was rocking against a pier.

In the distance stretched gold and green salt marshes, with black loops of creek shining in them, like jewels; and not far away the spires of a town arose over the pine tops and gave token of neighboring life.

The click of a hoe among the captain's flowerbeds attracted his attention. He leaned on the railing of the veranda, and called: "Zeke!"

Out of a mass of flowering geraniums a broad back arose.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the response.

All the inhabitants of the Cape are more or less marine. Zeke could go up the ratlines to a fore topmast head as lightly as cat ever climbed a roof.

"What's the latest news from the cranberry bog?" asked the captain.

Not that he cared for news—he simply desired to change the current of his own thoughts.

"The danged Portuguese got off, sir," answered Zeke, with his hoe suspended above the brown mold, and his straw hat pushed aggressively back from his leathery face. "He knifed one of the men pickers, stole everything he could lay hands on, and skipped, sir."

"The scoundrel!"

"Ay, sir, and right dangerous to be prowling through the woods."

"He is in the woods, then?"

"Ay—somewhere about. The young ladies better stay indoors to-day."

"Say that to my daughter," answered the captain, "and she will be off and away before breakfast."

Zeke grinned. He knew the ways of his young mistress. Behind Captain Davy a door was standing open, revealing a wide, cool hall, faintly

scented with sandalwood, and ornamented with huge foreign jars, brought from strange lands. Out of this background came a sudden rustle of feminine draperies, the click-clack of light heels. Two white arms slipped about Captain Davy's neck, and red rose-leaf lips were laid on his brown cheek.

"Good morning, papa," said Paulette Dole. "Have we kept you waiting, poor dear? This Cape Cod air makes me very, very lazy. But for Laurel I fear I should have slept straight through the day."

Captain Davy embraced his daughter, and nodded kindly to Laurel Hading, who appeared immediately in the wake of Paulette. The Texan girl looked earnestly at her host.

"Cape Cod air does not have a somnolent effect upon *you*, sir," she said.

"True," admitted the captain, with a sad smile; "my enemy pursues me wherever I go."

"Papa," said Paulette, teasingly, "have you a bad conscience?"

"I hope not, my dear."

"You are sure that you have not broken all the commands in the Decalogue? Well, then, you are pining for tar and bilge water. A sailor on shore is an abnormal creature the world over."

He pinched her oval cheek.

"Nonsense."

"Confess, papa, that you find yourself bored by this Cape house, and the society of two girls just out of school and smelling of 'bread and butter,' as Byron delicately puts it."

The captain looked vaguely troubled.

"Nothing of the kind!" he declared, stoutly. "I cannot sleep because there is something wrong here," touching his forehead. "The doctors call me a sick man, and order me to remain on shore and try the effect of a radical change. I am quite content to do so—I want to make a home for you, little pickle. Neither of us," with an involuntary sigh, "know the meaning of that word. And all that I am pining for now is breakfast, my dear."

He led the way into a charming room, furnished with bamboo and Indian matting. In the centre of the floor stood a snow-white table, glittering with silver and crystal, at which Mrs. Minto, the housekeeper, waited for the family. She was a widow of a master mariner, who had "sailed the seas over" with Captain Davy. Refined and well bred, she was in all ways fitted to preside over the domestic affairs of Dole Haven.

The quartet sat down to breakfast. Four years had passed since the meeting of Laurel Hading and Paulette at Miss Bowdoin's school. In that time both girls had grown to womanhood. Laurel

was now nineteen—Paulette two years younger. The Texan girl was slenderly built, and she had an air that Paulette declared a princess might envy. She seemed to communicate some subtle charm to everything that she wore. Many a schoolmate had tried in vain to imitate the fit of her bodice, the sweep of her skirt, the arrangement of her thick, fine locks. She was stylish, she was handsome. Neither sun nor wind could mar her dazzling complexion. Her hair, burnished like brass, waved low about her milk-white temples, and was knotted in a superb coil at the back of her well-poised head. Her large eyes, violet in tint, looked deeply black in the shadow of their inky lashes. Her repose of manner had always been the admiration of Miss Bowdoin and the entire school.

"Could your uncle Jasper once see you," Paulette was wont to say, "all his prejudice and ill temper would vanish, like frost in the sun." For Jasper Hading had never yet met his niece. He was still satisfied to pay her bills through the agency of his lawyers, and remain to her a shadow and a name.

As for Paulette, four years had simply matured her distracting beauty. Her eyes were like velvet. Copper-red lights streaked her brown love-locks. The elbow sleeves of her rose-pink morning gown fell away from a pair of arms as perfect as sculptor ever chiseled. She had a creamy throat, ears like seashells, a charming dimple in her chin, and a laugh like silver bells. A creature of "spirit, fire and dew," somewhat spoiled, but wholly lovable.

"Paulette," said Captain Davy, as he dropped a lump of sugar in his coffee, "I must warn you and Miss Hading to keep within doors to-day. Cranberry picking began in this region yesterday—the culture of the berry is a leading industry hereabouts, you know. A rascally Portuguese who came from Provincetown drove the women and children from Harris's bog, knifed one of the men, and then took to the woods, where he is still at large."

"Harris's bog," said Mrs. Minto, "is not more than a mile away."

"The officers are after the fellow," continued Captain Davy, "but he will probably lead them a long chase. There are thirty thousand acres of forest on the Cape, and if he is cunning he can keep out of durance a tolerable while. Now, no rowing nor riding to-day, young ladies; no walks beyond the garden, till that rascal is found."

Paulette looked dismayed at such a circumscribed horizon.

"How provoking! Laurel and I had a dozen plans for to-day. She has lived in Texas among

the cowboys—you cannot frighten her with a solitary Portuguese, papa. Perhaps there were extenuating circumstances in the case. The cranberry grows low—it is a horrid, slippery, elusive atom. One has to bend double to gather it. Maybe the monotony of the work upset the poor Portuguese's brain, and filled him with battle and murder. Did you say that he killed some of his fellow pickers?"

"No; only scattered them, with wounds."

"Oh, it is quite a tame affair, then—not half as bad as things that Laurel has known in Texas."

"What things?" asked Captain Davy.

Miss Hading's fair face grew very grave. She looked straight down to the spotless damask cloth.

"My father," she answered, in a low voice, "was murdered there."

"My poor child," said the captain, in a shocked tone, "pray forgive me."

"Yes, he was shot by a dreadful cowboy," explained the irrepressible Paulette. "I thought I had told you about it, papa. Laurel and I might safely venture outside Dole Haven, if your factotum Zeke could be induced to attend us."

"Zeke's heart is set upon calking a boat," answered the captain, "and he would far sooner join the search after Manuel the Portuguese than play the squire to ladies. As for me, I have business in the town; so you will be compelled, puss, to amuse yourself indoors."

Paulette pouted.

"Mrs. Minto might escort us."

Mrs. Minto responded to this suggestion with an exclamation of horror.

"Oh, my dear, let us not tempt Providence! My husband once sailed from Manilla, in the island of Luzon, with a cargo of indigo and sapanwood, and a crew of Portuguese; and those dreadful men mutinied on the homeward voyage, and tried to scuttle the ship. Not for worlds would I venture abroad while that Manuel is at large!"

A housemaid entered with the morning mail. Paulette distributed the letters.

"Two for you, papa," she said; "and one bears the Queen's head. Who is your London correspondent?"

Captain Davy picked up the English letter. Laurel Hading, who chanced to be watching him at that moment, saw his tawny cheek whiten. He slipped the envelope hastily under his plate.

"My dear Paulette," he answered, "I have cast anchor in many waters, and made friends in the four quarters of the globe, and must you exclaim at sight of an English postage stamp?"

With exaggerated interest he looked at the second letter.

"Ha! Hum—what is this?" He broke the seal—his eyes swept a closely written page. "Why, bless my soul! Mrs. Minto, have you a guest chamber ready? I hope so, for," tapping the letter lightly, "here is a young man who has

glad of this sudden diversion—it gave him time to brace his nerves.

"'Thereby hangs a tale,'" he answered. "My acquaintance with Chester Coxheath began, well, let us say, ten years ago, when he was a mere boy,



THE INNER MAN.—FROM THE PAINTING BY L. KOHR.

a tremendous claim on my hospitality, and he is probably on his way to Dole Haven at this very minute."

"Oh, papa," cried Paulette, "who is he?"

Captain Davy laid down the letter. He was

reading Marryat's novels, and filled with strange illusions concerning the sea. Nothing but a life on the ocean wave would content him. His father, a rich man, and owner of the ship which I then commanded, could do nothing with the lad.

Blow high or blow low, young Chet was determined to sail the great deep. The elder Coxheath coaxed and reasoned in vain. As a last resort he called me to his aid.

"Take the boy, Captain Dole," he said, "and give him his heart's desire. I do not want him to become a sailor. If there is any way by which you can sicken him of salt water I rely on you to do it."

"All right," I answered; and the next voyage I made was to the South Atlantic, in the *Saucy Sally*, and young Chet Coxheath sailed with me as my cabin boy.

"He was a plucky fellow, but a bad sailor, and the crew, one and all, chaffed him without mercy—made his life a burden. I did not attempt to interfere.

"My fine fellow," I thought, "you will be well cured of any further hankering for blue water by the time the return voyage is over."

"The boy was too proud to complain. For a rich man's son, bred amid all the luxuries of life, he bore the ridicule and general rough usage remarkably well. I grew fond of him, for he was manly, fearless, wide awake—a lad after my own heart. I soon saw that he was tremendously homesick, though he would not own it. The hard discipline was scattering his illusions—knocking the nonsense well out of his young pate.

"One night, in the vicinity of the Horn, something happened. Old salt as I am, with five and twenty years of sea service behind me, I cannot think of it now without a shudder.

"For several days we had encountered no rough weather. It was after sunset, and the *Saucy Sally* was going at an eight-knot rate, with a northwesterly wind over her port beam. There was a murky look in the sky, however, and all light sail had been taken in. I chanced to be standing, with young Coxheath, on the fore-castle, when I became aware of a sudden portentous chill in the air. Coxheath looked at the glass.

"It is dropping at an amazing rate, sir," he said.

"Then I espied, dead ahead, a tremendous bank of mist—at least that is what the thing looked like.

"Icebergs!" I cried, with my heart in my throat; and I leaped down to the main deck, roaring, "Hard aport!" But the helmsman had seen the danger, and mad with fear, he went yelling down the after companion way. Young Coxheath, cool and collected, rushed to the deserted wheel and seized it, but too late. Before he could make a turn the bow of the vessel crashed full on

the berg. Instantly the forward deck was buried in ice.

"We are lost," I said, as I took the wheel from young Coxheath. The sailors, panic-stricken, had fled aft—Coxheath was the coolest fellow of them all—the only one, in fact, who stood by me in the crash and did not lose his head. The *Saucy Sally* swung broadside to the berg, and her red port light, glaring into its terrific fissures, seemed lighting up the very jaws of hell. The sky itself was blotted out by an arch of ice. Far over our heads hung the monstrous mass, ready at any instant to fall upon us and sink the ship and all aboard."

Captain Davy's strong brown face grew haggard and solemn with the memory of a peril long gone by. The two girls leaned upon the table and listened breathlessly.

"I gathered the men," continued the old sea dog, "for I had still some hope of saving the ship, and we set all available sail, and made a gigantic effort to escape from the ice. It was impossible to move forward, because of the wreckage around the *Saucy Sally's* side, so all hands were set to backing the mizzen topsail yard. And that boy Coxheath—that rich man's son—was the leading spirit in the work. Slender as he was, he had the heart of a lion, the soul of a hero. The paralyzed sailors, watching him, grew ashamed of their own fright, for you must know that courage is contagious, as well as cowardice. The yard was set back. Helped by the wind, the ship drifted stern first off the berg to the southeast. Then we began to examine our injuries. The *Saucy Sally* was a wreck. Her foremast, snapped ten feet from the deck, had, in falling, demolished one of the boats and torn away part of the starboard railing. The bowsprit and jib boom were hanging alongside by the stays. The mizzen top was broken, the fore-castle head piled with tons of ice. All the port bow was crushed in.

"The night being too dark for work—we had neither moon nor star to cheer us—all hands stood by till dawn, and then began clearing away the wreck. None tugged and strained with a better will than young Coxheath. Good God! how he worked!—yes, till he fell in the midst of us, senseless on the deck. By the next night we had fitted the ship with a jury rig. Luckily she was not making any water. With the main topmast lashed to the stump of the foremast, and the broken port bow patched with canvas, we continued on our way.

"Well, the homeward voyage of that crippled ship was something to remember. We encountered rough seas and adverse winds. We ran short of provisions, and suffered from hunger and

thirst. Sickness seized the crew, and young Coxheath came near dying. Fortunately my medicine chest was unharmed, and I nursed the boy, and brought him, somehow, back to life. By the time we dropped anchor in New York Bay he had regained his strength. I carried him home, and delivered him to his father, safe and sound."

"And was he cured of his longing for the sea, papa?" asked Paulette.

"He was cured. Ten years have passed since the South Atlantic iceberg made a wreck of the *Saucy Sally*, and I have never seen the boy since; but his father told me he went back to his tutors as docile as a lad could be. Heaven only knows what he has been doing in these ten years, or what changes have come to him; but it seems that he has kept a green spot in his memory for Captain Davy, for now he is on his way to Dole Haven to renew our old acquaintance."

"I will make ready his room at once," said Mrs. Minto.

Paulette was gazing straight out across the veranda to the blue bay dimpling in the morning sun.

"And Laurel and I, papa, will welcome your ex-cabin boy with drums and trumpets," she said. "For my own part, I mean to make a conquest of him."

Captain Davy gave his daughter a fond glance.

"Pooh! no man in his senses would fall in love with a rattlepate like you. He is far more likely to lose his heart to Laurel."

Laurel looked slightly disdainful. As yet she knew nothing of lovers—the word had no meaning for her ears.

"It is possible," she said, dryly, "that Mr. Coxheath may make his visit to Dole Haven and depart quite heart-whole."

"Possible, but not probable," answered the captain. His eyes dwelt significantly on the lovely blond face of his guest. He had a sailor's hearty admiration for beauty. "Coxheath is young," he added, lightly. "If he is also susceptible, he is coming to a place as perilous as was the deck of the *Saucy Sally* when she lay broadside to that murderous berg."

With these words the captain arose from the table, and drew from beneath his plate the letter bearing the English postmark, the seal of which he had not yet broken. Crossing the hall of the house, he entered a smoking room, his own private den, and locked the door behind him.

Then a change came over Captain Davy. His strong face, marked with lines that time had not traced—for he was still in his prime—put on a strange, drawn look. With a shaking hand he opened the English letter, and read these words,

written with clerkly briefness: "The person named in your note of inquiry has gone to the Tyrol, and will not return to London for several weeks. No messages possible."

Captain Davy sank into the nearest chair. Something rolled down his brown cheek and fell on the open letter—tears, "wrung from the depths of some divine despair"—from an anguish that time could not soothe—a hurt beyond the skill of leechcraft. The great drops scorched the paper—he dashed them impatiently away.

"Am I a child," he muttered, "to cry for that which is past hope and help? 'No messages possible'! I knew that before, yet I thought she ought to be told that I was ill—that I had been forced to leave the sea—that my death might occur at any time. Great God! I am weak—I am very, very weak!" He tore the letter in fragments, and tossed it into a wastebasket. "And those charlatans, the doctors, declare that the quiet and rest of this place will restore me!" he continued, bitterly. "Ah, if they could drug my memory all might be well! But as it is, the leisure which I now have for thought, and the loneliness of Dole Haven, will surely drive me mad!"

* * * * *

At the end of an hour Captain Davy Dole emerged from his smoking den, and went down to the sunshiny garden. There he met his daughter and Miss Hading, dawdling among the geranium beds.

"Papa," said Paulette, gazing earnestly into his face, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear—nothing."

"Did that English letter contain ill news?"

"No, no."

"But you look shaken—quite upset."

"Pooh! Don't coddle me. I'm off to the town. Should Coxheath arrive in my absence see that you take good care of him."

After the captain's departure the two girls sat down in the deep veranda for a morning talk. The bay sparkled and danced in the sun. From a neighboring bluff the gummy odor of pitch pine was blown. Laurel, in a spotless muslin gown, leaned on the veranda railing, looking like a snow maiden from her golden crown to her little shoe. Paulette, all rose pink, curled herself up in a bamboo chair, and wrinkled her brows in meditation.

"Poor papa!" she sighed; "it is a cross for him to obey his doctors and settle down to a landsman's life. He adores that horrid brine. Even to restore his poor head, he is hardly willing to quit it. I have not inherited his love for salt water—I must be like my mother."

"Do you remember your mother?" asked Laurel.

"Oh, dear, no—she died long ago! And papa never speaks of her—sometimes I think he did not care for her at all."

Laurel looked incredulous.

"Impossible! A man like Captain Dole would not marry a woman whom he did not love."

"One cannot tell. I have always felt certain that he was indifferent to my mother's memory—otherwise he would talk of her sometimes to her daughter, would he not?"

"Perhaps the subject is too painful."

Paulette shook her charming head.

"Poor papa! I wonder what his young friend Coxheath is like? I hope we may find him amusing. I have never had the ghost of a chance to flirt, you know. In the old days at school how I used to wish that Miss Bowdoin would employ a few young male teachers! But she was very careful to keep such dangerous creatures from her doors. Now that I see my opportunity approaching, in the form of a friend of papa's, and a hero, my heart beats high."

"Perhaps Mr. Coxheath may decline to flirt," answered Laurel, laughing. "You may find him a very staid and sober person."

"Not unless he was transformed by that voyage on the *Saucy Sally*. A boy who could leave

the luxury of a rich father's house, and go off on a lark like that, would hardly make a staid and sober man."

"Captain Dole was the real hero of the iceberg adventure."

"Do you think so, *ma belle*? You seem to admire papa."

"I do," said Laurel, promptly. "He is so manly and brave and good! You ought to be proud, very proud, Paulette, of your father."

Paulette's soft eyes danced.

"Now, this is delightful! Papa also admires you, and to such an extent that he fain would give you a permanent home at Dole Haven. He wishes me to ask if you can be content to remain with us here? He declares that I need a young companion—as, indeed, I do, for Mrs. Minto is of a serious turn of mind, and a little dull. If you love me, *mon amie*, let my home henceforth be yours."

Laurel's eyes grew moist.

"A thousand thanks; but you forget that I must now join the great army of breadwinners. Paulette, I can accept no more help from Jasper Hading, and I am resolved to return at the earliest possible moment every dollar which I owe him. Miss Bowdoin thinks me capable of teaching now—in fact, she has offered me a situation in her own school, and I have accepted it."

(To be continued.)

KATEY'S LETTER.

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

Och, girls, did you ever hear,
I wrote my love a letter?
And although he cannot read,
I thought 'was all the better,
For why should he be puzzled
With spellin' in the matter,
When the manin' was so plain,
I loved him faithfully?
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

I wrote it, and I folded it,
And put a seal upon it;
It was a seal almost as big
As the crown of my best bonnet;
For I wouldn't have the postman
Make his remarks upon it,
As I'd said inside the letter
I loved him faithfully,
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

My heart was full, but when I wrote
I dared not put the half in,
For the neighbors know I love him,
And they're mighty fond of chaffin';
So I dare not write his name outside,
For fear they would be laughin',
But wrote, "From little Kate to one
Whom she loves faithfully;"
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

Now, girls, would you believe it,
That postman, so conceited,
No answer will he bring me,
So long as I have waited?
But maybe there mayn't be one,
Because—as I have stated—
My love can neither read nor write,
But he loves me faithfully,
And I know, where'er my love is,
That he is true to me.

LIBBY PRISONERS. A THANKSGIVING EPISODE OF '61.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

It was the eve of Thanksgiving, in the year 1861. But the spirit of that time-honored Puritan festival could hardly have been expected to penetrate the dismal scene which we are fain here to conjure up before the mind's eye, if not the actual recollection, of the reader.

The first half-year of the Civil War had brought matters to a very sinister pass. Since the battle of Bull Run the city of Richmond had so many captive Union soldiers to guard that requisition was made upon the spacious brick tobacco warehouse of the Libbys, the largest structure available in the capital, for use as an improvised military prison. Thenceforward it never lacked its full quota of involuntary tenants, though the first months were not characterized by the overcrowding and general barbarity which later stamped the name of Libby Prison with horror.

A bare upper room, with low ceiling supported by whitewashed wooden posts, and two small barred windows looking out upon the James River, was jointly occupied by three Union soldiers. Wearing their now soiled and dingy blue uniforms, they lounged about in the dreary den, maintaining by fits and starts a conversation whose forced gayety was belied by the anxious, haggard look on the faces of the speakers. One of them, indeed—Captain Ralph Hunt, of the Sixteenth Ohio Volunteers—was an invalid, upon whose hollow cheek the hectic flush indicated that his release from life itself was likely to precede the opening of the prison doors. He lay upon a blanketed couch, languidly reading in a local newspaper the highly colored Confederate account of the recent battle of Ball's Bluff. Through the window behind him came obliquely the level rays of the falling autumn sun, throwing warm gules on the opposite wall, and shedding a kind of awesome splendor upon the squalid place. A fellow officer, Captain Tom Cox, of the Tenth Kentucky Volunteers, sat on a broken chair near the other window, moodily smoking a pipe. Perched on the deal table in the middle of the room was Chaplain Hart, of the Ninth Indiana—a sort of Hoosier Mark Tapley, much older than his two companions, but whose jovial spirit neither the misfortunes of war nor the zeal of Methodism could crush. At this moment he was crooning a hymn tune, with the vain hope of inducing the others to join in. Finally he broke off, and said:

"Come, cheer up, boys! If you can't do any better, think of your heavenly home."

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"Too far off," muttered Cox.

"Well, then, think of your earthly home—of the apple trees in blossom when you left it; of the afternoon sunlight falling on it this minute, out there in Kaintuck or Ohio or Illinois, or wherever it is. Mine's in Injianna, thank God! where I used to be——"

"Rear admiral on the Wabash Canal," interrupted Cox, with a flash of mirth.

"That's all right!" cried the buoyant chaplain, now in his element. "Smite me on one cheek, and then I'll turn you the other, for I'm meek and lowly. But, with all your poking fun at the Wabash Canal, I'll bet you five dollars you can't tell how they take in sail out there."

"You know I'm not a navigator, deacon. But I'm not too proud to learn. How do they take in sail on the Wabash?"

"Well, sir, they go out on the towpath and knock down a mule."

Cox smiled, and turning toward the sick man, said:

"How is that, Ralph? Come, get up a smile, do! Are you sick in mind as well?"

Hunt making no response, the deacon took up the strain.

"Look on the bright side. You may be exchanged, first thing you know, when our army captures some rebel prisoners—if it ever does. Then you can go home, and with the dozens of different remedies the neighbors will bring in you'll be either cured or killed in no time."

Hunt only shook his head gloomily.

"I don't care about it. If I can't die on the field it may as well be here as anywhere else."

"Well," sighed the Hoosier chaplain, "it's a good thing I am here to give you spiritual counsel. Hello! the boys are starting that game of euchre next door. Guess I'll take a hand."

He jumped down from the table, and disappeared through the open lateral door connecting with an adjoining apartment. Such little liberties were generally accorded to prisoners of rank in those days, under the commissaryship of the bluff but not unkindly Captain Jackson Warner. Cox resumed talk with his melancholy comrade Hunt.

"There are other places besides the field of battle where a man can be brave if he wants to," he ventured.

"Oh, no doubt," retorted the sick man, rather bitterly. "I understand you. It is not so hard

for *you* to keep up your courage here—at the expense of others.”

“What do you mean?”

“You know. We have been together ever since I can remember, yet I don’t know of any time when I haven’t had to put up with second best. You have always stood in front of me, Tom Cox—at school, at sport, in business, in love.”

“Hold on, Ralph!” cried Cox, hotly. “You’re going too far.”

“Not beyond the truth.”

“Tell me one thing. Have I ever played you false?”

“No; and you have never needed to. Your cursed fatal luck does it all for you.”

“Now you talk like a whining child,” muttered Cox, exasperated, rising to pace the floor impatiently.

“Do I? At this moment your heart’s deepest thought is identical with mine. Mildred—my God, how my heart beats at the speaking of that name!—Mildred Mason, she was the one woman in all the world to me. Why did you cross me there, too, when it was certain as fate that her favor would fall on you?”

“If it was fate, what’s the use of talking about it? And of what avail to me now is that woman’s favor, even if I once possessed it? You know she is an irrevocable Southerner, like all her family. You know, too, that I came out for the Union, as you did, when the first gun was fired on Sumter. Perhaps you don’t know, but I will tell you now, that when I left Lexington she, Millie Mason, said she would rather see me dead on the field, wearing the Southern gray, than marching against her people in the blue uniform of the North. That was our parting. Well, you and I have fought on the same side, in the same battles. We have both won our captain’s swords—and lost them. Now, in misfortune, we are still together. And yet, on the pretext of disparity in our lots, you would banish the one ray of sunshine that has lit up this captivity—our old friendship.”

These words, spoken with passionate earnestness, as Captain Cox stood over his comrade’s couch, like a pitying but reproachful elder brother, could not but affect Hunt, who, after a silence, murmured:

“You are well and strong. I am ill.”

“I don’t forget that, either,” came the softened reply.

“I—I suppose I’ve talked too much,” continued Hunt; “but it’s all over now. Here’s my hand, if you will take it.”

But Cox, who had returned to his broken chair

and buried his face in his hands, made no responsive movement. He only said:

“It’s all right, Ralph, only give me a little time. You cut pretty deep, old fellow; but I shall get over it.”

Suddenly the main door swung open, and Captain Jackson Warner, the Confederate commissary of the prison, entered, as was his custom at that hour of the day.

“Evening, Yanks. What deviltry are you up to now?”

“Talking over old times and old comrades, captain; that’s all,” answered Cox.

“Well, you may have an opportunity of seeing some of them ’ere old comrades of yours afore long.”

“What! Are we going to get out?”

“No; they’re coming in. S’pose you’ve heard the news?”

“News—of what?”

“Another fight up on the Potomac, Ball’s Bluff. Yanks licked out of their boots again. Those that didn’t get shot got drowned in the river; and those that didn’t get drowned are on their way to take up their quarters in this yere hotel.”

Chaplain Hart, who had hurried in from the next room, still holding his hand of cards, exclaimed:

“What’s that? Another fight? More prisoners? Oh, Lord!”

“You’re on the religious, ain’t you?” asked Warner, turning to him.

“A shouting Methodist these forty years, bless the Lord!”

“Well, your shouting ain’t benefited Abe Lincoln nor yourself very much so far. I reckon you’d better swing around and pray for Jeff Davis, and be on the safe side.”

“Never till this right hand,” putting up the left with the cards—“no, I mean this other one—shall lose its cunning!”

“Oh, you may as well, deacon!” Cox joined in. “Pray for Jeff Davis if they want you to. He’ll need it, maybe, before the war is over.”

Hunt, sitting up on his couch, now claimed the attention of the commissary.

“Is there any definite news to be had of that battle, captain?”

“Why, yes. In fact, the first batch of prisoners is here now, and there’s a colonel among them that’s assigned to this room. He can tell you all about it. Hark! I reckon they’re just bringing him upstairs.”

Sure enough, the tramp of the approaching guard could be heard outside; and in another minute the new prisoner was marched in. He was a fine, soldierly-looking man, though very

flapjacketed as to uniform and carrying his left arm in a sling. With a courtly salute he said :

"Gentlemen, permit me. I am Colonel Coggeswell, of the Forty-second New York."

Cox was the first to grasp his hand, exclaiming, warmly :

"What ! Colonel Coggeswell of the New York Tammany Regiment ? Be assured, we have heard of you. These, colonel, are my comrades—Captain Hunt, from Ohio, and Chaplain Hart, from Indiana. I am Tom Cox, of the Tenth Kentucky."

"I am proud and happy to be quartered with you, gentlemen," said the colonel, shaking hands all around. "Do you find it very lonesome here ?"

"On the contrary, the place is much too populous. It seems as if the fortunes of war had selected the flower of our army to pine away in this dismal hole. Oh, for an hour of action !"

"Never mind," broke in the irrepressible deacon. "Just wait till the exchange begins. With a dozen such prisoners as ourselves they ought to be able to redeem a whole rebel regiment."

"To tell you the truth," said Colonel Coggeswell, "our side has hardly begun taking prisoners yet."

"Was that affair at Ball's Bluff as bad as the rebs make it out ?"

"Sir, it was a ——— sight worse ! They had us in a bad fix there, and no mistake. They can lie their prettiest this time, and yet fall short of telling how badly they really licked us."

"Then," cried Hart, melodramatically, "all was lost save honor ?"

Colonel Coggeswell looked cautiously around, to see that the commissary and guard had left the room, before replying :

"No, sir. Something else besides honor was saved. Our colors, by ——— !"

And throwing open his coat, he showed the regiment's flag, wrapped securely around his body.

The sight thrilled every man in the room, and poor Hunt got up excitedly from his couch, exclaiming :

"The Stars and Stripes forever ! How beautiful the old flag looks, boys !"

Cox proposed three cheers, and they were given with a zest that brought Captain Warner in a hurry to find out what was going on.

"Come, come, gentlemen, remember where you are ! This ain't Washington, D. C. What are you feeling so ornary about, anyhow ?"

"We were just welcoming an old friend, that's all," explained Cox.

"And, besides," added Hart, "ain't this Thanksgiving Eve ? By the way, Captain Warner, how is your cook getting along with those pumpkin pies we ordered and paid for this morning ?"

"That's a fact," replied the good-natured commissary. "Them pies must be pretty near done by this time, and ought to be up shortly. Queer grub that."

"The greatest on earth. I tell you, Captain Warner, every slice of that pumpkin will be sweetened with thoughts of home—'Home, home, sweet, sweet home' !"

"Shucks !" protested Warner. "If you want to sing, give us 'Dixie.' That's the only tune worth singing. Is there any Yankee knows 'Dixie' ?"

"Anything to oblige, cap," said Cox, winking his eye at his fellow prisoners. "I guess I can sing you 'Dixie,' though I'm not quite sure about the words."

"Never mind the words ; the tune's the thing." So the Union captain sang, in a good round voice, articulating with careful distinctness the following lines to the old Southern tune :

"And is Virginia, too, seceding,
Washington's great shade unheeding ?
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie's land !
Come, loyal men, we'll march upon her,
Save the Old Dominion's honor,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie's land !

"Unfurl our country's banner
In triumph there,
And let the rebels desecrate
That banner if they dare !
Hurrah ! hurrah !
The Stars and Stripes forever !
Hurrah ! hurrah !
This Union shall not sever !"

The others joined in the refrain with a will, excepting Warner, who cried :

"Hold on ! Cut it short, I say !"

"Do you want another verse ?" asked Cox.

"Not in that strain. Cox, you're the sassiest Yank in Libby Prison. If Jeff Davis was to hear you sing that kind of 'Dixie' I reckon he'd either send you home or to your eternal rest."

At this moment there was a commotion at the door, with shouts of "Pie ! pie ! Oh, pumpkin pie !"

The stentorian voice of Deacon Hart was heard in tones of command :

"Attention all ! Salute ! Let the noble pumpkin approach its doom with military honors !"

The men drew up in line, while Warner, smiling broadly, stood opposite near the doorway. In marched an enormous and imposingly digni-

fied negress, with a turban on her head, bearing in state a pie two feet in diameter. She made a solemn circuit of the table, depositing the pie there, then left the room, as she had entered it, with military honors.

"Captain," said Cox, addressing Warner, "we thank you for enabling us to procure this treat, and cordially invite you to share it with us."

"Much obliged, boys," responded the commissary, "but I'll have to ask you to excuse me. The air is getting too all-fired Yankee for me in here. Good appetite to you all the same."

With this he made a discreet exit.

Hart was already standing before the pie, knife in hand. Cox announced:

"Chaplain Hart will conduct the services. You are going to say something before we eat, aren't you, deacon?"

"All I can say is, Lord bless this here pie—and Lord help us after we've eaten it! Why, darn my skin if that nigger cook ain't gone and put an upper crust on it! And the pumpkin's cut into hunks as big as your fist, without no milk nor sugar, and not half baked, neither!"

"What a ——— shame!" was the general cry, as the deacon carved the formidable pastry and distributed huge segments.

"We must eat it anyhow, if only from loyalty," he said, setting the example by attacking his own piece, and continuing, with his mouth full: "These Virginia darkies can cook possums, but they don't know what pumpkin pie is. They must be freed and educated. Think of a whole race in ignorance of pumpkin pie!"

Presently Warner reappeared at the outside door, and made signs which were promptly understood and heeded.

"Stir up the animals! Visitors coming!"

"Petticoats, too," was whispered about.

The commissary entered ceremoniously, escorting a pretty little woman muffled in a cloak.

"Gentlemen, a Southern lady pays you the honor of a visit."

Captain Cox, advancing courteously to do the honors of the place, stopped suddenly at sight of the fair visitor's face.

"Great Heaven! Mildred—Miss Mason—you have come here——"

"Yes, Tom," she answered, simply, "it is I. What a horrid place!"

"No doubt you find us at a disadvantage. I say us, for Ralph is here, too, as you see."

"Oh, dear, how dreadful! You poor foolish boys! And how is it with you, Captain Hunt?" she murmured.

"Not much worse than when I parted from you," replied the sick man, who had risen from

his couch, and was making visible efforts to put on his best appearance.

"What a pair of deluded, headstrong boys! Why did you desert the South?"

"It was the South that did the deserting," said Cox. "But pray don't let us talk politics."

"It breaks my heart to see you here, both of you—yes, all of you. See!" She produced from underneath her cloak a box and two bottles. "I've brought you some cigars and things to cheer you up. Wasn't I thoughtful?"

"Bless your sweet face and gentle heart, miss," said Hart. "It's a pity you're secesh."

"Well, she seems to *lean* toward the Union side anyhow," whispered Colonel Coggeswell, glancing toward Cox and Mildred, who had moved to one side, and were already absorbed in an earnest whispered conversation.

The men, including Hunt, quietly withdrew to the adjoining room, and Warner as unostentatiously retreated through the outer door.

"Why, they have all gone!" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes; that is a little courtesy we have amongst ourselves when anyone receives a visit. We are alone, Millie, for a moment at least."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and her voice faltered as she said:

"To think that we should meet again like this!"

"Pshaw! You didn't come here just to say that, I know. You are fickle, but not deliberately cruel."

"It is you who are cruel when you speak to me in that way. Oh, Tom, you know I love you!"

He started violently.

"Do I? How?"

"I have come here to save you."

"To save me?"

"Yes; that is, to tell you how you can be saved, I think. General Winder is coming here."

"General Winder, the Provost Marshal of Richmond? Coming here to Libby Prison?"

"Yes, this evening. I coaxed him to let me make this little visit in advance. You know he is an old friend of father's, and would refuse me nothing."

"Then there's something in the wind?"

"It's an exchange of prisoners, I think. Anyway, I overheard some talk about selecting six officers from your section here. It must be for exchange. You shall be one of the six, Tom."

He looked in her face with eager gratitude.

"And Hunt, too?" he asked.

"Yes, poor Ralph, too. That's what I told General Winder. He shook his head, and looked very serious. But I'm sure he can't refuse me

that favor, especially as it makes no difference to him whom he selects."

"Good for you, Millie, you angel! What can I say to you now?"

"Say that when once you are free from this horrid prison you will go back South; that you will fight no more against my people and your own; that you will keep for me the life I want to help you to save."

one, that of patriotism, of honor. Listen, my girl. I love you. Dearer than my heart's blood is the smile you have given me to-day, and the pressure of that little hand. Yet, God help me! they can never be mine again until this war is over, and the Union saved, helped by every thought and energy that fate may leave me to bestow."

"Hush!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "They are coming."



"'THEN I HAVE NO CLAIM UPON YOU?' SHE ASKED, WITH HER EYES SHINING THROUGH TEARS."

The young soldier started backward, saying, excitedly:

"No! rather than that, let me stay in prison! My country needs me. Why, I value liberty itself chiefly because I could use it to fight for the Union."

"Then I have no claim upon you?" she asked, with her eyes shining through tears.

"Yes"—his voice trembled with emotion—"yes, a very tender claim; a claim second to but

"Then good-by, and God bless you!"

Warner stood at the door, saying:

"I'm sorry, but the time is up."

The others came gently back for the leave taking. Mildred brushed away her tears, and said:

"Good-by, Tom! Good-by, Ralph! Gentlemen, good-by, all of you! I'm so sorry for you! But try and make the best of it, won't you?"

"We will, indeed—thanks to you," spoke up Colonel Coggeswell. "And let me tell you, Miss

Mason, you have finished the rebels' work—by capturing our hearts."

Upon the deacon's suggestion three rousing cheers were given for "the true American girl." When she had vanished, like the sunshine of day, Cox said :

"General Winder is coming here."

"What for?" was the eager inquiry.

"An exchange, I'll bet," declared Hart.

"Attention, gentlemen!" called Warner, from the doorway.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when General Winder, in full uniform and followed by his staff, entered the room. At the same time the commissary brought in a dozen more prisoners from other parts of the section. The Confederate general, a man of distinguished presence, with florid face and silver hair, began, impressively :

"Gentlemen, I have come here to perform a difficult, a painful, yet an imperative duty." At these ominous words the men exchanged significant looks. "Tidings have reached us that the officers and crew of the Confederate States cruiser *Savannah*, who have fallen into the hands of the Union authorities, and are on trial on the charge of piracy, are threatened with summary execution. Under these circumstances the Confederate States Government has been constrained to give notice that it would hold an equal number of Union soldiers, of corresponding rank, chosen from among the prisoners at present in our hands here in Richmond, as hostages, to be dealt with in the same manner as Mr. Lincoln shall decide to deal with those of our compatriots now in his power."

A hurried conference in whispers was held amongst the astonished prisoners, who chose Captain Cox as their spokesman. He came forward, and said :

"General, I think we can appreciate the situation, and beg to say that we are at your service."

"My requisition," General Winder went on, "calls for six officers from this section. Are there six among you who, knowing the gravity of the case—and I do not deceive you as to its import—are there six among you, I say, who are willing to offer themselves as hostages?"

Every Union man in the room, as if by preconcerted arrangement, came forward to offer his life as hostage—even poor Hunt, who, too feeble to remain standing, supported himself by leaning heavily against the table. The old general was deeply affected by this superb spontaneity of heroism, but endeavored to mask his emotion by assuming increased sternness.

"What, all? But only six are wanted. I see

this will not do. There is but one way to proceed, and that is to draw six from among the names of all. Captain Warner will prepare the lots."

Warner tore some pages from a notebook, and gave each prisoner a slip whereon to write his own name. These slips were then collected in the commissary's hat, which was placed on the table.

"It now remains," continued General Winder, "for the six names to be drawn by one of yourselves. Whom shall it be?"

"Captain Cox!" was the unanimous choice.

Cox bowed recognition and advanced to the table. After shaking up the hat he drew out one slip at a time, and without looking at it handed it to Warner. Warner read each name aloud as it was drawn, and General Winder repeated it after him, at the same time writing it down in his notebook. The names, each of which was greeted with an outburst of murmured applause, were as follows: Major Paul Revere, Thirtieth Massachusetts; Colonel Alfred Wood, Fourteenth New York; Colonel Michael Corcoran, Sixty-ninth New York; Captain Alfred Ely, Thirty-seventh New York; Colonel Coggeswell, Forty-second New York; Captain Ralph Hunt, Sixteenth Ohio.

As the last name was called Cox turned to the provost marshal, and said, with deep earnestness :

"General Winder, the last name I have drawn by an unhappy fatality is that of my friend and comrade, Captain Ralph Hunt. He is a sick man, and not in condition to go as hostage. With your permission, general, I will go in his place."

At this point a piercing scream interrupted the speaker, and Mildred Mason rushed wildly into the room, crying :

"You shall not do it, Tom! I have listened, and I know all. It is not to freedom, but to death, they would take you. Don't go, Tom! The lots decided it fairly, and your name was not drawn. You shall not——"

She tried to press forward to his side, but fell fainting into the arms of Warner, who, at a sign from General Winder, removed her gently from the room. The general then turned to Cox, and said, curtly :

"Your proposition is out of order, sir, and I cannot consider it. The six men whose names have been drawn will report at once at the commissary's room."

Thereupon he took his departure, followed by his staff. Hunt had come and put his arm about his friend, and now said :

"Tom, you have fairly proved yourself the better man of us two. If one of us has to be sacrificed, it ought to be me, and I am glad

Winder wouldn't take you. All the same, you meant it, old fellow, and it was sublime. Now, will you pardon what I said and give me your hand?"

Cox seized the proffered hand warmly, and replied, choking with emotion:

"Why, Ralph, we are old comrades. Say no more. But I wish to Heaven I could go in your place."

"Attention! Fall in!"

It was the voice of Warner, who had returned to take away the six hostages. All the others shook their hands with an unspoken good-by as they filed out, Hunt leaning upon the arm of the brave Colonel Coggeswell.

Cox paced the room restlessly after they had gone, while Hart sat dejectedly in the broken chair. At last Cox said:

"This is the final blow. Deacon, do you ever despair of Providence?"

"Never did yet," came the unfailing reply. "I can't believe it possible that they would sacrifice those boys in any such cold-blooded way. It would be agin human nature and civilization."

"So is war itself; and yet here you have it, war of the bloodiest, brother against brother. I tell you, there is a fearful fight on, and you will see atrocities to make the angels in heaven weep."

"Well, one thing is certain: these hostages won't be sacrificed unless the rebel prisoners are executed first, and in that case it will be our own side that started the thing."

"What consolation is that to the fellows that get shot or hanged? Hello! what's up now?"

Once more Mildred Mason had entered the place suddenly, unannounced. But now she was eager and radiant.

"Oh, Tom——"

"Still here, you poor child? You must quit

this accursed place before you go mad or drive me so."

"But I've come back to tell you there's news."

"What news?"

"Of the *Savannah* trial. General Winder has just received a dispatch from Washington. Here comes Captain Warner with it now."

"For Heaven's sake, captain," begged Cox, meeting him at the door, "put us out of this misery of suspense. What's the news?"

The commissary's eye twinkled.

"There's a woman about—what more do you want? She happened to overhear a secret communication about a minute ago, and as a natural consequence the whole prison knows it by this time. Well, to cut the thing short, here's a copy of the dispatch General Winder has got from Abe Lincoln. I thought the Federal Government would back down."

He handed the paper to Cox, who read:

"WASHINGTON, D. C.

"To General Winder, Provost Marshal, Richmond:

"The President has advices from New York to the effect that, the trial of the *Savannah* prisoners having resulted in a disagreement of the jury, said prisoners will be dealt with according to the regular procedure of warfare, and consequently in a manner which will render the proposed holding of Union hostages in jeopardy at Richmond unnecessary. The question of exchange may be referred to the separate negotiations now pending to that end.

"(Signed) SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War."

"You see I was right this time!" cried Mildred, triumphantly.

"This will be a great Thanksgiving, praised be the Lord!" added Hart. "There come the boys back, too."

"Oh, Tom," whispered the now rosy and radiant girl, "this is your last and only chance!"

"Only chance for what, Millie?"

"To kiss me!"

NOCTURNE.

BY RICHARD GARNETT.

KEEN winds of cloud and vaporous drift
Disrobe yon star, as ghosts that lift
A snowy curtain from its place,
To scan a pillowed beauty's face.

They see her slumbering splendors lie
Bedded on blue unfathomed sky.
And swoon for love and deep delight,
And stillness falls on all the night.

THE COUNTY FAIR.

By THOMAS DONNELLY.

FOR the dweller in rural regions there is one red-letter date in the year. All other festivals seem dull and colorless beside the county fair, with its many gayeties and distractions, and above all its cheering reunion of friends, who here meet upon common ground to celebrate a common holiday. It is a distinctly comprehensive gathering, attended by all the country world and his wife, and therefore a fruitful field for observation. The present sketch and its accompanying illustrations were made at an annual fair held in the interior of the Empire State.

The county fair has a fashion of proclaiming its presence so that the most casual observer within a radius of several miles from the actual scene itself cannot fail to notice the indications of some very unusual event. Far away along the white highways and byways of the countryside a constant stream of vehicles converges from many sources toward one centre. Above the fields, so lately dressed in the glory of harvest time, rises a cloud of filmy dust, caused by the efforts of country cousins and friendly neighbors to outstrip each other in the race to the grounds; for upon this occasion, if ever, does the spirit of emulation flourish. If there is any speed in the

family horse it is expected to show itself now, and the owners of animals of acknowledged prestige make a point of displaying the qualities of their trotters. The public road becomes an improvised race course, and the exultation of those who fly past their competitors is only equaled by the chagrin of the latter as they reluctantly fall behind, obscured in dust and defeat. The journey by road to the fair grounds is a fitting preliminary; it warms the blood, raises the spirits, and, in short, produces a pleasant exhilaration of mind and body eminently calculated to fit the pleasure seekers for the varied scene of pleasure and excitement which lies before them.

Amid the cracking of whips, the flutter of ribbons, the sound of voices raised in good-natured rivalry, and the incessant whir of wheels, one after another the holiday makers arrive. When toll is paid, which usually amounts to the sum of one dollar for a whole wagonload, or twenty-five cents per head, the first thing to be attended to is the selection of a camping ground. This is accomplished by securing a convenient tree or handy fence rail to which the team can be hitched. Once this has been done a headquarters for the party is established, and everyone can wander off at will, knowing where to rendezvous, for, of course, the buggy, the wagon or the buckboard contains a well-equipped lunch box, and nobody has any intention of being absent when it is broached. There is abundant material at a county fair for mental diversion, but the exertion requisite for a due appreciation of all the sights is pretty certain to produce a good appetite for creature comforts also.

The people who attend a county fair are diverse as the scenes amid which they move; and odd as many of their characteristics seem, it must not be supposed that the sightseer at these rural feasts is always a specimen of primitive rustic simplicity. "Farmers and fakirs" doubtless comprise a majority of those present, yet it by no means follows that the former are merely helpless and willing victims of the latter. The comic artists have created certain rustic types, and would have us believe that these are the dominant ones. "Uncle Pegram from Podunk," who so often appears in the funny papers as the hero of countless absurd episodes, was undoubtedly drawn from a living model, but it may be that personal observation, say at a county fair, will occasionally reveal that the "hayseed" is not always confined to the farmer's hair. Many a city



TALKING IT OVER.

fakir has found to his disadvantage that rustic wit can be quite as keen as his own. As to the general *ensemble* of the crowds at these yearly gatherings, it includes the ruralist of all ages, shapes and sizes, in probably the most complete manner that could be desired by the student of humanity. The old lady appears there year after year in the well-preserved silk gown, the well-remembered, neat little shawl, and the sober bonnet whose fashion seems to be so popular that it never requires alteration. How primly perennial are all the various little details of her simple costume! She is ever the same old friend. Her husband, too—or, it may be, should she happen to be an old maid, her brother, who, like her, has never married—sets an example of constancy to old forms in the cut and color of his clothes. He wears the familiar gray tweed, the staid, respectable broadcloth; the soft, wide-brimmed hat. Nor will he consent to forsake that typical badge of all his tribe, the gray goatee fringing his chin, and which suggests the odd fancy that he and his brethren have their beards furnished them on contract by Uncle Sam, who sets the style and produces the goods in quantity, at a reduced figure.

The boys and girls are spry and neat as ever, and why should they be otherwise in this gay time of merrymaking? The fair sex can appear at their best at a country fair, nor need the caustic city maiden imagine that these rural belles do not keep pace with the fashions. While there are plenty of young women who might be accused of



A TRIUMVIRATE.

having sadly neglected the modern milliner's arts, there are others whose gowns and figures would cast no discredit upon a colored fashion plate. There are style and beauty in Podunk as well as in Paris, and the skeptical had better go and see for themselves.

Young people develop rapidly in the country regions, and so it happens that at a country fair the small boys of last year will often be found to have changed into the stalwart youths and young men of this. The trouble often is, however, that their tailoring does not keep pace with their physical growth, and the consequent result is an alarming deficiency in the length of pantaloons or of coat sleeves. This is not invariable, of course, yet it is sufficiently frequent to offend the artistic sense in the beholder. It is also a matter for sincere regret, because these country lads are usually of such admirable proportions that the most captious critic could never accuse them of being "stuffed dudes," and it seems a pity they should be handicapped by a lack of artificial accessories.

The crowd in the fair grounds momentarily increases as additional parties arrive, and the number of



THE MUSIC MAN.



BARGAINS.

carriages is augmented until, as the visitor's eye ranges over the wide area before him, he might easily be impressed with the notion that these horses and vehicles form a special feature of the sales. And a more thoroughly heterogeneous collection of traveling conveyances it would certainly be hard to find. Old-fashioned buggies, grown wheezy in the family service, wagons with rickety awnings and uncertain springs, buckboards whose rattled, disjointed anatomies suggest long and painful careers—centenarian records, in fact, over the ruttiest, most exasperating of rural highways. On the other hand, there are of course carriages which amply sustain the dignity and prestige of their proprietors, and sometimes, perhaps, the envy of the neighbors.

To the eye of the new arrival the most conspicuous objects are the luncheon booths, erected along the roadway in the vicinity of the entrance—wily snares, apparently, set for his capture by enterprising caterers, who rely on their seductive wares to offset the slight drawbacks of the location. For the truth is that these temporary restaurants are half hidden under dense clouds of dust from the crowded roadway, and the effect

upon the pies and sandwiches can be imagined. The amount of "grit" that can be absorbed into the constitution by simply paying for a modest lunch is beyond conception, and the meal itself is consumed under peculiar auspices. You enter to behold the restaurateur, dimly visible behind a misty veil of dust, apparently a genii floating in space and magically dispensing gifts around. The fact that these are bestowed in return for tangible current coin is obscured in the mystery of the scene, but a stern sense of reality supervenes when you awaken to the discovery that you have parted with a little of your wealth and much of your digestive powers.

The county fair is nothing if not the scene of family reunions and the renewal of old friendships. Matrons who have not seen each other since their school days often meet here to express mutual astonishment at the changes years have wrought. Boys and girls unthought of when their parents last met are now living actualities, to be admired for their stalwart bearing and phenomenal growth. How like they are to what father and mother were at the same age, and what a host of pleasant memories they conjure

up! They, too, will soon be scattering, to share in the same toils and trials of maturity, and while they may be sources of anxious speculation, they excite pleasurable emotions none the less intense, because the older people are insensibly led to reflect upon their own happy past, and to realize that

"The young heart of existence beats forever like a boy's."

Greetings exchanged and congratulations over, a general scattering of the clans ensues. Now the tide of humanity overspreads the fair grounds, to reach into their remotest corners and transform them into one unresting sea, with whose ever-drifting flotsam and jetsam we will float fancy-free. It is seldom the fault of the numerous fakirs who throng these rural bazaars if the visitors fail to accord each passing show its legitimate share of attention, and the devices for attracting notice are as many as they are ingenious. One pauses in wonderment at the antics of a man stationed on a cart, who holds an enormous piece of cotton batting he is apparently in an unreasonable hurry to swallow entire. By degrees he becomes more and more frantic, and, tearing the fleecy wool into bits, plasters his face all over with some of them, casting the rest into the air until he seems enveloped in an improvised snowstorm. Having thus attracted a sufficiently large crowd, he suddenly changes his tactics. A large trunk, which hitherto has specially interested the beholders simply because it was believed to contain additional "fodder" for its insatiable owner, is now opened. Pandora's box could not have created a more genuine surprise. Instead of the expected rolls of batting the eccentric fakir produces—a set of jewelry! Studs, sleeve links and watch chain, all are included in the outfit, which the fakir loudly asserts to be worth at least one hundred dollars. The saucer-eyed, open-mouthed crowd gaze longingly at the finery, so far beyond their figure. But their spirits rise when they hear that "they will" not be asked one hundred dollars, nor even fifty dollars, perhaps not even ten dollars—in fact, would they be surprised to know that the price might be cut as low as five?"

Excitement reaches fever heat when the generous fakir, in the fullness of his heart, finally decides to literally bestow the jewelry on any person willing to produce the preposterous sum of one dollar! Twenty hands flash upward in response, and the lucky purchaser who has outdistanced all competitors retires to furtively examine his prize under the lee of some convenient tent and assure himself that he is not the victim of an Arabian Nights hallucination.

Some of the itinerant dealers who make a spe-

cial business of traveling from fair to fair in various lines of industry are wonderfully clever at repartee, the result of a natural facility joined to incessant practice. There is one man who travels from fair to fair in the northern part of New York State who always engages in a passage at arms with his audience. The local wits make a point of surrounding the cart from which he dispenses his wares, and as regularly retire discomfited. The stories told of this man would fill a volume of the *POPULAR MONTHLY*, and hence are debarred from full recital here.

"Why don't you keep up with the times—keep up with the times?" he roars at a group of village wits who are not purchasing with the proper degree of avidity.

"Guess we do!" cries a chorus of voices, with somewhat inconclusive argument.

"Well, well, if you do, your clothes don't. Ezra, you give that jacket to your young brother by next year. The tailor that made it forgot the length of your wrists. Say, Jake, in your grandfather's time pantaloons were made to cover the ankles. Why don't you go back to knickerbockers again?"

"We ain't much on wheelmen's clothes up here," replies the crowd.

"Ah, ah! That's so? Well, it's easy seen why you can't get out of the ruts," retorts the fakir, with an accompanying horselaugh, which continues to reverberate until the audience temporarily subside.

Some of the "jays," as their antagonist unfeelingly refers to them, now drop out of the throng, but others remain and continue, with constant fresh arrivals, to fence with the glib fakir, who in nine cases out of ten manages to get the best of the encounter.

"There is not a link in this fine chain that isn't pure fifteen-carat gold—I say fifteen-carat gold! Why don't you buy it to make a present of, even if you can't wear it yourselves?"

"Give us tick for it till next season, John, and I'll give you fifteen fresh young carrots for the chain!" cries a local wit with a nice talent for punmaking.

But the fakir stolidly surveys him with a glance in which melancholy deprecation and supreme contempt struggle for the mastery. At length he breaks the tension by uttering a sound, half-groan, half-sigh, which portends disaster for the audacious wit. Then the fakir deliberately demolishes him.

"Don't know the differ 'tween a watch and a chain! Guess I'd best shut up shop and go back to civilization. I can give you a *watch* on tick, but not a *chain*, my young friend. That's what



THE MARVELOUS SIDE SHOW.

watches is for, you know. But if my goods was as rusty as your wits I'd have to go right out o' business, quick."

If the youth who has thus dared the fakir to combat does not happen to be too tightly wedged in the middle of the crowd he is pretty sure to

cigars they seek seclusion, where they may feel secure from popular ridicule during the period of convalescence which usually follows their maiden attempt to smoke. From these nooks they afterward emerge, much emaciated, with a very poor opinion of the tobacco plant.

endeavor to elbow his way out, but if this cannot be at once effected he is obliged to remain, pilloried before the keen eye and relentless tongue of his tormentor.

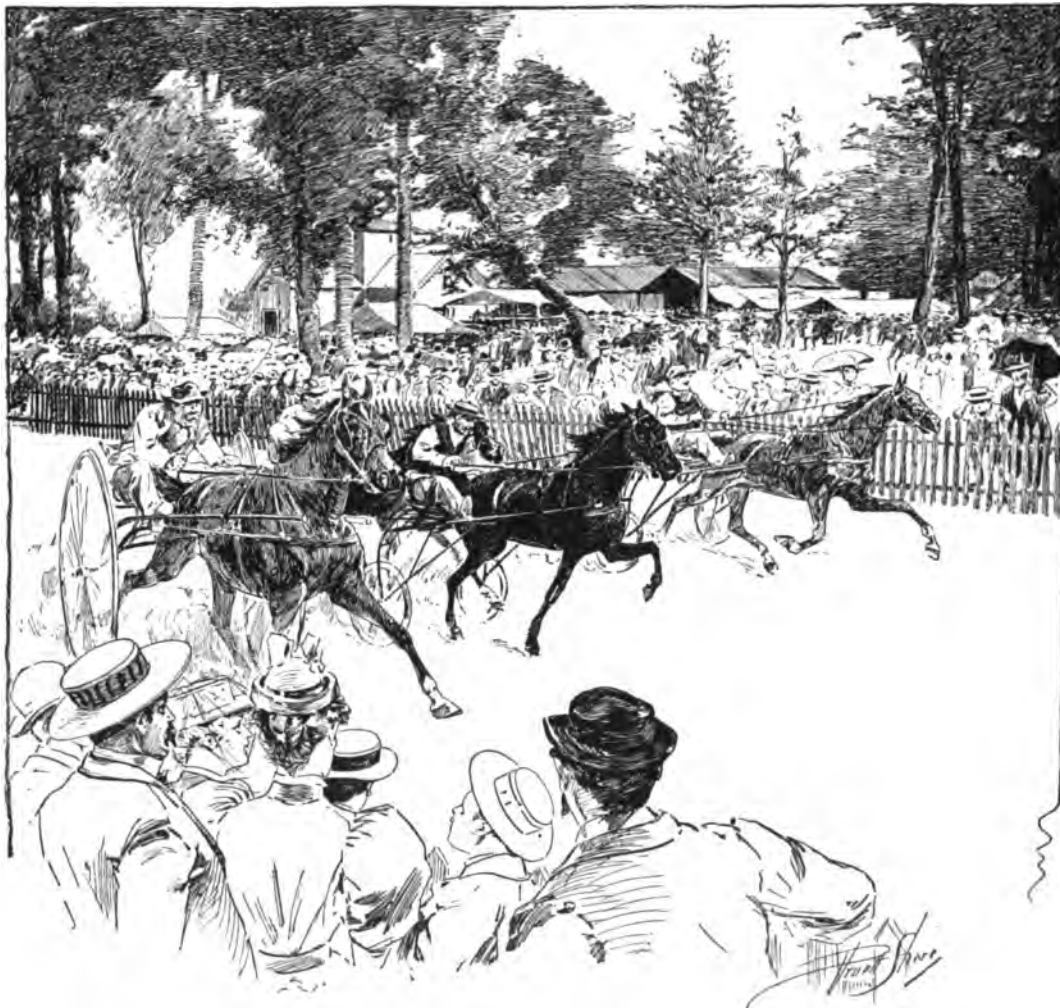
Elsewhere, as we wander on, we see a profitable harvest reaped by the proprietors of whirling dummies and sticks fastened in the ground, which engage the attention of ambitious men and boys. Occasionally a well-directed club succeeds in striking one of the revolving dummies, or a deftly aimed iron ring encircles an upright stick, and the winner retires with his nickel cigar to enjoy a well-earned holiday. In the case of boys, when two or three of a party have captured



PICNIC PARTY AT A COUNTY FAIR.

The "fake" dime museum and bogus show flourishes at the county fair even as a green bay tree. The bait is adroitly set in the shape of profuse pictorial advertisement. A canvas screen, spread before the entrance to the tent, forms the background of an elevated platform upon which a few grotesquely attired people make day hideous. The main arguments are noise and paint; the "wonder world" within being partially de-

with ease outwrestle a small continent of boa constrictors seems to be taking a vacation. Instead of finding her playfully engaged in forming aerial circles with countless cobras, the visitors behold the charmer sitting quietly with a small snake of the most ordinary New Jersey variety twined around her neck. Apparently both lady and snake are suffering from a bad attack of *ennui*, for they look as though life itself were not quite



THE TROTTING MATCH.

picted on a many-colored series of panels, and the enthusiasm of the crowd stimulated by florid vocal descriptions and the booming of a bass drum. Ten cents doesn't seem much to pay for a visit to the interior of this wonderland. So with eager faces and keen anticipation the crowd files in. But they have pitched their hopes too high, for the lady whose counterfeit presentment on the canvas screen represented her as the possessor of such powers over the snake tribe that she could

worth the living, and they had jointly so decided. A fair damsel remarks to her escort, "Say, Will, why don't she charm him?"

"Him—who?" rejoins the cavalier.

"Why, the snake, of course."

"Don't you see she's leaving all that to you?" is the gallant answer, followed by a convulsive giggle from the girl.

All the impositions practiced at the so-called museums so numerous in large cities among such

regions as the Bowery of New York, may be found in active operation at the side show of the county fair. And the fact that the first set of patrons emerge disgusted and disappointed from the alluring tent has no effect whatever upon subsequent business. Everyone dislikes to confess that he has been taken in. And thus the showman gathers an unfailling harvest of dupes and dimes.

An odd device for entertaining the visitors was witnessed by the writer recently at a county fair. Swinging on a trapeze attached to a crossbeam was an odd-looking girl dressed in a hairy texture not unlike the fibre of a cocoanut. Overhead was fixed an imitation of a spider's web formed of thin rope. At a given signal the girl swung herself upward against the web, clinging to and crawling all over it, and in and out of its meshes. The performance was about as commonplace as might well be imagined, but the crowd took it all in with demonstrations of delight, and the writer could not help thinking that—if a slight indulgence in slang may be permitted—though there were clearly “no flies” on the proprietor, the public furnished an unusually luxuriant swarm for his web. This show was known as the “Lady Spider.”

No matter how warm the weather may be, as it often is even at the later fairs of the season, dancing is a pastime which never loses its popularity. The pavilions wherein it is indulged are composed of boards laid upon the ground, an awning stretched upon four posts shading the dancers from the sun. A row of narrow benches incloses the arena, outside which a solidly packed crowd of spectators assembles. Great is the persuasion sometimes used to induce bashful damsels to join in the dance, which, with the exception of an occasional Virginia reel, is invariably a kind of quadrille. The unusually large percentage of lads and lasses unaccustomed to this kind of diversion causes such constant confusion that in half the dances everything winds up in a go-as-yon-please, boisterous, good-natured scamper round and round the platform; partners change promiscuously and whirl in couples amid shouts of laughter, a deafening stamping of feet, the flutter of millinery, the annihilation of shirt collars and the appreciative roars of the on-lookers. As for the music, it is generally furnished by a common hand organ, which displays a phenomenal constancy to airs once popular on the streets and in the concert halls of gayety-loving cities, and which bring back to the wanderer from urban centres the familiar melodious “chestnuts” of other days.

The old people cannot, perhaps, take the same

interest in the dance as do their juniors, but there yet remain certain pastimes in which all ages meet upon equal terms. No boy, youth, little girl or maiden blooming into womanhood enjoys the seductive merry-go-round more than “aunt,” “uncle,” “popper” and “mommer.” The merry-go-rounds in use at county fairs are quite as much up to date as those we see whirling at the seaside resorts of New York and other cities; they are furnished with carriage seats and wooden horses just the same. Nor does anything please “Uncle Pegram” or his consort better than to playfully mount one of those gamboling, high-stepping, imitation steeds and canter around the ring to the inspiriting strains from the invisible orchestra. Here, at least, if nowhere else, the old people can claim to be “in the procession.”

It might be well for the rich, elderly farmer who visits the county fair were he proof against the blandishments of a class whom not even the precautions of the fair authorities and their special policemen can keep outside the grounds. These are the adroit swindlers known as “three-card-monte” and “shell game” manipulators. They manage, somehow, to practice their trade with comparative impunity, and strangely enough their greatest victims are men of years. It is not uncommon for staid, solid farmers to find themselves, at the close of the day, seventy-five or one hundred dollars out of pocket just because they had succumbed to the taste for gambling said to be inherent in all human nature.

Though art is long under all conditions, and time proverbially fleeting at county fairs, exhibitions of paintings are always a favorite part of the “Domestic Section” display. Persons enjoying local reputations as teachers of art contribute specimens of their handiwork which amaze and delight the on-lookers. The old masters were never more revered in their day than are these local professors. It is true that there is a curious monotony about their annual productions, for “sunsets,” “browsing deer” and the inevitable “portrait of a child” might seem to afford some excuse for weariness on the part of the sophisticated outsider. But among the regular patrons of the fair this sense of monotony does not apparently interfere with their appreciation. The same pictures are on view year after year and capture the same prizes—“first” and “second” awards of probably two and one dollar each. The public criticism and zest for information is always very keen, for tyros in art are numerous, and are not only curious to learn how such and such an “effect” is produced, but will readily undertake to pick pictures to pieces—in a critical sense of course. Children's portraits appear to gain in popularity,

according to the amount of vermilion the artist has used upon the cheeks and the degree of ingenuity he has displayed in producing an unmistakable squint. Portraits which satisfactorily fill the bill in these respects are sure to command special attention and probably secure orders for the artists.

"How much er dozen for takin' sech pictures ez thet?" demands an old lady who leads by the hand her little granddaughter. "Guess I might git some took of this little girl."

"What are your prices for teaching portrait paintin'?" asks an undeveloped genius of sweet sixteen, while her older companion explains that "she don't need no drawin' lessins: she's just perfect in drawin'." Only the paintin', ye know."

The custom prevalent in country districts of gathering the rags in each household, having them dyed various colors and woven on a private loom into carpets creates an interesting feature of the exhibits at a county fair. Not the slightest effort is made, in the arrangement of these carpets, to harmonize colors, the prevailing idea being to have them as staring as possible, so that weak-eyed people are apt to experience an optical shock. The writer has overheard family groups enthusing upon a display of such carpets, the prevailing colors being scarlet, pink, blue, green and mauve, arranged in longitudinal strips. The words at their command seemed feeble to express their admiration.

It is a relief to escape from the incessant clatter of the rival agents declaiming on the merits of their household and farm machinery, nor need we linger among the countless exhibits of farm produce and cattle, but wander instead through the crowds of sightseers where the clown and tattooed man from the circus and side show, led by a muscular and noisy drummer, march at intervals in procession, seeking fresh victims as they go. On all sides buying and selling go briskly forward, from patent medicines to popcorn, from peanuts to pigs; the cries of commerce alternate with the yells of showmen, and the murmur of general conversation mingles with the blare of brass music. Meanwhile the kaleidoscopic panorama, brilliant with life and color, flashes and glistens under the midday sun; small boys push their way through the throng unceremoniously, lovelorn maidens languish on their companions' arms, matrons exchange current gossip, and men gather here and there in groups, arguing and bargaining over "horse swaps." Since the introduction of the phonograph it has proved a prime favorite at county fairs. The curious and sagacious farmer may now be observed placing the cups to his ears with evident

suspicion—either that the whole thing is sure to prove a swindle or that it will turn out to be some nasty practical joke like the gunpowder in the innocent-looking cigar. With set, stern face, therefore, he listens, awaiting a possible explosion. Behold the gradual and marvelous transformation, however, when the glorious notes of some prima donna, the soft strains of music from some famous orchestra or the fervid words of a great orator enchant his ear. The frosty expression thaws into a sunshiny, incredulous smile, the eyes slowly wink in ecstasy, and when the sounds at length die away the listener mechanically lets the cup fall from his hand as he slowly utters the eloquent commentary, "Well, I swar'!"

The event of the day—next to dinner—is the trotting match. Everything else is abandoned for the time, and a wildly enthusiastic audience throngs the borders of the track. The star trotter is already in evidence, "warming up" for the fray, and at length his rivals appear, the whole set finally starting off amid great noise and a cyclone of dust. At first the favorite falls far to the rear, but he gets down to work bit by bit, and at the first quarter has crept up to third place. Hidden by the dust, which has now arisen in clouds, at the "half," he once more comes in sight at the three-quarter, second, until on the stretch he passes his rival and reaches the wire two lengths in the lead. Wild shouts of triumph announce his victory. Two other heats follow, the competitors driving at breakneck speed, until, despite



BEAUTIES.



COUNTY FAIR TYPES.



TAKEN FOR 25 CENTS.

the cries of warning, which momentarily grow louder, they dash by the judge's stand, barely escaping a collision with the trotters standing there. Off the track the reckless Jehus swerve, crashing into the stumps and tree trunks of the wood, breaking their shaky buckboard and flying out headforemost across the wreck. But luckily there are no bones broken; a ruined chariot, a severe shaking and a horse or two badly blown are the most serious results of the mishap.

Like all other days in this world, whether they be signalized by luck or misfortune, the fair day ringeth to evensong. It is time to get ready for home, to harness the team, stow away the purchases, and gather together the members of each family. Suppose it is the last day of the fair? Well, then, there is much to think about, for

many momentous issues of the year have been decided—for better, for worse. Were the things bought acquired advantageously? Did the sales show a good margin of profit? Was too much money spent upon frivolity? Will Mrs. So and So be unduly proud for the next twelve months just because she won the first prize for homemade pies?—through favoritism, of course. Will the small boy be indisposed upon the morrow? Will the many flirtations lead to new family alliances? Will it rain before home is reached? Will the overloaded wagon break down upon the way? One point, at least, can be satisfactorily settled: the county fair comes but once a year, and when it comes it is a welcome visitor. You cannot hear one dissentient voice as the long line of teams winds homeward under the shining stars.

THE MICROBE OF DEATH.

By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA.

I AM a murderer.

A murderer—the slayer of life. I, Sutherland Huntington, a doctor of medicine, a master in surgery, a recognized power in the scientific world, a man whose business, whose duty, according to the popular idea, is to save life, not take it.

I, an educated man, a murderer, guilty of a

crime which a foolish public is taught, is almost cajoled into believing, will disappear with education.

Fudge! Murders like that I have committed will last as long as the world, as long as life or love, which means life and passion.

I am a murderer. I write the words again to see how they look; to glory in my deed.

I have revenged myself upon my enemy. Revenge is sweet. No one knows how sweet until he has tasted it.

I have slain my enemy; the one man on earth I hated; the man who robbed me of all that made life sweet.

In the olden days was it not accounted great to kill a foe? Did not our ancestors rejoice in the

We kill him for the wrong, and we are villains; the country calls us villains, fiends, and demands our lives; gives us death.

But I at least am free from that. It cannot know my crime. Crime! How curious is the habit into which we mechanically drop, when we are not on the alert, of using words we hear the rest of the world employ! Crime, forsooth!



"I STUCK THE NEEDLE INTO THE BLOOD VESSEL."

act, and even drink their wine out of the skulls of those they had slain?

Wherein are we different to-day? We kill the enemies of our country in war; in a cause with which we may have no sympathy we destroy men who have never done us a wrong—whom we have never seen. We are heroes then; the country votes us ribbons, medals, money; gives us honor. A man comes into our lives and makes earth hell.

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To-day I am a murderer. Through all eternity I shall be what I am. What a thought! Through all eternity! Through years the contemplation of whose very number numbs my brain and leaves me dazed, confused.

Yet I have not felt remorse.

What is remorse? Fear of detection. I can never be found out. Why, then, should I feel remorse?

Even if I were to confess I should not be believed. People would only declare I had gone out of my mind. I should be locked up as a lunatic.

What a sensation for an hour—what a headline for a newspaper, "A Famous Doctor Mad"! But I shall not confess.

And yet I killed Harrison Everard.

I, Sutherland Huntingdon, his friend—to use the glib word which so often masks an enemy—I killed Harrison Everard, whose short obituary is before me as I write:

"HARRISON EVERARD, M.D., M.S., DEAD.

"Dr. Harrison Everard, whose death we regret to record, was one of the most original and brilliant of the younger physicians in the city.

"Yesterday he was in the enjoyment of his usual excellent health and engaged in the active pursuit of his profession, in which he would undoubtedly have been a shining light had he been spared.

"His death was due to cerebro-spinal meningitis, but no one knows the origin of the disease. He had been performing a post-mortem examination early in the afternoon with his friend Dr. Sutherland Huntingdon, and at its conclusion the two gentlemen started for a walk, but being overtaken by the thunderstorm, they parted to ride home in different cars, after agreeing to meet to-day to discuss the notes on the case, as Dr. Everard himself had an engagement for the evening.

"So much for the mutability of human plans. Long before the hour appointed for the interview Dr. Everard was lying cold and stiff in death.

"Early in the evening he complained of headache and his temperature began to rise. He told his wife he thought he must have contracted a cold in the storm, and got her to give him some quinine. This produced no effect, for in a little while his head was worse and his temperature higher, so he went to bed. An hour later he became delirious, and Mrs. Everard, being alarmed, sent for a physician, who applied the usual remedies.

"Then Dr. Sutherland Huntingdon was summoned in consultation. He diagnosed acute spinal meningitis, and though he tried to encourage Mrs. Everard, it was plain from the first he did not anticipate a favorable termination of the disease.

"All that human skill could do and science could suggest was tried without avail, and after suffering terrible agony the unfortunate young man died at about nine o'clock this morning.

"Dr. Everard, who had been married only a couple of years, leaves no children. His widow is prostrate with grief."

Who, reading that notice, could suspect even for a moment his death was planned by me—executed, too, by me?

Who could suggest its reason was revenge? Yet so it was.

My friendship was a mask of hatred stronger than death, for it still survives. I hate him now as I hated him when first I saw him.

Presentiments are out of fashion nowadays. "They exist only in women's novels," people

think. Even I laughed at the idea before I felt it. "Presentiments—bosh! Why should impending evil reveal itself to us in emotion?"

I ask the question as credulously now as incredulously then. I can offer no answer which will satisfy the inquiring mind. I merely state a fact when I say I felt the presentiment that this man meant the ruin of my happiness when I first saw Harrison Everard over three years ago.

Let me go back to the events which preceded that day.

I had been spending a few weeks in England, the happiest weeks that ever linked themselves in my life, for just before my departure from New York Agatha Brodair had promised to be my wife. She had planned the trip some months before, and when she accepted me I naturally made my arrangements to accompany her and her mother.

A physician with a good bank account may indulge in the luxury of a holiday.

Her father had died many years before, and although her mother became thereby her natural guardian she did not submit to much interference from headquarters, and generally managed her own affairs herself.

I cannot describe the time we spent abroad. No words of mine could ever paint the joy of those days, when she seemed wrapt in me and I was wrapt in her.

Those who have really loved will know the ecstasy of that communion when her wish was my command, her smile a guerdon far beyond the greatest honor a king can give.

You whose souls have not been touched with that holy fire would only smile—nay, even laugh outright—were I to attempt to describe the emotions, the myriad thoughts of love, the joyous plannings for the future, which each moment would suggest as we wandered down some shady lane, here lighted with bright sunshine, there mottled by shadows cast by the branches of overhanging trees which, as it were, greedily gathered in the light and danced in the breeze, murmuring the while as if they, too, were whispering of love.

The memory of those days will last with me until death in mingled bittersweet, but never a word will I speak of them, for only at rare intervals do I lift the curtain of recollection and gaze upon the ashes of what was my greatest treasure.

Our holiday was drawing to an end when I was asked to take charge of a gentleman who had been ill and was returning on the *Umbria*, on which our passage was booked. The fee offered was large; I accepted, for he would not require much attention.

We went down to Liverpool on Thursday, preparatory to sailing on Saturday, and late on Friday night my patient had a relapse. It was impossible for him to start the next day or for me to leave him.

I talked the situation over with my intended and her mother. I tried to get them to delay their departure, but certain affairs demanded their presence in New York, and to my inexpressible regret they were reluctantly compelled to decide to go that afternoon.

I got a friend to watch my patient while I went to see them settled on the steamer.

After depositing their handbags, etc., in their stateroom, we went to the saloon to talk for a few minutes before the bell rang for visitors to go on shore. As we reached the foot of the staircase leading from the deck a gentleman stepped down; there was a pause as he and we stopped each to allow the other to pass. Our eyes met, and in that instant, without any reason at all, I felt a sharp sting, it could hardly be called a pain, dart through my heart, which seemed to stop, and a dread, a nameless horror came over me. I almost shuddered, and my flesh crept all over. I could not understand it.

We passed on, and in talking I remarked how signally his presence had affected me, and how strangely I disliked this unknown man.

Presently the bell rang. The time had come for us to part, but it would only be for a few days, we felt, and we consoled ourselves with the thought of the joy our meeting would bring.

The next morning a telegram came from Queenstown, and on Monday such a letter as I naturally expected from the woman I should soon call my wife.

On Wednesday my patient died, and after duly notifying his relations I made my arrangements, and left on Saturday for New York.

We had a fine passage, and early on the following Sunday we were landed. There was a great crowd on board, and, eager to see the girl I had parted from two weeks before, I decided not to wait until the luggage was sorted, but to go to her at once and return to pass my trunks through the Customhouse in the afternoon. I therefore went, as fast as the Elevated could carry me, up Sixth Avenue to my hotel, where I expected a letter telling me where I should find her and her mother, for they had given up their flat before leaving, and were not sure where they would stop.

I found the eagerly looked-for letter, and went to my room to gloat over its contents alone.

I opened it, and I remember how I turned hot and cold as I read.

My God! how can a woman be as false as that?

She swore she loved me when we had parted at Liverpool; she had told me of her "deep, undying" affection; she repeated it in her letter from Queenstown.

And in the one I held that day—the day I expected to bring me nothing but joy—she merely said she had something serious to tell me, and asked me to call that evening.

What could that something be? Again I had that dreadful sinking at my heart, that sinister foreboding of disaster.

It was hours until the time she had appointed, but they were going out of town for the day, she said, without mentioning where, and I could do nothing but wonder and possess my soul in such patience as I might summon to my aid.

I went back to the dock, gathered my trunks together, had them examined and sent home. That took a couple of hours, but I still had to wait until afternoon waned into evening before she would be back.

The time wore on slowly enough, but at last the hour came, and I went to her.

What a story for an ardent lover to hear!

Briefly this: She loved me no more; or rather she had found, after months of constant intercourse, she had never loved me. She loved another with all her soul; that other, Dr. Harrison Everard. He was the man whose presence had filled me with a nameless horror, with a presentiment of evil, when I saw him at the foot of the stairs of the *Umbria*.

She had discovered all this love during the week they were at sea. He was "her affinity"—also discovered during that week; "the being ordained to make her life complete"—discovered during that week.

She wished, though, that, for the sake of what had been, I "would still remain her friend"—"become their friend."

"Their friend"—think of it! Friend of him, the man who had robbed me of the woman I loved better than life!

Friend to her, the woman who had blasted all my hopes, and wanted to crown the ashes with a lie!

Friend to a faithless woman, and the man for whom she was unfaithful!

Friend! How many know the meaning of the word?

The most misused, the greatest in the language.

All that night I paced up and down my room. I looked out of my window at the night. Black! All nature seemed attuned in sympathy with me.

Not a star, not a glimmer of the moon was in the sky; not the reflection of a light from the street reached my straining eyes. Everything was black. The universe seemed filled with the gloom that pressed upon my heart, that overwhelmed my soul. It seemed as if the world had gone back to primeval chaos, and I alone, a lost spirit, was standing looking at eternal night and nothingness.

I threw myself upon the bed, and for the first, the only, time in my life I sobbed aloud.

When next I looked out a glow was in the east.

It was the strangest lighting of the day I ever saw—against the gloom a blood-red streak.

In a moment flashed into my brain the wild thought which has at length been realized:

"Blood—his blood—his life for my soul!"

In that moment, too, with that thought of murder came a fearful revulsion of feeling, a change as unaccountable as strong.

I hated her as I hated him.

I set down this fact. In that moment the woman for whom, immediately before, I would willingly—nay, with joy—have gone to death and damnation, assumed another shape; from angel she was transformed to fiend, a fiend gnawing at my heart, seeking to tear out my soul, and succeeding, too, in her devilish desire.

Which was most to blame?

Harrison Everard, who had stolen her love from me, or she who, though she had sworn to be loyal to me, had broken her oath and been faithless to the bond which united us, to the love of one which she had declared had beautified her life?

Not on him alone should my vengeance be wreaked, but on her—even more on her. On him a short, a sudden punishment—death, which must come to all sooner or later.

On her its consequences, the bitterness of disappointment, the blasting of her life, the numbing of sensibilities awakened by a love such as she had declared she bore to him—as she had before sworn she bore to me.

The pain of living on in loneliness to which she had condemned me should be hers, too.

That was my thought then.

And through the bitterness of hatred and the thought of vengeance, somehow, welled up love. It permeated all the hate as water added to a bucket filled with pebbles permeates them with another element without displacing or changing what was there before.

Love and hate—intense, the one as the other—struggled in my soul, and through them grew the thought: "But not death now; wait—wait until they have been married for awhile, and she has

learned to lean on him. So will the sting be sharper, deeper, longer-lived."

But how to accomplish my purpose without discovery?

And with the question came the answer, "Her request. 'Be our friend,'" she had said.

So be it. She had furnished me the opportunity; the means could wait, for no vulgar murder should stain my hands; no electrocution chair should be my lot.

Respected by the world, I should live my natural length of days; regretted, a benefactor of my kind, I should die, and my memory be heaped with honors.

Poor credulous, foolish world!

I looked out again at the sky; the blood-red streak had spread, and through it shot a shaft of bright white light—a sign, it seemed to me, of the double punishment, the double vengeance, I should wreak, and a promise of the achievement of my purpose.

I went that day and was introduced to Harrison Everard, whom I congratulated on his happiness.

We met frequently—always a bitter pain to me.

I took them out to suppers and the theatres.

We were "friends"! We made merry over the idea of my dislike of him when I first saw him, for she told him of it, and we laughed at the notion of belief or notice of first impressions.

For months I suffered beyond description. I scarcely ate; I scarcely slept, or else sank into a dull, heavy stupor from which I awoke unrefreshed in body and brain, for I dreamed always—dreamed awake as well as asleep. If I attempted to read I did so mechanically; my eyes passed over the pages line by line, but not an idea was registered on my mind; if I talked my thoughts wandered away, and I would give the most haphazard answers if I replied at all. Nothing interested me.

A black pall, as it were, hung over my life, and its gloom oppressed me; always the thoughts, "She does not love me; she has never loved me; she loves him." I could not escape them, or the dull, heavy load which weighed down my whole existence.

I thought of seeking relief in suicide. In the grave, I knew—at least I thought I knew—peace is to be found.

But why suicide?

Why should I cut short my career, dash from my lips the brimming cup when I had only just begun to quaff the elixir of success with which it was filled, for which I thirsted? No, I must drink deep of that before I shall be satisfied.

Besides, when he is dead (I said to myself), may she not, after a time, come back to me, and may

I not know something of the happiness he will taste?

Oh, fatally weak love—hatred! How like a weathercock it makes a man!

Could I really dream of such a possible unraveling of this tangled web?

Would I even take her then if she would consent? Who knows? Even I would not hazard an opinion, although I hated her then as deeply as I loved her before.

Time alone can tell. Time that bound them closer still.

* * * * *

When they were to be married I arranged to be called out of town to see a patient.

Men will get ill at inopportune moments.

is a sudden, lightninglike movement—a puncture somewhere, and in a few minutes, coma—death: so I—I was a cobra. A subtle poison, ill understood, but powerful beyond anything found in nature—a poison allied perhaps to some arrow-head venom used by barbaric Africans—was to be my weapon.

For years I had been engaged in the study of bacteriology, in which science all the world knows I have won a reputation, a place among the famous men.

I have a laboratory stocked with all the apparatus required for research in this field, where I cultivate germs of all sorts and examine them under the microscope.

One day, while examining a solution containing



ENTRANCE TO THE "GARDEN OF THE GODS"—PIKE'S PEAK IN THE DISTANCE.—SEE PAGE 587.

Physicians must be summoned. What physician but will give up an entertainment, a pleasure, at the call of duty!

I could not go to their wedding. That would have been more than I could bear.

Of course I sent a present—and a very elaborate one.

When they had been married some time I grew calmer. Even the sting of great grief does not last forever, and in time we can look without much pain on the wound which once ached so sorely.

As I became more composed I began to rouse myself to the thought of vengeance. As a cobra coils itself asleep, but when aroused the head rises from the mass, poises itself for a moment—there

microbes derived from a sheep that had died of anthrax—splenic fever, as it is more commonly called—the idea came, toward the carrying out of which I bent all my energy, directed my every thought.

Energy and thought are better employed than in that way—the destruction of human life? To what do we devote our energy, to what do we give our thought, for what do we work day and night, straining every fibre, muscular and mental, racking every faculty, if not for the gratification of our senses, the accomplishment of our desires, the achievement of our will?

What though I kill a body? How many in the pursuit of their desires kill a soul, a dozen, a score, a hundred souls?

It is in their way, an obstacle in their path ; it must go down, not by fair means, but foul, and down it goes, and other souls with it, and that is called success, the thing the world ranks highest upon earth, the thing for which to barter all that is best and noblest in life.

Crime like mine—I write the word again to meet the popular prejudice, to take the view of the world—society, the world, recognizes and decries ; it raises up its grimy hands in horror at such deeds and calmly winks at him who murders—again the popular word—a soul ; it may, nay, probably does, even pat him on the back or beat its hands together in applause, or bend its neck for him who has achieved his will to walk upon.

But then society, with smug complacency, recognizes only bodies ; without a soul itself, what should it know of souls ? What is my soul—your soul—a thousand souls ?

The universe of souls is nothing in the balance against one body.

And yet men—men who say they have brains and heart and soul—men can rush, struggle, fight and fall fighting for society's rewards. They sacrifice father, mother, wife, children ; worse than all these, perhaps, they sacrifice self, under this modern car of Juggernaut.

Damn society. It makes fools of men and marks the great so far below the little.

But my own soul—— Well, let that be murdered. I torture hers, and I must pay the penalty. Here and hereafter, everywhere, we reap as we sow, we suffer as we give suffering, we receive as we pay.

I ask no one to receive my propositions.

Never have I sought to impress my views on others.

I see the consequences of my act ; I believe what I have stated. I have weighed all in the balance of my mind. Is the deed worth the payment ? I calmly answer, Yes.

I pause and ask myself this question : How far must we regard murder contemplated as a "crime" against the moral law, the law of the invisible but potent power ?

How far ?

When shall I find the answer ?

* * * * *

I set to work with revived interest in my bacteria, especially in the bacteria of anthrax.

The anthrax bacillus is undoubtedly one of the most potent in its effect ; perhaps that is the reason why it is so common in every laboratory. It is a standard article, and can be kept dried for months and years, as potent when revived as if used fresh. Yes. Scratch a needle upon the medium upon which it has been kept—a piece of

gelatine—stick that needle into a guinea pig—the animal specially designed by nature for the scientist's slaughter—or inject a drop or two of a solution containing anthrax germs, and the disease breaks forth with undiminished virulence, and in a few hours the animal is dead.

I made the experiment dozens of times, always with success from any point of view.

Science is selfish in its contemplation. It looks only on one side of the picture, it hears only one side of the argument ; we shut our ears and eyes to the guinea pig's objections.

In time I came across a sheep suffering with the disease in the most virulent form I had ever seen it.

It seemed as if fate were working for me—with me.

I took a few drops of the blood, mixed them with solutions of gelatine in test tubes and allowed them to develop under the most favorable conditions.

I watched them with loving interest as the feathery thread spread onward in the mass and formed a filmy scum upon its surface.

A little solid jelly in a tube—a whitish substance on the top. No more. It looked so insignificant.

Yet death lurked within a scrap of that insignificant-looking scum ; not death whose gentle fingers soothe and caress the weary, spirit-broken frame until the worn-out child of earth sinks on her ample breast and finds sleep and rest—peaceful, long hoped for, too long delayed ; not death whose clarion call rings loud above the battle's thunder, stirring the blood, stimulating the heart, until man rushes on, proud, defiant, with head erect, impetuous, eager to meet the grisly foe, and from the bony hands receive a crown of glory as he falls ; but death with swift-hurrying footsteps ; death remorseless, agonizing, grim, who terrifies the watchers with a numbing sense of impotence, of impossibility of escape from his all-conquering presence, even though he delays upon the road to shoot an arrow now on this side, now on that.

And yet men boast of all their power. What is their vaunting worth when something infinitesimally small, indiscernible as a distinct object, except with powerful glasses, can lay that power in the dust ?

I dried some of the blood itself on microscopical slides, and put them away carefully as a sort of reserve fund in case of need.

The time was approaching.

From one of the tubes I removed a minute quantity of the developed virus and injected it into a rabbit.

Of course the animal died ; more rapidly, too, than any of the others on which I had before experimented.

I took a needle and rubbed the point upon the gelatine ; then I stuck it into another rabbit's ear.

It died even more quickly than in the former case.

One day I started for a walk and took with me a piece of the gelatine which grew a whole colony of anthrax germs from the direct cultivation of that blood drop. The gelatine I put into a carefully closed little box, to preserve its precious inhabitants from harm.

I was walking with an army in my waistcoat pocket, an army powerful for action as any furnished with the deadly weapons of to-day ; as numerous, perhaps, as the combined soldiers of any country.

I was going to make an experiment on a larger scale than ever before, and at another man's expense—whose, I neither knew nor cared.

Passing a store, I noticed a fine, large, strong horse standing in a cart in front of the door.

Crowds were hurrying on ; men and women jostling, elbowing their way along, intent on their business ; some resenting the passage of the few moving more rapidly in their endeavor to force a pathway through the close ranks ; most following in the slow, steady stream of humanity, gazing at the wares exhibited in the windows.

Where could a better opportunity occur ? Where is one less observed than in a crowd ?

In an instant came the thought, "Try your needle prick on one of these, make your experiment on a human subject and be sure of the effect."

This thought, which sprung full-armed from my brain like Minerva—I had already drawn the needle over the scrap of gelatine—I killed in its birth.

What had any of the crowd done to me that I should bring sorrow to their families ?

In that moment I held in my hand a godlike power, the power to destroy—a power as potent as the thunderbolt of the heathen Jove himself forged by misshapen Vulcan, and yet so slight. A needle, a tiny bar of polished steel devised for the most inoffensive domestic use, yet in my hands remorseless as fate itself in dealing out swift death.

No, no ; the crowd was safe from me. My vengeance was directed against one house—not against mankind at large.

I am a man—no fiend.

Sweep on, then, men and women. Laugh and talk, jostle and be jostled, elbow your way along ;

break your necks in the pursuit of the chimeric happiness, or stumble over each other as you rush with outstretched arms after the will-o'-the-wisp called gold. Sell honor, yours and that of those you love best, for place, and barter repose and content for ashes in bright-colored packets tied with gaudy ribbons and labeled with a lie.

Your fathers did it before you ; so did theirs. Your children will follow in your footsteps ; so will theirs.

How long will it continue ?

Through eons of centuries, no doubt. But what care I ? I have but to do with my time. Let the time to come do with itself.

So I thought.

Then I looked again at that strong horse.

I got in the way of a man ; he pushed me on one side. I pretended to slip, and as I did so I stuck the needle into the horse's lip. He dashed his head up at the sudden prick, but did not attempt to move, so slight was the pain. I had passed a strong piece of silk through the needle's eye to remove it quickly, but I need not have feared it would be imbedded in the poor brute's lip, for I scarcely touched the mucous membrane.

I knew where the horses belonging to that store were stabled, and next afternoon I passed the place. I went in, and, as if I were a newspaper reporter, made some inquiries as to the number kept, the amount of work they did, etc., and remarked casually that I had noticed two or three very fine animals in the firm's vans the day before. The man to whom I was talking told me one of the best had just died with most curious symptoms, which they could not understand, and after only a few hours' illness.

Presently they dragged the carcass out.

It was the creature I had inoculated.

The trap was made ; the bait prepared. All that remained was to set it.

When ?

I must await my opportunity.

* * * * *

Ever since I had determined on my vengeance I had omitted no opportunity of associating Harrison Everard with my work.

Did I need a consultation, I sent for him.

Was it necessary to perform a post-mortem, I got him to help me, either letting him use the knife while I made notes, or I used the knife while he wrote.

"The medical twins" we might have been called.

Professionally we "went coupled."

It was even rumored we should soon enter into partnership.

Whatever, then, might happen, no one would

dream of looking at me as the author of his death.

But who would imagine that his death was other than an accident?

The time was ripe.

The opportunity was at hand.

She and he had been married over two years by this time, and though he and I met often professionally I had not been to their house more than a few times. I was invited, but I could not accept hospitality from her, so I pleaded work and the experiments I was making for the book I had already begun. All doctors write books nowadays.

Ten days ago I was sent for to attend a patient. He was dangerously ill. I summoned Harrison—we called each other by our Christian names—to a consultation.

We agreed to watch the case together and meet daily, for the disease was obscure and complicated. Constant vigilance was necessary if the patient were, by any possibility, to be saved, which even then seemed doubtful.

We went each day to his bedside, and one or the other would remain and watch him for awhile after our chat.

He was a curious man, alone in the world, the last of his family, and he requested that if he died during this illness we would perform an autopsy to learn exactly what had been the trouble, and then have his body cremated. All this, he informed us, he had ordered in his will, so there should be no possibility of neglect; but still he begged us to be sure to follow out his wishes.

Of course we promised.

After a week his symptoms took another turn, and he began to suffer awful pain. We gave him hypodermics of morphine.

Three nights ago I was aroused by an urgent message that he had suddenly developed alarming symptoms, and the nurse feared the end was near.

I went with all haste to him, but before I left I put into my pocket a tiny tube containing a solution, in pure sterilized water, of the same generation of the anthrax blood drops I had used in my previous experiments—experiments which had resulted so famously.

When I arrived I saw death was certain.

It was three o'clock.

A black night. It was quiet, too, there, high above the street. In an apartment on the eleventh floor even of a New York house the city's roar becomes a hum, if it be heard at all. But in the dead hours of the night when everything is hushed, except the bell of an occasional car which rumbles up and down the avenue with a belated

rooster or hard-working journalist returning home, all is peaceful.

There was not a sound in the apartment save the ticking of the clock on the mantel, that seemed to call off the seconds left for the poor fellow on the bed, whose heavy breathing was the only other sound which broke the silence.

I watched the dying man, who was now unconscious.

Five o'clock boomed from a neighboring church, and I roused myself with a start from the half-doze into which I had fallen.

The breathing was quieter, the pulse scarcely discernible, the face ashy pale; he could not live an hour more; the end might come at any time.

I took the tube from my pocket and a hypodermic syringe.

The clock upon the mantel kept up its dull, monotonous record of the seconds as they flew.

I drew into the syringe some of the fluid with its potent germs, turned up the sleeve of the dying man's shirt, pressed on the vein just at the bend of the elbow of his left arm, and as it swelled I stuck the needle into the blood vessel in the direction of the circulation and injected the contents.

He did not know what I was doing; his brain had stopped performing its functions; he was a mere machine.

Nothing that I could do would hasten his death. I used him for my purpose. He was the means to my end.

In half an hour he was dead.

I returned home, and as I walked along the quiet street, here and there awakening into life and activity, I looked up at the sky, and there in the east the sun was rising, undimmed by a single cloud, and in its brightness I read the promise of a day of triumph—a day in which all I wished for most on earth would occur, in which I should achieve the reward of patience and observation.

My vengeance was at hand.

As soon as I got home I wrote to Harrison and told him of our patient's death, suggesting twelve o'clock for the autopsy.

He agreed.

I went to breakfast and ate heartily. Death has no influence on a physician's appetite, or some of us would eat but little. After breakfast I bandaged up a finger and put on a glove stall, as if I had cut myself, for I knew he would not then let me use the knife for fear of poisoning the wound.

We met and went to work. I gave him the tools at his request, as he insisted I should take the notes and run no risk of infecting my (supposed) cut.

I knew that body was swarming with anthrax bacilli as virulent as they could be.

It held death for thousands of men, could a needle stuck in a vein prick them deep enough to draw but a single drop of blood.

And Harrison Everard had his hands in that body. A touch with one of the knives he was using, and my vengeance would be accomplished.

But how to do it. Knock against his arm. Yes; but that would most probably make a cut, and he could blame himself or me for carelessness.

No; I would rather not do it that way if I could help it.

In looking over his shoulder I noticed that, in cutting through the ribs, he had left a jagged edge on one. If I could get him to strike his hand on that!

As he was taking out the heart I saw him leave his knife in the cavity, and as he put his hand to regain it I turned suddenly and spoke to him; he started and struck the back of his hand against the edge of the chest cavity, and a tiny spicule of bone broke off in his little finger.

I removed it for him. It did not even bleed. He took no notice of it and went on with the operations; each moment making it more certain he would introduce hordes of bacilli into his system through that slight puncture, such is their minute size, while their virulence, in inverse ratio, would make an illness, if not death, certain, though only a few entered his body.

We finished our work and prepared to leave. As we did so we noticed that the sky had suddenly grown overcast. Black clouds lowered and scudded quickly before the hot, oppressive breeze.

Almost as we stepped out into the street the storm broke—there was a vivid flash of lightning, a deafening peal of thunder, which had scarcely died away when another flash and another peal startled us by their intensity, and huge drops of rain began to fall. Before we reached

the corner the drops had quickened into a heavy downpour, and the thunder rolled incessantly.

It seemed as if the elements were at war and keeping up a perpetual cannonading in the sky.

We stepped into a doorway and waited until the storm was over, but even in the few steps we had walked our clothes were wet and our shoes soaked.

In a little while the rain ceased, and we were able to start on our homeward way; we parted at the corner, after agreeing to meet to-morrow morning at eleven to talk over the case.

"To-morrow morning at eleven." This morning.

"Will he keep the appointment?" I thought, as I watched him jump lightly enough on to a car, and I smiled grimly at the question as I stood waiting for my car to come up.

Then my scientific training getting the ascendancy, I dropped the humor, and looking beyond at the reality in a serious way, I asked myself: "Which will it be, delirium, unconsciousness or death itself when eleven o'clock to-morrow comes?"

"It should be death," I heard myself mutter, "if the big experiment can be relied on approximately as to time, 'death or 'very near it,'" and I hummed the last three words to the tune of a popular song I used to hear in the streets with that catch phrase. I laughed half aloud at the odd conceit as I swung on to the step of the car going my way, which had just reached the corner.

His death—my victory—and a comic song.

Then my thoughts reverted to the storm, which



SNOW CUT ON THE TOLL ROAD, PIKE'S PEAK. — SEE PAGE 587.

had passed as rapidly as it had arisen. It seemed as if the elements had, at the same moment, been saluting me with the loud salvos of artillery which greet a conqueror on his return after a brilliant victory, and firing a volley for the loss of a hero, while the mutterings of the thunder might have been muffled drums beating over his grave.

Even the elements inspired me with the idea of the success of the vengeance I had taken.

I reached home and lunched heartily.

Then I set to work.

I suppose people would be surprised, incredulous, horrified, perhaps, if they knew I did not trouble myself any further about Harrison Everard.

Why should I?

There was no reason for me to speculate as to his fate.

By all my calculations he was doomed; his death was certain.

But even if he should, by some chance, escape, what matter? He knew nothing of the trap I had laid for him; he suspected nothing.

If I failed I could try again and again.

Patients die; even my patients.

Post-mortems must be made.

It was not the last opportunity I should have. No, not by scores.

Time was not an element to be considered. Now or a little later could make no difference, so long as we both lived.

He was mine—his life mine.

The pain, the consequences of his death, hers—mine.

Why, then, should I be anxious or troubled about him?

No; I worked and was absorbed in my labors until the time came to visit my patients. Then I went and examined them with cool head, steady hand and quiet nerves. I never thought of him.

It is remorse—fear of detection—which makes a man's hand tremble, his knees shake, his voice quaver.

I returned home, read, went to bed, and slept till they woke me at the summons from Mrs. Everard.

Then I knew that I was the victor, and I hurried to the house to see him and study his symptoms. My scientific training would not permit me to neglect so excellent an opportunity to watch the case.

About eight o'clock last night, as I learned when I was summoned, he complained of a headache, and his temperature began to rise. In an hour he was in a high fever and the pain had increased. He told his wife he must have taken

cold through getting wet on his way home, and went to bed.

In another hour he was delirious, and Mrs. Everard sent for a physician. He blistered Harrison, and later put on an ice cap.

Of course the treatment was futile.

The anthrax bacilli were at work.

He succumbed, as I foretold when I arrived, for they sent for me early in the morning.

At nine o'clock he was dead.

There had been no local symptoms to show that septic matter had entered the circulation. Not a lymphatic was inflamed; there was not a single red line on his white arm, as generally happens when poison gets into the system in this way.

I did not mention the incident of the spicule of bone. Why should I complicate the deed with the story of its cause when there was no need?

Harrison Everard dead!

"So perish all my enemies!" I could have cried; and as I looked down upon the whitened face again, I felt the gleam of triumph come once more into my eyes.

She was prostrated by the shock, and remained in her room. I have not seen her, but I sent a message by her mother—the smooth, smug message of emptiness and less with which people are expected to intrude upon one's grief and blamed if they omit.

I left and returned home while they were making the arrangements for the funeral.

I promised to be present.

I shall see him borne in the black casket to the city where rich and poor, happy and wretched, good and bad, the world-esteemed fiend and the world-despised demigod, sleep the long sleep.

I shall exult as I see the casket go down, down, scraping the sides of the earthy pit, tilting a little here, then righting itself again as another rope is loosened, until at last it lies upon its bed.

I shall hear the earth cast on the lid, rattling as it falls, or echoing with a dull thud should the day be wet.

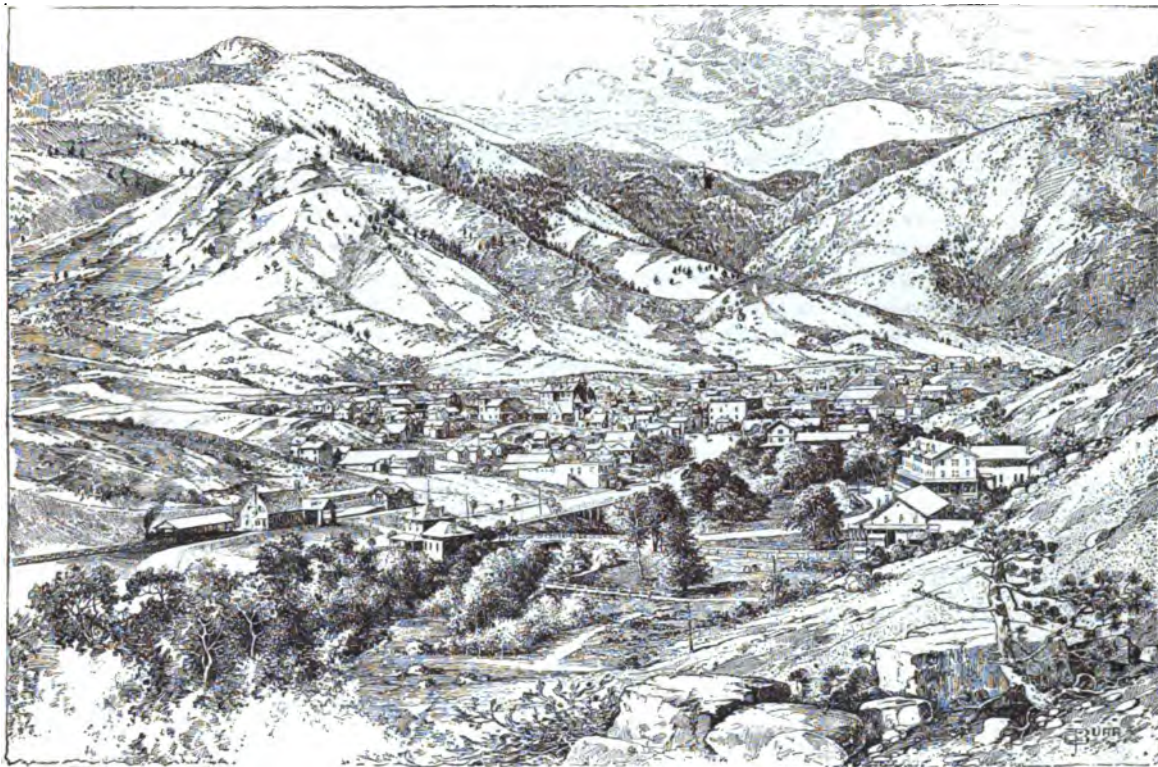
And I will cast earth on it; the last office the living can give to the dead will be from me: parting infamy—the last shot to an expiring foe.

Then I shall go back to work, to augmenting the reputation I have won by my bacteriological researches.

If the world but knew to what a use I put my knowledge!

And she! Shall I see her soon, and after a few months of mourning strive to win her love again? or shall I look on from afar and watch her suffer still, and hate her more for all I have done to her, for all she has done to me?

Who knows?



MANITOU.

PIKE'S PEAK BY MOONLIGHT.

BY W. C. CAMPBELL.

ABOVE timber line, above vegetation of any kind, and above the clouds, the daring enterprise and skill of the civil engineer and the business sagacity of the restless American capitalist have pushed the iron horse onward and upward to the very summit of that grand old monarch of the Rocky Mountains, Pike's Peak. Other railroads may have attained greater elevations, but they have not done so in the short length of the Manitou and Pike's Peak.

There are a number of higher mountains in the United States. Indeed, there are twenty-three slightly higher ones named in Colorado alone. There are more typical mountain peaks—peaks that stand out in bolder relief. Such are Mount Ranier, in Washington, Mount Hood, in Oregon and Mount Shasta, in California, which, seen as they are from near the sea level, are indisputably more conspicuous. Still, Pike's Peak is wonderfully grand and awe-inspiring. Then, too, its historic associations are such as to excite one's curiosity.

It was first sighted by Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike, after whom it was named, in

the fall of 1806. He wrote: "No human being could ascend to that summit." How little did he dream that within the same century human beings would make that ascent without effort!

The gold excitement of 1859 put the name "Pike's Peak" on everyone's lips. The Supreme Court of Kansas recently decided that Pike's Peak was in those days within the limits of the Territory of Kansas. Then the "Pike's Peak region" was the Mecca of fond hopes, the alluring acme of avaricious ambition, and the fatal snare of disappointment and despair. "Pike's Peak or bust," inscribed on many an outgoing white-canvassed "prairie schooner," and the familiar "Busted, by thunder!" on the returning journey, told the tale most epigrammatically. Tourists at Manitou now smile when they see a four-horse team drive up in front of the hotel, disclosing on the rear of the carriage, in flaming red and gilt letters, the old-time motto. It is humorous now; it was pathetic a third of a century ago. Later, in the early '70's, the smoke of the approaching locomotive on the distant plains to the eastward might be seen. From the top of the old peak



they must have seemed, even with the aid of the most powerful lens, in an air itself wonderfully transparent, like Lilliputian skippers in a Broddingnaggian expanse of blue.

Soon thousands of people were daily gazing from car windows at the fair and shining summit. Wherever they might go, from Denver to Pueblo, they raised their eyes to see the mute sentinel to the mid-continent fastnesses, and were not disappointed. It seemed to follow them. Then adventurous tourists began to tell their Eastern friends of scaling on foot its heights, and of the glorious sunrise view that rewarded

their intrepid daring. Later, in 1889, a carriage road was built from Cascade, and then the journey to its top and the return were made from Manitou between breakfast and supper. Another year, and the round trip could be accomplished by rail in a little over four hours.

To describe this wonderful railroad and the scenery, which at every turn of its nine miles is kaleidoscopically revealed to the eye of the tourist as he sits in the luxurious car and gazes in wrapt amazement out of the broad windows, one wishes to rely more upon the aid of a camera than upon his descriptive powers, however Tal-

magean his vocabulary or imagination. The railroad was completed October 20th, 1890, but not regularly opened for travel till June, 1891. It is without counterpart on the Western Hemisphere. In point of elevation overcome and maximum of elevation attained it is the most remarkable in the world. It is similar, however, in essential respects to the cogwheel road at Mount Washington.

It is standard gauge, with wide and substantial roadbed and heavy steel rails, the traction devolving upon two heavy serrated rails in the centre, upon which operate six cogwheels under-



PIKE'S PEAK
FROM TOP OF
MT. ESTHER

neath the locomotive. It is built upon the Abt system (in use in Switzerland), and the peculiar mechanical construction of both track and locomotive it is claimed renders it absolutely safe. The length of the track is 46,992 feet, in which there is a total ascent of 7,525 feet, or an average of 844.8 feet to the mile, making an average grade of sixteen per cent. The steepest grades are a rise of one foot in four. The

bridges, of which there are only four, are entirely of iron and masonry. The track in the steepest places is firmly anchored every two hundred feet. There are no trestles. The locomotives are without tenders, unique in appearance, and weigh twenty-eight tons each when loaded. They push the cars on the ascent and precede them on the descent. The coaches are largely of glass, to facilitate observation, with seats so arranged that most of the time passengers have a level sitting.

The road is only open for about three or four months in the year, hence those engaged in the operating department have nice, long vacations. During the busy season several trains are run daily, with additional excursions when the moon is full. Taking the train at five o'clock P. M. at



SUNRISE FROM PIKE'S PEAK—THE SEA OF CLOUDS.

the picturesque little depot just above the Iron Springs, at an elevation of 6,622 feet—an elevation greater than the top of Mount Washington—the locomotive whistled (it has no bell), and we were off for our skyland destination. It is upgrade from the very start to the finish, and the engine puffs laboriously, as if the rarefied air affected its breathing.

We are at once in Engleman's Cañon, which is followed for nearly three miles along the dashing and foaming waters of Ruxton Creek, at times near its level, again hundreds of feet above. About one mile from the depot we pass two great rocky points, crested each with a huge boulder, known as Gog and Magog, which we have been looking up at, but which we are soon to look down upon. It is not infrequent now to see towering above our path in a threatening way a boulder covering an area nearly as large as an ordinary city lot. The "Grand Pass" for 2,000 feet is one of the longest and steepest inclines; then we pass "Hanging Rock" on the right, and then, in quick succession, "Artist's Glen" and "Sheltered Falls" and arrive at "Minnehaha Falls," where the enterprising "town boomer" has



THE MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

staked off a site. The train has made a few stops, and the passengers have gathered armfuls of beautiful wild roses, verbenas, columbines, marigolds, bluebells, larkspurs, asters, sunflowers, pink gillias, purple penstemons, the cream-colored soap weed, and many kinds of flowers not now called to mind.

Flowers grow in profusion at still greater heights. One wonders how they ever found their way there, and how such delicate things, as we are accustomed to regard them, can withstand such cold. They form their splendid procession on the plains in early spring, moving to the foothills, and then up the mountain sides as the season advances and the snow melts; the same varieties blooming weeks later in the mountains than on the plains. Thus, the character of vegetation is constantly changing with every few hundreds of feet of elevation.

We now pass the "Devil's Slide" with its lofty "Pinnacle Rocks," and see far above, to the right, a rustic pavilion with a shroud of the Stars and Stripes floating from its staff. In what bold relief it stands out in the clear blue sky! The views of the peak, and Manitou, and surrounding country, from this "Grand View Rock," are indeed grand. It is reached by trail from the "Halfway House," a cozy little retreat among the pines.

Thus far we have had the music of the rollicking Ruxton Creek all the way; while chipmunks have scurried from rock to rock, crying out at times as if resenting our intrusion.

Again we start on the upward journey, and passing through a narrow defile, known as "Hell Gate," are in Ruxton Park, a comparatively level valley covered with green grass, pine and aspen groves. The round smooth head of "Bald Mountain" is now seen in the distance. In passing "Lion's Gulch" we get our first grand view of Pike's Peak. How far we have already climbed, and yet there it is, still towering above us!

Now we part company with the trees, which have been growing smaller and gnarled and twisted, for we are 11,625 feet up—"timber line." A sharp turn, and the train has passed "Windy Point" and is climbing into the "Saddle." Whoever christened these various places had an eye for the proprieties, as well as a seeming regard for "hell" and the "devil." Then for a mile and a half there is nothing but broken rocks and drifted snow in patches.

At last we are at the abandoned old government signal station, now used as a hotel, 14,147 feet above the sea—Pike's Peak. A blazing fire in a large stove is found, though it is midsummer. Some shiver about the stove, others in

winter wraps walk over the seventy-acre mass of broken, irregular-shaped and sharp-cornered rocks, and gaze and gaze. Some of our party bled at the nose, and a few experienced difficulty in breathing, caused by the rarity of the atmosphere.

All of our party, save the "colonel" from Texas, had a feeling of personal inconsequence, and were wrapt in silent contemplation of the sublimity and awfulness of nature's grandeur. How petty poor frail humanity seemed! He is indeed conceited who does not feel his individual insignificance as he looks down over the outspread world, beholding a city at his feet, looking like a mere checkerboard—the plaything of a child. Beyond are the billowy plains,

"Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,"

while below and all around are mountain ranges and peaks, some snow-capped and pretentious, yet all kneeling and acknowledging the supremacy of their grand old monarch. Some one has well said that "here the eye conveys to the soul a suggestion of the infinite."

The poet was about to attempt a suitable apostrophe when the spell was broken by the "colonel" volunteering the observation that "for scenic grand'ur I think I hev nevah saw, sah, nothin' thet would thrill any moah as does this; an' I may say I hev been from Texas to Californy an' back agin, twice."

There were in the party some gentlemen and ladies who had also traveled; these agreed with the "colonel" and smiled good-naturedly. Again the "colonel," with commendable fealty to the great State of his nativity, took occasion to remark that "Texas is a continent in itself," as if the thought were inspired by his surroundings, and would not keep for lower levels or more commonplace occasions.

The sun was now sinking below the western horizon, and the soft and golden coloring of the long twilight cast weird shadows over the deep places below. As daylight faded gradually away the full round moon came creeping up the eastern sky, as if making an ineffectual effort to keep in sight of the swifter orb of day. The lingering, deflected rays of the sun blended with the mellow softness of the moonlight, tinting with a wondrous haziness the mountain tops, while the blue shadows in the cañons and valleys below grew darker and yet darker, until they assumed a settled and melancholy gloom. The scene was incomparable, enchanting, indescribable in mere cold words.

Meantime, the superlative "colonel" having

subsided, the poet tried his hand with the following result :

SUNSET ON PIKE'S PEAK.

The sun is sinking to his rest,
The fleecy clouds fantastic play
Upon the mountain's shining crest
As if most loath to part with day.

The coldest blue with warmest red
Cast o'er the silent skyland scene
Their varied tints that quickly spread,
While weirdest shadows flit between.

The mountain tops seem soothed to sleep,
His golden rays so gently go,
Yet he will kiss them—kiss them sweet,
For aye and aye, we surely know.

How like life's close, this sunset rare!
We feel the shades of night come on,
And through the gloom of dark despair
Await the golden paragon.

The locomotive's whistle interrupted his reverie.

Then down, down, down and down we go,
each yawning cañon looking like some mighty monster with open jaws waiting to devour us. But steady hands and cool heads manage the brakes and throttle, and we soon cease to fear.

The distant stars are shining brightly ; the fragrant pines lift their graceful spires higher and higher, and extend their shadows further and further ; the naked rocks now peer from mantles of green ; the great rocky pinnacles that frowned on us as we went up seem to smile on our return ; the dark-green willows and currant bushes wave to and fro in the sighing wind like flags of welcome in the hands of little children ; the melodious dashing of the waterfalls and the "little sharps and trebles" of babbling brooks drift in at the car windows in joyous greeting ; the twinkling starlike lights below us come nearer and nearer ; at last the engine ceases its violent puffing as if tired out and exhausted, and the conductor quietly calls, "Manitou !"



THE BIOGRAPHY OF A COYOTE.

BY LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON.

ZIP's career was short, yet eventful. Although but a year old at the time of his demise, within that brief period he had made himself cordially hated by the community in which he lived, had well-nigh exterminated the chicken industry, and almost succeeded in landing his owner in jail. Surely such energy deserves some recognition.

That Zip had a bad disposition, even for a coyote, I do not deny, but he also had one redeeming trait, and that was his devotion to his owner. He would follow him around like a dog, and in his presence became as a docile as a family cat ;

but away from the young man's restraining influence, he was about as vicious and irrepressible a specimen of his race as ever walked on four very lively legs.

Zip's origin is shrouded in obscurity. A gentleman riding along a quiet, unfrequented road in Los Angeles County, Southern California, found him sunning himself in a cactus bed, and as the little creature had only attained the tender age of two weeks, he was caught without much difficulty. He was taken to town and given into the keeping of a young man.

Zip grew with astonishing rapidity, and at a remarkably early age developed the most thievish instincts. He was kept at first on a diet of milk, which was changed to raw meat as he grew older. But he was by no means contented with so plain a *cuisine*, and varied his bill of fare by repeated and surreptitious raids upon the neighboring henroosts, where he created sad havoc in satisfying his voracious appetite. He had more lives than a cat, and always managed to elude vengeance. His method of securing his victims was as simple as it was deadly. He would run a chicken down, fasten his sharp teeth in the poor thing's neck, and proceed to make a meal without further ceremony.

Zip's evil propensities were indulged in abroad; he was always well-behaved at home, where he had very comfortable quarters in the wood shed; but his master thought best to chain him up one day when he went away on a fortnight's vacation. Accordingly he was supplied with an abundance of food and left to the enjoyment of his own society. But Zip did not relish solitary confinement any the more because he had four legs instead of two, and in some mysterious manner known only to himself managed to get free. He made such good—or rather bad—use of his time that, when his owner returned, Zip had terrorized the community by his depredations, and set everyone's nerves on edge by the prolonged howls with which he made night hideous. Not a henroost had escaped him, and his exploits were the talk of the town. The young man came in for a large share of blame; he had hitherto been quite popular, but was now accused of maintaining a nuisance.

The matter became one of continued comment,

in which Zip was alluded to in terms that I cannot repeat. In fact, he gained as much notoriety as the man who was candidate for mayor, or the pretty girl who had eloped the week previously with her father's coachman.

Meanwhile Zip evinced no tendencies toward reformation. He continued to make his escape at frequent intervals and to devastate the feathered tribes far and near. One day a wild-eyed man rushed into the store where Zip's owner was employed and demanded that animal's speedy extermination. His choicest fowls, an especially valuable breed, had been dealt with in Zip's usual summary manner the night before, and he declared with blood in his eye that he would have the young man arrested if he failed to sacrifice his abominable pet. Zip's owner hesitated; but realizing that public feeling was against him—that his reputation, to say nothing of his safety, depended upon prompt action—he came to the sorrowful conclusion that the poor creature would have to atone for his unfortunate proclivities with his life.

But Zip, who had that morning been taking a constitutional in the back yard, unconscious that he had eaten his last chicken dinner and howled his last howl, was not visible when they went in search of him. He was found at last, lying rigidly behind the wood pile. His voracity had gotten him into trouble for the final time; some one had tempted the poor creature with poisoned meat.

Zip is worthy of mention as being the only pet coyote I ever heard of. He came to a tragic end, after a stormy existence, "unwept, unhonored," but not "unsung." Witness this tribute to his memory.

LOVE SONG.

BY CHARLES HENRY LUDERS.

Blow! winds, and break the blossoms;
Part! clouds, that hide the sun;
For the timid feet of a maiden sweet
Adown the valley run.

The thorn of the wild rose wounds her;
The hem of her skirt is torn,
Where the cool gray dew has wet it through
With the tears of a summer morn.

No foot is heard to follow,
No eye her path may see,
There is no ear her steps to hear,
As she hastens unto me.

O wild, sweet banks of roses,
O fragrant fields of dew,
My darling's kiss is more, I wis,
Than a thousand leagues of you!



"LIB HELD THE LETTER UP TO THE WINDOW CURIOUSLY."

WINNING A WIFE BY MAIL.

BY JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.

"PERSONAL.—A maiden, young, educated, tired of toiling alone, would become a beloved wife and helpmate of honorable man; no triflers.
DORA, 232."

When Mr. Perkins read the above advertisement in a New York paper, as he sat one night at the country tavern, he carefully cut it out and put it in his pocket.

The fact is, Reuben Perkins was tired of living alone. He was forty-one years of age, had red hair and red whiskers, and owned forty acres of the best land in Sullivan County. Rube's first wife had died some twelve years before, and, since it was she who had helped him clear the stumpage off his tract, it may be truthfully said

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that when Mr. Perkins inscribed on her white marble slab, in the village churchyard, divers encomiums as to her virtues, there could have been no doubt that they came from the heart. Mr. Perkins was childless, had been keeping bachelor's hall until he was tired of it, and, in a word, what was to hinder that he marry again? But girls were scarce in Sullivan County, and, withal, Mr. Perkins was decidedly bashful. Here, then, was an idea.

That night Mr. Perkins had serious matters on his mind. He tried to recall all the love poetry he once wrote, in District No. 12 School, to that little freckle-faced girl, long before the panic of

"73. He looked into the fire and chewed the end of his pencil. Finally he said to himself:

"Hum! what's the use tryin', especially when you can't remember? Now, I'll just up and write a plain business letter, something in this fashion."

The letter that he wrote told how he would like to marry, and what a nice farm he had; and he also added the fact that he took, twice, the prize at the county fair for fat stock; and, finally, it wound up with a wish that the letter "would find Dora, No. 232, as well as it left him."

It was with many misgivings that Mr. Perkins trotted off to the post office, early next morning, to mail the precious letter. He fancied that the postmistress could read his secret in his blushes, and when she spoke to him you could have knocked him down with a feather.

"Mornin', Rube," she said, peering at him out of her box.

"Mornin', Lib," he repeated, timidly.

"Been writin' letters, Rube?"

"Oh, just a trifle."

"Postage stamp, Rube?"

"Yes. How's business, Lib?"

After he was gone Lib held the letter up to the window curiously, so that the full flood of the bright morning light fell clean athwart the pretty pink envelope. Then she turned it over and over, in a vain attempt to get her prying, coal-black eye into some chance nook or cranny, to see what it was all about. Curiosity—Lib was its personification. Time hung heavy on her hands in that little fourth-class post office up at the lower ranges of the Catskills; every postal card she duly read, you may rest assured; every circular, every unsealed envelope; and he was a sharp swain who could get a letter from a new girl without letting Lib Barkume know it; and so she wondered this morning so long and patiently that the express train with its shrill, warning whistle, up the valley, almost caught her with the mail bag unpacked; and it was all out of breath that she finally dragged it to the station and hung it on those curious whitewashed scantlings, up on a low platform, so that, w-h-i-z! the mail clerks just swung out a big iron arm, and the bag disappeared as the train thundered by at the rate of forty miles an hour.

In imagination Reuben Perkins was already married by mail.

The most astonished man in Sullivan County, a week later, was Mr. Perkins, when Lib handed him out a plain, white envelope, addressed in a neat, feminine hand, with "Esq." added after his name.

"Must be them city relations," thought Lib to herself; but she did not say so aloud. What she did venture was this:

"Mornin', Rube."

"Mornin', Lib."

"Letter for you, Rube."

"Oh, go 'way, Lib!"

"It's a big fat one, Rube. What's goin' on?"

"Oh, that's from a man who wants to buy my farm!"

"Nice weather, Rube?"

"Nice weather, Lib."

"I—wonder—what's—in—the—wind!" was Lib's ejaculation, as she saw Rube disappear up the road.

Mr. Perkins went straight to the loft of his barn, and, gazing around to see that he was alone, finally mustered up courage enough to break the envelope open. As he read on and on and on his face assumed a look of incredulity, which changed gradually to one of delight and positive joy. What he read was this:

"Book 'B. R.' page 925, Letter No. 134,182.—MR. REUBEN PERKINS: Your letter to our matrimonial advertisement department, addressed to Dora, No. 232, was incoming to-day. It was inserted at the request of one of our patrons, whose description will be furnished you free of charge (photo twenty-five cents) if you call at our office. Replies to our advertisements are divided into two classes: (1) Letters giving full information in regard to age, religion, occupation, property, nationality, etc., and (2) those not giving these details. For good reasons your answer was placed in class No. 2. Only persons having the legal right to marry, and known to possess good moral character, will be introduced to each other by this company. If you desire to obtain our services write to us without delay. Thousands of photographs have been filed at this office, from which you may select those you wish to become acquainted with. If necessary, we will aid you in the selection of a life partner. NOTE.—Our system forms the most economical and trustworthy plan of making reliable acquaintances. Reason and results prove that those who marry under our guidance have more adaptation for each other, more affinity and love, and consequently lead happier lives."

When Mr. Perkins read these directions and instructions his heart gave a great thump of delight. It was so simple, and, withal, so scientific. There would be no money wasted on senseless courting; he had had enough of that at the local church suppers and festivals; and, besides, wasn't Lib becoming unusually sweet with him, and wasn't it time that he should head off any tricky scheme she might have to land him in the matrimonial net? He knew that for eight years past she had been endeavoring to look after his comforts, whenever she had the opportunity; now things had taken a turn; he was to win a wife by mail, under the clever spinster's very nose!

The chores were not done as thoroughly after that as in years gone by; there was not as much wood cut on the wood lot. No answer came to his first letter, and after waiting a week, during which time he suffered many agonies, he decided to write again. He told Mr. Matrimonial Bureau that he would like to see Dora, No. 232, and in return received a letter in size and contents so powerful that he had to ponder over it for several weeks before he could get its drift. There was one column of charges! There was another for extra services! Winning a wife by mail was, after all, not an easy thing. The broker of marriages had this to say:

"The object of our business is to furnish a safe, reliable and confidential way of permitting young people of honorable intentions to meet with a view to matrimony. It is our constant aim so to conduct our business as to meet the approval of the most fastidious. Our aim is to increase the happiness of the human family and the human race.

"Gentlemen introduced pay 50 cents.

"Gentlemen introduced, but who fail to keep engagements, pay 50 cents.

"Persons not wishing to have their true name on the book may use a fictitious one, for which there will be a charge of 50 cents extra.

"Persons calling to see descriptions of people pay 5 cents; if you cannot call, and we have to send the description, you pay 25 cents.

"To investigate a reputation, the charge is \$1.

"We prefer that our patrons write their own love letters; but for those who prefer to leave this delicate matter in our hands our charges will be 20 cents for each letter, or seven for \$1; we furnish our own postage and envelopes.

"Persons desiring to be introduced to those possessing wealth must pay \$2 extra for each \$1,000 they desire their friend to have; over \$5,000, \$2 extra for each \$1,000."

After Mr. Perkins read this circular he made up his mind that the best thing for him now to do would be to go to New York to see "Dora, No. 232," himself personally. In order to do this he was obliged to part with Crook Horn. He drove her to market one raw, blustering day, when there was an angry snarl of snow in the air and when the wind cut like a knife. As he passed the post office, Elizabeth Barkume, the gentle postmistress, who for so many years had been vainly striving to take something more than a motherly interest in Reuben, peeped out of her window just in time to see him go by.

"Mornin', Rube," she sang out to him. "Where be you goin' with Crook Horn?"

Reuben Perkins felt as though overtaken by a judgment of the Lord. He colored to the eyes, and responded, in a weak voice:

"Mornin', Lib. Nice cool mornin' we are havin' for this time o' year. I am takin' Crook Horn up the road a piece to sell her to the deacon."

"Well, I swan! Who would have believed it of you, Reuben Perkins!"

"Any letters for me, Lib?" said Rube, inquisitively, changing the conversation.

"Letters—well, no. You seem to be gittin' mighty curious about letters, Reuben Perkins. What's in the wind?"

"Oh, nothin'!"

Then he hurried the cow through the snow; and as he turned the corner his disappearing figure was watched by the cold gray eyes of the spinster, who felt in her heart something she had long striven in vain to find words to express.

"I think he is the dearest man in the world," was her parting comment, "and I really believe he is beginning to think something of me. I notice how he blushed when he asked about those letters." Then she sniffed the air, and said, "My pies are burnin'!" and rushed from the window.

It was well for Lib that she did not see Reuben that evening, with his bundle under his arm, at the station, waiting for the train for New York. If she had she would have been consumed with curiosity.

Arriving at the city, Rube put up at a small hotel in Water Street. He went to bed early, in order to be up early the next morning. Weighty matters were to be decided.

At ten o'clock Rube appeared at the office of the bureau. He found himself in a small room at the top of a very tall building. The office boy told him to wait while he went for the superintendent. There were many couples passing and repassing in the corridor, and every few moments a voice would bawl out:

"No. 111, this way!"

The boy, repeating the number, would usher a man or a woman into a reception room, in the long hall. Rube was much interested in this odd sight; but the spectacle of so many busy people frightened him somewhat, and he wished himself home, shelling corn in the corn crib.

Suddenly some one touched Reuben Perkins on the arm, and that worthy looked up to discover a small, oily, bowing, scraping, rotund gentleman before him. Rube noted his bald head, his rosy cheeks and his businesslike air, and was fairly scared out of his wits.

"I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Perkins," said the manager.

"Happy to meet your acquaintance," blurted Rube, blushing, standing on one leg, then resuming his seat—all the while, though, keeping a sharp eye on his baggage.

"You came to see Dora, No. 232; well, you may see her in an hour. Sit down and make

yourself comfortable; a special messenger has been sent to her residence."

Reuben Perkins wiped the perspiration from his forehead, took up a paper, and strove, in vain, to occupy his mind. But he might just as well have been reading print that stood upside down; the letters played leapfrog with each other; at least Rube thought they did, such was his excitement and confusion during that awful wait of half an hour.

Then he saw the manager approaching.

"Mr. Perkins, right this way."

The manager explained that the fee was five dollars to be enrolled; then fifty cents for the use of the parlor; to read a description of her was twenty-five cents additional.

"Better begin on the description," said Rube; "it will serve to kinder break me in."

The proprietor, all smiles, took Mr. Perkins to another room, where, opening a large ledger, he showed the astonished man a long paragraph, reading in part as follows:

"DESCRIPTION OF DORA, No. 232.—I am a tall, handsome blonde, with large blue eyes, and the form of a fairy queen. My friends say that my disposition is amiable, and that my temper is even and steady. I can knit, sew, cook, bake, read, write poetry and make bread. I can play the piano, and can darn socks. I have a splendid education, and yearn for the companionship of a true gent, elderly preferred, who would appreciate my goodness and beauty more than my wealth, which latter I estimate at \$1,200. I am 5 feet 7 inches in height and measure 23 inches around the waist; wear a No. 6 shoe and a No. 7 glove. I would like to become the helpmate of a loving, honorable gent, as I am tired of toiling alone."

"What do you think of that, eh?" chuckled the manager.

"Well, by the great horn spoon!"

"She's a great beauty—yes, indeed."

Then the manager whispered something in Reuben's ear which made the rural gentleman blush like a child.

"Come with me to Parlor V; Dora is waiting for you."

"Right away?" stammered Rube.

"Why, certainly."

"Is—is my hair all right?"

"Pretty as a peacock!"

"How does my coat hang?"

"Out of sight. Come; no more delays."

"But I must squander a nickel on a shine for my boots. Wait a minute, will you? No? Well, then, fire away."

The manager led the way to Parlor V, which proved to be a small affair, as dreary and as contracted in appearance as a typical hall room, and quite as illy furnished. In a dim, far-down cor-

ner, sitting as erect as a ramrod, was a lady. With a bow and a smile the astute superintendent introduced her thus:

"Mr. Perkins, permit me to introduce you to Miss Dora, whose many charms, you will, I believe, find fully up to the contract."

With this the man retired, leaving Reuben to his fate.

"I—I am very happy to meet your acquaintance," said Mr. Perkins, indulging in his favorite expression. Then he fell into a chair and proceeded to mop his brow with the rim of his hat.

There was a painful silence.

Then Rube blurted out:

"Be you the woman who wrote to me?"

"I am."

"Well, I had a few things to tell you. I am tired of living alone."

A long pause.

"You see, my wife died years ago, and all this time I have been having a hard tussle to keep things goin' up my way."

A longer pause.

"I came down here to-day to see you."

"Yes."

A long wait.

"Yes, I came down to see you."

"I am glad to see you."

A lengthy interval of silence.

"Nice weather we are having?"

"Yes, very nice."

"Say, suppose we——"

A dreary wait.

"I was sayin' that we ought—— Oh, hang it! suppose we hitch up and git married—what do you say?"

It was a painful effort, but Reuben Perkins proved equal to it—at last.

"I'm willing, Mr. Perkins."

"Now?"

"Yes, now!"

"Where can we git a preacher?"

"Ask the manager."

In five minutes the minister appeared. They were pronounced man and wife.

"And now, supposin' we go home to Sullivan?"

All this while something out of the ordinary had never struck Reuben Perkins, such had been his interest, curiosity and fear. Gradually his senses returned. On the ferryboat, going over to Hoboken to take the train for home, Rube said:

"Dora, lift your veil."

And when she had done so, and turned her bright and smiling face full upon him, he suddenly fell back, gasping:

"Gosh all hemlocks!—if I haven't gone and married Lib, the postmistress, after all!"

BRITISH ETCHING.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

SECOND (AND CONCLUDING) PAPER.—LEGROS—STRANG—HOLROYD—SHORT—WATSON—MACBETH—HERKOMER—HALL, AND OTHERS.

MORE than one of the great etchers who must in fairness be treated with the British school are of foreign origin. Born at Dijon in 1837, and trained chiefly at Paris—painter, of course, as well as etcher—Alphonse Legros came to London when he was quite a young man. He has been amongst us since 1863. It was in Paris, about 1857, that he did his first etchings, and his surprising originality was declared from the beginning. The trivial, the accidental even, had no attractions for him. Even the quiet humor which one recognizes in his character has no place in his work. Simple, serious, austere, highly refined, yet with curious tolerance of physical ugliness and curious indifference to, at all events, the beauty of women, M. Legros has conveyed to us, in his own leisurely and economical fashion, any time these thirty years, his vision of a world not ours, or rather, very often, his vision of the deeper realities which underlie whatever may attract us on the surface.

He has been concerned—and best of all concerned in etching—with many departments of art. Like Mr. G. F. Watts, he has been fascinated, here and again, by masculine intellect and character; masculine kindness, goodness, genius, energy. Of Mr. Watts himself—and fortunately in the medium of etching—he has made the happiest of all possible portraits, finding in the theme a gravity of manly beauty, a charm of approaching age, to which he has always been intensely sympathetic. Gambetta, too, and Sir Frederic Leighton, and the late Cardinal Manning—who, if he appealed to him at all, must have appealed to him on the side of austerity alone—have been the subjects of his portraiture. To each portrait he has given, though in very different measures, according as the subject wanted it, a nobility and dignity supplied by his own art and temperament, and

by a sense of style nourished upon the study of the Renaissance and of Rembrandt; and, on the other hand, upon each selected model whom he has treated in those other etchings which are not confessedly portraiture he has bestowed the grave veracity, the verisimilitude of the portrait.

Hardly any of Legros's work is dated, and, as time has gone on, the changes in his method have not been very marked, though it is hardly to the earliest etching that we must go for his most trained draughtsmanship and most accomplished technique. On the other hand, the early work has about it a sometimes savage earnestness, a rapid and immediate expressiveness, a weirdness also, which are immensely impressive. Poetic



COMMUNION.—REDUCED FROM THE ETCHING BY ALPHONSE LEGROS.



THE COPPICE.—REDUCED FROM THE ETCHING BY CHARLES HOLROYD.

and pathetic is it besides, sometimes to the last degree. "Les Chantres Espagnols," for example, is the creation of a great artist; it is a most penetrating and pathetic study of physical and mental decay, representing eight priestly singing men lifting up what hoarse and feeble voices they may be possessed of in the hushed choir, by the uncertain light of torches, in the night's most mysterious hour.

Several of the most fascinating of these somewhat early etchings and dry points record the life of the priesthood. In its visible dignity, its true but limited *camaraderie*, in its monotony and quietude, in its magnificence of service and symbol, the life of the priest and of those who serve in a great church has impressed Legros profoundly, and he has etched these men—one now reading a lesson, one waiting now with folded hands, one meditative, one observant, and now one offering up the Host, and now another bending over the violoncello with slow movement of the hand that holds the bow. Dignity and ignorance, pomp and power, weariness, senility, decay and almost squalor—nothing has escaped him. In literature only a Balzac could have done equal justice to that which attracts, and to that which must needs repel.

Realist, but always poet, in his treatment of these themes—and in the treatment of such a dramatic plate as "L'Incendie," such a nobly imaginative plate as "La Mort et le Bucheron"—Legros, when he betakes himself to landscape, is realist no longer—or, rather, his realism here is shown only in his contentment with the homely

scene, the most everyday material. Generally, one's impression of his landscape is that it is built to some extent upon the memories of his youth; that, since then, a little observation has gone a long way—that he has cared to dream rather than to notice. Here and there one may be reminded of the uplands around Dijon, or of the chalk hills of the Boulognais with its wide fields and haystacks, its gaunt outhouses—a land which rumors of "high farming" have never reached. As the railway train swept under the hillside, M. Legros, one thinks, may have profited by a glance from the windows. And

out of the glance, and out of the memory, and out of the very real sympathy with humble and monotonous days, there has grown a homely poem. With Whistler, on the occasions on which he has treated it in his mature art (in "Dam Wood," especially), landscape becomes decoration. With Mr. Haden landscape is a matter that must be energetically observed. Swift, skillful memoranda, not the less scientific because they may be dramatic also, are taken of it. With Legros the landscape must submit to change, to simplification, to abstraction, generalization even, in the processes of his mind; and the picture which his hand fashions—the hand with reverie behind it—is one which travel will help no one to encounter and experience, help no one to realize. Yet it has its own value.

Before I leave this always deeply interesting and original, even when incomplete, artist, I will add that in the "Catalogue Raisonné de l'Œuvre gravé et lithographie d'Alphonse Legros," compiled by MM. Thibaudeau and Poulet Malassias in 1877, there are chronicled 168 pieces, but that, writing to me ten years later, M. Thibaudeau was able to tell me of nearly ninety additions to the list. Nor has Legros to this day ceased to etch.

Professor, during something like a score of years, at the Slade School in London, Legros has had a dominating influence upon many amiable followers who will hardly hereafter be heard of, and upon two or three clever people with a future in art. Among these latter the most conspicuous are William Strang and Charles Holroyd. Strang is the senior; he has thus far, naturally, been much the most prolific. He is also

the most technically accomplished, and, more than any younger etcher of the day—almost as much, perhaps, indeed as Legros himself—he has shown himself possessed of the vital gift of imagination. Like Legros, he has looked immensely at Old Masters—at the Italian Primitives and at Rembrandt—and has seen nature in great measure through their eyes, and this as much when humanity as when landscape has been the object of his gaze. In Strang's case, too, to these accepted and avowed Old Masters there has come to be added another old master—Alphonse Legros.

Strang is a Scotsman. That devotion to weirdness and to the uncanny which is in the full Celtic temperament is shown amazingly in his selection of subject; he is, perhaps, most of all contented with himself when he sets himself to illustrate a ballad of the supernatural, written in a dialect into the last recesses of which I—who love best the English tongue—lack, I confess, the energy to penetrate. His imagination, however, is far from being exercised alone on these themes of the supernatural. It is occupied, not seldom, with as great a power, upon modern incidents—the meditations of a jury, the expositions of a preacher, the rescue of the drowned from some dark river, the ill-bred hysteria of the Salvation Army. In portraiture, while it is yet visible, and even valuable, it is controlled sometimes by sense of style—the nearest approach which Mr. Strang suffers himself to make to the wide domain of beauty. His indifference to charm of form, to charm of expression, to that which is agreeable and comely, to that which the natural man would voluntarily look upon, is yet much more marked—yes, a hundred times more marked—than Mr. Legros's. Grace, elegance, personal distinction, the freshness of youth, the winsomeness of girlhood, the acceptability of the English upper classes—these things are far from him: he wots not of them, or but rarely. He likes poor folk, enjoys the well-worn clothes, the story of the poor folk's work and poor folk's trouble; but, like Ostade and Brouwer, he likes the cottager best when he is stunted, and is most interested in him when he is gnarled.

For all the absence—an absence frequent, not continuous—of local color, the scenes Mr. Strang depicts arrest you. You remember them because he has himself remembered that which was most important in the making of them. Essentials have not escaped him. The "realism" he has attained has been at least something much deeper than that which prides itself on the correct portrayal of the obvious. In great themes and little themes he has been alike vivid. There may be something that is squalid and something that is ignoble in "The Last Supper" as he can conceive it; but, at all events, a genuine human emotion is not banished from the scene. And here and there, in brief suggestive studies of contemporary existence, an imaginative light is flashed upon the page, a touch of romance suggested, as where, in the curious little etching of a Bohemian wayfarer—a some one who has lost caste probably, whose pence and whose friends are few—lighting his pipe at a flaring gas jet over some street stall on a Saturday night, you feel that for a moment there has sprung into your vision a fellow creature with a history, whose mysteriousness you will not solve. Out of the darkness he has emerged for an instant, and into it he returns again.

This very remarkable artist has already executed not less than two hundred and thirty etchings.

A residence of two or three years in Italy—where he enjoyed the Slade School Traveling Studentship—has vied with Mr. Legros himself in influencing that more than promising young worker, Mr. Charles Holroyd. A sense of dignity



EVENING, BOSHAM.—REDUCED FROM THE ETCHING BY FRANK SHORT.



BOOKSTALL.—FROM THE ETCHING BY WILLIAM STRANG.

and style, and, with this, some direct personal inspiration, lift Mr. Holroyd's work entirely above the level of the commonplace and the ordinary. In sense of line, indeed, he now and then makes approach to the classic. Several of the best of his not yet very numerous etchings deal worthily—truly and yet imaginatively—with the lives of ecclesiastics among the cypresses and olive woods and pine trees of Monte Olivieto, and in the gaunt and spacious chambers of the remote and hillside monastery. The homeliness of subject in Mr. Holroyd's "Farm behind Scarborough" does not forbid the display of certain of his virtues. But I might as well, perhaps, have chosen for purposes of illustration a "study of line," suggested to Mr. Holroyd by the noble and free beauty of the Borghese Gardens. It consciously and inevitably abandons much, but it retains the thing for which it has existed—dignified and expressive rhythm of line. And this justifies it, and permits it to omit much, and only to exquisitely hint at the thing it does not actually convey.

this work whatever had been done by Mr. Short, then would he still have cause to be remembered and valued by reason of the beauty and the technical virtues of his original prints.

Frank Short's original prints are, indeed, of all the greater merit because, just as Mr. Whistler himself, he has disregarded in them, from beginning to end, the taste of the public. This delicate array of exquisite etching—very little of it merely tentative; most of it of complete accomplishment, if of limited aim—has been called into being, as Mozart said of his "Don Giovanni," "for himself and two friends." The "two friends" must be taken—one need hardly protest—*cum grano salis*; they represent the rare connoisseur, the infrequent person who enjoys and understands.

Two classes of subjects have hitherto to a great extent engrossed Mr. Frank Short in his original work, and to these there must just now be added a third; for, recently, following in the wake of his friend Mr. C. J. Watson, he has visited the land of Rembrandt, and has done

Amongst the original etchers remaining to be discussed I place Frank Short at the top of the tree. Some people will say that Short's true place would be with copyists or interpreters rather; but that is only because they do not know his original work—the very limited issue of his exquisite plates having withheld from them a publicity won already, indeed, by many of his brilliant interpretations of the pictures or the drawings of long-accepted artists. No one has done as much as Frank Short for the modern revival of mezzotint. It is more, perhaps, by mezzotint than by any other medium that he has effected his delightful translations of Turner, of Constable, of Dewint, and of Mr. Watts. But if not one of these things existed—if he had never wrought those exquisite interpretations, for example, of a sketch by Constable, belonging to Mr. Henry Vaughan, and of a Dewint drawing, "A Road in Yorkshire" (both of them offered to the connoisseur by the appreciative services of a publisher of most exceptional taste in matters of etching—I mean Mr. Dunthorne)—if nothing of

charmingly suggestive and vivacious sketches of quaint town and long-stretched shore.

But the two classes of subject with which one has been rather wont to identify him are subjects of the English coast and of the English manufacturing districts; and, in a certain sense, even these two subjects are one, and this one theme may be described—not too imaginatively, I think, if we look into the heart of the matter—as the complete acceptance of all that is considered unpicturesque in modern life: in the manufacturing districts the factory chimneys, the stunted, smoke-dried trees, the heavy skies, the dreary level water, along which barges make their monotonous way (see the wonderful dry point, “Wintry Blast on the Stourbridge Canal”), and, on the English coast, the massive stone pier, the harbor muddy at low tide, the tug, the sheds, the warehouses, or it may be, perhaps, the wooden fences that protect and preserve the fore shore—the beauty of the whole, which is unquestionable,

being obtained by a most subtle arrangement of line, a perfect sense of proportion, a perfect delicacy of handling. Coarser people of more ordinary vision, addressing themselves, as by a *parti pris*, to these themes, have treated them with brutality. But, on these themes, it is the distinction of the treatment of Mr. Short that in rendering them with fidelity and patience—even with love—he yet somehow, in the brief phrase of Mr. Browning,

“Puts color, poetizing.”

Yes, a certain measure of poetry must certainly be claimed not only for the “Evening, Bosham,” and the “Sleeping till the Flood,” but for the “Stourbridge Canal,” mentioned already, and for the one of “Rye’s Long Pier”—this is called indeed, poetically enough in its suggestiveness, “Low Tide and the Evening Star”—and for the curiously clever little plate, “Wrought Nails,” a scene of the Black Country, which shows the



GWENDDYDD — REDUCED FROM THE DRY POINT BY PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.

sheds of the workers, and little trees untraded and decaying, and a bit of waste land, ragged and dreary, with nothing of nature left, but only the evidence of men's grimy labors, of their hard, monotonous life. And, though up to the present, or until very lately, the field of Mr. Short's own observation of the world may seem to have been limited, it is plain to any qualified student of his prints that he has gained the effects he wanted by a fine sketcher's economy of means, by a thorough capacity of draughtsmanship, much sense of design, and a very exceptional control over the technical resources of the etcher's art.

The work of Mr. C. J. Watson is nearly always absolutely sturdy and sterling. It has tended, too, to become delicate; and when one compares it with Mr. Short's, very likely the only thing which puts it at an obvious disadvantage is that (though one can hardly explain the matter) it has an air of being less personal. That, I admit, is no small affair. Judging from the work alone—and no one would desire to make the comparison except from the work only—one would say, "Here is a strong and capable hand, stirred by a nature much less sensitive than that which reveals itself in the etched lyrics of Frank Short." Mr. Short records facts—not great and doleful dreams, like Mr. Strang or Mr. Legros—but he records facts poetically. Yet more absolutely matter-of-fact is Mr. Watson, who (I am speaking of him, of course, apart from his gift of color) so far portrays things realistically that the personal, the individual, is comparatively absent, and his art can hardly be described in the phrase which does define art generally—nature beheld "*à travers d'un tempérament*."

But Mr. Watson, who has long been interesting, has of late years become within certain limits a quite first-rate craftsman, albeit still a little wanting in vivacity. It may be that his individuality—the individuality he has—has to be sought for in the soundness of his technique, and in the ripe judgment which he shows in treating subjects which are true etcher's subjects. Practicing his art during early manhood in Norwich, and being himself with his sturdy realism, as it were, a last echo of that "Norwich School" in which only Cotman was essentially and primarily poet, though he could be realistic, too, Mr. Watson came, a few years since, to London, and there he has developed his powers a stage further, there is no doubt; producing, in the first instance—since his residence in town, with its wider associations and its greater activities—plates admirable for directness and certainty, such as "The Mill Bridge, Bosham," and then the "Chartres," its

gabled and dilapidated houses, rather; the back of Chartres—Chartres on the wrong side—and then the "St. Etienne du Mont," its west front—that is, the front of one of the most curious and characteristic of the churches of Paris.

Some greater delicacy and flexibility of method than were before possessed, or than were even desirable, perhaps, for the subjects to which Mr. Watson then addressed himself, are evident in the "Chartres"; but they are yet more marked in the "St. Etienne" etching, which no true lover, no properly equipped student, of the achievements of the great original aquafortists will be able to examine without some thought of the wonderful plate of Méryon which bears the same title. Of the relative correctness of the two presentations—not, in my opinion, an all-important, though still an interesting, matter—I will say nothing, or at least very little; but clearly it was Watson who had looked the hardest at the actual façade of which it was his one business to convey the impression. Still the immense solidity of Méryon's etching gives it a realism all its own, along with all its poetry. The very simplification of the facts must have been deliberate, and it accomplished its end. It would be ridiculous to suggest that a draughtsman of architecture so patient and thorough as Méryon could not have set forth each detail as well as the general character, had that been his aim. He had other aims, and this detail accordingly had to be subordinated; for him there were the Collège de Montaigne and the corner of the Panthéon, and the weird shadows and the passing women, and the dark mystery of the Paris street. In a word, there were his genius and his message—fancy or fantasy. For Mr. Watson there was "land, the solid and safe," as Mr. Browning moralizes; the solid earth, or what the architect had put there—nothing else. And what the architect had put there Mr. Watson noticed—portrayed it with strength—portrayed it, too, with perhaps unwonted flexibility.

In simpler subjects than the "St. Etienne du Mont" Mr. Watson shows as well, or better, than there, a quality very characteristic of the truest of modern etchers—of Mr. Whistler and Mr. Short particularly—I mean, in what is more or less architectural draughtsmanship, after all, an enjoyment of the evidences of construction. Very likely it may be said that that is a quality belonging to him as a good draughtsman, whether at the moment etching happens to be, or happens not to be, the medium of his work. I think not. There is something in the etched line that reveals especially the presence of this enjoyment, that calls for the certain display of it.

Mr. Oliver Hall, a comparatively little-known but distinctly interesting etcher (who paints, he tells me, a good deal in water color), has next to be spoken of; and if his work has one characteristic more than another—though grace and freedom are his characteristics, too—the one that is most his own is the continual evidence his plates afford of this enjoyment in growth and build, in the traces of the way by which the object before him became the object that it is. Mr. Hall's ob-

vanish less quickly; and, in the realm of effects, the very spirited etching, "A Windy Day," is perhaps the best of that which he has done.

So much said, and yet nothing said of men a dozen times more popular than the single-minded etchers are wont to be, of whom alone I have spoken. But to the large public Macbeth and Herkomer and Axel Haig appeal without need of introduction—Macbeth and Haig appeal especially by treatment, and Herkomer mainly by



Chartres.
Watson 1890

CHARTRES.—REDUCED FROM THE ETCHING BY CHARLES J. WATSON.

ject is more likely to be a tree than a church. He labors amongst sylvan and amongst pastoral scenes; and in method, as well as often in theme, he suggests Seymour Haden. Mr. Hall has not yet done very many plates; they number about thirty. He is not faultless, and he is not thus far very varied. But he is in the right track, and has shown no disposition whatever to leave it. He is a vigorous, frank, free sketcher, sketching sometimes "effects," as well as forms that

subject. Herkomer's theme is generally a dramatic one, and into it he introduces such obvious interest of line and of expression as may be found in a woman with the picturesqueness of age, a man comely and vigorous, a girl with Anne Page's "eyes of youth." Mr. Herkomer has a story to tell us—sometimes the story of a life as it is told in portraiture, and he tells it with no absence of ability. But attractive as he well may be, clever as he most surely is, he rarely reaches

exquisiteness; nor is there reason to think that the plate, the needle, and the aquafortis constitute in any special way his proper medium. Still he is a spirited, and can likewise be a graceful, sketcher.

Macbeth's inventive work in etching does not want originality; but it is not the originality of an etcher in method or vision of the world, but rather the originality of his own painted pictures. These, or the effects of them, elaborate and interesting, he reproduces in the print. He deserves to have more said of him, though this is not the moment for saying it.

Mr. Axel Haig, the third of these popular and accepted artists, has no painted pictures by whose method he may be inspired; but his able etchings of architectural subjects are nearly all of them, nevertheless, finished up to the corners. So much is actually set forth, with such elaborate and skilled pains—all the work being perfectly evident, no labor of omission having been undertaken, and little labor of choice—that the imagination of the spectator has hardly a chance of exercising itself; his intelligence is well-nigh a superfluity.

Tissot, too, who may be reckoned in one sense of the English school, aims at the same effect in etching that he would have aimed at in painting a picture.

Mr. Roussel and Mr. Walter Sickert, Dr. Evershed and Mr. Percy Thomas, Mr. Inigo Thomas,

Mr. Cameron, Mr. May, Colonel Goff and Mr. Heseltine—two or three of these men being brilliant amateurs, and not professional artists—are, at least, in the ranks of the true etchers. They cultivate freedom, flexibility and—in its proper measure—swiftness. Theirs, at least, are impressions, powerful or dainty.

Mr. Roussel and Mr. Walter Sickert, and Mr. Menpes, too, have learnt, I suppose, much from the later practice of Whistler, with whom Mr. Percy Thomas, a graceful draughtsman of ancient buildings and the incidents of the river, was used, I think, to be associated. Inigo Thomas is a young architect, whom I most favorably remember by reason of the reticence and delicacy and the discreet grace with which—avoiding wholly the architect's probable fault of displaying only his own professional precision and learning—he indicated, to my joy, a year or two ago, the leading features of this or that church at Poitiers. Mr. May has looked steadily at nature and at Seymour Haden, and more than one of his etchings take one pleasantly away into an English field, in halcyon weather, under the boughs of an oak tree. Of much of these men's work it would be no disagreeable and no unprofitable task to write in greater detail. I must, indeed, crave excuse for the slightness and the inevitable brevity of that which has been said. So much there was to say, so many to speak of—so large a part has England borne in the Revival of Etching.



ROADSIDE TREES. — REDUCED FROM THE ETCHING BY OLIVER HALL.

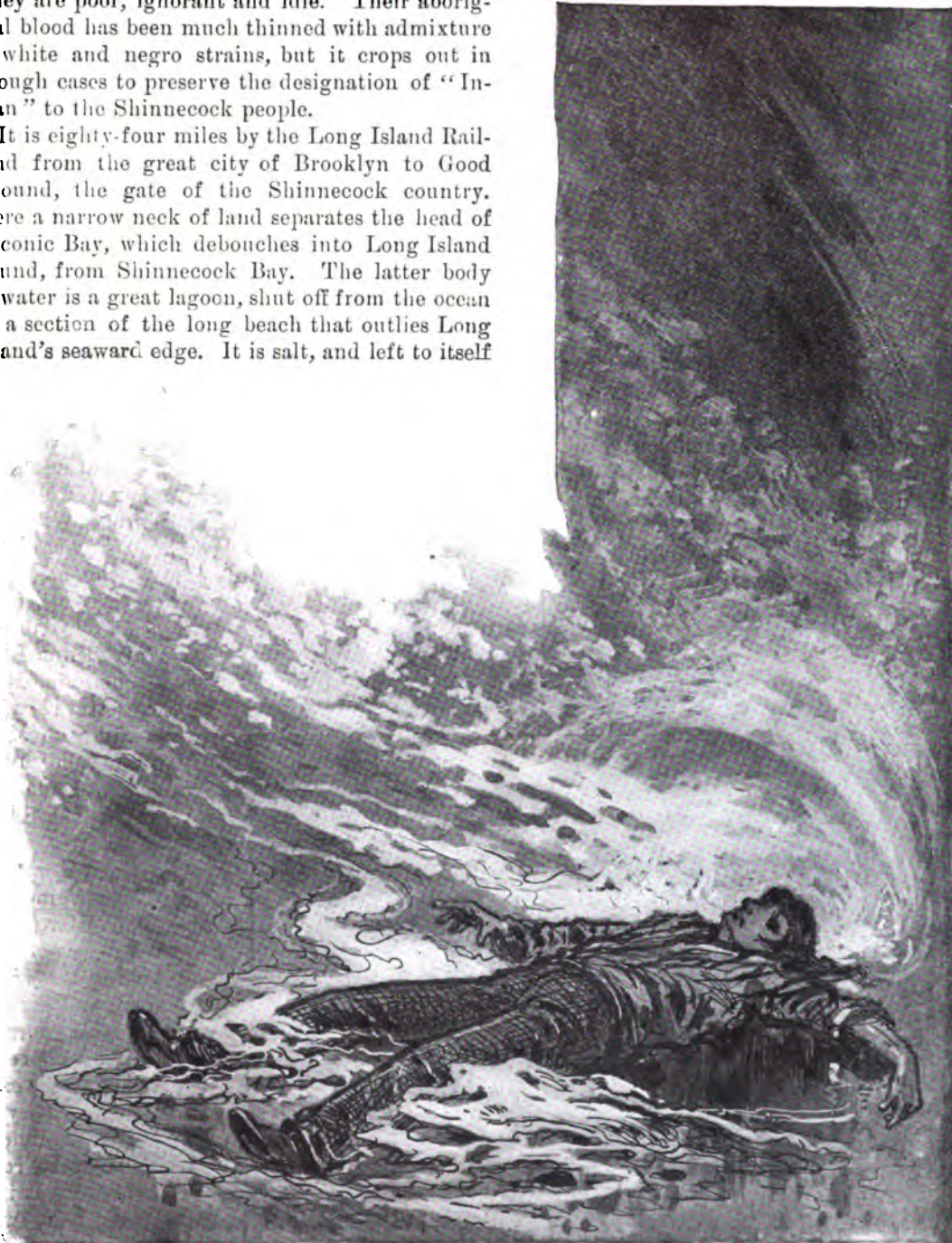
SHINNECOCK SILHOUETTES.

By DON C. SEITZ.

ON the ocean side of Long Island, at the far east end, in a land of mists and moors, live the fragments of an ancient Indian tribe. They have lost their history and have made none. They have not retained a syllable of their language. They are poor, ignorant and idle. Their aboriginal blood has been much thinned with admixture of white and negro strains, but it crops out in enough cases to preserve the designation of "Indian" to the Shinnecock people.

It is eighty-four miles by the Long Island Railroad from the great city of Brooklyn to Good Ground, the gate of the Shinnecock country. Here a narrow neck of land separates the head of Peconic Bay, which debouches into Long Island Sound, from Shinnecock Bay. The latter body of water is a great lagoon, shut off from the ocean by a section of the long beach that outlies Long Island's seaward edge. It is salt, and left to itself

is dead. For two hundred years the inhabitants have tried to keep it connected with the tides by cutting a channel through to the surf, only to have the next southeast storm drift the sand back



THE FATE OF THE SHINNECOCK LIFE SAVERS.



A SHINNECOCK HOMESTEAD.

again. Years ago the struggle was for a time abandoned until the sea by a sudden sweep cut an inlet. The long period of deadness had killed off the fish, clams and oysters which made the bay a mine of wealth for the settlements around its shores, and no thought was given that these might return with the regular flow of the tide. A casual clammer drew his dredge in the bay one day and discovered the richest bed of shellfish

ever known. More than \$100,000 worth was taken before the natural beds were exhausted and the Shinnecock oyster obtained lasting fame among epicures. That so great a source of food supply should be suffered to go to waste for lack of tidal connection aroused enough east-end energy to secure a series of appropriations from the State to cut a canal through at Canoe Place to Peconic Bay, along the line of the old Indian

portage, where the native tribesmen and visitors from Pequod and Narragansett villages, paddling over the sound and up Peconic, made their way to the Shinnecock.

Good Ground was the aboriginal farm land. Here the soil is an oasis of fertile land in the waste of sand, and corn and pumpkins grew in plenty to meet the wants of the savage farmers. Beyond lie the Shinnecock Hills, great, rolling knolls, sweet in the springtime with fern and wild-rose odors, and over



A COMMON SCOLD.

these a road winds down to the reservation. The hills are famous now. Their tops are graced with palaces called cottages. Windmills of ancient form, such as the good knight Don Quixote fought, swing their gaunt arms. A golf link covers acres, where millionaires play that fashionable form of "shinney." Now and then "the horn of the hunter is heard on the hill," and the hounds chase the sly fox to cover. From William M. Chase's Shinnecock art school young painters essay to catch the moods of sea, sky and landscape—here in infinite variety. For Shinnecock shines on the right hand and Peconic on the left, while the dull booming of the sea on the Southampton shore furnishes a ceaseless rhythm. When the mists blow in or a sudden shower falls here is country to breed sentiment and nature worshipping.

Below the palaces are the hovels, and beyond the hovels more palaces, for here on the hills and on the plain of Southampton is a magnificent summer colony, where wealth and art have combined to set their jewels along the gray seashore.

To see Shinnecock aright the day should be dull, with a leaden sky, now and then rifting, and a drizzle to the seaward that the air may be damply laden. The long, flat peninsula then grows into indefiniteness, the scraggy trees become weird and the weather-beaten houses fit better into the landscape. A rickety farm wagon drawn by a mop-maned horse creeps into the view. The man and woman who huddle together on the springless seat are true Shinnecoeks, swarthy and not ill-looking, but sullen and silent. The unpainted houses are patched and propped, weather-beaten and worn. There is no sign of newness save in one of the two churches—for Shinnecock is pious—at times. Great clumps of lilac bushes are in

blossom and scent the stimulating sea air. There is no sunshine. The rumbling of the sea adds to the uncanniness of the scene.

Here now is the heart of the village, if it deserves the name. Men and women cluster idly about the doors of the huts and look suspiciously at the surrey and its occupants—most of all at the baldheaded special artist, who, indeed, is worthy of it. A band of boys from eighteen to three years in age play a confused kind of three old cat until they find themselves watched by visitors and then retreat to more distant ground where the surrey cannot follow. Off, on what seems to be the edge of the sky, a tall, bearded Indian is lazily following a plow drawn by an old mule. The plow scrapes the soil lightly. This is the only sign of labor visible on the reservation. The "sassy" yellow spokesman of a doorway group objects to posing for a sketch.

"Take him," he says, pointing to the plowman. "He's industrious."

"Industry" is a word they have had dinned at them by their white neighbors for so long that it has become offensive. The artist pauses at a



EAST-END "CRAPS."



OVER THE HILLS.



THE ONLY INDUSTRIOUS ONE

picturesque habitation to make a swift sketch. The occupants stare at him a moment and then hastily close the door and shabby shutters. He does not stop. Then the old belgām who is mistress of the manse comes out, and pointing her long, withered forefinger, orders him away. He does not go.

"Some folks," she observes, with supreme sarcasm, "would have the manners to ask leave of other folks before they would stan' aroun' an' make their pictures an' peek into their houses. Go away!" she added, with a sudden scream. "Don't be a-comin' roun' here an' puttin' our pictures in the New York papers!"

Note, then, how the atrocities of illustrated daily journalism have terrorized the simple savage!

Most of the faces have become African through long intermarrying with descendants of the old Long Island slaves, yet types of the true Shinnecock can be found. There stood at the door with the yellow spokesman a tall copper-faced man of thirty, whose athletic figure, high cheek bones and dignity of manner bespoke for him plenty of Indian blood. Some of the women also have preserved the tribal features. Here and there a boy is found with a face that would have delighted Raphael, and over whom even the special artist exhibited emotion.

Yet it is not so long ago that pure bloods were plenty in the tribe. The men were born sailors, and better whalemens never manned a ship. During the forty years' prosperity of the Sag Harbor

and Greenport whalers few ships were without Shinnecocks in their crews. One famous Sag Harbor whaler, the late Captain Hallock, would have no other, and made many voyages with his fore-castle filled with Indians. They were sure-striking harpooners and keen watchers from the masthead for the blowing prey. Their bones lie scattered under the great South Sea, and they journeyed to the coral islands and the beaches of Otaheite. The whalers long since rotted at their wharves, and while a Shinnecock sailor is sometimes to be found, the idleness of the reservation and the spread of the negro blood has ended their adventuring. Yet the listlessness of the tribe has some excuse, for it rests upon a great tragedy which swept away the best of the pure bloods.

On the evening of December 11th, 1876, the British tramp steamship *Circassia* went ashore on the Shinnecock Shoals. Her crew abandoned the ship, but her commander, Captain Williams, stood by and determined to save the vessel. She lay in an easy position, and the Coast Wrecking Company contracted to get her off. The tugs *Relief* and *Cyclops* put a wrecking crew aboard, numbering

with Captain Williams twenty-two men, and in addition to these eleven Shinnecocks, under the lead of Franklin Bunn, were taken on. These were the flower of the tribe. They were everyone more than six feet tall, and were expert seamen. Toward Christmas the weather grew thick, and the sea prophets advised that they abandon the ship. This Captain Williams persistently refused to do, and the mixed crew remained on board. On the morning of the day before Christmas Eve the tugs refused to stand by longer, and sought haven. In a few hours the gale had so increased as to cut off all communication with shore. The inhabitants of Southampton and the entire tribe gathered on the beach in a vain effort to effect a rescue. The life savers were unable to get a line to the ship, and at seven o'clock she was seen to settle suddenly while the mainmast went by the board. Man after man had been washed away, and now the little band of Shinnecocks were seen to cluster in the mizzen rigging, where the icy waves reached up and took them one by one.

The clergyman on the shore who had worked with his neighbors to save them now shouted to



SHINNECOCKS, PAST AND PRESENT—SHOWING THE DECADENCE OF THE RACE.

them through a trumpet to commend their souls to God. Faintly over the roaring sea came in fragments the refrain of the hymn, "What a Friend we have in Jesus!" as a response to this strange shriving. The night came down. Nothing could be seen but foam. Yet again and again the voices of the singers could be heard. At last they were silent. And so there is mourning yet among the tribespeople and the

ing. There are two churches on the reservation —Congregationalist and Second Adventist. The latter is the most popular. It is recorded that once the congregation of the latter put on ascension robes and prepared to go up, when some wicked young men set fire to the underbrush and created the impression that they went *en route* for the other place. Of the 450 acres possessed by the tribe but little is cultivated. They might become prosperous farmers were it not for the exertion required.

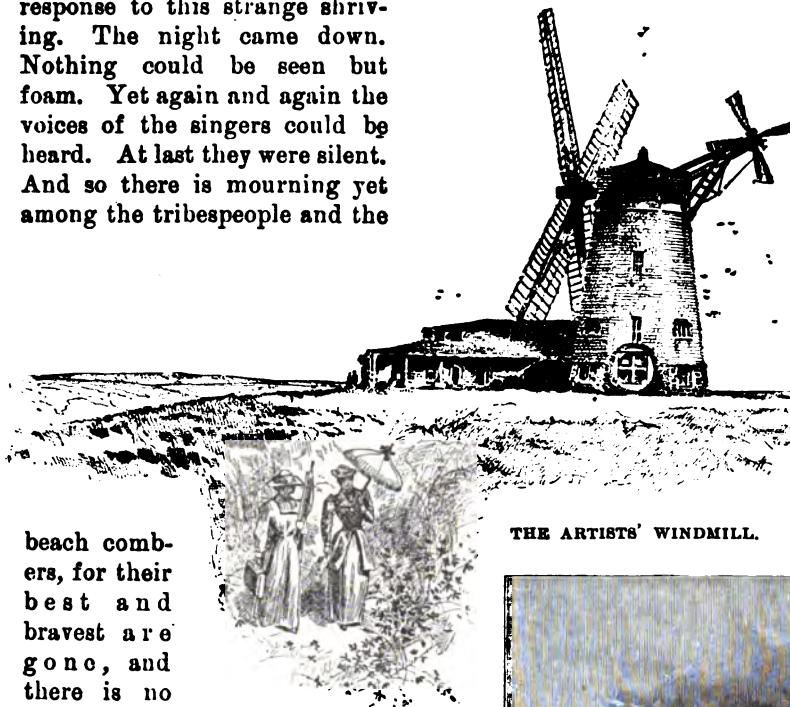
When stout Adrian Block sailed valorously through the seething waters of Hell Gate in 1614 and discovered that Long Island was surrounded by sound and sea there were

beach comb-ers, for their best and bravest are gone, and there is no one to replace them.

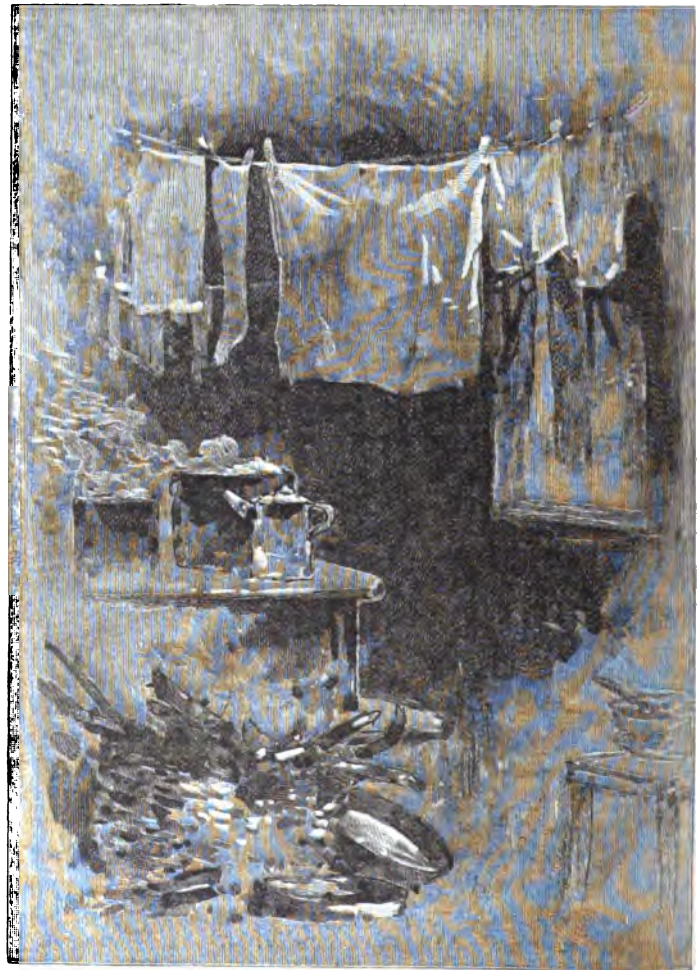
For the Indians have become idlers, and the beach folk no longer follow the sea, but are turning coachmen, gardeners and dependents of the rich in the palaces.

The tragedies of the Southampton and Shinnecock Shoals are too many to narrate. Yet one is worth recording. On the evening of January 16th, 1814, the War of 1812 being then in progress, the British 8-gun sloop of war *Slyph*, of the squadron cruising about the east end, went ashore in a violent snowstorm, and of her crew of 116 men but 5 were saved. Sixty were lost from the maintop as the ship broke in two. Her young commander, Captain Dickens, had just been married.

The tribe has no government of its own, and the Southampton justices of the peace and constables do such ruling as may be required. It is against the law to sell liquor to Indians, but it is sometimes sold them, and outbreaks occur that seldom do more damage than a little head break-



THE ARTISTS' WINDMILL.



A SHINNECOCK INTERIOR.

thirteen aboriginal tribes in existence—the Canarsie, in Kings County; the Rockaway, in what is now Lower Queens County; the Merrick, the Massapequa and Mattinecock, in Upper Queens; the Nissaquogue, the Setauket and Corchaug, along the north shore toward Peconic Bay; the Manhasset, of Shelter Island, and the Patchogue, Shinnecock and Montauk tribes of the east end. When the Shinnecoeks were last counted there were 150 in the tribe—one-third children. A few families of Montauks live on a ten-acre reservation at the Point, and a last little remnant of the Patchogues, called Poosepatucks have a fifty-acre reservation near the mouth of the Mastic River, in the town of Brookhaven. These Indians are all of the Algonquin race, descendants of Mohegans who crossed from the Connecticut shore, just as the white settlers did who have taken their acres.

The shells of the oysters and clams furnished the wampum of Indian commerce, and these Long Island tribes had to pay tribute to the Iroquois, and were much harassed by the mainland tribes.

The early settlers had little cause to fear the Shinnecoeks, and, indeed, did not. Instead, the Indians relied rather upon their white neighbors

to protect them from the fierce Pequods of New England, who took delight in crossing the wide sound and plundering the stores of wampum laid away by the timid fisher natives of the south shore.

When in 1640 the first settlers crossed over from Lyme they began to discipline the Indians. A man named Hammond, who had been cast ashore from a wreck in 1642, was slain by an Indian, whereupon Captain Howe was ordered to arrest the murderer, who resisting, was shot. Restraint was then put upon the tribes. Later they were forbidden to bear arms or to come nearer town than Long Creek, nor were they permitted to "digge for groundnuts on the plain" under penalty of "sitting in ye stocks for ye first fault, and for ye second to be whipped." Fires were set at night by prowling Shinnecoeks, at which the settlement assessed damages against the tribe, and this ended arson as an enterprise for the discouragement of progress. The whaling industry which the Indians had carried on in canoes became a town affair, and the tribe assisted co-operatively and was well rewarded. The sachems of Shinnecock were gravely treated for a time, until rum and civilization robbed them of their dignity.

AN AUTUMN VIEW.

BY EDWARD A. UFFINGTON VALENTINE.

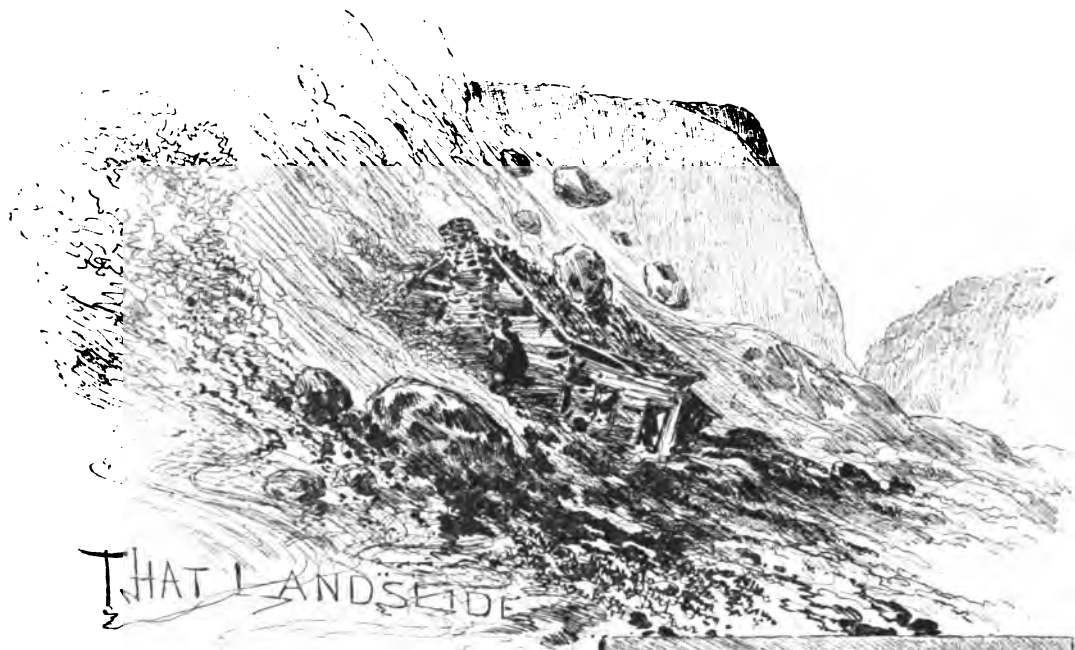
From steaming vales are echoes shrilly borne
Of baying hounds; slowly the mist wreaths creep
Athwart the looming pines of mountain steep,
Which fade like dreams against the laggard morn;
Blithe breaks the sun upon the riny day;
The cloud-flecked air is crystal clear and warm;
While streams flow laughing on their pebbly way,
And leaping trout snap at the insect swarm.

Slow winding o'er the ruddy, fresh-plowed hills,
In clouds of dust, the horses, fading, pass;
The orchard's largess falls upon the grass;
And 'midst the corn the toiler's whistle thrills;
A joyance fills the woodland-girded noon,
And mingles with the golden harvest task;
Yet sadness lurks behind the jocund mask—
Death seems the garner of the autumn's boon.

Rearing their hearselike plumes, the sumac's leaves
Along the roadside wall like balefires burn,
Where asters with the year's grief seem to yearn,
Misty as stars that break on early eves;
And through the air the tricky thistle seed
Drifts by the languid golden-rod's late glow,
Like winged Ariel from bondage freed,
To potent, waving wand of Prospero.

Like youthful memories that faintly call,
The flocking wild geese into distance die,
With hootings shrill, across the lurid sky,
As chills of glimmering twilight early fall;
While from the fields begins the crickets' cheep,
That hold 'mid death and blight a dreary wake;
And through their sibilation, harshly deep,
The morbid croakings of the toad break.

Looming through mist, the spectral corn stacks rise,
Where lie the scattered pumpkins, nipped with cold;
And like a gnome that guards his lumps of gold,
The half-hid moon stares with bleary, ruddy eyes;
And in the wood a night wind faintly grieves,
Scattering with fitful hand the leafage sear;
Then suddenly alive, the heaping leaves
Rush down the road from frenzied dream of fear.



BY WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

JOB TEEMAN was a section boss on the East Tennessee Railroad and had charge of the Wiassee River trestle, that began not more than a hundred yards from his own house, which nestled under a range of high bluffs just beyond a deep cut through which ran the road. Between his front door and the foot of the bluff ran the double tracks.

It had been raining for a week or more. The earth was spongy with accumulated moisture.

"There was another landslide yesterday down below Sweetwater," remarked Job to his thirteen year-old son Robin, who was making a ball bat by the fireplace.

Job was a widower, and Rob did the housework after a fashion that occasionally made his father think of marrying again.

"These red Tennessee hills do beat the nation for slippin' and slidin' when they get good and wet," said Rob, at the same time holding up his bat. "Say, pa, have I got it smooth enough?"

"I reckon," returned Job, in an absent way, as he walked to the door and took a final look at the weather.

The outlook was not encouraging that night. Overhead, the atmosphere was a mass of impalpable blackness, out of which a thin rain was drizzling down. From the direction of the trestle came a low roaring as of wind and water. The river was out of its banks, and flooding the near-



"SINKING UPON HIS HANDS AND KNEES, HE BEGAN A LABORIOUS CRAWL."

by marshes that ranged for a mile or more above and below.

Presently Job returned to his seat by the fire. Rob got up and placed his bat in the corner. About this time a curious grinding sound began to be heard, up in the air and above the house roof, apparently.

"What can that be? I——," began Job, but his query was never finished.

The dull rumbling ended in a crash. Something struck the front and roof of the little house, crushing it in as if it were an eggshell. The light went out. Job, in trying to rise, was hurled under a table and pinned there by a mass of falling *débris*. Then, as the jar and uproar ceased, he was conscious of a sharp pain in one leg, be-

sides sundry other aches and bruises. There was darkness everywhere. Upon his upturned face the rain was sifting.

"Where are you, pa?" exclaimed Rob, in anxious, terrified tones. "Did you get hurt?"

"Seems like my leg must be broke!" groaned Job. "But mebbe it's only twisted. I told the superintendent last month that blamed shoulder of bluff would be down on us sooner or later."

"Is this you, pa?" inquired Rob, who was close beside his crippled parent now. "I just know you're hurt, for I heard you groan."

"I'm here, child; but if you can pull some of this trash away I will manage somehow. The tracks must be kivered up for a good piece. Hit's a landslide, and a bad one, too, I fear."

"Well, pa," said Rob, who was frantically tugging at the house boards and other litter piled confusedly over the table, "let me get you out first. Then we will see."

"There, boy; you've done enough. I can crawl out now, I reckon. There's the No. 4 express. She's due over at Loudon at 'leven-fifteen. I noticed the clock just afore the slide came, and it was nearly half-past ten."

"Can't we signal?" asked Rob.

"I'm afraid not. I know the lanterns must be broke. We can never find them in the dark under all this ruin. Do you know where the matches were? I hain't got one about me."

But no matches could be found; neither were the lanterns to be had. Both were doubtless buried under tons of earth and the wreck of the house. It seemed like a miracle that either father or son had escaped death.

"Lordy me!" groaned Job. "Hit's an awful sitation for me and you to be in."

He had with Rob's assistance pulled himself from under the table, but he could not walk.

"I'm all crippled up," he faltered. "I don't see no way but for you to go yourself, Rob."

"Where to, pa?"

"Over to Loudon. Some one has got to get there to let them know. Didn't I tell you the express is nearly due? She mustn't run into this here bank of earth while me or you can crawl."

"But the trestle. Hit'll have to be crossed, and no lantern."

"You must feel your way, Rob," said the father, as if the boy already understood the peril and the stern necessity of the task ahead. "God forgive me for sending you, Rob—it's a cruel task; but there's no other way to stop that train, being we are the only house this side the trestle within a mile."

Rob hesitated but for an instant. Would it be right for him to leave his injured father thus,

even to secure the safety of others? But Job decided the matter at once.

"Rob," said he, "you ain't hardly got more than time to make it to Loudon afore she'll be due. If you don't put out right straight I—I'll have to whip ye when I get about again."

"I'm going, pa."

Rob stooped and wrung his father's hand, then darted away, half checking a sob that struck a remorseful echo in Job's heart.

"Lord have mercy if I am doing wrong!" he ejaculated. "I couldn't begin to make the trip in time myself in the fix I'm in."

As the lad clambered over the small mountain of earth under which, fathoms deep, lay the railroad track, he saw that his father's judgment was right. Loudon must be reached somehow. Many lives might be lost should the train crash into the mighty mass of earth that barred the way.

The darkness was such that Rob kept himself between the rails only by the sense of touch. Slowly he felt his way until the air, blowing up from below, made him aware that he was at the beginning of the trestle. Then, sinking upon his hands and knees, he began a laborious crawl that must not even slacken until he should feel the welcome pressure of the earth upon the other side.

Would he have time to reach Loudon before the express? The fear and suspense were harder to bear than the growing sense of fatigue. Loose logs were bumping against the piling below, jarring the structure fearfully. The river being out of banks, timber from the mountains was scattered wide over the submerged bottoms, instead of passing through the open space that spanned the channel, where was an iron-girdered bridge.

Suppose an unbroken raft were to be hurled by the turbid current against the trestle? Rob could only surmise the possible consequences, but the fear inspired thereby spurred him to renewed efforts.

He reached the bridge, toiled wearily across, and began to tread the long stretch of trestle on the other side. The unseen waters below dashed heavily against the piling. Rob's clothing hung coldly to his now chilled limbs, for he was wet through. The rough ties chafed his hands and knees, and his strength was waning fast.

Should the express pass Loudon before he could reach the end of the trestle Rob doubted if he could avoid being run over. For his life he could not remember which track it would take, so greatly had his anxious fears benumbed his faculties.

All at once he felt a heavier jar than usual,

that was accompanied by a grinding noise and a swaying of the trestle. Something had happened behind, he hardly dared surmise what. But a burning conviction that he must hurry on at all hazards kept him from giving way utterly.

"I must not fail," he whispered to himself. "I must get there in time—somehow."

* * * * *

Job lay upon his side for many minutes after Rob had gone. Then he sat up and stared into the blackness, in the direction of the roaring river, until his eyes ached. He might as well have tried to look through a stone wall. The intensity of the darkness rather appalled him as he began to think less reassuringly of the difficulties in Rob-in's way. He thought of his boy's tender years, of the natural terrors of such a journey at such a time, with the terrible consequences of failure staring down childish resolution and aggravating premonitory fears.

The father's anxiety grew to be unendurable. He reproached himself anew for sending Rob away. What was the safety of other lives to him, compared with the welfare of his only child? And he had even threatened to punish Rob if the lad failed to go!

Job, under the stimulus of his fears, managed to drag himself to the railroad track; then he began to crawl along between the rails, without any set purpose in view other than by exertion to ease his mind a little. Ordinarily the pain of his sprained limb would have kept him still, but now he could no longer remain still. Rob must have been gone a good while, he thought. Had he succeeded in crossing?

But while Job painfully crawled and groaned a great light suddenly shot into view from round the curve this side of Loudon.

"Great God!" gasped he, heedless of his pains or his possible danger as the great glare of the engine slowly deepened and widened as it approached. "Hit's the train!"

Where could Rob be? He certainly could not have arrived in time to give the warning. With this cruel conviction fresh upon him he again reached forth his hands along the ties and grasped—the empty air.

Job recovered his balance with difficulty. He

felt once more with greater caution, then drew back, his flesh creeping under the thrill of this new horror. Part of the trestle had evidently been carried away.

"Hit's them log rafts as has done this," he thought, while a cold sweat prickled upon his brow. "And there's the train a-coming. What can have happened up with Rob?"

Job lay prostrate upon the remaining ties, his ears throbbing with sullen jars and the angry wash of waves. His child—where was he? There was the fated train rushing upon its doom, while he lay there helpless. He attempted to cry out a warning, but the fierce wind swept his feeble tones down the river. Then all the father in him cried out against himself, in that he had, so to speak, driven his boy to a possible death amid the terrors and dangers of that wild night.

"Rob! Rob!" he groaned, incapable of saying more.

The advancing glare suddenly resolved itself into myriads of dancing lights, then he drifted into obliviousness.

* * * * *

"Pa!—oh, pa! Can't some one bring him to? I don't see how he come to fall off."

"Bless your eyes, boy, he'll come to in a minute! I can feel his heart a-beating."

As Job Teeman opened his eyes his first words were:

"Where's Rob? Where's my boy?"

But Rob was already hugging his father in an ecstasy of relief. Then the section boss inquired after the train.

"I got to Loudon just in time, pa," said Rob. "Then, when I told them about the slide and you, these men put me in the engine cab and felt their way down here. I told them something must have given away behind me; so we got the station master's boat and got here just as you fell from the trestle on to these here logs. Ain't we been lucky all round?"

They took Job over to the engine, while Rob hung over him solicitously. Five minutes later they were in the station at Loudon, surrounded by a wondering and grateful crowd of passengers from the rescued train. Little Rob, of course, was the hero of the hour.

GERONIMO.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

THE name of the most terrible tribe of Indians that ever lived suggests that of their fearful leader Geronimo. He is the son of Mangus Colorado, one of the worst miscreants known in the history of the American race. In all our wars with the aborigines there is much to be said on the side of the latter. As a rule, they are the aggrieved parties and have suffered injustice from the very first settlement of our country. General Crook's wonderful success in civilizing, as well as subduing the Apaches is incontrovertible proof of what can be done with the red men by those who thoroughly understand their nature and who are governed by a sentiment of honor, truth, and a firmness that is kind while stern.

But of the father of Geronimo I am sorry to say I have nothing good to tell. He was what is known as a Warm Spring Indian, and was bad "clean through." He had no grievance against the whites, but went on his frightful raids from sheer viciousness. He was as ferocious as a wild beast, and boasted that he had never been beaten and never would be. He devastated a large extent of territory, killing settlers, raiding ranches and running off cattle. At last he was shot while on one of his fierce forays, and left his well-trained son to follow in his footsteps.

Chato, whose name figured prominently in the wars in Arizona, is a cousin of Geronimo. When the Chiricalhuas took the war path in the early spring of 1883 the band of twenty-six were under the leadership of Chato, who was a young, daring and bright warrior. They left a trail like that of the cyclone, destruction and death marking their whole course. Finding themselves hotly pursued by troops and enraged citizens, they rode their horses till exhausted, then stole fresh ones, and by forcing them to the utmost and replacing them again with new ones they covered seventy-five miles a day or more, leaving their pursuers hopelessly behind. Then, too, they were perfectly familiar with the country and easily dodged those that were hunting them.

On this raid Chato lost only two men: one was shot and the other deserted, going to the military and offering to act as a guide in running down his late companions. Crook's pursuit was remarkably successful, he delivering one of the worst blows the Apaches had ever received. He took numerous prisoners, but treated them kindly, encouraged them to work, helped them in every way possible, and with a success that was as marked as gratifying to every lover of human-

ity. For two years peace and prosperity reigned in Arizona.

It is not necessary to dwell here upon the trouble that followed. The Chiricalhuas became uneasy, seeing the lack of agreement among the officials. While three-fourths of them were willing to stay, under the advice of Chato, who had become a good Indian, the rest, led by Geronimo and Nachez, and numbering one hundred and twenty-four of all ages and both sexes, decamped from the San Carlos Reservation, May 17th, 1885, and headed for the Sierra Madre Mountains.

A dispatch was sent at once to General Crook, but the wires were in such a poor condition that it never reached him. Geronimo and his party traveled 120 miles before camping. The cavalry lost no time in pursuing them, but never got near enough to fire a shot. The pursuit was continued for hundreds of miles, but despite every possible energy it failed, and the whole party got safely away.

Now that the time had come for action, General Crook moved with his usual promptness. His pursuit was matchless in its way, though accompanied by the lamentable death of Captain Crawford. Geronimo was corraled and held a prisoner one night, when he escaped again. Some nights later the daring fellow stole into camp with four warriors, and seizing a white woman, threatened to kill her unless she pointed out the tent of his wife. She complied, whereupon he released her, darted into the tent, caught his marital partner, and was off again before anyone knew what was going on.

Captain H. W. Lawton, Fourth Cavalry, took the field with his command, May 25th, 1885. Our treaty with Mexico allowed the forces of either country to pursue these marauders across the boundary line whenever necessary, and Captain Lawton expected to work almost entirely in Mexico. Instead of all remaining beyond the boundary, however, Geronimo's band broke up in small parties and began their outrages in Southwestern Arizona and Northwestern Sonora. This obliged Captain Lawton to follow the raiding party. His force consisted of thirty-five men of Troop B, Fourth Cavalry, twenty Indian scouts, twenty men of Company D, Eighth Infantry, and two pack trains.

The pace of the pursuers was a killing one for men and animals, for only by forcing them to the utmost limit of endurance could anything be accomplished. It was necessary in June to replace

the first detachments of scouts and infantry with fresh ones. Early in July the hostiles had been driven southeast of Oposura, but before this was accomplished Lawton's men had traveled well nigh two thousand miles, surprised the Apaches once and forced them three times to abandon their camps.

"Every device known to the Indians," says Captain Lawton, "was practiced to throw me off the trail, but without avail. My trailers were good, and it was soon proved that there was not a spot the enemy could reach where security was assured."

The tremendous work of June used up the cavalry, and a fresh start was made the following month with only infantry and Indian scouts.

Assistant Surgeon Leonard Wood, at his request, was given the command of the infantry, while Lieutenant Brown had charge of the scouts. A charge into the hostile camp secured the animals and baggage, but the nimble warriors slipped away.

The hardships and suffering of our men were fearful. The country was very rugged, the temperature like that of an oven, and the rain descended almost every night. When only fourteen men of the infantry were left fit for duty—and they were barefooted—they were returned to the supply camp, while the cavalry, under

Lieutenant A. L. Smith, who had just joined the troop, continued the campaign. In the preceding April General Miles had succeeded General Crook, who was relieved at his own request of the command of the department.

The pursuers were obliged to send their horses around through gaps in the mountains while they kept to the direct trail, climbing one side and sliding down the other. Lieutenant Brett once kept this up for twenty-six hours, without intermission, during which time the temperature stood above a hundred degrees, and for eighteen hours he was unable to find a drop of water. Scout Eduard rode a single horse almost five hundred miles in less than seven days and nights.

General Miles's concise order was, "Commanding officers are expected to continue a pursuit until capture, or until they are assured a fresh com-

mand is on the trail." The hunt was taken up in succession by twenty-five different commands or detachments, representing four different regiments. Geronimo and Nachez had never encountered anything like it before. It was something altogether new in their experience, and convinced them that their only hope was in getting out of Arizona as quickly as possible. Accordingly, they headed for the Sierra Madres in Mexico, well aware that, once among those fastnesses, they had nothing to fear from the whole United States Army.

The pursuit grew hotter than ever, and was kept up for two hundred miles more, when Captain Lebo, of the Tenth Cavalry, brought the hostiles to bay, just within the confines of Mex-

ico. During the sharp fight which followed, Corporal Scott lay helpless from a wound under a deadly fire from the Apaches. Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke, just from West Point and on his first war trail, as may be said, ran out at the peril of his life, lifted the body of the veteran from the ground, and carried it to a place of safety. Sergeant Adams and Packer Bowman did a similar service for a private, but he was killed while they were bearing him off.

Captain Lawton's turn now came again, and he and his command went at it like so many blood-



GERONIMO.

hounds. With all his marvelous cunning, endurance and daring, Geronimo could not shake him off. The trail was like that of a serpent, winding in and out and repeatedly crossing itself among the mountains and cañons of Sonora. One hundred, then two hundred miles were hurried over, and Geronimo and his band were still flying, doubling and turning, and making the most desperate attempts to throw their pursuers of the scent. But all in vain. Captain Lawton meant to run down the hostiles if he had to chase them clean across old Mexico to the Pacific Ocean.

The amazing race continued until a point was reached three hundred miles south of the United States boundary. At last Geronimo and his seemingly tireless Apaches were worn out. They could go no further, and were in that fierce mood when they were ready to turn and fight to the last.

In this crisis Lieutenant C. B. Gatewood, of the Sixth Cavalry, at the imminent peril of his life, rode unattended into the hostile camp, met Geronimo face to face and demanded his surrender. The terrible chief was conquered at last. He saw what was inevitable, and sullenly answered that he would submit.

It was almost at the same time that the four hundred Warm Spring and Chiricahua Apaches at Fort Apache, who were on the point of taking the war path, were removed eastward.

Now that Geronimo and his band were secure once more there was but one thing to do. As long as they were in confinement, no matter how close, anywhere in Arizona, or, indeed, in the Southwest, no settler or ranchman felt safe, for there was no saying when the whole party would break loose and resume their scenes of violence. This result must be made impossible. The remedy adopted, therefore, was a radical one.

Geronimo with sixteen warriors, including the leading chiefs, was sent to Fort Pickens, Fla., and the others were forwarded to their relatives at Fort Marion, St. Augustine. The captives, on

account of their health, were removed, May 1st, 1887, to Mount Vernon, Ala. Soon afterward Geronimo and his few companions joined them.

The Apache prisoners now at Mount Vernon include one hundred and thirty children, one hundred women, and eighty men. They are engaged in various industrial pursuits. In October, 1888, through the kind offices of the Boston Citizenship Committee, a school was opened, the War Department putting up the building and the committee furnishing the teachers. The Indians at first showed an aversion to the scheme, for the Apache is devotedly attached to his children, and a hundred of their brightest ones had been sent to Carlisle a short time before. They feared that the step was preliminary to removing the little ones to the same place. General Howard visited them the following spring and convinced them that nothing of the kind was intended. Then they accepted the situation with the delight of the children themselves.

At the opening of the school the chief usher was no less a personage than our old enemy and present friend, Geronimo.

CRIMELAND, AND A VOYAGE THITHER.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY A. OAKLEY HALL.

AS WILL be seen by the map, Crimeland is an island, crooked in shape and characteristically and extendedly indented with curves, shallows and bays. No cliffs or precipitous heights fence in its shores, which are indeed too easy of access. It is bounded by the Ocean of Selfishness: for all crime springs from preference of self over love for neighbor. Upon its westward boundary flows Temptation Channel, wherein the waves are always calm and inviting of temperature at all seasons of the year. This channel separates Crimeland from the great Continent of Good Intentions—the land of happiness and virtue—and over the smooth waters of that narrow channel the voyage or trip to Crimeland is a very short one.

As one stands at the point of the land of Good Intentions distinguishable on the map the prospect that Crimeland presents on the horizon is exceedingly alluring. Across the channel on the opposite shore stretch the Vice Plantations, that at all seasons are rich and fragrant with every kind of enticing fruit and flowers, which are sedulously cultivated by inhabitants whose extreme

care is to gratify in all respects the idiosyncrasies of passengers from the adjacent continent who may have crossed Temptation Channel.

Let us suppose that an adventurous and restless denizen of the continent determines, like a Stanley, to explore the to him unknown Crimeland; and not alone for his own curiosity, but for the benefit of all the inhabitants of his own land of Good Intentions. At the point the tourist would find many exiles and old inhabitants of Crimeland eager with large or small craft to ferry him across—for it is a peculiarity of the dwellers in Crimeland to be in a sense hospitable, and eager to attract foreigners to their own habitations and to naturalize them. It is the nature of Crimelanders to encourage immigration; and the tourist in question may be well assured at the start that he can enter Crimeland without a passport, and without any of those technicalities or inquiries which assail immigrants who seek the United States of North America through Ellis Island.

When we arrive at the intended embarkation the day is so pleasant and the waters before us are

so tranquil that we readily accept the invitation of the first offering boatman to take us across. We discover that the other end of the ferry is in Vice Plantations, and that there are two conspicuous landing places—one known as Point Gambling and the other as Port Alcohol; yet it is unimportant at which one the passengers may first land, because the two are connected by a broad walk delightfully shaded, and generally crowded by the residents thereabout of both sexes.

At last we embark. Ah, what pleasant breezes sweep toward the opposite shores! How pellucid are the waves beneath our boat! Not those that washed the shores round which Ulysses sped to the languid music of Sirens were more calm and entrancing. The sparkling sands which we are approaching seem to have magnetic influence amid them, attracting our boat and accelerating our speed. At length we are at the landing stage of Port Alcohol. Our progress has been heralded. Bands of music are heard. Gayly dressed barmaids are playing on castanets; and confused huzzas greet our approach from company after company of men who bear banners inscribed, "Sons of Bacchus."

We land, and the first greeting we hear is, "Have you money?" Of course, like good travelers and explorers, we have all that is needful; and we are escorted into a magnificently appointed saloon where all varieties of wines and spirits are to be found. When it is ascertained by our newly found friends that we are intending to fully explore Crimeland we are assured that the first step toward its accomplishment is to "smile."

We have on landing engaged a courier or guide, who is to accompany us, and who assures us that, having long ago graduated from many universities of Crimeland called prisons, he is *au fait* with all the patois of Crimeland, and is especially knowing of its principal tongue, that is lingually known as "slang" and sometimes as "argot." Our courier now assures us that the word "smile" means to take a drink, and that libations of alcohol are indispensable to a thorough pilgrimage of Crimeland—indeed, that hard drinkers accomplish journeys to its extremities quicker than can be accomplished by those who do not thirst for strong potations. But notwithstanding these inducements and persuasions we are too fresh from the customs of our own continent to readily yield to the unknown quantity; and in our algebra of travel we figure out a negative "Z" against possible X-cess.

Being at last relieved of importunities, we ask our courier to pilot us about the Vice Plantations. He does so, and we are introduced to

opium joints, to *maisons de plaisance*, to "dives," to cockpits, to prize rings and other hothouses in which vice is conserved and transplanted, and which skirt the broad walk leading toward Point Gambling, which at length we reach, wearied, dispirited and disgusted—indeed, more than ever believers in the couplet much quoted on our own continent:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

As I murmur the quotation to my fellow tourist our courier, who had been before his frequent travels in Crimeland a man of education and fine lineage, added, "And, sir, the next two lines of the poet are in my experience true as any gospel:

"Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Its author was, indeed, a Pope among poets." The courier's face saddens a bit as he subsides into silence.

He soon escorts us through the gambling hells that hereabout abound—hells where faro, poker and roulette are played, and many minor games wherein skill is bartered for money. He calls our attention in one place to a group, and bids us observe the faces of it, adding, "For doubtless in our travels you will meet and recognize them again in other parts of Crimeland. They are new arrivals and have already succumbed to the allurements of the Vice Plantations, and have bathed in the waters of the Channel of Temptation."

Our courier next escorts us to a neighboring cemetery. "Ah!" he says, as we enter the gates, "Crimeland abounds with graveyards and morgues. Its cities of the dead are frightfully numerous. But this cemetery of Point Gambling carries with its existence the saddest of memories, for every corpse beneath this surrounding turf is of a suicide—crazed, let us indulgently assume, by losses."

We noticed that the houses all about presented a curious variety of stately mansions and poverty-stricken habitations, side by side. The former, as we discovered, were the mansions of the bankers, proprietors and bunco steerers; while the latter were the abodes of victims and their wretched families. The inhabitants encountered were at one in facial lines and wrinkles of anxiety—even as to those who had prosperous looks; but some were in features so woe-begone and so stolid of eyes, and the women and children were so red of eyelids, that we hurried hastily by.

The next stage of progress was to retrace our steps in order to reach the adjacent county, that bore the name of Misdemeanor, and which was

entered by easy, winding paths leading from the Vice Plantations, and that was bounded by the Estuary of Falsehood. These paths we found to be skirted by attractive shrubs and flowering plants. Among these the cactus and prickly pear abounded, with poisonous anemone of all hues; and the peculiarity of the cactus was, that, although the sharp points of the leaves were visible, they did not seem to severely wound the hand that first touched them. The inhabitants of the new county that we had entered were called misdemeanants, as our courier informed us; and unless they took to fishing in the neighboring Estuary of Falsehood, or in Bad Company Bay beyond it, they were not likely to come to more than temporary grief in existence. We noticed that there were looks of apprehension on the countenances of the inhabitants whom we encountered. Most of them had passed their younger days among the Vice Plantations that we had recently quitted.

Curiosity tempted us, on the Misdemeanor shore, to take boat and sail over the estuary and bay just mentioned. But their waters were darkened by cuttlefish, and occasionally there would arise to the surface a flying swordfish, and smaller of the finny tribe, all forbidding in appearance.

"Do the inhabitants attempt to catch such fish?" I inquired of our courier.

"Ay, indeed; and let me tell you these make very attractive morsels. Perhaps you will say the palates of the feasters must first be vitiated, but visitors and dwellers in the Vice Plantations soon lose delicacy of taste and digestion. Unhappily, I myself years ago ate of the fish netted in these black waters and found them pleasant. But would that I had never crossed Bad Company Bay! And yet, and yet," he philosophically concluded, "if I never had crossed I would not have been competent to guide you over Crimeland." After a few moments of dejected reflection, as we paced the black sands of the bay shore, he added: "And now we will take railway across the island and visit the Province of Theft."

Alas! we found this railway to be an expedition one from the Bay of Bad Company to that province, and the distance is not great.

Our first stopping place was in the district named Embezzlement, after we had passed rapidly through several substations in its area, named Breach of Trust, False Entries and Doctored Accounts. Here we took dinner and walked about after pleasant *chasse café*. We encountered many moody men; but for that matter nearly all of the inhabitants and fellow passengers of Crimeland we had already encountered were moody. I doubt not that Crimeland's continuous hazy atmosphere inspires the feeling.

"Nearly all of these inhabitants," our courier remarked, "are emigrated bookkeepers or bank officers. This District of Embezzlement shows in its census return thousands of them. I have often conversed with them, and oddly enough each of them is fond of repeating an old Latin maxim of 'Obsta principiis,' that, freely translated, signifies, as an injunction, 'Resist beginnings.'"

Another embezzler quoted to me the maxim "Le premier pas qui coute" as applicable to his peculiar embrace of crimes. To each and all hope told a flattering tale with the first suggestion of using money not his own in expectation of being able to replace it.

From the Embezzlement station the railway ran at a sharp angle of descent into the Province of Theft, and the ride was again expeditiously accomplished. Our courier, who had evidently been a classic wag, here again quoted another maxim as illustrative of the rapidity of descent in this part of Crimeland, "Facilis descensus Averni." Upon arriving at this province he cautioned us to be careful of our pocketbooks, watches and scarf pins, for the inhabitants not only preyed upon the property of each other, but made special depredations upon the belongings of travelers and strangers. At the station named Petit Larceny we made the acquaintance of a missionary who had been brave enough to enter the Province of Theft in hopes to at least modify the predatory instincts of its inhabitants. I found the reverend gentleman to be a true philosopher and a deep student of human nature. One epigrammatic remark of his I made note of in my diary, thus: "The people of this province have an idol that they call Meum, and that they slavishly worship to a perpetual adoration, while they have another image which they name Tuum, and which is a constant object for their attack. The propensity for appropriating the property of each other in a furtive manner is mainly hereabout an inheritance. I have been able to trace the propensity to theft in some resident families here back through generations. In the majority of instances there is the motive of individual gain; and yet in some instances I have discovered that their thefts were entirely motiveless, and not through motives of interest. Such thieves are by a custom of the country named kleptomaniacs."

Our reverend acquaintance, as he walked with us around the Province of Theft, called attention to the prevailing narrowness of the foreheads of the inhabitants, and to the extreme delicacy of their fingers. He guided us to a suburb of the principal city, that was named Fenceville. We were informed that its residents devoted themselves entirely to the purchase of stolen property,

and that the name of the suburb was due to the fact that a trafficker in stolen property was in the patois of the province called a "fence."

"Although a historian named Dickens," observed the missionary, "who had once visited the province in company with a youth named Oliver Twist, had given these receivers the sobriquet of Faginities."

In fact, we now found the experience of our reverend friend so valuable, and his views so accurate and interesting, that we begged him to join our party in further explorations through Crimeland, which he had previously traveled over. He cheerfully consented, and to the delight of our courier, who at once saw that the association would tend to lighten his own labors.

At his suggestion we rambled toward a seaport known as Port Pickpocket, and there took a tugboat, crossing False Pretense Bay, and soon arrived at a coast settlement known as Cape Burglary. Its inhabitants were the most picturesque we had as yet encountered. All wore crape masks, carried lanterns and were shod with the thinnest and softest of footwear, while they carried small pistols in their belts and curious tools nicknamed "jimmies." They possessed the eyes of owls, which our guide explained arose from their fondness for darkness and avoidance of daylight.

Next pedestrianizing inland, we entered the Plains of Conspiracy. The places we here visited were inhabited by persons who invariably moved in groups, and who, we noticed, conversed with each other in whispers. Their looks and movements were airy, their countenances shrewd, and general appearance such as to eminently inspire confidence and belief in their sincerity of motive and action. They are known to books as conspirators.

On the northern border of these plains we came upon a large lake, the waters of which were of what is known in the nomenclature of the arts as ink. "Yonder," said our courier, pointing across the inky water to distant hills which presented the appearance of cliffs composed of the whitest paper, "lies a province of Crimeland that is named Forgery. It is so full of thickets, labyrinths and mazes that I fancy it will not advantage us to explore it."

"I also have visited it," said our reverend ally, "and I can vouch for its dangerous neighborhoods. Its ruler is a shrewd, conscienceless man known as Jim the Penman. His constituents are experts in the art of simulating autographs and in making false money and coin. They form an ingenious race and have a peculiar literature of their own. But they are as deceitful and treacherous as they are clever at invention. Their

principal building is the University of Chirography, whereat degrees are conferred under the literal style of E.P.—meaning experts in penmanship who devote themselves to travel in foreign countries, making a living by becoming witnesses in actions at law regarding the handwriting of foreign litigants. I think we will elude the forgers, and instead of visiting them, let us journey to the Cities of Perjury, that lie to the eastward of this province.

"We have already navigated," continued our courier, "the Estuary of Falsehood. It was from its shores that many years ago a tribe of falsifiers emigrated westward in Crimeland and founded these cities, which have marvelously increased in size and population."

In due time our party came in sight of them. A curious mirage hung about the distant pinacles; and specious breezes seemed wafted from their direction. As we entered one of the gates the courier pointed out a large bronze statuary group representing large, stalwart men bearing in their arms two corpses. One was of a beautifully molded woman, and the other of a sinewy man whose face the artist had cast in an expression of horror.

"This bit of statuary," began our reverend companion, "is much prized by the perjurious citizens hereabout. They erected it long ago in honor of the tenets they profess, and on stated days they are accustomed to crown the work with laurel—expressive of their admiration for the cause in which the woman and the man died, and who are regarded hereabout as world-renowned martyrs to perjury. The bronze group represent the fate of a couple named Ananias and Sapphira, whose story of perjury has become famous since its relation by St. Peter in the Jerusalem of eighteen centuries ago. Ananias and Sapphira are the very patron spirits of the Cities of Perjury we are now visiting."

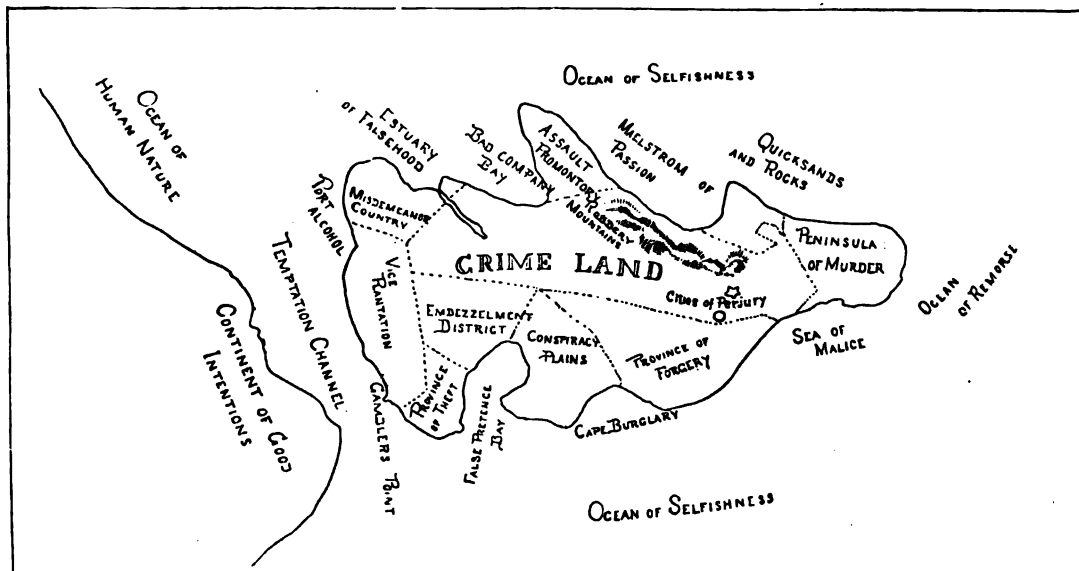
We made a thorough examination of the cities. The principal business seemed to consist of manufactures of depositions and affidavits, which were to be purchased at all prices. In some quarters the inhabitants were weak-minded in looks; while in other quarters they seemed alert, intellectual and cunning. They had the uniform characteristic of twitching eyelids.

As we stood one afternoon in the twilight—there is only twilight, by the way, in the Cities of Perjury—on an acclivity that was named Mount Affirmation, the courier pointed to some mountain peaks rising in the dim distance—Sierra-Madrelake—mountains of forbidding aspect; and he announced that our next journey would be thitherward. After much fatigue these were reached.

and proved to be known as Robbery Mountains, infested by bravoos and bandits who made incursions thence in search of plunder.

"We are now approaching the zone of violence that stretches across the northern and frigid portion of Crimeland," said the courier. "In its parlance robbery is theft when accompanied with violence as a necessary adjunct to result. I shall not, for safety's sake, escort you among these mountaineers; but from the high peak on which we are now standing I direct your attention to yonder Promontory of Assault, from whence the mountaineers are constantly recruited. It contains a Volcano of Passion, and much of its lava, falling into the sea beyond, has made a maelstrom, also called the Maelstrom of Passion, and bubbling in the neighboring direction of the Prov-

our reverend associate. "I have at times journeyed through it as a missionary, mainly endeavoring to keep the inhabitants from plunging into the Sea of Remorse; yet with, I fear, ill success. I think we will end our exploration here, and not venture into the ill-fated and inhospitable climate of that Peninsula of Murder. Some of the dwellers are full maniacs. It is a perpetual sadness to me as missionary to find that, notwithstanding the great fertility of the cemeteries which we have passed throughout our travels, the population of Crimeland, by nativities and immigration, is so constantly on the increase. As you have already ascertained, Crimeland is a colony attached to the continent to which we all rightfully belong. Its King, who bears the name of Justitia, aided by his Parliament of Law and Order—two mighty bodies



ince of Manslaughter—where reside inhabitants addicted to homicide committed under the inspiration of Passion, and without the malice that comes from the Sea, which by the map you can perceive washes on one side the adjacent Peninsula of Murder, which forms the extremity of this island of Crimeland; and which peninsula on the other side is surrounded by terrible quicksands and rocks, against which break seething surges. It is astonishing how so many of the inhabitants of Crimeland eventually journey toward that horrible peninsula, and finally at its extremity, falling headlong from Point Execution, are plunged into the Sea of Remorse, that forever moans around the hollow caverns wherein Crimeland terminates."

"This Peninsula of Murder is now sparsely inhabited, yet it is dangerous to explore," broke in

of rulers—does all that can be expected to keep the inhabitants of Crimeland from an increase, and to regulate their habits and propensities. At every point of this island you have witnessed how large an army of policemen King Justitia is obliged to billet upon Crimelanders. But the historians and statisticians of Crimeland have become aware that of late years its inhabitants are not so rampant in their various provinces, plains, mountains and cities through which we have passed as in former years they were. So long as the Ocean of Human Nature rolls must, unhappily, Crimeland exist, and its inhabitants pursue their wretched and precarious lives, tempered only by missionary labors and the salutary statutes enacted by the Parliament of Law and Order."

* * * * *

In due time, accompanied by missionary and con-

rier, our party obtained passage on a passing ship for a return to our Continent of Good Intentions. We were conscious of a high state of nervous excitement. To loyal subjects of King Justitia and electors of the Parliament of Law and Order the climate of Crimeland is torrid in the extreme. The atmosphere is close, and seems filled with the vapors of dungeons; and it is very wearing upon the lives of the army officers, subalterns and privates who are quartered in Crimeland as a police force, restoring, regulating and conserving the inhabitants, who bear the generic name of criminals. These are so addicted to guerrilla warfare with those constituted authorities that only ceaseless vigilance can battle with the inhabitants. Their secrecy of movements, their system of confederation by means of lodges and fraternal passwords, and their utter unconcern of the statutes under which they live, all combine to make these criminal forces dangerous and in many respects impregnable. They rarely weary of their conflicts or of the different localities of Crimeland in which they live. Like the Norsemen and Normans of early times, they delight in predatory excursions. And it is to watch these and to guard against their occurrence and results that the subjects of King Justitia band themselves together in supporting the legislative and executive ministers of the Parliament of Law and Order.

These ministers incessantly watch Crimeland, and have long ago laid embargoes upon emigration thither. They have endeavored to especially repress visits to the Channel of Temptation and to warn citizens of the Continent of Good Intentions against tarrying in the Vice Planta-

tions. These ministers of law and order have discovered that nearly every inhabitant of Crimeland first drew his or her inspiration toward wrongdoing and evil lives from too frequent residence amid the surroundings of Port Alcohol. As our voyaging party found, the transit over Crimeland thence to any or all of its other and interior provinces was easy and could be made rapidly. Unfortunately, one of the traditions of Crimeland, accepted by the credulous, the foolish and the unwary who begin life outside of its confines, is that its soil abounds in gold and silver mines and in diamond fields. And as alluring traditions also declare that it is an easy task to work those mines and fields, and as access to Crimeland is also easy, it is often visited—not as our party voyaged to it, for purposes of sanitary and salutary exploration, but to become naturalized citizens of Crimeland, and while at its Rome do as its Romans do.

There is a juvenile story of a boy who was impressed with strong desires for travel in foreign climes, and to whom a globe was presented, by study of which he was cured of his desires. The distances and reputed disasters appalled him. In similar method none can study our map of Crimeland without realizing the dangers that its topography unfolds. Many are deeply interested as readers in the explorations of Stanley, Cameron and Chandler through the Dark Continent, yet few have any longing to pursue the tracks that the explorers map out. A map of Crimeland and particulars of a voyage thither are not likely to invite residence in Crimeland any sooner than the lectures of Stanley are calculated to make a listener long for African jungles.

"PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN."

BY W. DE WAGSTAFFE.

MR. AND MRS. DAWSON had dined alone. With a servant (trained like a monkey to a monotonous repetition of duties) as an unresponsive audience, their conversation had not been exhilarating. The weather had been the foremost inspiration from which came little domestic arguments over the condition of their carriage, the new livery for the coachman, the earliest time for the European trip, and which of the various dogs about the house should enjoy a drive next. When dinner had been served Mr. Dawson with careful dignity opened the door for Mrs. Dawson to pass out. When she had gone he resumed his seat with

more comfort at the table, and choosing a cigar from a box, plunged one end into the blue flame of a spirit lamp, and filled the room, already touched with the perfume of his wife's dressing room, with rich Havana smoke clouds. Alone with his coffee, his cognac and his cigar, Mr. Dawson thought of many things that he would not have said to his wife. Mrs. Dawson, left alone in the luxury of her boudoir, sipping her aromatic tea from some dainty cup, wished she could say many things to her husband that she dared hardly think about. Each of these two people suppressed the unconventional bonds that

secretly held them together for the more difficult acceptance of the conventional habits for which they privately blamed each other. Mr. Dawson was interrupted in his after-dinner reverie by the visit of a mutual friend.

"We don't start for half an hour. Your wife was not quite ready, so I craved her permission to come and have a brief chat with you. Not intruding, I hope?"

"Not at all. Take a cigar. What liquor do you prefer?"

"A cognac will suit me exactly." Mr. Dawson was not exactly cordial to his guest. He had absolutely no dislike or suspicion of him in any form, yet he was not entirely welcome. "Sorry you won't come with us. Patti without a voice even should be a magnet," said the visitor.

"My wife enjoys those things, and knowing that I prefer my fireside to the most charming prima donna extant, she very kindly releases me from the obligation. It's very good of you to take her."

"It's deuced kind of her to go." Dawson raised his eyebrows to indicate some surprise at so quixotic a remark, but said nothing.

"Ah! I wish I could settle down as you have, Dawson," said the mutual friend, yawning by way of contradiction to his statement.

"I suppose it is the only happiness a man can expect," said Dawson, earnestly, sadly.

"A beautiful house, good health and a beautiful woman; what else—what else?"

"Nothing—nothing," replied Dawson, doubtfully.

"A man realizes how short life is under circumstances such as yours!"

"It depends upon where he begins it," said Dawson, holding the cognac between his lips and the light.

"Well, that depends on his birthday," said the other, flippantly.

"Not entirely. Much time is wasted in childhood; more yet in manhood. Like new wine, some men are never mellow."

"Is there no merit in the quality of vintage?" asked the guest.

"Not much. The grapes are white or red, oblong, oval or round. Yet they are all crushed into shapeless matter to make wine. Like men, they are labeled with a ticket to describe their origin, their ancestry. Only when the wine is put aside for age does it gain distinction, value to the world."

"You should write a book!" said the other, slowly putting on his gloves.

"It would be a commonplace record of commonplace facts. The only man who would feel

its pleasures or its pains would be the author," said Dawson, languidly.

"You're a clever chap, Dawson. Don't let yourself dry up," said the younger man, patronizingly.

"The harder the rock, my friend, the longer its history."

"Well, good night. I shall not stop in when we return. It will be too late. Good-by."

"Good night." And though Dawson rose from his seat he did not extend his hand. He did not even follow him into the drawing room, where he might have seen his wife before she left. It had ceased to be his habit for years, those tender greetings and tender partings that cling to some people always. His wife, he believed, was fond of society. She preferred it to staying at home with him. He would have gone everywhere with her, but his presence seemed to bore her, sometimes to embarrass her, so she went where she would, with whomever she chose, and he never told her that he was lonely on this account. The distraction of the club had become tiresome even; a restlessness, well controlled, was in his heart, but he did not know how to make the confession that would have brought these two closer together than they had ever been.

"Has Mrs. Dawson gone?" he asked the servant, as a matter of form.

"Yes, sir. The carriage has just driven off."

Silently he passed out of the dining room, as he had done night after night for a long while. He paused in the drawing room, dimly lighted, and more desolate in consequence. The piano, with its prim, defiant stiffness, seemed to describe his own appearance, its case, like his lips, firmly closed to the touch of the one woman who could have stirred music from both. With a slight shiver he closed the door of the handsome chamber to shut out its empty luxury from view of his own cozier library study beyond.

At that moment a servant stood in the doorway.

"What is it?"

"Mr. Dawson, sir, there's something on the doorstep," said the man, with a crude effort at self-restraint.

"Well?"

"Well, sir, the cook wants to know if she can bring it in."

"What nonsense is this? What do you mean by—"

"It's a child, sir."

"Whose child?" asked Dawson, in a different tone.

"It don't resemble anyone as I know," replied the servant, cautiously.

"An infant?"

"Yes, sir; leastways, not a baby exactly, but——"

"A boy?" asked Dawson, somewhat more eagerly than the question required.

"No, sir—a little girl. We found her asleep in a thin shawl; and—and it's commencing to snow pretty hard, Mr. Dawson."

Drawing the blinds aside, Dawson strained his eyesight to assure himself that it was really too cold for any child to be out, then said:

"Bring her in here, James."

He spoke so quietly that the servant heard no echo of the deep feeling that the incident had stirred in his master's nature.

"It is God's message," he murmured to himself in profound yet simple earnestness. "A child—it shall tell her what I cannot say."

With clumsy tenderness the servant carried the child, wrapped in a cheap gray shawl, and hesitated in the doorway of the master's study.

"Here it is, sir!"

"Well, bring her in—bring her in!" said Dawson, impatiently. "Let her lie down on the couch."

He dragged the shawl aside to get a better view of her. As he did so her eyes opened, and Dawson thought he had never seen such big ones before. They were full of a sadness strangely apparent in some children long before they have learned even to spell the word mother. A bush of yellow hair already graced the little head, and after looking gravely at Dawson, who was bending over, a smile brought dimples and merriment into the pretty face; then with a faint sigh she slyly turned her head on one side and closed her eyes in careless peace. Dawson observed that the clothes worn by the child were cheap, and yet the face was full of charm for him. He placed a cushion gently under her head, and seated himself opposite and watched her.

The servant brought in some arrowroot, which the cook had voluntarily suggested, and without looking round Dawson said:

"How old is she, James?"

With the air of a man whose judgment had suddenly become important the servant paused before speaking and eyed the child critically.

"If it could talk, sir, I might be able to tell accurate like. If it don't talk I should judge it was an infant of about eighteen months; if it talks it may be a child of four or five years' standing."

Dawson smiled in spite of himself, and said, quietly:

"No doubt."

It was not late, after all, when Mrs. Dawson re-

turned home. In fact, she had not waited for her carriage, having left before the entertainment was over.

"Is Mr. Dawson out?" she asked of the servant, who opened the door.

"No, ma'am; he is in his study."

She crept softly upstairs, intending to go straight to her own apartments. In the drawing room she heard voices. She stopped to listen, to recognize that other voice which was not her husband's. This is what she heard:

"Is this your home?" in tones of awe.

"Yes; where do you live?"

"I dunno. I wish I lived here!"

"Do you?" said her husband, sadly.

"Does your mamma own this house?"

"No; my mamma is dead. Where is yours?"

"I dunno. Do you stay here all alone?" in accents of childish surprise.

"Sometimes."

It was spoken very low, but she, his wife, heard it so well that a strange feeling of suffocation came in her throat; but she dared not move—she still listened.

"Kind of lonesome, though, with no lady to talk to," said the child's voice.

Sometimes," answered the man, with as much humility as if he were conversing with a human oracle.

"Aren't you married?"

The question was so innocent, yet how deep it pressed into the heart!

"Yes!"

"Oh, what a beautiful lady!"

She knew that he had silently taken her picture from his table and had shown it to the child. She crept nearer to the door till she almost crouched on the threshold, her spirit crushed, her courage gone; only a pompous puppet of the times, called pride, prevented her from opening that foolish door which parted them.

"Aren't you very tired?" she heard him say, gently.

"Yes; but I don't want to go home."

"Why not?"

"They told me never to go home again," with tearful voice.

"Why, who told you?"

"I dunno—I forget. Oh, I'm so sleepy!"

"Will you stay here with me—with us?" he added, softly.

There was no answer. She heard him rise from his seat. She guessed that he was gathering the little one in his arms. Then, as he stepped toward the door, her first instinct was to run away; but she only moved a little backward and waited for them. The door opened, and there stood

Ernest Dawson, the husband whom she had thought a mere automaton of the selfish life called fashionable, with a baby hugged closely in his arms, and an expression on his face full of a human interest she had never seen there before. At first he was startled as he saw her standing silent, immovable, only her head bowed a little with submissive grace.

"Ethel, home already?" he said, bluntly.

"Let me take her in my arms, too!"

"May—may I keep her?" she asked, humbly.

"It is my wish," he said, his voice wavering a little.

That night, when the child had been put to bed, these two people sat up courting one another. It was quite different from the courtship which had simply married them. She, with that ripened instinct of maternal love aroused, saw for the first time clearly the man whom she had often dreamed of in those lonely moments after



"SHE STRETCHED OUT HER ARMS IMPLORINGLY."

With a reckless *abandon* of gesture that in a woman is the unerring sign of her passion she let the opera cloak slip to the ground at her feet as she stretched out her arms imploringly. He obeyed her, because she commanded, and the little thing cuddled closely into that nest which only a woman can make naturally for a child.

To the look of inquiry in her eyes, that were melting slowly to the warmth of tears, he said:

"She was abandoned; the servants found her on the doorstep."

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dinner. He, with the opportunity to unveil those things he had long wished to say to her, recalled and related a love that dies with some men for lack of chance and deeds to prove it.

And the waif despised by one class revealed to a woman of society all that was necessary to make her husband her ideal portrait of a gentleman; but, like the wine which Ernest Dawson talked about, age and experience alone had fermented the latent forces in his nature that had given him distinction with his wife.

STUDIES IN SERVANTRY.

BY IDA HACKES SPRINGER.

THERE is hardly a family but knows its own bitterness in the matter of servants. It is the inevitable topic, go where you may. Volumes could be written about the everlasting impertinence and incompetency of our "hired girls," which one is forced to contend with in this present age.

At a five-o'clock tea, recently, the hostess, a bright, vivacious woman and excellent conversationalist, discussed nearly every topic of this *fin de siècle*. First came the current folly of the town; then the newest fads in paper ornamentation; then the recent engagements of society belles were commented upon and criticised; then came theatrical gossip, and finally all subjects seemed exhausted. At this critical moment the absence of the favorite member of the circle was observed. A hurriedly written note was received, in which the fair favorite communicated that, as two of her servants had hurriedly left her, she could not possibly attend.

At the mention of *servants* everyone's attention was riveted upon the narrator, and each woman present made haste to relate some harrowing and mortifying experience. But two or three present could truthfully speak of the faithful services or superior qualifications of their female help, and these rare paragons had to be discharged on account of intrigues with the butler or the coachman.

Even at a church wedding, whilst awaiting the coming of the bridal party, this theme was discussed. At the opera I was suddenly brought down from the most sublime and soulful ecstasy, into which realms the singing of Calvé had carried me, to the prosaic level of earthly annoyances, as the intermission was occupied by a trio of young housekeepers directly in front of me to relate their tales of domestic woe.

The first related how she had explained to Bridget the cleansing and polishing properties of a certain soap, and was almost heartbroken to find her most exquisite piece of furniture, a table inlaid with tiny wood mosaic, completely ruined, as Bridget had thought to surprise her mistress by having it *all wan color*!

The other told how her girl excitedly declared that she would never think of making the coffee in "that locomotive taypot," as she termed the Vienna coffee machine.

The youngest of the trio capped the climax when, with a smile, she said: "I can laugh now, but my discomfiture was very great when it hap-

pened. My cook, after carelessly breaking one handle off one of my Dresden bouillon cups, deliberately broke one handle off each of the remaining five of the set, as she thought one handle looked 'dacinter, anyway'!"

Having but recently arrived in the city from the Arizonian frontier, I could not but contrast the perfect freedom from household worry and care I enjoyed whilst employing Chinese servants, who rarely caused a stir in the even flow of the domestic confines of the household; and the peculiar methods of my unique celestial will doubtless interest and amuse the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

Knowing nothing of Chinamen, and seeing them only by occasional glances I had cast at them whilst passing their laundry windows in the East, I was more frightened than amused at the thought of having a real Chinaman as general housemaid and cook. One morning at ten o'clock a timid knock at the door greeted my ear, and in response to my "Come in," a Chinese boy was ushered in—a tiny, neat little fellow, who immediately rattled off the following tirade: "How do, lady? Me Sue Kung, your new boy. Me good boy. Me cookee, washee, take care kitchen, fix him beds, tend garden, laise him eggs and chickens" (meaning, raise chickens, for he never could pronounce his r's), "and do evellything fine and neber smoke in the house."

Upon this occasion he wore the clothes of civilization, and a wide blue sash encircled his wuist, while a beautiful jade bracelet dangled on his wrist. He wore a high standing collar and an American shirt, having discarded the usual loose one for this ceremonial visit.

His next remark, "Me gettee \$40 per month," astounded me, and I said: "My family consists of only two people." With a bow and smile he replied: "Allee same twenty in family, chalde same plice."

A hurried consultation with my husband, who was better acquainted with the prevailing high prices, resulted in Sue Kung's engagement.

"All light, me come light away. I fix him dinner to-night. Tell me what you like, what time you eat, and me hab it ledly."

I showed him how we set our table, and as I had a bouquet of mountain flowers similar to the Alpine edelweiss, which grew on the Dragoon Mountains in the vicinity, I placed them in a shallow vase as a centrepiece on the table. Ever after flowers graced our festive board, Sue Kung

often rising at daybreak and riding miles to replenish the nosegay when it showed signs of fading. He brought his own set of carvers and told me he could use only them.

He unpacked the groceries, papered the shelves in the kitchen pantry, chopped the wood, went to market, dressed the poultry, and that evening at 5 P.M. we sat down to a finely served and excellently prepared meal. The turkey had been carved by him in the kitchen, but was brought to the table whole, he laying each part together with the aid of tiny sharpened pieces of wood. Imagine a new servant capable of such a thing in an entirely strange household in New York city!

My commands were always obeyed and fulfilled to the letter, and I had to show him but once how to prepare some new or fancy dessert he had never even heard of. That one lesson was sufficient. Months sometimes elapsed before asking for a repetition, but the result was always satisfactory.

When he wrote home a letter to his mother in Canton he would leave the kitchen door wide open, and, no doubt with the idea of flattering us, would say aloud whilst writing sentences for us to hear: "Am with nice people; no care go back," etc. I could not cure him of making a purse of his ear, for he would always carry the small change in that serviceable organ. He always made the ice cream, and as soon as the news spread that ice-cream freezing had been added to Kung's accomplishments *cool receptions* became the order of the day.

He absented himself for two hours every afternoon, and incidentally we heard that Sue Kung was earning \$20 weekly as boss ironer of collars and shirts in the best laundry in town. This rather annoyed me, as he never ironed them at our house. I took him to task about it, and he answered with his broadest smile: "No gettee mad, lady. Me no fool. You no ask me. Me no do. Allee same me do him now allee time."

Occasionally, upon coming home late at night, we would scold him for making so much noise when he entered, in relatching the door of the kitchen, where he slept in an extension in a bunk of his own construction suspended from the ceiling, which we jocosely termed the "hanging garden." The noise never troubled us again, for by an ingenious arrangement he took the strings of his tomtom (Chinese musical instrument), passed the catgut through the panels of the door, and by attaching them to the lock lifted the latch without disturbing our peaceful slumbers.

He was ill for two days, and sent me Ah Lee as a substitute, whom he must have given a thorough *résumé* of what dishes we liked, as our meals were well prepared; but my horror can be better imagined than described when I discovered Ah Lee's moistening the dough for the bread as he did the clothes, which you are aware Chinamen do by spouting the water from their mouth! It were difficult to say whether the Chinaman or the dough made the most hurried exit. This was *one* thing that had not been told him, and Sue Kung was delighted at his sudden dismissal.

Sue Kung was with us for three years, when twin daughters blessed our home, and delighted as we felt at the dual treasure, equally miserable felt our Chinese. His curiosity-being aroused, he came in to look at them, and laid a new coin on their pillows and some tiny cups under the crib, and then asked: "Him girls or she boys?" We said, two girls. His face was a study, with disgust plainly depicted upon every feature, and wildly waving his hands, with the gesture of wringing the neck of a fowl, he said: "Too much girlee; ling him neck in China. Too much girlee cost too muchee; allee time want nice clothes. Too much boys good, 'cause they makee muchee money in the banks."

When he came in next morning he said: "Me likee you belly (very) much, but me no likee he stay in any place where him gettee two girllies allee same time."

He made us numerous and elegant presents, such as beautifully embroidered mantel draperies and highly colored silk handkerchiefs, and some pretty china trinkets and ornaments for "them too much girllies," and left our employ.

The final act preceding his departure was a very comical one, worthy of record. He called me out in the kitchen, and asked me if "ebelything same clean" as when he came. Upon my answering in the affirmative, he said: "Lady, you allee time good to your boy, and I give you one fine lecommendation (recommendation) before I go."

Indignant and astonished, I saw him pointing to a red oblong piece of paper, covered with Chinese characters, which he had nailed above the kitchen sink, and when I asked, "What does it mean?" he replied: "This means, look under the sink." Looking there, I found a similar paper nailed to the wall, upon which he said he had written as follows: "Lady good allee time; no scold much loud; no say cuss words, and no throw things at cook. Eat him all you like, and no lock up nothing." The final clause he read coolly to me: "Boss smoke him good cigars."

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE IN THE DEEP.

BY COLONEL NICOLAS PIKE.



DENIZENS of the deep in their watery homes seem to have as many enemies to encounter as man and the lower animals on the earth. In the vast waste of waters, from the North to the extreme South Pole, with its countless numbers and varieties of fish and animals, not one, from the minutest polyp to the great cetacean, but has its enemies. Deadly warfare is going on all the time, and nothing but a constant vigilance prevents the entire extinction of many species. Consider the millions of billions of small crustaceans that are devoured daily by the mighty cetaceans. The minute coral polyp is constantly on the alert, with open tentacles waving to and fro, searching for any animal small enough that may come within its reach. "Chaetodons," with their peculiar-formed snouts, are darting here and there among the coral blocks, ready to instantly drag from its strong citadel the unlucky polyp that has thus exposed himself to danger; and perhaps almost as soon as this fish has swallowed the delicate morsel some savage eel darts from its hiding place and swallows the fish alive; retreating to his supposed secure home in the coral reef, he in turn is seized by the never-failing arm of the octopus, which paralyzes and tears him to pieces with his terrible beak. Thus it will be seen that incessant warfare is continually going on amongst the minutest as well as the largest animals that inhabit the great oceans of the world.

I recollect fishing in a deep bay in the tropics, when a creature lurking near (the tazzard) took the fish from my hook as fast as I brought them to the surface of the water. The tazzard kills everything that comes in its way, not merely for food, but for mischief. It attacks man as ferociously as a bulldog. Sometimes it will bite a fish in two, and oftentimes it will tear out circular pieces from fish which are much larger than itself. The largest one of this species that I ever captured was not more than three and one-half feet in length, and would not weigh more than twenty pounds. It is fortunate that it does not exceed this; if it did it would be a terrible brute for man to encounter. Its mouth is filled with teeth, and its bite is considered by the fisherman dangerous. The whole tazzard family are amongst the most destructive fish that swim the ocean. Even the small fry, not more than an inch in length,

bite sharply, as I have often experienced when bathing in the tide pool.

THE KILLER WHALE, OR "ORCAS."

The killer whale is found in all the oceans of the world, and is a savage brute, and terribly destructive to the right whale, the tunny, black-fish, and many other monsters of the deep. The orcas is very rapid in its movements, and the whalers do not like to attack it, as it often turns on the boat as soon as struck with a harpoon. Frequently it will attack without provocation. It is seldom caught, but when wounded generally "sounds," carrying the tackle out so quickly that the boat steerer cuts him adrift. I have frequently met with them when cruising, and always gave them a wide latitude.

On one occasion I had an opportunity of learning something of their habits. It was in the month of May an American whaler appeared off the island in the Indian Ocean where I resided. Whales had been sighted on the day before, and a boat was sent ashore for me to board the ship, as they were about to reconnoitre and capture a whale, if they could, and I could see the manner in which it was done, as well as the cutting in and trying out the oil, etc. I was glad to accept the invitation, and was soon on board the ship, hull down in the offing. The captain received me cordially, and informed me that whales were seen, and the ship would at once sail as near as possible to them, that I might have a chance to see the boats launched and the harpoon thrown. "There she blows!" was the cry from the masthead. "There she blows! A school of whales from half to three-quarters of a mile off the port bow." All was bustle on the deck, as the men were getting ready to enter the small whaleboats which hung at the davits.

"Lower away quickly, my lads! We are nearing, and shall soon be upon them. Step lively, my boys!—step lively!" In a few minutes all were at their posts in the boats, and the whaling gear was ready for action. "Pull away, boys! Pull away lively! Don't let the second boat steerer's boat get ahead of you! Pull away!" The boats skimmed the water like things of life, and soon were on the ground, but quickly rested on their oars. I remained on board ship, and commanded the situation as the whales and our ship were nearing each other. Many were seen within a radius of a mile from our masthead. But about one hundred yards from the ship lay an enor-

mous right whale, over forty feet in length, and circling round him were two orcas, or killers. The water for some distance was colored with blood. The crew thought the whale a "rogue." Old, cunning whales are called by this name, and will attack a boat furiously, and oftentimes destroy it and the crew. Everything was ready, and the boat steerer, with harpoon in hand, was about to strike, when it was discovered that two orcas, large and savage ones, were very near, so that orders were given to back the boat and get away at as safe a distance from the whale as possible, as the orcas were giving battle to the monarch of the ocean. This large whale was evi-

to show weakness, as he turned on his enemies less frequently; this, together with the blood-stained water around him, proved that it was only a question of time when the mighty beast must succumb. The killers' attack became less frequent, they swimming slowly but cautiously in circles round and near his head, when suddenly one of them made a quick and desperate attack on the under lip, lacerating it frightfully, and causing the whale to open its mouth in its agony, when quick as a flash the other darted at the tongue and tore it out entire. The whale, giving one convulsive movement, turned on its side, when one of the boat steerers threw the harpoon



COMBAT BETWEEN SPEARFISH AND SWORDFISIL.

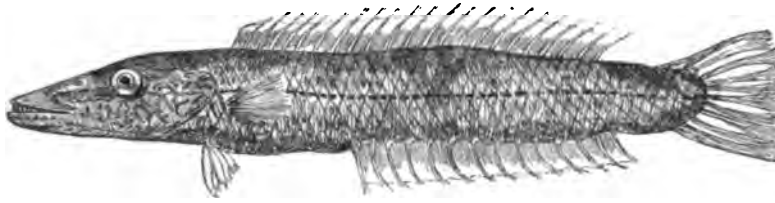
dently defending himself against the savage brutes bent on mischief. The ocean was lashed into fury. The orcas were swimming slowly round and round the huge mass of flesh as it lay upon the sea. The attack was made simultaneously on both sides of the head with vigor. Every time these brutes made a pass at the whale he would turn suddenly, and with his flukes strike rapidly and sometimes successfully at the killers, and for the moment keep them at bay.

This combat lasted nearly an hour, when one of the orcas disappeared, and for some minutes the other merely stood guard over the whale; suddenly the first orcas appeared on the surface again, when it was evident that the whale began

into him, and advancing the second time, killed him with his lance.

It is astonishing what brutes these orcas are, for upon examining the head and body of this whale, when brought alongside the ship, it was found to be horribly lacerated, more especially about the head. Large pieces had been bitten completely out of the jaw, and nearly all the flesh hung in shreds round the bone of the lower jaw. One large piece two feet in diameter had been taken from the side, and marks of attack were visible all over the body.

It can be truly said that these orcas should be classed among the most dangerous brutes of the ocean.



TAZZARD, OR "BULLDOG OF THE OCEAN."

THE SAWFISH.

This fish is the natural enemy to all the cetaceans, and it is well known they attack them in company with other fish, as they can inflict terrible wounds with the daggers in the saw, which is often over four feet in length. The spearfish in turn is an enemy to the sawfish, and delights in stabbing him to death whenever an opportunity offers itself. I once saw a battle between a sawfish and a spearfish. Both were very large ones, and of equal size. It lasted but a short time. They swam around in circles of about one hundred feet in diameter on the surface of the ocean. At every turn of the circle they came nearer to each other, till within a diameter of twenty feet they charged simultaneously, evidently causing wounds at every charge. On the fourth charge the spearfish had run his spear entirely through the sawfish, killing it at once. His body was so firmly impaled, the fish could not disengage himself. We threw a harpoon into him, and secured both. They were very much cut up. One charge of the spearfish had laid open the side of the other, over four feet in length, which in all probability disabled him so that he became an easy prey.

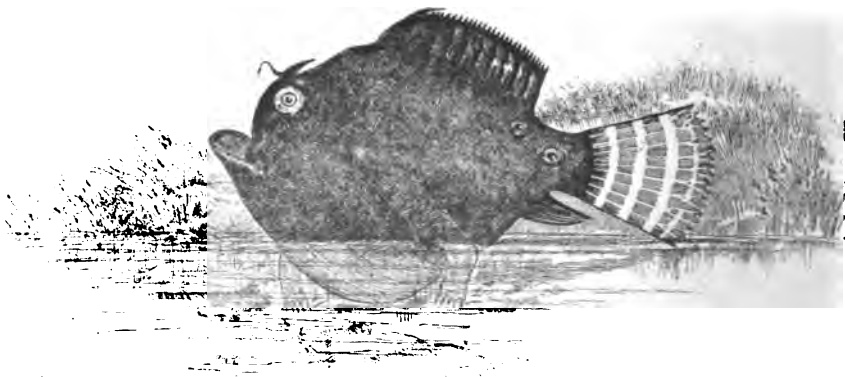
THE SHARK FAMILY.

The sharks are the tigers of the ocean; they attack everything that comes in their way, and sometimes attack and kill each other. Yet they have their enemies. Their sense of smell, as well as that of sight, is very great. I once saw a shark twenty to twenty-five feet in length follow a ship for days, hoping that some poor sailor might fall overboard. The sailors even objected to have the garbage thrown from the ship, as they wanted to get rid of him, and

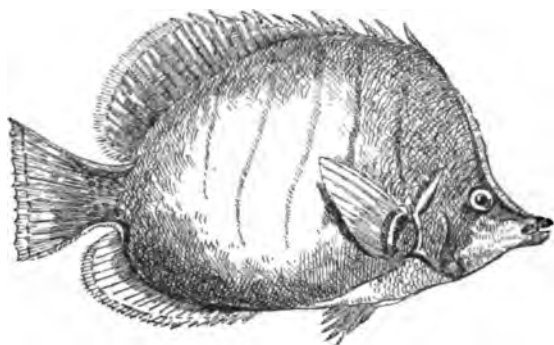
they feared him very much. The ship was becalmed, and he still remained in company alongside as if asleep, till one afternoon a large fish made its appearance and immediately gave battle. The fight, as it was observed from our ship, was a terrible one. The two fish came together like bulldogs, causing the ocean waves to foam and rise

in billows, tinged with the blood of the ferocious brutes, who were biting large pieces of flesh from each other's bodies. This terrible conflict lasted over forty minutes, when it was evident that the shark was seriously injured, as he lay motionless and apparently dead upon the water. We could not identify the other fish, which was also injured and withdrew from the conflict. A boat was lowered, and life was found still lingering in the shark, when a harpoon was thrown into him, and he was towed alongside the ship. His head was cut off and his carcass cut adrift after we had examined and measured his body. It soon sank in the ocean out of sight, amid the cheers of the whole crew. The body of this shark was twenty-seven feet long, and was a sight to behold. A terrible monster, scored and bitten all over; pieces more than a foot in diameter had been taken out of the sides as if cut with a knife, and it was completely disemboweled.

To show the ferocity of sharks, especially those of the genus *Carcharus*, a master of a ship, a New Bedford whaler, told me that he once captured a large whale late in the afternoon, and they drew him alongside the ship and secured him with chains, with a view of cutting him in, in the morning. During the night the sharks had nearly devoured the carcass, not leaving enough to make it an object of cutting him in, and it was



LOPHIUS, OR ANGLER (WALKING FISH).



CHAETODON.

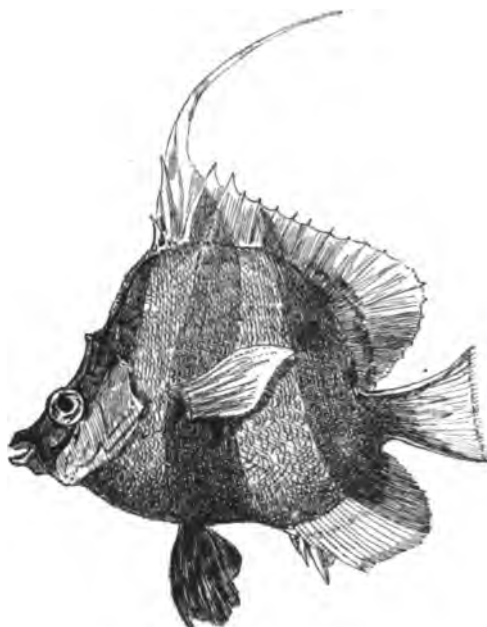
cut adrift and sunk in the ocean. Authentic account has been given of the man-eating shark (*Carcharus*) being captured in the Pacific Ocean with a young sea lion in his stomach, entire, just as he had swallowed it. This shows the great destructive ferocity of this tiger of the ocean.

There is another enemy in the ocean which attacks the shark and oftentimes kills it. A very curious, leechlike animal lives on its tongue and throat. I have taken many from the large sharks after death. There is no doubt but that they annoy and cause the tongue to swell, so that the animal can scarcely swallow. Some specimens of this leech I have in my collection are over six inches in length and as large round as the index finger. Then the "remoras," or suckers, which fasten themselves to a number of species of fish, particularly the sharks, are exceedingly annoying. I have taken as many as seven from one fish. These and other parasites worry the fish oftentimes so much that it causes madness and death. The remoras are most always found on the spearfish. The British gunboat *Dolphin* came into Mauritius leaking, and was docked. The cause of her trouble was, a large spearfish had struck her on the port bow and had penetrated through fourteen inches of sheathing and solid oak. On examining one of these fish which I caught off the harbor I found parasites all over

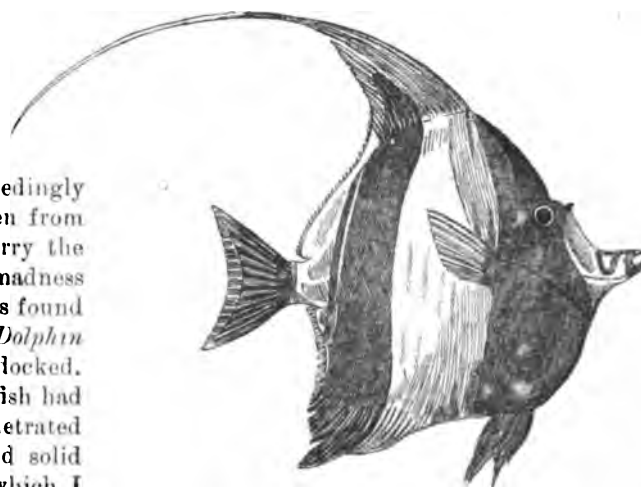
his body. Two remoras, as well as five different animals, were clinging to him, and some of them were actually buried in the solid flesh; many were on the gills and tongue. This fish, in its great agony from the torture of the numerous parasites, was probably driven to madness and was ready to attack anything that came in its way. I have frequently seen them leaping from the water and gyrating around in a most remarkable manner, darting first in one direction and then in another, which leads me to conclude that all these movements were made to relieve itself of its tormentors. The spearfish frequently attacks the whale and many large fish by plunging its sword into their vital organs. I could enumerate many instances, if space would allow, that have come under my own observation.

THE OCTOPUS, OR DEVIL-FISH.

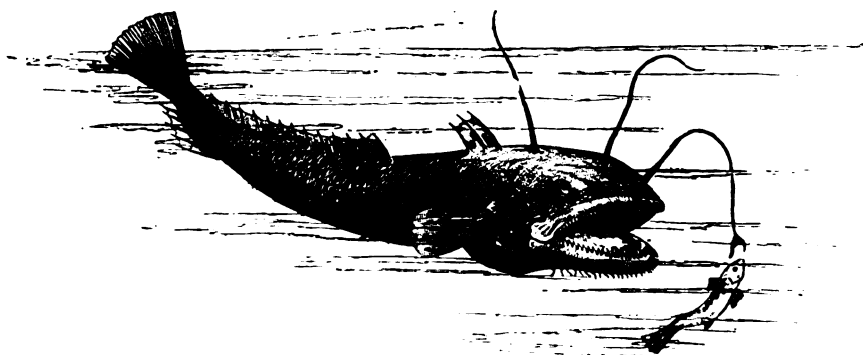
The octopus, or devil-fish of the ocean, hiding under the shelving reefs by day and crawling over them at night like a huge spider searching for prey. anything and everything that comes in the way of his long, armlike tentacles that he can reach and paralyze is torn to pieces with great ferocity. This animal is held in such fear by the denizens of the deep that lobsters, crabs and nearly all the large crustaceans will die almost immediately with



CHAETODON.



CHAETODON.



ANGLER, OR SEA DEVIL (LOPHIUS PISCATORIUS).

fright when in their presence, and their flesh will turn to water.

THE BONITO.

There are a number of species of this genus living in the ocean, all of which are very active and terribly voracious, and feed entirely on other fish. The day was fine and clear and the sea calm, so that I had a good opportunity of seeing the fish moving in the water as I stood on the bow of our ship watching for a chance to harpoon a bonito, numbers of which were around. They were darting playfully, when presently I noticed one make a rapid movement toward a good-sized flying fish, which left the water and passed in toward the vessel. Its course of flight was about twenty feet, and it then settled upon the surface of the water, with both the pectoral fins expanded, where it lay motionless. The bonito passed by, and rapidly out of sight. In a few minutes the flying fish resumed his usual position under water, and thereby saved its life. The bonito wages an incessant warfare on these pretty little harmless fish, destroying them by thousands.

THE HORSE MACKEREL, OR ALBICORE.

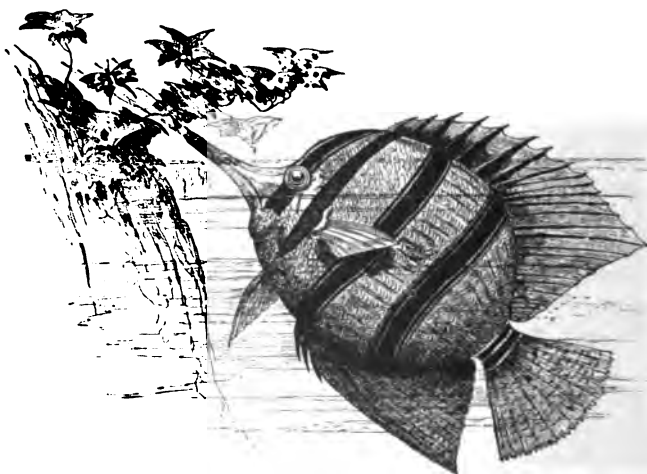
This is a large and voracious fish, making great havoc among the mackerel and menhaden, on which it feeds as well as other small fish. It is very destructive to the sardines on the Portuguese coast. Many are, however, taken and salted, and are esteemed an excellent article of food. I believe this fish is an enemy to everything that swims in the water, and is of a quarrelsome nature. It is said, however, that the thrasher often attacks and kills it whenever he has a chance. It is his natural

enemy. The albicore must fear this terrible brute, and flies from him with great speed, but seldom gets away from his frightful jaws.

THE SEA DEVIL, OR ANGLER.

This curious fish (*Lophius piscatorius*), which lies hidden in the seaweed or on the bottom of muddy shores and bays, is

one of the most voracious that swims. It is fortunate that it is not a large fish, being not more than four and a half feet in length. Although the head is large, the jaws open wide into a pouchlike stomach, and are lined with strong, sharp teeth. Just over the upper jaw there is a cirrus about five inches in length, on the end of which is an appendage like a worm. While the fish lies concealed with mouth wide open, and his fishing line is dangling over his capacious mouth, small fish are attracted by the tempting bait which so much resembles a worm, and are at once caught in a living tomb open to receive them. I once took ten tomcods and a large number of smaller fish from the angler, which when removed weighed more than the fish itself. On one occasion I took a large specimen of this fish in Jamaica Bay, and on examination of its stomach found a large black duck entire and several small fish. The duck had been taken while asleep or resting on the water.



CHAETODON— "SHOOTING FISH."

THE PORPOISE, OR SEA HOG.

Schools of porpoises are enemies to the drumfish, and are often seen driving them, killing many in their raids. Sometimes they are driven on to the shore in their efforts to get out of the way. Some years ago a school of these fish were driven by porpoises through the inlet into the Great South Bay, Long Island, where sad havoc was made by them. They were discovered by the fishermen, who launched their boats and went in pursuit. The porpoises were so intent in their murderous work that they fell an easy prey, and

bays in search of the *Venus mercenaria*. A school of these fish would very soon destroy a bed of these favorite bivalves, on which he feeds and which is his favorite food. He easily cracks the hard shell for the favorite morsel within. The blackfish wages a deadly war on the small crustaceans, particularly the shrimp, of which he is very fond. The bluefish is a savage fish, and will bite sharply. Professor Baird remarked that the destruction of menhaden by this voracious fish is greater in one day than would be taken by the whole menhaden fleet in one month. These fish destroy for the sake of destroying, often dart-



WHALE ATTACKED BY ORCAS

most of them were captured in shoal water. The dead and wounded drumfish were many, and but few escaped again to the ocean. The porpoise, when frightened, especially when in shallow water, loses all control of himself, and he finds it hard to escape. When in deep water he goes down to the bottom, and there he remains as long as he can till danger is over.

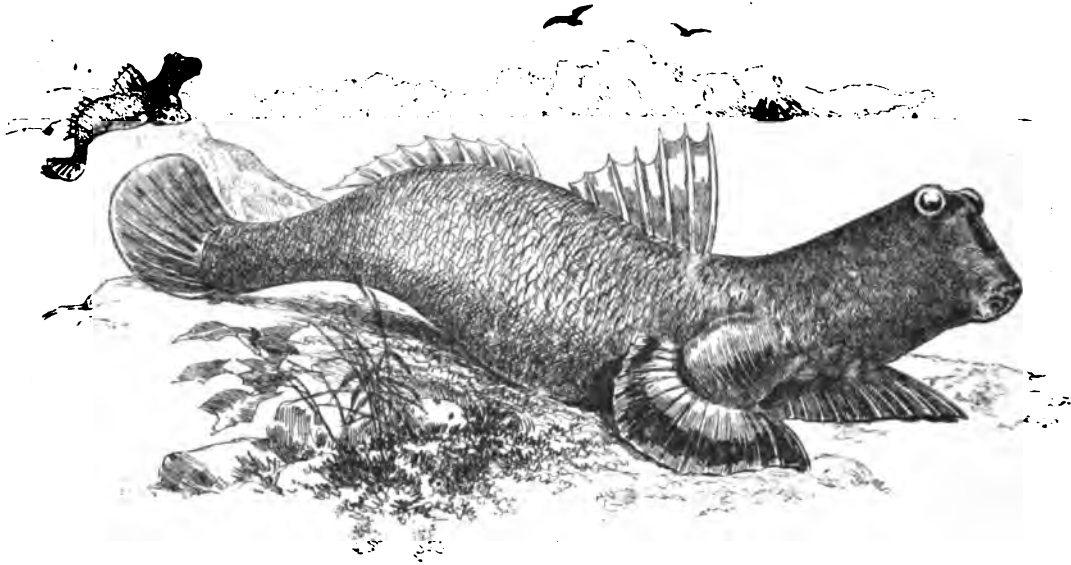
THE RAYS, AND OTHER FISH.

The rays feed entirely on the invertebrates, such as crabs, clams, squid and sea snails. The sheepshead prowls around the bottom of sandy

ing into large schools of fish, biting and maiming thousands without killing them. We have noticed this many times. Among the shellfish, we have one which is a dangerous animal, the *Tridacna gigas*. While on the reefs of the South African coast a very large one was seen, measuring over five feet long. It was partially imbedded in the coral and fastened by a strong byssus. The animal is remarkable for its fine colors when open and its mouth expanded. The variegated appearance of the whole reminds one of a bed of seaweeds, when growing together, whose fronds are reflecting prismatic colors when disturbed by

the gentle motion of the water. This dangerous brute would cut a man's body in two in a second, if he should step into the opening shell. I shuddered whenever I met with even a small one when collecting on the reefs. One does not see them till quite near, as the shell is generally covered from sight. The specimen alluded to had killed a negro who accidentally stepped in the

capacious maw, and wounded many. They could not destroy it. The negroes informed the writer that this one brute kept the waters from fish and animal life, as it was very greedy, always on the alert for prey. A can of dynamite was placed over it a few days after I saw it, and some friends from an English man-of-war annihilated it in a few seconds.



WALKING FISH OF SEYCHELLES.

THE INVENTOR OF DYNAMITE.

By J. A. MacKNIGHT.

THE many dangerous explosions of dynamite which have taken place recently have led some people to advocate the legal suppression of the manufacture of this great explosive. It often kills the people against whom it is used, but almost as frequently it gets in its deadly work on the people who use it for unlawful purposes, as in the case of Norcross when he made his attack on Russell Sage.

Whenever this destructive compound is employed for purposes of spite and malice there is one man above all others in the world who is saddened and irritated thereby, for he is the sworn enemy of all violence. That is Dr. Alfred Nobel, the Swedish engineer, who invented dynamite.

When he placed this marvelous force at the service of humanity he was dreaming of tunnels to be pierced, isthmuses to be cut through, minerals to be extracted from the mines, and cliffs

to be removed for the building of ports and harbors. And little he thought that the desperate would employ it to destroy themselves, and the criminal to bring death to others.

Dr. Nobel is described as a man of about fifty-five years, of medium height and slender, with round face covered with a short iron-gray beard, blue-gray eyes that are unusually bright and vivacious for a man of his race, and a manner strikingly agreeable and attractive. But he is modest and retiring, and always avoids drawing attention to himself. He is one of the very few inventors who are possessed of fortunes made by their own efforts, his returns having been large from the dynamite discovery, and also from his gelatine preparation and the Nobel smokeless powder. He is not the only maker of smokeless powder, the discovery of which was really an accident. One day a staff officer in the French

army remarked that an army firing at a foe without covering itself with a cloud of smoke would have the advantage of having the enemy in view without revealing its own exact whereabouts. Probably smokeless powder grew out of this remark, and it is now employed by all the nations of Europe. Dr. Nobel's powder is made of dynamite to which is given the property of slow combustion. It propels projectiles with terrific velocity.

The doctor is a cosmopolite who talks most of the European languages with equal perfection. His life is an ideal one. In the winter he lives among the flowers at St. Remo in the south of France, doing such work as he sees fit in his laboratory. In the summer he seeks the shady nooks and bracing air of Switzerland, or makes a voyage in his yacht of aluminium. Having no family ties, neither wife, children nor mistress, as he himself declares, he goes and comes at will, and may be seen to-day in Paris, a day or two later in Berlin, Vienna or St. Petersburg. He has a fine house near the Bois de Boulogne at Paris, where his one family attachment is a nephew who has petroleum wells of immense value on the Caspian Sea. The Rothschilds own wells in the same region, and these rich owners have succeeded in making a tariff arrangement between France and Russia which bids fair to let in the Caspian petroleum on such favorable terms as will soon shut out the American product, which will not enjoy the same privilege, from both markets.

Even more strong than his love of science or the interest he takes in his destructive compounds is Dr. Nobel's love of peace. He belongs to the aristocratic society which was founded at Vienna some years ago by the Baroness of Suttner, called "The Society of the Friends of Peace." He does not expect, however, to see society revolutionized in a single generation.

"I am not dissatisfied with the progress of the world," says Dr. Nobel, in a recent interview at Paris, "but there are a few little reforms I should be glad to see, as, for example, the disbanding of armies. European nations have enough soldiers ranged along their frontiers to stand about three men to a linear yard of space. It is becoming serious. After awhile, instead of going to tea at each other's houses, we shall be ordering our servants to slaughter each other, and we shall demolish our cities with heavy artillery. Thus we shall prove to the world that we are 'great powers.'"

Dr. Nobel's horror of warfare is partly the result of the pity that is inspired in his heart by human misery, for though a rich man, he knows

that misery exists. He realizes that if all the expense that is incurred in preparations for universal murder were employed in the channels of peace the human race would soon reach a situation in which want and misery would disappear, and the great sociological questions of these times would be forever settled.

The Europeans live in an atmosphere of belligerence. The little children play at soldiers, and in the schools an admiration for armed force is sedulously inculcated, with the result that the children look upon the reciprocal massacre called battle as a perfectly natural thing, like fair weather or rain. But Dr. Nobel dissents from this spirit. As a Swede he belongs to a race which is much more liberal and pacific by nature than the rest of Continental Europe, Switzerland alone excepted. He has lived also a great deal in the upper society of St. Petersburg, where there exists an austerity of thought which has no counterpart in Europe. He is a cosmopolite, having friends and interests in nearly every nation of the world, and his familiarity with various languages enables him to live like a native in any country. He judges international disputes, therefore, as they might be judged by an inhabitant of Mars or Saturn, with absolute neutrality, and when he is told that there are men who, instead of living honestly at home in ease and comfort, will suddenly hurl themselves upon each other, seeking to kill their neighbors with bullet or blade, he looks amazed and asks himself if really such an absurdity can exist.

And so his dream has now been developed into something like this: Since men insist on war, it must be rendered so horrible as to make it impossible. Give to every man the means of destroying his neighbor without a possibility of escape; create such engines of carnage that defense is out of the question. Then, so the doctor holds, by common accord peace will be cultivated and tranquillity maintained.

Is not the inventor of dynamite right? There are people who deplore the existence of this awful agent because of the evils that have been inflicted by it. But it would be as reasonable to deplore the invention of steam power or electricity because of the boilers that explode, the trains that run off the track, or the deadly wires and quick-running trolleys which have resulted from these inventions. As well regret the invention of fire because of the lives and property it has destroyed, or call for the suppression of the sun because so many people are killed by its rays.

Greater forces than any yet discovered are likely to be placed at the disposal of man at almost any moment. They are known, and science

is studying out the means of harnessing them. Lives will be undoubtedly lost in connection with their introduction and use, but the world will con-

fess that the men who place these agencies at the disposal of mankind are the greatest benefactors of the human race.

"BOOMS."

BY ANDREW LANG.

THESE are fine days for young literary gentlemen, as Mr. Grant Allen says, in an article on a recent work. In our time, when Mr. Grant Allen and I were young, nobody boomed *us*; in the case of the present writer, because, in fact, there was not anything to "boom." If a person of letters, endowed with abundant leisure and other pleasant *choregia*, does not publish anything at all, being urged neither "by hunger nor request of friends," it is beyond the force even of a clique or a claue to fill the speaking trumpet of Renown with his name. Mr. Allen declares that, in the case of us seniors, "Hope deferred made their hearts sick with the gray sickness of pessimism." Mr. Hardy, it seems, is, or has been, unwell with "a sombre and ironical pessimism," while my own malady is "a playful pessimism." The patient knows little of his own case, but I did fancy that I had been shouting *Sursum corda!* and imploring the public to make the best of that rather mixed affair—life. At all events, I may swear, and save my oath, that I never suffered from literary hope deferred, or wept over my unrecognized genius, or was discontented with the occasional grin which I might be happy enough to provoke from the good-natured. Mr. Allen may inscribe on my sepulchre (I bequeath to him that tender office), "Here lies a literary gent who was more than satisfied with his literary luck, and who never bothered about 'recognition.'" But with men of genius, who not only produce masterpieces, but know it, matters may well be totally different.

Mr. Allen argues, perhaps rightly, that men born in the forties and fifties were under the shade of Titans like Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Thackeray, Dickens and others. So we were, and knew it, speaking, in our simple way, of these gentlemen as "the swells." It never occurred to us to rival them: we knew our place. But now, verily, Titans are sadly to seek, the worse is the luck. However, there is room for *les jeunes*—there are no aged trees to overshadow them. This is, in one way, good fortune. Moreover, the young are generous in recognizing and applauding each other, whence come the Boom and the Boomster. But the Boomster's, by

the shade of Vincent Crummies, are no new arts. Sheridan knew all about "the puff preliminary"; while Lockhart, in a letter to Wilson, demands a highly colored review, and announces that he will write it himself if nobody else will. "Vanity Fair" was boomed (and most justly) in one of the Quarterlies before it was finished. These are ancient devices.

The worst of a fair field and plenty of favor is that a fortunate young man (I have no particular example in my eye) may be led to think overhighly of himself. With your intimate friends or your unknown admirers shouting plaudits in a dozen papers, it is easy "to get a heenze," as Scott said of himself, and to be "carried off your feet." Now, a great deal of trumpeting and drumming has been done in these latter days, when we "wake up each morning and find a new poet famous." But the drum does not always draw the pence when the hat goes round. The new poet's publisher's accounts rather tend to make him "sick with the gray sickness of pessimism." Into a second edition (of a thousand) he is triumphantly borne, among huzzas, but there he sticks fast. This is really almost worse than not being boomed at all. For the novelist it is different. If very successful, of course he must expect to be called all the ill names that envy can discover; but, on the whole, the public dearly loves a good new story, and welcomes it lavishly. At present, thanks to our good fortune, we have dozens of good story tellers for all tastes. Romance or religion, obscure physical maladies or noisy fevers of the mind, may be our chief interests; and, lo! there are novelists ready to deal with all of them. We have all sorts, except in broad humor; of that kind we have only "Vice Versa." All this I gratefully acknowledge, and wish that at least half a dozen gentlemen could give us a new novel every month, or, indeed, every week. They do their best to fulfill my vows, and persons with tastes more akin to that of Mr. Moddle have also every reason to congratulate themselves. But if one is asked whether any of those delightful romancers (except—here everyone can fill up his own list) are likely to endure with Fielding, Sterne, Dumas, Scott, Miss Austen and Thackeray, he is

likely to shake his head. We have not a Dumas "in the midst" (with the exception obscurely indicated). There are many playful fauns, tuneful swains, satyrs, Nereids, but there are no Titans around and about us. Among essayists I do not

hour, but, as the Kelpie said, "not the man." Do not let "booms" make us insensible of facts. There is a nation which, perhaps, protests rather too much about its own belief in its own poets: let us not be a generation cast in that mold.



ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS.

He—"OH, YOU'RE FROM AMERICA, ARE YOU? PEOPLE OFTEN SAY TO ME, 'DON'T YOU DISLIKE AMERICANS? BUT I ALWAYS SAY 'I BELIEVE THERE ARE SOME VERY NICE ONES AMONG THEM.'"

She—"AH, I DARE SAY THERE *may* BE TWO OR THREE NICE PEOPLE AMONGST SIXTY MILLIONS!"

see the Hazlitt, not to speak of the Steele or the Addison. Among historians I fail to observe the gigantic Gibbon or the pleasing Prescott. Among poets—but we all know, in the deeps of our hearts, how we really stand in the matter of poetry. "The hour has come," it is always the

"There are degrees," as the judge said, when Dumas remarked that, were he not in the city of Corneille, he would call himself a dramatic poet. It is essential for all of us, and perhaps for the greatly boomed above all, to remember that "there are degrees."—*London Illustrated News*.

GEOGRAPHICAL NEWS.

BY GEORGE C. HURLBUT, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE Arctic expeditions are still unheard of, with the exception of Mr. Walter Wellman's attempt to reach the North Pole by a dash. His vessel, the *Ragnvald Jarl*, was crushed in the ice on the 28th of May, and only a few articles were saved. There was fortunately no loss of life, and all the members of the expedition have since returned to their homes. Mr. Wellman is said to have declared that he will make another effort in 1896, and there is no law to compel a man to learn by experience.

An excursion to Disco Island can hardly be called an Arctic exploration, and yet it has its perils. Dr. F. A. Cook, who started with a party from New York in the steamer *Miranda*, on the 7th of July, for a pleasure cruise along the west coast of Greenland, has met with very bad luck. The vessel ran into an iceberg a few days after leaving St. John's, Newfoundland, and had to put back to repair damages. She started again in three days, and reached Sukkertoppen, August 7th. On the 9th she started for Holsteinborg and struck a rock outside of that harbor. Though badly damaged, the vessel was steered back to Sukkertoppen. A fishing schooner, the *Rigel*, was engaged to take the party home, and the two vessels set out, the *Miranda* towing the other; but on the 23d of August the steamer was abandoned, and the *Rigel* carried the rescued party to North Sydney, Cape Breton. It is to be noted that the season has been a severe one in the Arctic, with frequent dense fogs and unusual movements of ice. None the less, these are conditions that must be expected in the far North, and it is mere recklessness to leave them out of the calculation in any expedition.

Or Count Pfeil's exploration of Neu-Mecklenburg (formerly New Ireland), in the Bismarck Archipelago, north-east of New Guinea, *Petermann's Mittheilungen*, Band 40, No. 4, publishes a report. The island lies N. W. and S. E., and is long and narrow. The coast is but slightly indented, and there is no harbor for a distance of 250 miles along the southwestern line of coast. The northern part has not yet been visited, but the middle has a base of volcanic rocks overlaid by limestone and sandstone. The southern end is of volcanic origin, and here the land broadens and mountains rise to 6,000 or 7,000 feet. The island is covered with forest, but the trees are not large enough, except in the south, to yield useful timber. The inhabitants are of three types. The centre is held by intruders from the Gazelle Peninsula in New Britain (now called Neu-Pommern). These intruders are, according to Count Pfeil, unsavory when to windward, unless they have been chewing betel. The natives have well-shaped figures, good foreheads and features more delicate than those of the Neu-Pommern people. They are intelligent and in a measure hospitable, though they will eat the stranger if opportunity offers. In their houses and persons they are cleanly, and they do not hesitate to meet an enemy face to face. They use spears with hard-wood points and axes of porphyry, shell and greenstone, though cheap English axes are taking the place of these. They have drums, many of them very large, and a code of signals. Their wood carving is remarkable, and they make shell ornaments of great delicacy. Pigs, of a long-legged, black variety, are the only domestic animals. The women cultivate taro and yams, and a root something like the potato; and other articles of food are fish, sago and the banana. Cannibalism is practiced at every opportunity. In some districts the dead are burned; in others

they are thrown into the sea. The islanders build good canoes and make long voyages. Count Pfeil crossed the island twice. He found no large game, and neither cockatoos nor parrots, but everywhere met with the whitish-yellow pigeon of Torres Strait.

It is not long ago that foreign geologists denied, and American geologists were unable to show, that any true chalk existed in the United States; but it has more recently been admitted that great beds of true chalk, much of it of the finest quality, occur in Northwestern Iowa. These are beds of the Niobrara stage of the Upper Cretaceous Age—that enormously widespread formation of the sediment of the great, quiet interior Cretaceous Sea which stretches from Western Iowa to the Rocky Mountains, and from Texas to Manitoba, and perhaps to the Arctic Ocean. The best-known and most typical chalk beds lie between the mouth of the Niobrara River and Mount Auburn, Iowa; but similar deposits are exposed elsewhere, those exposed in the bluffs of the Missouri at Yankton, S. D., being mined and made into "Portland" cement on a large scale. In its purest condition this rock may be excavated with a spade, or carved with a pocketknife, and sawed into portable blocks more easily than so much wood. It is soft and smooth, serving well as crayons for the blackboard or on the carpenter's chalk line. It is true chalk; in fact, as good as and practically identical with the best English chalk; and, like it, consists almost wholly of the organic skeletons of the microscopic animal and plant life which swarmed in the ancient sea. The best and softest is characterized by the large proportion it contains of coccoliths—remains of a vegetable organism so simple that it consisted of a single spherical cell, and so minute that many thousands of them might be laid side by side within the space of an inch. Mixed with these are the skeletons of a great variety of foraminifers, or excessively minute animalcules, whose spherical, oblong and snail-shaped skeletons have sunk like snow to the bottom through uncounted centuries until they have built up these thick beds. Many species of these, as revealed by the microscope, are local; but the most numerous and characteristic ones are precisely identical with those of the English strata. Thus there is a scientific as well as an economical identity between the American and English chalks.

THE cheapest king in Christendom has passed from the scene by the death of Tawhiao, the Maori King, which has just taken place after an attack of influenza. King Tawhiao's civil list only amounted to \$1,075 a year! The late dusky and much-tattooed potentate was a son of the first native king, Potatau (Te Whero Whero), and from 1860 to 1879 he assumed a hostile attitude toward the Government of New Zealand. In 1881, however, he voluntarily gave in his submission, and after a visit to Auckland in the following year went to England in 1884, accompanied by Major Wiremu Te Whero. Lord Derby, the Colonial Secretary of that time, played the part of host, but Tawhiao was bitterly disappointed at not being received by the Queen. Tawhiao's mother rejoiced in the unpleasantly suggestive name of Whakaawi, and his son's name is Orongokorkoca. The late King was about seventy years of age, but Time had no chance of writing wrinkles upon his aged brow, owing to the previous operations of the tattooer.

THE French Museum of Natural History received, a few months ago, a specimen of that rarest of birds, the apteryx, confined solely to New Zealand. It was carefully kept in a warmed room and fed with expressly chosen and prepared meats, for it was not supposed it could thrive in a foreign climate and among strange associations. One day

in October it was gone, and could not be found though the whole Jardin des Plantes was searched for it, till early in March a dog smelled it out in one of the ventilating holes of a row of newly erected buildings, in the cellar of which it had endured the cold and rain and snow through the winter, and lived on what it could pick up. Never had it been known to be in better condition.

THE Jackson-Harmsworth expedition left Archangel in the beginning of August for Franz-Josef Land.

IN West Africa the negotiations between the French and the Germans concerning the Lake Tchad region have ended with the recognition of the French claims on the Benue River and the right of France to the eastern bank of the Shari and Lake Tchad. This peaceful settlement of boundaries is full of promise for the civilization of the Soudan.

AN expedition, principally for collections in natural history, has been undertaken by Mr. R. T. Coryndon. He will go as far to the north as possible, to the west of Lake Tanganika, and establish a camp in the Congo forest, where he will pursue his researches for a year at least, surveying and exploring the region at the same time.

NOTHING has been decided with regard to the Antarctic explorations so earnestly advocated in England and Germany and in this country; and Dr. Murray's suggestions have met with no response from the British Government. Mr. Wellman's expedition to the North Pole started from Tromsø on the whaling steamer *Ragnvald Jart*, but came to grief. Besides his American companions, Mr. Wellman had with him three young Norwegian scientists, Oyen, Dahl and Hvittfeld. Mr. Stein's proposed exploration of Ellesmore Land has been given up for the present year, only to be accomplished, it is hoped, with thorough success in 1895.

THE Swedish traveler Sven Hedin has reported some of his experiences in the Pamirs. He met with a hospitable reception at the Russian military post on the Kashgar frontier, which he crossed and proceeded first to the Rang-kul and then to the Bulun-kul. The Chinese officer in command at this latter place, it was said, was in a constant state of intoxication, and refused even to see Mr. Hedin, who found great difficulty in obtaining permission to continue his journey to the mountain Mustag-Ata. It was supposed by the Chinese that the traveler was to be followed by a Russian army, and the report was that he was accompanied by an advance guard of sixty Cossacks. A close watch was kept upon him, and the Kirghiz were not allowed to sell him provisions. He persevered, however, and reached Mustag-Ata, which he ascended to the height of 18,000 feet, at which point a storm forced him to retrace his steps. He next visited the Prjevalsky Glacier, which he found to be six miles in length with a breadth varying from 1,500 to 3,000 feet, and an average depth of 140 feet. His eyes became inflamed, and he returned to the Bulun-kul, when the Chinese commander expelled him from the country. He made his way to the city of Kashgar, and remained there till he recovered the use of his eyes. His purpose was then to return to the Mustag-Ata and study the geology and the glacial phenomena, and to prepare a topographical map; and next year to visit Lob Nor and the Taghdumbash Pamir, and after that to organize a journey to Thibet. He will make an attempt to enter Lassa, not in disguise, but as a European; and he will be well armed. It is perhaps more easy to begin such an enterprise than to carry it through; and simultaneously with the announcement of Mr. Hedin's intentions comes the intelligence of the mur-

der of M. Dutreuil de Rhins, the French explorer who has been engaged in scientific work in Central Asia for the past four years. He was killed in a quarrel forced upon him, it is believed, by a Thibetan tribe in the interior of the country. The Chinese Government has given orders to search for his body and to punish the tribe, as well as to recover M. de Rhins's collections, and these orders may be obeyed, M. de Rhins having been commissioned by the French Government.

IN Africa the question of boundaries has the first place. The treaty of May 12th, between England and the Congo State, gave to the former a strip of land, 25 kilometers in width, on the Congo side of the boundary between the Free State and German East Africa. This strip secured to England a free passage from her South African possessions to the Nile Valley; and in consideration of this she made over to the Congo State the large Egyptian province of the Bahr-el-Ghazal on the west of the Nile. The German Government refused to allow the cession of the 25-kilometer strip on its frontier, and England gave up the prize she had just secured. France, which claimed the right of way to the Nile Valley from her Congo possessions, entered at once upon the settlement of a boundary line with the Congo Free State, which relinquished its claim upon the Bahr-el-Ghazal province, and accepted instead of it the line offered by France along the Ubangi-Mbomu Rivers; and there is nothing left of the Anglo-Congolese Convention. At the same time the French made a treaty with the Republic of Liberia, which gave up to France the territory east of the Cavally River and all the Hinterland north of 6° 30' and 7° N. Lat. to the Anglo-French boundary of Sierra Leone; France ceding to Liberia in return all the points on the Grain Coast to which France had a recognized claim. It is stipulated that all the tributaries of the Niger in the interior belong to France, whose vast African empire is taking definite and, it must be believed, permanent shape. It is to be hoped that the principal boundary questions in Africa are now settled, and that the Europeans may give their attention to developing their possessions. The great exception is the question of the former Egyptian provinces, still held for the most part by the Mahdi. The capture of Kassala by the Italians may very probably be the beginning of a debate that will call for the intervention of all the powers. The town lies midway between Massaua, the centre of the Italian colony on the Red Sea, and Khartoum, which the English must occupy if they propose to remain in Egypt; and its capture is, it may be hoped, the first move toward a final distribution vaguely known as the Egyptian Soudan and the Equatorial Province.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

TWO BOOKLETS, respectively entitled "Observations of a Traveler" and "Observations of a Musician," by Louis Lombard, Director of the Utica (N. Y.) Conservatory of Music, will doubtless prove interesting to dilettante readers in general, and to musical students in particular. Mr. Lombard, who is a European by birth, has traveled extensively, and records his observations and opinions, particularly where they relate to musical matters, in a pleasant, lively English style.

HELEN H. GARDENER, who is already favorably known as the author of several books of an earnest, thoughtful and rather aggressive character, reaches the highest level she has yet attained, in her new novel, entitled "An Unofficial

Patriot." It is a dramatic story of the border States in the time of the late Civil War, and shows with tremendous power the complications and difficulties which faced any peaceful solution of the slavery question. Its hero is a grand old Virginian planter and Methodist circuit rider, said to be a portrayal of the author's own father, as the main facts in the narrative are historically authenticated. The chapter describing his interview with Lincoln is a masterpiece and is thrillingly interesting, not only because of its dramatic force, but also because of its portrayal of one of the great martyr President's many sides. The handling of the character of Lincoln is most admirable, and betrays a deep study into the life of this marvelous man. The native tact and shrewdness with which he feels his way through the parson's character, finally finds his weak point and clings to it with unyielding tenacity; his quaint humor, pathos, earnestness, eloquence and power, and above all his knowledge of human character, is a perfect picture of Lincoln as those know him who have studied him as the man rather than the President.

By an oversight, the intended proper acknowledgment of the fine pictures illustrating the article on "Cramp's Shipyard, and the New United States Navy," by S. Millington Miller, in last month's (October) issue of *FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY*, was withheld. All of these illustrations, with the exception of the two portraits and "Signaling of the Fleet," were from photographs furnished by Mr. William H. Rau, of Philadelphia, photographer to the Federal Government.

THE three latest numbers of that valuable, convenient and picturesque guidebook series, called "Illustrated Europe," published by the Orell Füssli Co., of Zurich, Switzerland, are devoted respectively to the Toggenburg district; the towering Stanserhorn, on the Lake of Lucerne, with its new cable railway; and the health resort and lake baths of Waldhaus-Flims, in the Vorderrheinthal, Canton Grisons.

A BULKY 600-page volume, printed in good, clear type, and containing over 400 portraits of the world's celebrities, living and dead, is published by Messrs. King, Richardson & Co., of Springfield, Mass., under the title of "Portraits and Principles of the World's Great Men and Women; with Practical Lessons on Successful Life by over Fifty Leading Thinkers." Some of these "leading thinkers," who contribute really interesting and helpful chapters, are the Rev. James W. Cole, the Rev. M. Woolsey Stryker, Professor A. Alonzo Stagg, Anthony Comstock, James Lane Allen, Joseph Cook, the Rev. Washington Gladden, Lady Somerset, Frances E. Willard, Mary A. Livermore and Mrs. Frank Leslie.

"THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA IN AMERICA" is a booklet of thirteen terse chapters, wherein the author, Dr. Bushrod W. James, deals in rather a suggestive way with some of the most important political and economic questions of the age. The writer's suggestions for the manner of obtaining needed legislative alterations which will conduce to the good of both country and individual are not unworthy of consideration. He views his subject in a hopefully prophetic manner, and predicts a more brilliant future than the present beclouded atmosphere would seem to permit. The chapter "The Dawn of a New Era" urges better legislation in some particulars. "Our Country's Great Need" expresses the necessity for better men, wiser electors and a deeper interest in the welfare of the nation, which can only be attained by a more careful study of the requirements of officials and citizens. The writer shows the importance of

expanding our commercial facilities and systematically increasing a navy whose extent will add dignity to the nation as well as insure protection to its territory and commerce. He sincerely advocates courtesy and good will to all sister nations, though opposing promiscuous immigration of unsuitable persons, that is, those who are unfitted by crime, disease or other causes to become good citizens. He lays great stress upon "International Quarantine," advocating a uniform, universally understood system of regulations for epidemic diseases by isolation and by internal as well as external quarantine. He proposes that our North American Indians shall be educated toward the great object of citizenship; and further suggests that the United States shall hereafter retain hold of every portion of unclaimed land as its own property, and not allow it to be given away to squatters and prospectors, but to be sold at approximate valuations.

LOOK OUT FOR THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

THE next (December) number of this magazine, to be issued November 15th, will be the grand Christmas number, to which our friends and patrons have become accustomed to look forward eagerly from year to year. We are confident that their utmost expectations will be realized, as this is an age of progress, and *FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY* this year is in form to surpass itself. Although Christmas as yet seems a long way off, our preparations are necessarily made months in advance, so that we are able to announce, as a special feature of the forthcoming number, an important original contribution from the pen of Dr. Georg Ebers, the world-famous Egyptologist and romancer, illustrated with a score of strikingly beautiful pictures, made in Egypt expressly to accompany this paper. There will also be articles, stories and poems by the most popular writers of the day, including Lydia Hoyt Farmer, Etta W. Pierce, G. A. Davis, E. C. Vansittart, Frances Courtney Baylor, Martha McCulloch Williams, Frederique Seger, Ernest Clement, Valerien Gribayédoff, Henry Tyrrell, and many others. At the same time, there will be no augmentation in the regular price, 25 cents, to subscribers and purchasers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- AN UNOFFICIAL PATRIOT. By Helen H. Gardener. 351 pp. Paper, 50c. Arena Publishing Co., Boston.
- SEVEN STRANGE STORIES. By J. Wallace Hoff. 108 pp. Cloth. The Brandt Press, Trenton, N. J.
- PORTRAITS AND PRINCIPLES OF THE WORLD'S GREAT MEN AND WOMEN. Edited by William C. King. 636 pp. Cloth. Illustrated. King, Richardson & Co., Springfield, Mass.
- ESSAYS. By Emily Oliver Gibbs. 174 pp. Cloth. Charles T. Dillingham & Co., New York.
- LINDENWALD. A Poem. By John Underwood. 165 pp. Cloth. Donohue & Henneberry, Chicago.
- TOGGENBURG AND WIL. By J. Hardmeyer. THE STANSERHORN. By Woldemar Cubasch. WALDHAUS-FLIMS. By Dr. E. Killias. "Illustrated Europe Series," Nos. 162-165. Illustrated by J. Weber. Orell Füssli Art Institut, Zurich, Switzerland.
- THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA IN AMERICA. By Bushrod W. James, A. M., M. D. 133 pp. Cloth, \$1. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.
- OBSERVATIONS OF A MUSICIAN. By Louis Lombard. 169 pp. Paper, 50c. Published by the Author, Utica, N. Y.
- OBSERVATIONS OF A TRAVELER. By Louis Lombard. 208 pp. Paper, 50c. Published by the Author, Utica, N. Y.

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THE CITY OF THE DEAD AT THEBES.

MY TOMB IN THEBES.

BY DR. GEORG EBERS.*

THE title these unassuming lines received long before it was possible for me to write them promises much more than they will probably bestow upon the reader. Whoever expects to find here the letters of a dead person, or the detailed description of a sepulchre discovered by me in the

City of the Dead at Thebes, will be disappointed. I intend to communicate nothing except a few reminiscences of a period during which I was permitted to live in a very strange place, and among very peculiar human beings.

In recent times literature treating of ancient

Vol. XXXVIII., No. 6—41. * Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford.

and modern Egypt has swollen—especially in England—to a perfect flood, and whoever passes through the Nile Valley over the beautifully level roads used by tourists, or floats on the smooth surface of the river in a comfortable dahabeah, or in the steamer which, like a huge omnibus, conveys travelers to the First Cataract and back, need expect to find nothing in the land of the Pharaohs that has not been discovered, seen, described or pictured before him. The naturalist seeking new species, the artist fresh subjects for his brush, the scholar who desires to find monuments that are still unpublished, must enter untrodden side paths and submit to all the inconveniences no one who thinks of diverging from the roads and habits of life arranged by the English can escape.

No part of all Egypt is more frequently and thoroughly searched than the site of ancient Thebes, yet the investigator can nowhere more confidently hope to discover something new and unexpected than in this very spot; for Thebes is a world in itself, and the rich and highly developed civilization which existed here for thousands of years left traces so deep and numerous that nothing could efface them. The warm, thoroughly dry atmosphere of the broad plains has served as a guardian spirit to the monuments on both sides of the undivided Nile—rain is more frequent in the Delta—and if Thebes can still show far more numerous and better-preserved monuments of antiquity than any other Egyptian city she owes the advantage to a series of fortunate circumstances. During the whole period of the most brilliant portion of the history of the Pharaohs this was the favorite royal residence, and when in later times Egypt was forced to yield to the might of the great civilized powers of Asia, and finally bow to the Macedonians, Romans and the hosts of Islam, Thebes lay a long distance out of the route of the conquerors.

In this city of Thebes, with whose monuments not even a previous residence had made me perfectly familiar, I settled for a long period during my last tour of investigation, and the weeks I had allotted to the City of Amon became months, partly because some new object of interest was daily offered me, partly because the Board of Health forbade travelers from passing the cataract and entering Nubia, where cholera was raging.

I had previously determined to follow Lepsius's example and stay on the western shore of the vast place of ruins. Our German consular agent, the Copt Todrus, and his intelligent son, Moharreb, lent me a helping hand, and on the evening after our arrival I had found satisfactory quarters and had established myself in them.

The following morning, with the help of some donkeys, a camel and my sailors, the removal from the Nile boat to the cliff dwelling was effected, and when at sunset I sat before the door of my habitation and gazed at the majestic scene at my feet I told myself that I had made a fortunate choice; yet my dwelling was nothing but a sepulchre, a genuine, veritable abode of the dead, in which the deceased members of a distinguished official's family had enjoyed the repose of death for centuries.

Ancient Thebes and its ruins have been described a thousand times. I have myself elsewhere attempted to depict them thoroughly. Here, before speaking of my neighbors, it is only necessary to mention where and amid what surroundings my tomb was situated and what might be seen from its door.

The Nile divides into two equal portions the long, narrow plain on which rise the ruins of the City of Amon. Upon each strip of level ground, extending from the river bank to the foot of the barren limestone mountains that border the valley on the east and west, lie fruitful fields, well irrigated by canals and ditches, industriously tilled, and richly rewarding the labor of the peasantry. Countless water wheels are busily conveying the moisture to the higher fields farther from the stream, and wherever it touches the bare, yellowish soil of the desert the sand quickly clothes itself with fresh green vegetation.

The fields, outlined as sharply as gay strips of carpeting against a gray floor, lie at the barren feet of the arid sand hills, behind which on both sides of the valley stretches the desert, here to the Red Sea, yonder in boundless extent to the Atlantic Ocean. The eastern and western banks of the Nile resemble each other as closely as the two halves of a leaf, the two sides of a slaughtered beast, the two valves of an open shell; the sole difference is in the varying shape of the chains of hills outlined against the horizon. The Arabian Mountains, above which the sun rises in the morning, are less varied in form than the Libyan Hills, intersected by transverse valleys, behind which it disappears in the evening.

Numerous monuments on both plains have been preserved. The largest buildings stand on the right bank of the Nile, yet the investigator will find the richest booty on the left, for the eastern part of Thebes belonged to the living; the western, to the dead. The Egyptian saying, a thousand times repeated, that their earthly dwellings were taverns and their graves everlasting habitations, has become the literal truth. No royal palace or citizen's house in Thebes remains undestroyed, while a countless multitude of tombs has been

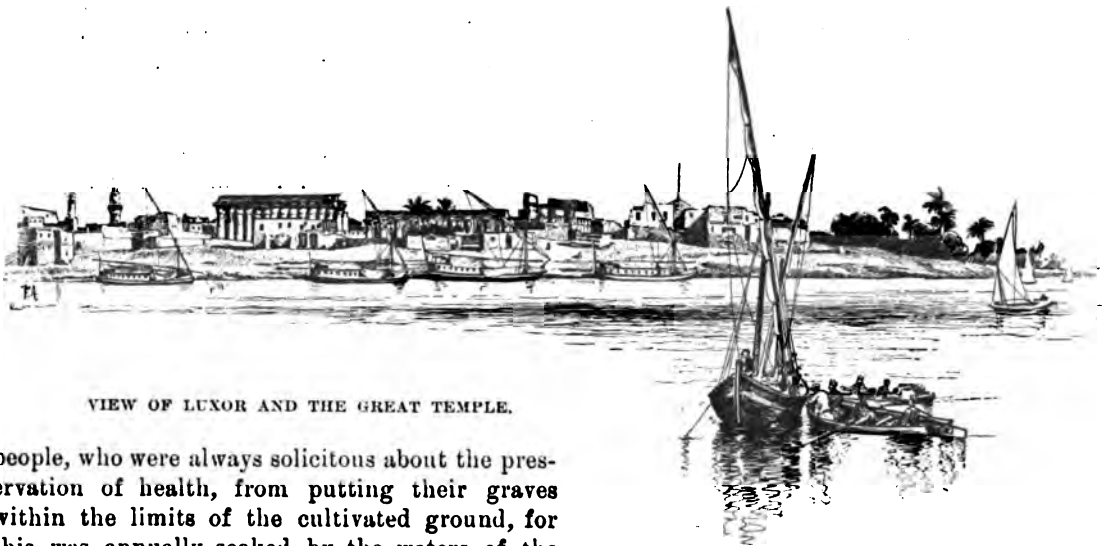
more or less perfectly preserved. The indestructible cemeteries of the City of Amon do not show the slightest resemblance to ours. They lie beyond the fields in the rocky desert region, for the arable land is narrow, and the people learned to estimate its value at so early a date that, wherever it was possible, the large buildings were erected in places which the inundation could not reach. The pyramids also stand upon the soil of the desert, and a Greek inscription on the great Sphinx, which owes its origin to a certain Arrian—probably the famous pupil of Epictetus—begins with the following lines:

“The gods themselves erst these (far-gleaming) forms did build,
Sparing the fruitful soil whose fields with wheat are filled.”

Another consideration deterred the Pharaonic

The Arabs no longer know anything about the name “Thebes”; nay, they have no word designating the whole of the ruins comprising the City of Amon. The two banks of the Nile are only distinguished as the “left” and the “right,” and the huge temple on the site occupied by the living inhabitants of the city of Thebes, as well as the different parts of the Necropolis, are called by the names of the villages which have risen beside and among them. In the City of the Dead the portion of the slope of the Libyan chain containing the largest number of tombs is called Abd el Qurnah, and here, about midway up the mountain, was located the sepulchre I had chosen for a residence.

It was spacious enough, for it consisted of a wide vestibule, four oblong apartments opening into one another, and two side rooms. The whole was hewn from the living rock, and 3,500 years ago



VIEW OF LUXOR AND THE GREAT TEMPLE.

people, who were always solicitous about the preservation of health, from putting their graves within the limits of the cultivated ground, for this was annually soaked by the waters of the Nile, and the corpses, affected by the dampness, might have filled the air with dangerous miasma after the inundation had receded.

The foot that crosses the boundary of the tilled land in the domain of the Necropolis, though it may intend to walk on firm paths, often steps upon a grave, and the tourist's eye, gazing at the range of the Libyan Mountains, everywhere beholds the mouths of sepulchres—at the foot of the hills, halfway up, and even on very high portions of the rocky declivities. Tombs are also found in all the cross valleys, and most surely in the ravines most secluded and difficult of access. The majority of the graves are in the slopes facing toward the east, and this portion of the Libyan chain, on account of the numerous cells piercing it, has been compared to a honeycomb, a sponge, or a cork.

my very aristocratic predecessor had had most of the walls of his “everlasting habitation” adorned with sculptures in high relief, representing in various ways the offices he had filled at Pharaoh's court, the estates he had possessed, and the domestic pleasures he had enjoyed. In the last one of the whole suite of apartments, as in most of these rock tombs, was a perpendicular shaft, leading to the room where the bodies were usually ranged. This pit was completely filled with stones and rubbish. My camp bed was placed over it, while my washing apparatus found room in a niche upon an altarlike table, which had formerly supported the statues of the dead owner and his wife. The second room from the entrance served as a work and dining room, and in one of the side chambers slept my friend Stern,



TEMPLE OF AMENOPHIS.

a talented young scholar, now well known to all Egyptologists by his excellent works, who, a beloved companion, eagerly assisted all my labors.

The anteroom, formerly the scene of the festivities held in honor of the dead, was occupied by the servants, and here stood the improvised fireplace, heated with charcoal, where my Nubian attendant, Mohammed Salih, prepared with the aid of the kitchen boy, Ismail, meals which would probably have been relished, not only by a starving Hagar, but by any half-sated denizen of a great European capital. I remember with gratitude worthy, dark-skinned Salih, who did all a maidservant's work for us, from sweeping rooms to washing and ironing shirts, and, attentive, honest and capable, strove from early till late to make his masters' lives comfortable and pleasant.

I had brought with me to the mountain as guards my two favorite sailors, Omar and Hassan; but after the stars rose the spacious anteroom used to be filled with numerous villagers who flocked in from the neighborhood for an hour's gossip. No one came before our supper, or so long as my people were occupied in our service. Modesty kept them away, for whenever compatible with our work in distant places I sat at sunset in front of the door of my tomb on a stone bench placed there by Salih—beside which floated, more for our pleasure than for protection, the black, red and white standard respected even here—and gazed over the ruins of Thebes. A distant view more rich in color, and at the same time more impressive, could scarcely be found on earth.

Around us were the naked cliffs and sepulchres. Below stretched a wide, blue-green plain, on

which proudly towered gigantic monuments of yellow stone, glittering and gleaming like pure gold in the evening light. Farther south rose the Temple of Medinet Habu, the magnificent work of Rameses III., the rich Rhampsinitus, of whom Herodotus tells the pleasant tale of the architect's clever son; nearer are the noted colossal statues of Amenophis III.—one of which, the vocal Memnon, was regarded by Greeks and Romans as one of the greatest wonders of Egypt—and which we now know, from the inscription, were erected by Amenhotep, son of Hapu, the superintendent of his royal

master's buildings, before the gates of a temple that has vanished from the earth. The ruins of this sanctuary, still remaining behind the colossi, are of such vast dimensions, that it might be supposed that it was the largest of all the monuments in the City of Amon. The one pointed



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF RAMESES



ENTRANCE TO TOMBS.

out as the most beautiful and harmonious must certainly be the so-called Ramasseum, the House of Rameses, as the monuments style it, into whose open courts we can look from my tomb. A spyglass enables us to distinguish an inscription cut deeply into the stone of an architrave, which states that this sanctuary with its extensive appurtenances was built of Nile bricks, in token of gratitude for the king's deliverance from great peril when the Cheta surrounded him in the battle of Kadesch, and he was "alone among thousands." The mass of the overturned, shattered statue of Rameses, which even surpassed in size the colossal one of Memnon, is also visible to the naked eye.

In the extreme north, half concealed by palm trees, rises the Temple of Qurnah, called by the monuments the House of Seti. The foundations



SECOND CATARACT OF THE NILE.

of this building were laid by the grandfather of Rameses II., but it was completed by his father, Seti. The beautiful terraced structure of the Temple of Hatasu, and the amphitheatre of cliffs to which it rises, lie too far back to be seen from my tomb. All these monuments, to which the Greeks gave the name of Memnoneia, stand on the soil of the Necropolis.

If we let our eyes wander farther eastward we first behold the palm-bordered, glittering waters of the Nile, furrowed by many a boat with lateen sails, and yonder, where the only dark cloud is to be seen far or near, by a steamer.

On the eastern bank of the river, close beside the water, rises the Temple of Luxor and the hamlet of the same name, which has sprung up within and behind it, while palm groves almost completely conceal from view the vast Temple of Thebes,* the largest building in the world, which is located farther north in the village of Karnak. In the extreme east the softly rounded outlines and sharp peaks of the Arabian Mountains shut in the landscape, and in the morning and evening become color bearers of surprising brilliancy. At dawn they glow with hues of purple and gold; at sunset they are touched only by the reflection of the orb of day as it vanishes behind the mountains on the opposite bank of the river and gleam with pale tints of rose, covering themselves as darkness closes in, first with a violet and finally with a blue-black veil edged with a golden border. As soon as this fades the evening star appears, seeming twice as large and bright as in Germany. To its radiance the lovely nights of the East owe their peculiar charm.

Often and long as I have tarried by the Nile, the sunset hour has ever been the most beloved of the day—its experiences are numbered among those most difficult to forget. Once, during the passage to Thebes, I was sitting on the deck of my Nile boat, thinking with a sorrowful heart of my wife and child in our distant home, for it was the Christmas season. The sun was setting, and the horizon was steeped in an unusually brilliant golden radiance and vivid crimson glow. Gradually the dazzling tints faded, the delicate, fleecy clouds were dyed with the soft red of the flamingo breast, and darkness began to spread over hills, palm trees and roads. My heart has rarely throbbed more yearningly, and I was living among my kindred, while the north wind blowing from home bore me farther and farther away. Suddenly a strange sound disturbed the stillness of the evening. Bells! Bells in the East, on the Nile, in Egypt, where believers are never sum-

moned to prayer by the brazen tongue of smitten metal, but by the muezzin's voice! It was months since I had heard the tones of a bell, and here in Upper Egypt they fell upon my ear. Surely those were church bells, and the deep hum and clear tone, the beloved, holy, homelike harmony seized upon my soul with mighty power. Never before and never since have I listened to the ringing of bells so devoutly. But whence came these sounds, now growing more and more distinct, sounds so utterly alien to the East? No delusion of the senses deceived me, and beneath the Nile's yellow waves there was no lost city, no Vineta, whose bells the lonely sailor often fancies he hears echoing with muffled sound far, far below the surface of the Baltic.

I questioned the pilot, and learned that we had approached the hamlet of Magaga. I was soon seated in a boat with my friend Stern and entered the Nile city, inhabited by numerous Copts, where American missionaries have converted many Coptic Christians to Protestantism and have given to the new parish a chime of church bells.

But to return to the door of my tomb, which, especially during the first few days, could not be reached at night without peril, or at any rate without hindrances. We had no ~~fire~~ and no less occasion to fear thieves and robbers here than in Saxony, but all my neighbors kept dogs, and although in the daytime these animals could easily be put to flight by throwing stones at them, at night they were remarkably ill disposed toward strangers, and regarded us as such for weeks. The ordinary Fellah dog is a cowardly barker and thoroughly deserves the contempt the Egyptian dog inspires, but the light-gray shaggy one, that resembles our large sheep dogs, is not only watchful, but fierce and hard to intimidate. These animals, however, know each individual inhabitant of the village and are easily quieted by the peasants. Even the most vicious ones took no notice of us during the daytime; but at night, until the latter part of our stay, they refused us the full rights of citizenship, which we thought the less justifiable as we speedily entered into more and more friendly relations with their masters, our neighbors.

Most of the inhabitants of Abd el Qurnah, from the cradle to the grave, were—like ourselves at that time—dwellers in tombs, and the number of Fellahs who form the community of this part of the City of the Dead is by no means small. I made the acquaintance of many, and now that I know them I have to beg their forgiveness for many a mistaken prejudice aroused by the reports of other travelers, or by their own conduct on my former more transient visits to this place.

* Known at the present day as the Temple of Karnak.

The tourist who, with a red guidebook under his arm, tortured by the scorching sun, and tormented by naked children screaming for backsheesh, climbs the side of the mountain rising behind the Ramasseum, to be guided to the numbered tombs marked as especially worth seeing, will experience nothing agreeable here. Everything connected with the human beings who inhabit this region will seem to him poverty-stricken to beggary, ruinous and strange. Dogs keep the traveler at a certain distance from the Fellah dwellings above, below, and on the right and left of the road. The curious European sees only the blackened door of the sepulchre inhabited by the peasants, and in the little yard surrounded by a fence built of clay and maize, before the entrance leading into the mountain, are poultry, goats, a few sheep, a donkey with hobbled feet, old women, little naked children, and queer, mushroom-shaped structures built of gray Nile mud, for which no European language has a name—one needs to be told that they are used for storing breadstuffs.

Anything more inhospitable and disorderly than these little farms, where even the animals seem dusty and unusually rough, can scarcely be imagined, and the European is disposed to consider all who live here, great and small, starving beggars; for their children stretch out their little hands, and the grown people answer his greeting with a "Backsheesh!" the one Arabian word which no one who has set foot on the soil of Egypt will ever forget. It is of Persian origin and means a gift. Everyone who has read a description of modern Egypt knows how extensive is the domain in which it finds use. Professor Paul Ascherson, the botanist, who accompanied G. Rohlfs in his journey through the Libyan Desert, says the exclamation "Backsheesh!" is a reflex movement of the Egyptian's organs of speech, which commences as soon as he catches sight of a European, especially an Englishman. This is apt and witty; but during the time of my residence in Abd el Qurnah I perceived that it is not base avarice alone which brings the notorious word to the tongues of the Fellaheen Europeans meet. The first week of our stay at Abd el Qurnah it met us, too, at every step, but soon, instead of their "Backsheesh, my lord!" our neighbors called "Good morning" or "Good evening," and at last we even heard from those who knew us best many of the beautiful proverbs with which the Arabs usually welcome only their fellow believers. Even the poorest Fellah is proud of his religion and lives in the firm conviction that he is of a thousand times more value in God's sight than the cleverest and richest of the

Christians whom he sees making money in his country or idly traveling through it. They consider themselves favored and distinguished by God, and everyone who denies Islam is cast out. The Koran enjoins upon believers justice and generosity toward each other, but it does not contain a single passage requiring consideration for neighbors as human beings. It would seem to the Fellah sinful to bestow on the foreign infidel one of his beautiful, pious greetings, such as "*Es salamu aleikum*" (happiness be with you), or to answer his salutation with the usual formula of reply, "Peace be with you and God's mercy and blessing." So in a thousand cases, merely to avoid remaining silent and without expecting a gift, he flings to the infidel, as if it were a salutation, his "Backsheesh!" which very correctly expresses the feelings he cherishes toward him. He generally wishes him nothing at all, but is always glad when he can earn anything from him. His relation to the European, and with it the expression of his feelings, speedily changes when he enters into friendly relations with the latter. We, as I said, reached the point of hearing from our neighbors' lips, instead of "Backsheesh!" benedictions which the Mohammedans ought rightfully to withhold from those of a different faith. True, begging is extensively practiced, especially by the children, and many a cry for backsheesh is seriously meant; but even the most pitiable wearer of rags who stretches his withered hand to the European does not forget his religious pride, for while, to obtain alms, he would call to another Moslem his, "I am the guest of God and the Prophet," or, "Trust in God, there is no God, save Allah," or, "For God's sake, charitable sir!" and receive as an answer, either with or without a gift, the words, "God will grant you support," he demands from the European in wholly unvarnished speech a "backsheesh."

The well-to-do Arab also rarely greets the foreigner with a friendly wish. Instead of the "Backsheesh, O my lord!" which his dignity forbids him to utter, he uses a gesture of the hand by which, with great pantomimic skill, he expresses every shade of feeling, from contemptuous indifference to devoted tenderness. This gesture consists in pressing his right hand upon his breast, and then touching first his lips and afterward his forehead with the fingers. A person who uses it intelligently means to say, "My heart, my words and my head, that is, my feelings, my speech and my reason, are at your disposal." Never have I been more expressively saluted than by a handsome Greek in Luxor who was kindly disposed toward me. When I crossed his threshold he bowed, gazed affectionately at me, pressed his



THE LIBYAN MOUNTAINS.

right hand upon his heart, kissed his fingers to me, and then pointed to his forehead as if to say, "I already bear you in mind."

This gesture is used by grown persons and children, rich and poor. No slave offers his master's guest a cup of coffee without such a movement of the hand, and the most aristocratic personage would be called uncourteous if he should accept it without touching his lips and brow.

It will be difficult for the transient visitor to Abd el Qurnah to believe that many of my neighbors, all of whom he is disposed to regard as miserable beggars, entertained me with excellent Mocha and often with large dishes full of fresh bread and cakes, both of which were far more than pleasing to the palate. There are even some among these people who are very well off, nay, comparatively rich. Almost every householder

owns some cattle, and though only as a tenant of fields belonging to the government, has a larger or smaller piece of well-watered land. Besides, he does not lack minor sources of revenue, which flow most abundantly in the winter, the season of foreign travel, for then many let their donkeys to the strangers, the poorer people send their half-grown daughters, bearing water jars, to follow them into the barren, scorching valley in the cliffs where the royal tombs are located, and almost all try—far more frequently through agents than in person—to sell their antiques. A whole chapter might be written specially



BEFORE AN ARAB HOUSE.

devoted to the donkeys, water bearers and relic hunters of Abd el Qarnah.

Among the donkeys are very excellent, spirited animals. My friend Stern and I have had many a swift race on our favorite beasts. To call a person an "ass" here, conveys anything rather than a reproach for laziness and stupidity. I might assert that few animals have a more intense mental life. Like their lively drivers, they know how to gesticulate, which they accomplish by the aid of their ears, erecting, lowering, or letting them hang down, according to the feelings that move them. For the benefit of those occupied in the study of the means of



STRING OF CAMELS.

communication at the disposal of animals, it may be said here that two donkeys can talk, with the assistance of their ears, as if they were telegraphic signals. Nay, even the solitary donkey often accompanies his silent meditations by a movement



STATUES OF MEMNON.

of his organs of hearing. The Arab knows what value the ear has to the donkey, and if he wishes to touch him or his master in a sensitive spot cuts off a bit of it. Every traveler on the Nile has met asses with one or both ears mutilated. These cripples are called *hardmiye* (singular, *hardmi*), or thieves, and with reason, for they have broken into strangers' fields and feasted there; but any peasant may cut off the tip of the ear of a donkey who commits this crime, and in case of a repetition of the offense the tip of the other ear also. No animal feels love and hatred, the extremes of soul life, more keenly than the Egyptian donkey. How often has the amorous bray of one of them disturbed my rest at night, and how delightful it was to watch the profound aversion displayed by one of our saddle asses toward a companion used for carrying water! As soon as the latter approached the former he was exposed to kicks and bites from his foe, yet the animal was perfectly well disposed toward the rest of his companions. A similar feeling of antipathy once bore evil fruit for a famous German scientist, for the donkey he rode was an object of hatred to the one mounted by his traveling companion, and his leg was severely bitten by his own animal's fourfooted foe. "I had to endure the pain," said the wounded man, "and also the unpleasant consciousness of having been mistaken for an ass."

The water bearers, principally children from seven to ten years old, are graceful creatures, who can balance their jars with marvelous ease on their heads, supporting them with their brown arms while following the galloping donkeys at a rapid trot. Their means of communication with Europeans are marvelously beautiful black eyes, which can beseech so charmingly that even the most frugal steamboat passenger, who does not understand a word of Arabic, thrusts his hand into his pocket more than once. He would make a still better use of his money by flinging it to the abjectly poor women who, north of the entrance to the valley of the royal tombs, try to support life by scraping off the salt which exudes from the rocks.

The traffic in antiques is unknown to but few of the inhabitants of Abd el Qurnah. Every painted or inscribed fragment of pottery, stuff or wood, every little figure or amulet that has descended from ancient times, is salable, and even in recent days extremely valuable articles whose worth, spite of their apparent insignificance, is only too well known to the inhabitants of Abd el Qurnah, have been found in the most hidden nooks. It is a long time since the period when the Fellaheen—as occurred before the eyes of a European mer-

chant in 1778—burned papyrus rolls to enjoy the fragrant smoke; manuscripts are no longer cut to pieces to transform one salable article into two. Formerly this must have happened often, as is shown by the papyri, parts of which are found in one museum and parts in another. It is now understood that one well-preserved roll will bring a higher price than twenty mutilated ones. True, there is a strict law in existence requiring the Fellaheen to deliver to the authorities all the relics of antiquity they may discover; but this is never done, for in Luxor—on the other bank of the river—live agents who pay large sums for good relics and very considerable ones for papyrus rolls. The indefatigable and learned Mariette Bey, appointed by the Viceroy director of all the relics of Pharaonic times and of the museums of antiquities from Bulak to Cairo, complains with reason that everything the natives find escapes him, because it is sold to foreigners. Several years ago a chest made of sycamore wood, filled with papyrus rolls, was found in a tomb in the cross valley of Der el Médine, belonging to Western Thebes. Among these manuscripts was the largest of all yet discovered. It is 144 feet long, and is now preserved in the British Museum under the name of the Papyrus Harris. Its purchaser was the English Consul in Alexandria whose name it bears; as the second in size, which I obtained from an agent in Luxor, bears mine. This latter manuscript is said to have been taken by the Fellaheen from a coffin in that part of the Necropolis called El Assassif.

The more rarely valuable antiques have been found in modern times, and the more the demand increases the greater has been the effort to provide a substitute; and here again the inhabitants of Luxor help the Fellaheen. They prepare relics of every description made from wood and stone, supply them with inscriptions after good models, and understand how to obtain from Cairene merchants pearl necklaces and bronze figures artificially coated with rust, many of which are manufactured in Paris and Hanau. Almost all the scarabæi (amulets in the form of beetles) which travelers bring home are imitations. We once surprised a lad about fifteen years old as he was skillfully carving a scarabæus from limestone with a penknife. Even mummies of cats and papyrus rolls are imitated; the former by sticking scraps of genuine mummy bandages, which are found in great quantities in the tombs, around rags and wood shaped into the form of an embalmed cat, the latter by rolling some genuine papyrus about a round stick and fastening it with pitch. All these things, even the rudest botchwork, obtain purchasers. Many of the counter-

feits, especially those from Luxor, are so skillfully made that they puzzle even an expert. Everybody here wants to sell the foreigners something, and very little children offer what they find by the roadside; among them the oddest things, such as empty sardine boxes left behind by a party of travelers after breakfast, or an exploded cartridge flung aside by a European hunter. Very rarely is any article of real value offered to the foreigner in this place; it usually goes to Luxor, where some dealers lend on pledges and advance money to good seekers. After I had become better acquainted with my neighbors I obtained from them many a pretty relic.

At first they were timid and suspicious, but I soon entered into friendly relations with some of them, principally on account of the medical advice they induced me to give. The Fellaheen suppose every European who is not a merchant or technician to be a physician (*hakim*), and they had formed a specially high opinion of my medical skill because I carried a traveling medicine chest, and on the passage to Thebes, more by luck than skill, had really cured several sick sailors. One of them accompanied us to our tomb as a watchman, and informed the neighbors who assembled in our anteroom in the evening what a great physician he served. So it happened that many asked for medicines, among which certain pills especially never failed in their beneficial effect. So my medicine chest procured me admittance to Fellah dwellings that probably no European's foot had ever entered before. An English woman, Lady Duff Gordon, who died a long time ago, in 1869, at Cairo, and who had once lived in Thebes, also brought aid and comfort to the Fellaheen, who still speak of her as a good angel. I found the tombs, transformed into residences, dusty, but by no means dirty, and in nearly all, notwithstanding the extreme scantiness of furniture, traces of modest luxury which would be vainly sought in our "hovels of poverty." I was most surprised by the heavy gold and silver ornaments on the arms of the women whose pulses I felt, and I soon learned that many a man, whose children played about perfectly naked among the goats and hens before the door of his tomb house, had a very fair property, which for many reasons he kept concealed instead of putting it out at interest.

Bracelets and rings are the inalienable dower of wives, who keep them even when cast off by their husbands. I saw one poor lad, who married, purchase gold jewelry for his bride to the value of six English pounds. None of my neighbors had more than one sponse, though the Mussulman faith permits a man to drive his wife from his

house simply by repeating the words, "Thou art banished." I learned, through reliable vouchers on the spot, that almost every Fellah here lived to old age with his first bride if she bore him children. In the cities it is often very different, and G. Rohlfs saw a water carrier in the oasis of Siwa who was said to have married his sixtieth wife.

I must own that the glimpses of the family and neighborly life of this simple folk has left little but friendly recollections. I went most frequently to the tomb occupied as a residence by a certain Ali, the son of a worthy man who had served Lepsius, and knew all the tombs visited by this eminent scholar. Ali was the tallest Egyptian I have ever met, and this circumstance had probably induced my friend and colleague, Professor Dümichen, of Strasburg, who was not much shorter, to take him into his service and teach him to lend assistance in copying hieroglyphic inscriptions with moist blotting paper and brushes.

When the tall Fellah (his nickname was El Tamil, the long one,) offered to engage himself to me he understood the art of taking impressions admirably. He was also useful in other respects, and served me excellently for three months. His best letter of recommendation was his extremely good-natured, handsome face, the musical tone of his deep voice and his merry laugh. He had already belonged to the number of my servants for weeks, when one day he begged me to visit his house, as his wife was seriously ill, and I was the only person who could cure her. From his description of the sickness she appeared to be suffering from intermittent fever. I took some quinine pills, called to memory some of the prescriptions of the admirable Cairene physician, Dr. Sachs Bey, and instantly followed Ali to his dwelling.

I was expected. His wife was sitting in a side chamber next to the first room (the former oratory), supported by her mother and closely veiled. I asked to see her face and to feel her pulse, and after some whispering and opposition the veil fell and the thin arm, adorned with a gold bracelet, was extended. The finger nails were dyed pink, and the hand was decked with countless rings. The sick woman was only a poor peasant, whose husband calmly owned to me that he rarely paid his taxes till he had had a beating, because in that case the government always abated some portion of its demand; yet how small and dainty was her hand! how delicate and well formed her slender foot! Even her toe nails shone with an orange hue, and a small blue star was tattooed on her forehead and breast. She was very feverish, yet hitherto had only been "conjured," and had put on amulets inscribed with maxims from the



EMPTYING WATER SKINS.

Koran. How many pieces of paper on which holy words had been written she had swallowed I cannot venture to say. I gave the patient some pills, and continued my visits until she declared herself cured. Ali's gratitude was great, but his confidence in my medical skill was even greater. When his daughter, a most charming little girl about eleven years old, to whom we had often gladly tossed a piece of biscuit or a date, afterward fell seriously ill, I was again summoned, but instantly perceived that in this case my art would not suffice, and sent for an English physician, who had arrived at Luxor by steamer the day before. The Englishman gave me medicines for the child, but predicted her death, which took place the following day. My last visit to the little girl's death-bed and many things connected with it I shall never forget. The sick child, clad only in her little blue shirt-shaped garment, lay in the first and largest room of the tomb dwell-

ing. Her head rested in her grandmother's lap, while her grandfather was rubbing the soles of her feet. Many neighbors and female relatives sat around the sufferer in a semicircle, ever and anon uttering the wail of grief called by the Arabs *zagharit*, whose shrill, tremulous tone grates harshly upon the ear.

This very singular scene stamped itself with indelible characters upon my soul.

Four hours after I had seen the dying girl for the last time I returned from my Nile boat to visit her again, but to my amazement found the door of her father's dwelling closed and no one there to hear my knocks and calls. Only a half-idiotic blind boy, who was supported by my neighbors' alms, sat biting his nails on the clay fence, and in reply to my inquiry about the sick girl, answered, in a whimpering tone: "The little girl is dead; they've all gone away to bury her."

Three hours after the death of the darling of the household she was removed from it forever and borne to the cemetery. The Arabs believe that the dead would not be happy if they were interred after sunset. As

soon as the hearing of a good person fails—it is the last of the senses to go—two beautiful, brilliantly dressed angels, who exhale a most exquisite perfume, take possession of the happy soul and



PALMS AND CACTI.



WATER CARRIERS.

wrap it in a silken covering brought from paradise. The soul is no larger than a bee, yet contains the whole human individuality, intellect and knowledge of the dead person. The angels bear it through the air, passing continually by ancient nations and past generations, which look like swarms of locusts. At last they reach the gate of heaven and El Amin (the Angel Gabriel) goes to the door, which is joyfully opened. The soul of a wicked person is violently torn from him and wrapped in a shirt of nettles. It, too, preserves its human individuality; but it is as large as a locust. Gabriel knocks for it also at the door of heaven, but it is not opened, and in reply comes the call, "There is no welcome for this one." Thus does Ghazali describe the soul's passage to heaven.

The evening after the young girl's death all the women in the neighborhood met at Ali's house. They had anointed their foreheads and breasts with Nile mud, as was the custom among the ancient Egyptians, and lamented the dead with loud wailing and singular swaying movements of the upper portion of the body. I



FELLAH WOMAN ON DONKEY.

was only permitted to watch their wild, spectral movements at a distance.

The men also honored the dead in their own way, and the respect paid to the father's grief by these simple folk was as unfeigned as it was touching. Several days after, if Ali appeared while my sailors and their friends were sitting together laughing and talking, they became silent and made way for him with a certain reverence. Often the mourning father was accosted with the naïve consolation, "Thank God that it was not *you*."

The little services I was permitted to render my neighbors were destined not only to enrich my memory with scenes never to be forgotten, but even to benefit me in another way. Ali knew that we were specially in search of inscriptions no European had ever seen. He and his father had taken us to twenty tombs, which they asserted were known only to themselves, but in all of them we found pictures and texts familiar to us from previous publication. Even in a tomb into which we were obliged to be lowered thirty feet by ropes Lepsius had been before us, but he had published only a few lines of the important inscriptions which, painted in black and red characters, covered all the four walls of a little room. So for eight days in succession we were let down into the depths of this tomb, and from early till late copied the long texts, struggling meanwhile with bats, dirt, and a temperature of some twenty degrees of Réaumur (the average heat of Theban cellars). Our seats were mummies, and skulls served for candlesticks. Our servants used the resinous limbs of embalmed bodies to feed the fire on which they made the coffee, which, as the best means of refreshment, we here drank five, six, sometimes even seven times a day. Though we had found many single objects of interest, both here and elsewhere, we had as yet met with no larger monument which had escaped former investigations, and I already believed it impossible to discover one in Thebes.

It may be remarked that almost all the tombs in this part of the Necropolis were built under the Eighteenth Dynasty, by the great, noble families of Thebes, who, as the inscriptions teach, were all related. In case any dispute about boundaries should arise, the extent of that portion of the mountain occupied by a single race for its burial vault was marked by burying in the earth, to the farthest limit, small cones made of burnt clay, supplied with an inscription on the base.

During this period of search, which presented much that was instructive though little new, we returned home one evening wearied by an unsuc-

cessful hunt for jackals, often seen at sunset, to the number of five or six, stealing down, one behind the other, to drink at the Nile. The sailor Hassan, whom I used to call "lazybones," met me with unusual excitement at the door of my tomb, and told me he had discovered an entirely new sepulchre. We had been so often disappointed that I did not order him to guide me to it until the next morning. We had not far to go, and the spot where I was shown the entrance to a freshly opened shaft lay close to the road.

I was soon standing, covered with dust and gravel, in a spacious chamber, whose walls I lighted. A large inscription, written in blue, instantly attracted my attention. I read on and on with increasing interest, joyfully called my friend Stern to let him share my surprise, and in my delight gave Hassan a new tarboosh, and my servants a wether, which they roasted and toward evening ate at one meal—there were seven of them—down to the last muscle.

I had cause for joy—a most important historical inscription had been found—and there is scarcely any pleasure that can vie in purity and extent with the discoverer's.

The next day Ali whispered to me that it was he who had showed Hassan the tomb. He had not ventured to tell me himself, because the young men were in the habit of hiding in it while recruiting was going on, and therefore thought it advisable to keep Europeans away. So worthy Ali el Tamîl, "the tall," had thus displayed his gratitude. The tomb where I found the inscription mentioned, which I have published, translated and explained, was seen before me by Champollion, but he only copied the names to be read at the entrance and some of the titles of the distinguished nobleman who had been interred here in the sixteenth century B.C. His name was Amenemheb. As general in chief of the armies of the two sovereigns, Thotmes III. and Amenophis II., he had performed great deeds, especially in Asia, and then as commander of the royal guard peacefully ended his active life. His mummy had been torn open by the Fellaheen and robbed of the ornaments with which it had undoubtedly been supplied; I took with me a few fragments, especially the unusually well-embalmed head, which I gave to the Leipsic Museum of Anatomy, where it is preserved. The examination of the remains of the venerable warrior made by Professor Welckers, of Halle, has led to very interesting results, which, however, cannot be communicated here.

In spite of the many inconveniences and discomforts with which our sojourn in the Theban tomb was filled, and which would have seemed

absolutely unendurable at home, it was hard for us to leave our strange abode in the Necropolis, our extremely interesting work in the tombs, and our assistants. The latter were our neighbors' children, merry boys, who carried the portfolios, ladders, water, lights, and whatever else we needed. The quick perception and aptitude of these little fellows were beyond all praise, and far surpassed anything that German or French children of the same age could have accomplished. For instance, my eight-year-old Mohammed held the light while I copied off the rows of hieroglyphic characters, watching my hand and eyes so attentively that I was never obliged to tell him that I had finished one line and he must place the candle near another. We called the little lad "the father of backsheesh," because at first he begged for it on every occasion. At last he omitted to do so, but instead confided to me the greatest desire of his heart—to possess a pair of shoes. He reminded me of this with great skill at every opportunity, and at last obtained a pair of beautiful red-leather slippers. My friend Stern's body servant was a very comical fellow, named Chalifa, and spite of his numbering only twelve years was a married man. His father had obtained the wife for him, but he did not yet live with her.

When we took leave of our friends, of whom there is yet much to tell, more than one appeared sincerely sorrowful, and many a later visitor to Abd el Qurnah was charged with a message to Abu Bolos, as I was called by my servants and

neighbors. I had received this surname five years before on a journey through Arabia Petra, from the worthy old dragoman Ahmed Abu Nabbut, who accidentally heard that my oldest son was called Paul. The Arab is not content with the name he receives at birth and shares with thousands of his fellow believers. Surnames are given him when he grows up, and very frequently, after the first son is born, he is called for the latter "Father (Abu) of Mohammed," "of Omar," or whatever his first male offspring is named. As the Father of Paul I was Abu Bolos, and liked to hear myself so styled. During a long camel ride I gave expression to my pleasure in this title of honor by the following lines:

Upon my journey through the Holy Land
Paul's father, Abu Bolos, title grand,
Arabs bestowed. What subtle heart lore taught
Unto these simple folk the gracious thought,
The father by his son's loved name to call?
Full oft was my soul stirred by the sweet thrall,
When Bedouin tongues unconsciously without
My darling brought to mind by sudden shout.
Who calls me by the name that is my own,
My image in a looking glass hath shown:
Who greets me by the one my son doth bear,
Vision evokes of him I hold most dear.
Prompt is my aid, he finds me gentle, mild;
For when he calls me, with him calls my child.

The most memorable periods of my life are those in which I was called Abu Bolos, and to them belongs the time of my sojourn in the *Tomb in Thebes*.



DAHABEAHS ON THE NILE.



THE SPHINX.

THE NILE BOATS.

BY H. D. RAWNSLEY.

TALL towers of snow, or sloping from the gale,
With what majestic progress o'er the flood
Pass the great boats that hoist the single sail,
As if they felt the king was in their blood!—

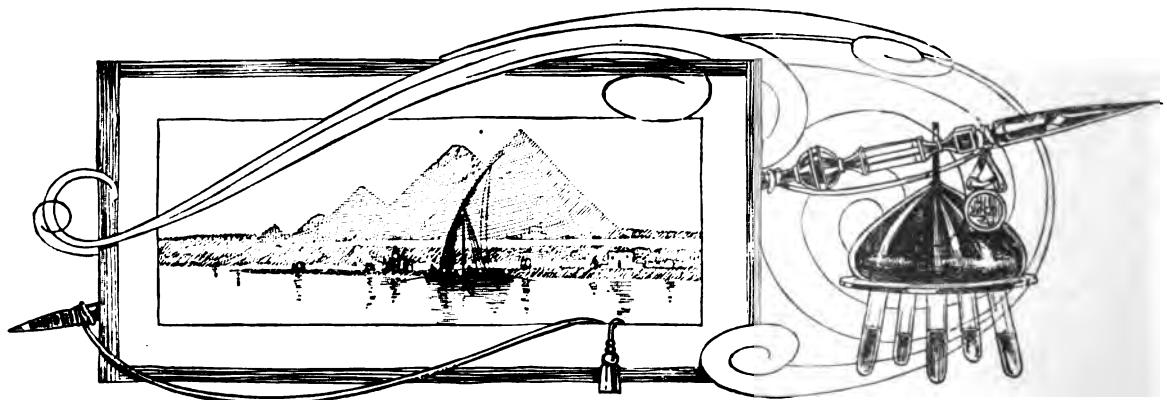
As if their white similitude of form
To Upper Egypt's royal crown forth-told
With what ancestral powers they ruled the storm,
Stemmed Nile's red tide and fought the winds of old.

Yet never more majestical they move
Than when, through dazzling sun and flickering rain,
They flash by mounded village, palmy grove,
And shake their splendors o'er the Delta plain.

For then the silver crown of ancient kings
By hands of might invisible is borne—
Alternate light and vast o'ershadowings,
In noiseless triumph through the leagues of corn.

But filled with mystery of magic power
Seem the great sails that brightened to the noon.
When very silent at the midnight hour
They glide and gleam against the silver moon.

Then like the wings of some gigantic bird,
That shine in heaven or dive into the stream,
While scarce a ripple at the prow is stirred,
They push like phantoms through a world of dream.



A CHRISTMAS PHILOPENA.

BY GRACE STUART REID.

It was more than two weeks before Christmas, but the old St. Nicholas Church put on its Christmas trimming for St. Nicholas Day. The young folks were getting ready their school festival, and had the chapel all to themselves. It seemed as if holly grew to prick and call attention to pretty fingers, and as if ropes of green were made for no other purpose than to loop and bring couples together. Crimson berries and crimson blushes, shining laurel and shining eyes, orange fruit and orange blossoms, gifts of charity and gifts of love—all thoughts were in accord but Kitty Keogh's.

She sat apart, disconsolate. The gallants seemed to find her too ready to be pleased with everybody for any one of them to feel called on to give her undivided attention. She began to think she did not like the way the Irish were received in America. To be sure, Jack Sanford was absent, and there was Dick Dalziel to summon in case she was too long neglected. Poor Dick! She dimpled over the wreath she was making as she heard his name bandied about.

"Say, Dalziel, you are so level-headed, would you mind going up this shaky ladder to hang a star on the organ?"

"Dick, when you have the presents all tied on please go over the candles, especially all the little ones that are tucked out of sight, and alter them if they are likely to set fire to anything. And oh, while I think of it, will you please place the angel on the top of the tree, so it looks right straight down into the manger? I don't know

but some branches will have to be pruned for that, and maybe the whole base rearranged; but you'll see, won't you?"

"Ah, Mr. Dalziel! You are so delightfully big and strong, will you just carry this pile of cushions to that corner for the dear little infant scholars? I don't know but it is almost as tall as yourself, but I'll go ahead and clear the way, so you won't have to stop with that great weight in your arms."

Dick was always such a comfort! Even on the other side, when he had made the mistake of proposing to Kitty, and been backed by her father, too, he had taken her fierce rebuff in good part. Indeed, Kitty had not been quite sure that it pleased her to see him so cheerful and have him lengthen his visit rather than leave at once in despair. Nor did she altogether like his meeting her so gayly on the dock at New York, when she came



"THE YOUNG FOLKS WERE GETTING READY THEIR SCHOOL FESTIVAL, AND HAD THE CHAPEL ALL TO THEMSELVES."

over with the Sanfords, and he had resigned her, without an objection, to Jack Sanford's willing escort. But he had been her unfailing friend since, keeping his promise faithfully to her father to supplement her own reports of her health and doings, and providing her with every possible pleasure, though perfectly indifferent whether she availed herself of his courtesies or not.

Kitty finished her wreath and tripped over to Dick, where he sat at a long table putting hanging strings on dolls and artificial animals, like a good-natured giant playing with pygmies. She took off her hat, but not feeling sure of the cleanliness of the table, she placed Dick's hat on it first, and propped her own up on a bonnet pin stuck through his hatband.

Dick looked back at her out of the corner of his eye as she seated herself snugly behind his elbow, but took no further notice of her than if she had been a stray pin from the vines young men and maidens were tacking to the window above him.

She proceeded to scribble for dear life on the back of a church collection card.

"There!" she exclaimed, at last. "Behold me as I am in the eyes of your countrymen."

He read:

"1. Katharine Keogh, an Irish woman, but really something of a lady, and with rather a nice English-Irish-Dublin accent, but strangely uninformed on the subject of incense and wax candles.

"2. Kate Keogh, daughter of a landed proprietor in Hibernia, but disappointingly ignorant of Orange politics.

"3. Katie Keogh, a cousin to the jokes in the comic weeklies.

"4. Kitty Keogh, a jolly, all-round Milesian who, the girls think, has no particular feelings, and with whom the boys feel entirely safe."

"And I wish," she said, as she saw his eye had reached the end of the bold writing on the card, "that I was safe at home with my own dear boy. Poor old father! Don't you suppose his fire is smoking for want of me, and the puppies are yapping for a run with Kitty, and her pony has forgotten how to leap a ditch? Ah! it's home-sick a bustling Yankee Christmas makes me, I'm thinking, Dick Dalziel."

"But you know, Kitty," Dick answered, "your father is away with a lively hunting party, and if ever dogs and horse had a faithful keeper yours have in Michael."

"Oh, you ungraceful bear! Do you want me to forget my home completely?"

"Do I, indeed? I was just thinking of the twin twig of holly you divided with me there last Christmas for a philopena. You know neither caught the other with it, and it still holds good for this year's Christmas, Kathleen."

Kitty Keogh's face was aflame.

"Well!" she cried, rising and facing him stiffly, "you must think I have had little to occupy my mind. I have heard you called dull, and I have been told that you were amiable because you were self-sufficient, and that you were ready to do things so you could control, but I never knew till now how true it all was. And you know perfectly well no one ever calls me Kathleen but father."

Dick's face was as red as hers. She hated to see a man color, especially a fair man like Dick. In Jack Sanford's case it rather enhanced the manly strength of his dark complexion. She walked away abruptly, but when she returned in an instant for her hat Dick's was gone with himself, and hers had rolled to the floor. Then she was sorry for what she had said. She waited in vain by the table for his return. She swallowed her pride and started to look for him.

She found him in another part of the church, a centre of usefulness, never merrier, never more glad to see her, never more difficult to approach for forgiveness. But she was sure he avoided her, and he did not touch her when she stumbled and almost fell at his feet. She indeed had prepared him not to rescue her, for she had asked him some time before why American gentlemen were forever helping people along after the manner of conductors and shop walkers. That thought, and others like it, kept her a good while away from the church and any place Dick was likely to frequent.

She had uninterrupted opportunity to see Jack Sanford as he really was, and she did not find him wanting in anything—handsome, amiable, clever, prosperous, admired by others, and unmistakably devoted to herself. She summoned courage to stop at the church the afternoon before Christmas, when the decorations were to receive an extra touch for the next day, but everybody had left except Lily Sanford.

"Oh, is that you, Kitty?" asked the latter. "Some one was inquiring if you knew what had become of Dick Dalziel, and if you'd get him to look up an extra organ pumper for to-morrow. Poor fellow! it really is too bad the way we impose on him; but he never fails to come here for service on Christmas Eve, and I don't suppose he'll mind putting up these fresh stars. I'll just pile these here by his pew, and he'll take the hint. We are all so dreadfully tired!"

Kitty answered her by picking up the stars and carrying them to the farthest corner of the church. Lily was highly indignant.

"Oh, dear me!" she exclaimed. "I'll give up if you're going to defend Dick Dalziel now when

you've been patronizing and laughing at him all these months. By the by, Kitty, Jack says Dick's been out of town most of the week, and there's probably an understanding at last with that girl in Morristown he's always talking about. But, of course, he took you into his confidence about it long ago."

With which parting shot Miss Lilian Sanford walked out. Her friend did not follow. She bribed the sexton to hang the stars under her direction, and meditated in the church till he proceeded to lock the doors. The idea of Dick on a love hunt again, and so soon! She did not believe a word of it. She told herself that over and over again. It was too absurd. But, then, why should he not want to marry? She grew hot and cold as she thought of all he could tell that possible other girl about her.

She walked courageously into a postal station, asked for a directory, and shielding the pages with her arms and bowed head, proceeded to look up Richard Dalziel, counselor and attorney at law. She was going to shock the proprieties and deliver Lily's message at his office. She hoped his partner would be there, and his office boy, and perhaps a client or two. She hoped he would be astounded and displeased, and rude and rough, before them, so she could cry quits before he became a Benedict.

She toiled up dreary stairs, streaking her natty dress with the dust of steps and banisters, and was well jostled by home-bound clerks and boys ere she found the door she sought. Her heart failed her there and her knock was timid. Suppose Dick had gone to that other girl, and she had to concoct a message to leave with a stranger! But Dick was belated and alone. He answered the knock himself—greatly surprised, but not at all discomposed.

He did not offer to shake hands, but begged her in his cheeriest manner to help herself to a chair, very much as he might have asked any good fellow to put a hat upside down on the floor, or place a cane on the mantel, or hang an overcoat from a gas fixture. He candidly thanked her for saving him a journey to the Sanfords' with a letter from her father he thought she might like to read. He professed himself delighted to look up any number of organ pumpers for Miss Sanford, and he hoped Miss Keogh would oblige him by waiting till he had finished some writing, as he would very much like to see her safe in a street car.

Miss Keogh selected the highest office chair available, and having screwed it up till her feet began to leave the floor, set herself to contemplate her aggravating companion. She wondered what that

other girl was going to get with him anyway! Most outrageous complacency, for one thing; but something more, she had to acknowledge—a strong, willing hand, a brave, deep, steady heart, and withal a quiet tongue. Kitty flushed as she thought how she had run on about his foibles. She could imagine that other girl even learning to like them because they were his, and being sorry when they were successfully corrected, for then there would be an end to the delightful arguings and blessed making-ups to which all good Irish wives look forward. She laughed dryly to herself as she thought of associating anything Irish with a cautious, mud-and-mosquito-bred New Jersey girl.

Dick wondered, as he furtively watched her reflection in the mantel mirror, what made Kitty's blue eyes so dark and wistful, and her auburn head so pensively tipped to one side. He wondered yet more when her face suddenly lighted. With radiant eyes and smiling mouth she started up, and taking his hat from a nail, began to vigorously whisk it.

"Dick," she said, "would Mrs. Sanford think me awful, or dreadful, or frightful, to be here and doing this?"

"She would simply think you a very good kittycat," he answered, "to be looking after a lone man like me at Christmas time."

"Very much a lone man you are!" she exclaimed, with interrogation in her voice.

"Well, a lone man I am, and a lone man I will be, may it please yoh, Miss Katharine Keogh," was his reply, "and not by any means in a state of sickly sentiment—at least, never at Christmas, I trust."

It was not very gracious to smile at that sad statement, but his companion did give her little foot a confidential smile as she tapped it on the floor to hurry him off. As she locked the door after him a baby child came up the stairs on hands and feet, and hoorayed when it saw him.

"Oh, my goodness me!" exclaimed Dick Dalziel. "What a nuisance! I've been imprudent enough to notice the brat a few times, and I do believe it has learned to tell time so as to waylay me when I come in and go out. Now I'll have to see it safe home in the basement."

He picked it up brusquely, and the tiny thing whimpered.

"Why, Dick!" cried Kitty. "Would you be rough with a little child at Christmas time?"

Then she leaned over his arm and laid her warm, soft lips, not on his cheek, alas! but on the child's. Yet she was near him—she was very, very near him indeed! And when they were at last in the crowded street, and he had

been separated from her for a moment, she slipped her fingers not only through his arm, but into his hand.

"Ah, me!" she said, as she drew him to a gaudy shop window. "I will never again have such Christmas boxes as Uncle Jack used to send me over, and such unalloyed delight at finding everything just what suited me. Such tears and sobs of joy! Such screams and wails of rapture!"

"It is a pleasure I always miss at Christmas now," Dick echoed, quietly, "the filling of those boxes. It took days of thought and tramping. You know I was in your uncle Jack's office then."

But she had turned her head, and did not let on she had heard him at all.

She began to hum a gay little lilt of her home land, and as they ignored the cars and walked up the avenue she broke softly into the words of a tender song of sunny skies, green fields and a running brook—words her companion was destined thenceforth to forever associate with Christmas Eve, stars overhead, snow underfoot, and a never-ending stream of Christmas shoppers. She pressed his arm once or twice, and murmured his name, but when he answered promptly she had nothing to say.

"Will you call and take me to evening service?" she asked at the Sanfords' house, adding as she slipped in the door, "In case, Jack does not get home in time."

Dick found her waiting for him, without hat and wrap, but arrayed in her bravest and posed under the light of the parlor chandelier.

"Am I not nice?" she asked, gayly. "Or amn't I, or ain't I? See the lovely carnations Jack has brought me!"

"He has studied you well to find anything so becoming," Dick answered, gravely.

"But did you ever know pinks to have thorns? Just feel that!"

She placed his hand firmly on the bouquet she wore, closed his fingers and drew them away with the flowers in their grasp. He had uncovered two faded sprigs of holly pinned together tightly on her dress. Then it was her turn to receive a revelation. She could hardly recognize the face of her patient friend as he strode a step nearer and laid a heavy hand on her shoulder.

"I would rather die," he said, hoarsely—"I would rather see you dead, than lose my faith in you and think of you as a flirt!"

"Dick," she answered, slowly and solemnly, looking him straight in the eye, "Jack saw the holly, and I told him it belonged to the very core of the heart it was pinned over."

"My love! My little love!"

He thought he had her, but she swung behind him and held his arms, with all her strength, pinioned to his sides. He had been very patient, but he could be so yet, for in the great paw of the "ungraceful bear" was crushed a good portion of her pretty skirt, and he could be as fleet of foot as she.

"Call me Kathleen," she demanded.

"Kathleen, Kathleen, Kathleen!"

"Will you like me just as well in freckle time, and when my bang hangs dankly in the rainy breeze?"

"More and more and more, sweetheart."

"Will I be happy with you when my sun-spun hair has left me, and my pearly teeth are scattered on the sands of time?"

"You shall never miss them."

"Will you promise me faithfully to tell everybody I came over the ocean after you?"

"I will not."

"Well, can you forgive me and trust me, now you know I have worn the holly all these months, no matter how uncomfortable it was?"

He spoke rapidly and earnestly now.

"I do trust you with everything, Kitty—fully, freely, for better and never for worse—with my reverence for womanhood, my longing for a home, my ambitions in my profession, my church life, and with my love for yourself, which last is the sum total of my existence. Tease me no more. Come, give me back the sprig of holly you spied in my office mirror and stole from my desk."

Her eyes had filled, and she had laid her head shyly against her lover's broad back, but as he paused she swiftly faced him and caught him round the neck, crying:

"Philopena! Take your holly! Take mine! Take me! And this! And this! Oh, Dick, how could you—could you let me do it first?"

For it was not the child's cheek this time.



SUBIACO.

A SABINE SANCTUARY.

BY E. C. VANSITTART.

Four hours distant from Rome, hidden among the Sabine hills, lies Subiaco, the cradle of the Benedictines, so well known by repute that a thrill of keen expectation made our pulses beat on a glorious morning early in April as we set out, a party of three ladies, to spend a fortnight lionizing the famous shrine. The railway line having crossed the Campagna, where picturesque masses of Roman brickwork and broken lines of aqueduct arches were interspersed with flocks of sheep and goats or herds of cattle browsing on the short grass, passed through Tivoli, affording lovely glimpses of the falls, and finally deposited us at the wayside station of Cineto Romano, whence a dilapidated carriage drawn by a pair of excellent little horses conveyed us to Subiaco, a two hours' drive. Space was limited in that vehicle, but thanks to sundry morsels of rope and cord, produced from under the driver's seat or from his pockets, our modest amount of luggage was securely fastened on at the back, beneath the hood, and we set off.

The highroad follows the Valley of the Anio,

a rapidly flowing river which refreshed us with its gurgle most of the time. It is crossed at intervals by low stone bridges. The fields were rich in the beauty of the Southern spring; a tender veil of green clothed the hedges; cherry trees were masses of snowy bloom, contrasting with the pink peach blossom and the deeper red of the Judas trees which stood out like patches of colored mist against the limestone rock; large, sweet-scented purple and blue violets grew in such profusion under the shady banks that the air was perfumed as we passed along. Contadini were everywhere at work, the women in bright-colored short skirts, their gay stays worn outside, square-folded white linen cloths on their heads, enormous gold earrings and coral necklaces contrasting strangely with bare feet; others strode along carrying the classic copper water vessels poised on their heads, while their hands were free to knit, or carry the inevitable baby; others were animated masses of brushwood as seen from behind, when sinewy legs and a tattered skirt were alone visible. All round rose bare hills where

towns and villages, such as Rocca di Canterano, Marano, Saracinesca, Arsoli, Roviano, Cantalupo, etc., were perched upon apparently precipitous crags or impossible-looking mountain ledges, leading us to wonder how it ever entered the mind of man to build in such inaccessible spots! When a passing cloud overcasts the sun these little towns appear uniformly flat and gray, scarcely distinguishable from the rocks they are built amongst and devoid of all beauty; but hardly are they touched by sunlight than a wealth of color reveals itself; their roofs, spotted with golden lichen, glow with warmth, curves and hollows forming exquisite studies of light and shade. Steeper rose the ranges on either side, new ones always unfolding in front, till suddenly turning a corner, a strange mediæval town, crowned by a castle, stood before us, and passing under a handsome archway surmounted by the Papal arms, we found ourselves the centre of a rabble of loafers. The seniors were apathetic, the youngsters clamorous and tiresome. Having been warned that the inn (*Albergo della Pernice*) was more celebrated for dirt than comfort, we had secured rooms at the *Casa della Missione*, a convent kept by French nuns, who take in ladies or priests as boarders. It is an immense building, situated on a slope to the west of the town, the walls six feet thick; the rooms, over whose doors are inscribed the names of saints—S. Giuseppe, S. Rosa di Viterbo, S. Romano, etc., open into wide corridors nearly 200 feet long. The black-robed Sisters belong to the Order of the "Blessed Sacrament," and wear as their badge a silver "monstrance"; they keep a gratuitous day school for poor children on the ground floor, and a middle-class boarding school on the first floor, whence the sounds of familiar scales and exercises rose to our rooms on the second floor. They were large and airy, with brick pavements, innocent of carpets, whitewashed walls, and the beds were most comfortable. Over each hung a crucifix and a holy-water scone. Everything was scrupulously clean, the food good and plentiful—though for our taste there was sometimes too much oil used in the cooking. Our meals were served apart from either Sisters, priests or pupils, in a small refectory where we were waited upon by lay Sisters, to whose share fell all the housework, our special tablemaid being little Sister Flavia, with whom we grew quite friendly. There were no restrictions to our movements, for, as the Mother Superior, a very pleasing woman, truly said, "I always try to make my guests feel they are free to do exactly as they like; it is all we have to offer." The door of the passage was locked at night with a huge key, and our steps echoed loudly in the silence as we

found our way to our rooms along the bare floors, one dimly burning lamp in the far distance being the sole illuminant of our quarters; and several times we had to wend our way up the stairs after dinner by the help of matches struck at intervals by the foremost. Not even the sound of the chapel bell reached our wing, and at night nothing broke the silence but the murmur of the river below, the plaintive reedy notes of the tree frogs, or the strokes of the castle clock ringing out the hours and their quarters, according to an old Italian mode of reckoning which divides the twenty-four hours into four sets of six hours. We had lovely views from our windows looking over the valley, with the rushing Anio, and olive-covered hills behind. To the end of our stay we watched with ever-fresh delight the wondrous effects of coloring, the golden purple reflections of sunset, or at night the deep blue-black of the heavens where starry points of light seemed to throb in the vault overhead; martins had their nests under the eaves and were perpetually flying in and out, steel blue and snowy white as they flashed by in the sunlight. The only man of the establishment was Innocente, the house porter, whom we found most useful and obliging, always ready at the entrance to carry up our impedimenta of photographic camera and sketching materials or to go messages. To the Latins the town was known as *Sublaqueum*, from Nero having built a villa mentioned by Pliny and Tacitus, and beneath it dammed up the Anio, thus forming three artificial lakes where he was wont to fish for trout with a golden net; and here it was that while sitting at a banquet by the water side a violent thunderstorm swept down, bringing terror to the tyrant's soul, for the lightning shivered the goblet to atoms in his hand, an evil omen in those days of angury.

Now the population numbers 6,000, and the place is very dirty, but intensely picturesque; for, built on a mass of projecting rock, many of the streets are actually flights of steps. Each house door has a square piece cut out of the lower corner for the convenience of the feathered inhabitants, for human beings and animals apparently share the same dwellings, the former carrying on most of the operations of daily life in the open. The women are remarkably handsome, with clear olive complexions, regular features, dark eyes and magnificent hair springing low on their foreheads into bewitching waves. Their carriage is splendid, from the habit, learnt in earliest childhood, of poising heavy burdens on their heads, necessitating perfect balance and erectness of gait. As they sit on their doorsteps, holding tightly swaddled babies in their arms, they remind one forci-

bly of many of Raphael's Madonnas; while on the other hand the old women who sit spinning or shelling beans are the most veritable hags. Subjects for pencil or brush meet one's eye on every side: gloomy interiors, where hand looms are being worked; dark archways with shrines, marked by a twinkling oil lamp, hidden in their recesses, leading to a dazzling patch of light beyond; beautiful gray oxen, with soft, sad eyes, drinking at the fountain in the piazza, where women are also grouped, filling their copper "conche," dull in color till the sunlight catches them, then glowing like tawny gold as their owners bear them off on their heads in unconsciously graceful attitudes; or a contadino in goatskin jacket and trousers stops to kiss the wooden cross by the roadside as he passes on his way.

Though familiar with many other parts of Italy, we all agreed from the first that the infantine population of Subiaco far exceeded that of any other locality, and on inquiry we ascertained that the "trovatelli" (foundlings) from Rome are farmed to the contadini, many of whom, in spite of having large families of their own, afterward adopt the waifs and treat them very kindly. We were invariably accompanied by a self-constituted rear and body guard of ragged boys, who, however, were respectful and fairly unobtrusive except when photography or sketching was attempted; then the circle closed in, and work had to be pursued under difficulties. But the adults of the healthy, sunburnt population, whose staple food consisted of maize-flour porridge or bread, and whose life is one continuous round of toil and hardship, were always smiling and good-natured, curiously simple and kindly, ready to please, responding with rough courtesy to the smallest advance. Rush-bottomed chairs would be produced unsolicited, and handed over the heads of the crowd to the spot where we had stopped to sketch, often in the middle of the street, or on-lookers would be warded off when their eagerness to watch led them to press too much upon us; good nature and courtesy on our part always met their equal and reward. Many of the children are fair-haired and blue-eyed, with tanned complexions, belying their Southern origin; mostly barefoot, they scrambled up and down the rocks and mountain paths with the ease and agility of goats. "Date mi mezzo baioccho" (Give me a half-penny), was the universal request, sometimes with the addition of "Buona donna" (good woman) or "gnor donna"; but there was no impertinence in the begging, and the words were generally accompanied by a merry twinkle of the eyes and a sparkle of white teeth. Occasionally a bunch of pur-

ple irises or sweet violets would be held out with a timid "Volete le viole?" (Will you have the violets?) Their language was a patois with many Neapolitan expressions. Some of their remarks upon ourselves were most entertaining, such as the following, the upshot of a conversation between two urchins who had been discussing us freely, one of whom ends up with, "Saranno Cristiani?" (Will they be Christians?), to which his companion doubtfully responds, "Chi lo sa?" (Who knows?).

The Castle of La Rocca, which was built in the Middle Ages, stands high above the town. For years it was a summer resort of the Popes, and one of its towers still goes by the name of "La Bоргiana," in memory of Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia (Alexander VI.), who resided here. A broad winding road, bordered in places by olive trees, leads the visitor in about ten minutes to the summit of the rock. At intervals are marble seats formed of most exquisitely carved old Corinthian capitals, whose intricate and delicate combinations of acanthus leaves and scrolls would be treasure-trove to an art designer. In the gray stone walls, tantalizingly out of reach, grew yellow wallflowers, scenting the air, while the grass beneath was purple with violets. Inside the castle building are suites of bare rooms with marble floors, their only furniture a few stiff, high-backed chairs; quaint old frescoes, representing localities in the neighborhood, adorn the walls; the throne room is hung with magnificent crimson brocade; but all is desolate to a degree, though doubtless gratefully cool during the three months of hottest summer, when it is occupied by Cardinal Macchi. From the wind-swept terrace in front there is a splendid view. Subiaco lies below, and its sounds rise softened by distance, while the eye rests upon ranges of hills with exquisite cloud shadows thrown across them. To the east, where the valley makes a sudden turn, nestles the Convent of Santa Scolastica.

The chief charm and interest of the place centres in the Sacro Speco, and the memories of its founder, St. Benedict, whose history is thus summarized by Mrs. Jameson: "Hither (to Subiaco), four centuries after the time of Nero (circa A. D. 500), when the recollection of his orgies had given place to silence and solitude, a young patrician, sprung from the noble family of the Anicii, which gave Gregory the Great to the church, and many other saints to the sacred calendar, fled from the seductions of the capital, to seek repose for his soul, with God alone as his companion. The fugitive's name was Benedictus, or 'the blessed one.' He was only fourteen when he renounced his fortune, his family and the world. It was to Mento-



SANTA SCOLASTICA.

rella that he first fled, and thither he was followed by his faithful nurse Cyrilla, who could not bear to think that the child of her affections was alone and uncared for, who begged for him and prepared the small modicum of food which he could be prevailed upon to take. Some neighbor had

lent her a stone sieve to make bread after the manner of the mountain district; she let it fall out of her hands, and it was broken to pieces. Moved by her distress, Benedict prayed over the fragments, and they are said to have instantly joined together! This was his first miracle. Ter-

rified by the excitement it caused, and at seeing the sieve hung up in the village church as a relic, Benedict evaded the solicitude of his nurse, and escaped unseen by anyone to the gorge of Subiaco, where he found a cave (the *Sacro Speco*) in the rocks above the Falls of the Anio, into which not even a ray of sun could penetrate. Here he lived for three years, his hiding place unknown to anyone except to Romanus, a monk who dwelt amid a colony of anchorites founded by St. Clement on the ruins of Nero's villa. By him he was provided with a garment made of the skin of a beast, and each day Romanus let down to him from the top of the rock the half of his daily loaf, giving him notice of its approach by the ringing of a bell suspended to the same rope with the food. . . . The fame of the young saint now extended through all the country round; the shepherds and poor villagers brought their sick to his cavern to be healed; others begged his prayers; they contended with each other who should supply the humble portion of food which he



THE RIVER ANIO AS IT ENTERS THE TOWN.



STREET IN SUBIACO.



WAYSIDE SHRINE.

required ; and a neighboring society of hermits sent to request that he would place himself at their head. Benedict, knowing something of the morals and manners of this community, refused at first, and only yielded upon great persuasion, and in the hope that he might be able to reform the abuses which had been introduced into this monastery. But when there, the strictness of his life filled these perverted men with envy and alarm, and one of them attempted to poison him in a cup of wine. Benedict, on the cup being presented to him, blessed it as usual, making the sign of the cross ; the cup instantly fell from the hands of the traitor, was broken and its contents spilt on the ground. He thereupon rose up, and telling the monks that they must provide themselves with another Superior, left them, and returned to his



PUBLIC WASHING TANK.

solitary cave at Subiaco, where, to use the words of St. Gregory, 'he dwelt with himself,' that is, he did not allow his spirit to go beyond the bounds he had assigned to it, keeping it always in presence of his conscience and his God. But now Subiaco could no longer be styled a desert, for it was crowded with the huts and the cells of those whom the fame of his sanctity, his virtues and his miracles had gathered round him. At length, in order to introduce some kind of discipline and order into this community, he directed them to construct twelve monasteries, in each of which he placed twelve disciples, with a Superior over them. Many had come from Rome and from other cities; and amongst others came two Roman senators, Anicius and Tertullus, men of high rank, bringing to him their sons, Maurus and Placidus, with an earnest request that he would educate them in the way of salvation. Maurus was at this time a boy of about eleven or twelve years old, and Placidus, a child not more than five. Benedict took them under his peculiar care, and his community continued for several years to increase in number and celebrity, in brotherly charity and in holiness of life. . . . Toward the close of his long life Benedict was consoled for many troubles by the arrival of his sister Scolastica" (at Monte Cassino, whither he had journeyed, there to found the celebrated house of his order), "who had already devoted herself to a religious life, and now took up her residence in a retired cell about a league and a half from his convent. Very little is known of Scolastica, except that she emulated her brother's piety and self-denial; and although it is not said that she took any vows, she is generally considered as the first Benedictine nun."

To see this historic site was the aim of our trip, so on the morning after our arrival we set out for the *Sacro Speco*, or holy cave, an hour's distance from the town. As the carriage road goes only part of the way we had ordered donkeys. The saddles were mere pack saddles, for here men and women alike sit astride, and we had to balance ourselves as best we could, without, however, adopting the local fashion. Leaving the town behind us, we went along a good highroad for about a mile, the Anio flowing in the valley to our right, past wayside shrines with rows of tiny terra-cotta lamps of antique form, fed with oil by pious hands. One of them, known as "*La Madonna della Febbre*," is very ancient, and specially interesting from having been erected on the spot once occupied by the temple of a heathen goddess who preserved her votaries from attacks of fever. The fresco of the Virgin originally painted on the rock is almost obliterated by time, and has been replaced by a modern picture.

A lamp before it burns night and day; hundreds of scapularies hang round, votive offerings from those who have benefited by their own or their friends' intercessions when fever has laid them low. The *contadini* still believe firmly in the special virtues of the shrine, and may be seen kneeling there, and, as they rise, dropping a coin into the padlocked iron money box which hangs on one side.

As they pass these wayside sanctuaries, though they may not pause, the men raise their hats, and the women cross themselves, murmuring an "Ave." Call it ignorance, superstition, what you will, the fact remains that these people still cherish their simple, blind, unreasoning faith. Surely it is well that in their colorless lives, lived at such a low level, there should be even these reminders of a higher existence, a purer atmosphere and a hope of better things to come.

At the foot of the hill, where the *Ponte S. Mauro* crosses the Anio, the highroad turns off to Olevano, and we took the footpath up the gorge. On the right are the ruins of Nero's villa, mere masses of reticulated brickwork. Upward winds the path, growing more and more steep. Our surefooted donkeys picked their way amongst the loose stones, and often as they turned corners our eyes rested on the precipitous depths of the valley, for no parapet wall prevented the donkeys from following their usual habit of walking along the outside edge. Bare rocks were strewn around, and the opposite slopes of Monte *Carpineto* were clothed with hornbeams (*carpineto*), whose buds were just bursting, and the air was fragrant with the scent of wild box which grew profusely amongst the bowlders. The monastery of S. Scolastica is reached first, a large building, now a seminary, where young priests are educated. It was founded by the Abbot *Honoratus*, St. Benedict's successor, in memory of the saint's devoted sister Scolastica; the Lombards and Saracens completely devastated it during one of their raids, but it was rebuilt in 981; since then it has been entirely modernized, the picturesque campanile and one of the cloisters (of which there are three) alone dating from 1053. Its position is fine, as it occupies a rocky plateau on the face of the hill, its edge a precipice, with the Anio foaming in the gorge below.

After some further climbing in the hot sun we were thankful to enter the delicious shade of the ilex grove which lies beneath the monastery. Since the fifth century these gnarled and twisted trees, whose mossy trunks are feathered with ferns, have never been touched by knife or pruning hook. There is no shade so dense as theirs, no effect of light more exquisite than when sun-

beams play at hide and seek through its depths. At the top of the avenue we dismounted, ascended a narrow flight of steps, when, lo and behold! the monastery, hitherto unseen, lay before us. Its situation is unrivaled. Overtopped by enormous crags, it is literally built in and under rocks which drop almost sheer down some two hundred feet into the river bed. Not a flower and but few rock shrubs grow in the arid limestone to shelter the great green lizards which bask in the sun. Brilliant butterflies floated about, pausing for a moment on the box hedges of the tiny garden where slender black cypresses taper here and there among a few gray olive trees; martins circled round; an eagle, with outspread pinions, hovered in the air above as we gazed. The solitude was absolute, peace reigned, and the world's jarring voices seemed far away; only the deep-toned bell of S. Scolastica sounded from below, its echoes borne up the valley by the midday breeze, till they, too, trembled away into silence. Far as the eye could reach ranges of hills intersected by deep valleys rose against the blue background of sky, with here and there a village or a convent crowning some apparently inaccessible peak. Leaving the warmth and brightness, we entered a passage where the air struck chill, and over the door of which we read the following inscription: "Here is the cradle of the Order of St. Benedict, patriarch of the monks of the West."

This led us into the upper church. A hush fell upon us, for, coming out of the external glare, this unique sanctuary struck us as gloomy, silent, yet intensely devotional. On our eyes adapting themselves to its twilight we became aware that every inch of wall space, ceiling as well as pillars, was covered by curious old frescoes, some of them dim and faded, but all instinct with the reverence of those days when men painted upon their knees. Gradually out of the darkness there grew a glitter of mosaic: a golden aureole round the stiff figure of a virgin or martyr with sweet, serious face; an angel head; a jeweled robe; outspread wings; an uplifted hand with the marks of the stigmata; a lamb wearing a crown; mystic, poetic forms and fancies such as Fra Angelico loved to paint, rich in coloring and imagination as the page of some rare old missal. These frescoes, than which Italy holds few finer, embrace various styles and schools in the history of painting, from the Byzantine and Giottoesque down to that of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Those in the upper church (built in 1116 to resemble a miniature cathedral) represent scenes from the life of our Lord, of which the Crucifixion is perhaps the finest. In it angels are

"catching the streams of blood which flow from the divine wounds; the soul of Dismas, the penitent thief, is received by an angel, while that of Gesmas is carried off by a black demon." The pulpit dates from the thirteenth century, and the font, once the sarcophagus of a Roman child, is adorned in relief with birds and flowers; the background of the high altar is bare rock, the natural cavern producing a strange effect as seen through a triple arch and hanging lamps. The four chapels are enriched with scenes from the life of St. Benedict, portraits of his followers and his sister; finally he is represented lying on his deathbed in the black robe of his order, while from his mouth issues an angel on a ray of light, bearing the soul of the saint in semblance of a naked doll! The angel, with his strictly Greek profile, almond-shaped eyes and gently inclined head, evidently belongs to a period in art long before Giotto's time.

Hence a flight of steps leads down to the second church, whose walls are decorated with remarkable frescoes by Concioli (a rare Umbrian master who lived in 1219, before Cimabue's day), very hard to decipher owing to lack of light, but as far as we could see commemorating the Death and Burial of the Virgin, the Massacre of the Innocents, etc. Beneath this church is yet another, reached by a staircase known as "La Scala Santa," because trodden by St. Benedict, now ascended by his followers on their knees. On the wall to one's right on descending is a strange fresco representing the Triumph of Death celebrated in Petrarch's famous sonnet. Death, a skeleton on horseback, holding a drawn sword, takes no notice of the outstretched arms of the sick and aged who implore him to visit them, but, springing across the corpses on the ground, hews down a young man as he talks gayly to his comrades. Opposite, on the left, another fresco shows three open coffins where the corpse of a woman is represented in different stages of corruption, while an old man is pointing out this example of the evanescence of human beauty and preaching the vanity of the world to three handsome, richly attired youths with falcons on their wrists, who listen in awe and fear. The painter to whom we owe this extraordinary picture is unknown, but it would seem to belong to the time of Ghirlandajo.

Tradition and legend are so closely interwoven with the life of St. Benedict that at this date it becomes difficult to sift truth from fiction, but at every step we took we were reminded of his strange existence. The naked rock forms the walls of almost every chapel, and in one of the darkest we distinguished, standing in startling contrast to the dim surroundings, a life-size statue

of the saint in pure white marble. From a window we looked down on a narrow ledge of rock with a little strip of garden full of carefully tended roses, once, it is said, occupied by a thicket of thorns where Benedict, in excess of zeal, used to roll himself, thus to mortify his flesh! Seven hundred years later another saint, Francis of Assisi, after having knelt in prayer, planted two rose trees on the same spot. To-day the roses of St. Francis, the apostle of love, have entirely superseded the thorns of St. Benedict! The churches were unguarded, and we were left wholly to ourselves, wandering about as we chose, the solemn beauty of the place growing more and more upon us. Occasionally a black-robed friar would glide noiselessly in and kneel before one of the altars; lights glimmered like stars from dark corners, gleams of color suddenly appearing on hitherto unseen frescoes as the sun rose high enough to penetrate the interior through one or other of the rare windows. No sound broke the stillness but the rush of the distant Anio, or the croak of the three convent ravens always cherished in memory of the legend that ravens carried off the poisoned loaf sent to the saint by an enemy. Suddenly, as we stood in the second church, there burst upon us a solemn "Gloria,"



ENTRANCE TO SACRO SPECO.



WITH THE CAMERA IN SUBIACO.

echoing grandly through the empty sanctuary from the monks' private chapel as they ended the chanting of the morning psalms.

Time, however, was running on, and we had reluctantly to leave the twilight gloom and emerge into the full blaze of the sun. Below the church is a little court, or more correctly a passage, occupied by a kneeling statue of the founder, his right hand extended toward the huge overhanging brow of rock (which seems about to crush the buildings beneath it), in remembrance of the occasion when he is said to have adjured the rock thus: "Stand still, O rock, and do not harm my children."

A monk in his sombre habit, with cowl drawn over his head, was slowly pacing the terrace, but never raised his eyes from his book. Still,

as in the days of its infancy, the Rule enforces three virtues: silence, humility and obedience, linked with three occupations, worship of God, study and manual labor.

As we leaned against the protecting parapet wall, with a radiant sky overhead, soft, balmy air caressing our faces, and an April sun glorifying all that wondrous view, we could hardly picture to ourselves another scene, when, in winter, the snow spreads a white pall over the hillsides, the wind sweeps down the



UNDER THE ILEX TREES.



UPPER CHURCH, SACRO SPECO.

gorge with icy blast, whistling through gaunt trees opposite as they rear their leafless heads under a leaden sky; truly, it must be a prospect of unutterable desolation, and the sons of Benedict, cut off as they then are from all communication with the outer world, must feel oppressed by loneliness. Great must be the courage which can face the monotony of existence under such circumstances—strong, however mistaken, the faith which can console amid such surroundings. Yet “from this wild solitude and these arid mountains sprang the cloisters from which the monks in the dark Middle Ages spread the seeds of learning, and in their lonely cells wrote down the chronicles of events which in after time helped to make up the history of the world.”

In our wanderings about Subiaco we one morning descended to the picturesque old Bridge of S. Francesco, at the western entrance to

the town. A single arch, with a lichen-covered gate tower, spans the Anio, on whose banks women were busily washing clothes; the town, crowned by its castle, rises behind a perfect artistic composition. Sauntering further up the road, we passed through the cemetery into a delicious *macchia* (wood) where the green grass was jeweled with a wealth of blossoms; crimson cyclamen, starlike primroses, periwinkles, anemones, sweet-scented violets, *hypaticas* and deep sapphire-blue *lithospermum* carpeted the ground, while the liquid notes of nightingales filled the air. We had picked as many flowers as our hands could hold, and were congratulating ourselves on having found such a paradise, when a young brown-frocked Franciscan, with sandaled feet and rope-girt waist, appeared from the neighboring monastery and ordered us to quit forthwith, as, without a special permission from the Pope, women (or as he put it, "*il sesso femminile*") could not be tolerated in the wood guarded by the sacred "*clausura*," added to which were we not heretics! So, sarcastically thanking him for his information, and advising him in future to put up warning notices at each corner of the ground, besides mending the many gaps in his fencing, we leisurely took ourselves off.

Another time we climbed up through the town, along the brow of a hill, till we reached a desolate house standing in neglected grounds; the glass was gone from the windows; weeds grew up to the door; a grass-grown path led to what must formerly have been a summerhouse, overlooking shelving precipices of rock, flanked by two lilac trees and some bushes of rosemary in full flower; on one side the eye rested on bleak gray hills, a very wilderness of stones, while on the other side of the valley every inch of ground was cultivated, woods clothing the slopes. We sat long under those olive trees, enjoying the quiet and the delicious air, fragrant with the scent of sweet herbs; a vesper bell tinkled in the distance, for it was a Sunday, and as we passed back to our quarters, the men, in clean shirts, blue cloth jackets and breeches, felt hats and knitted brown woolen gaiters, were streaming out of the church door, while the women, with their squarely folded white headaddresses, still knelt within, on one side of the aisle.

Our time admitted of only two more excursions, one on donkeys (for there is no carriage road) up the gorge which runs below the *Sacro Speco* and forming the bed of the Anio; it is a wild spot, the path strewn with enormous fragments of rock detached by weather, and in winter hurled down by storms into the valley, creating ruin and havoc, rendering it dangerous and at times

impassable for the charcoal burners who come down from the distant village of Yenne, guiding strings of mules or donkeys laden with sacks of charcoal.

The other was the drive to Olevano, two and a half hours from Subiaco. Our smart little *Campagna* horses, with their pretty heads, long tails and jingling bells, took us over the ground at a capital pace, through a mountainous district composed of limestone and sandstone, dry and barren, a very desert at times, with no human habitation in sight except such extraordinary villages as Civitella, which occupies an isolated peak exposed to every wind of heaven. There was no sign of water, save at one point where we looked down on a marsh. In winter the rains swell it to a lake, but at this season it had dwindled to a reed-fringed pool. Flowers did not grow in this parched soil till we neared Olevano, where moister banks were one glory of primroses and violets. Having staid at Olevano on a previous occasion, we stopped short of the town, taking shelter from the blazing sun under some gigantic rocks. Truly "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" was grateful, and we wondered whether the hills of Palestine resembled these.

Our last day was spent exploring Subiaco itself, and visiting a convent of Benedictine nuns, famous for its manufacture of "*mostacioli*," a peculiar kind of cake made of pounded almonds, butter, eggs and sugar. The inmates are strictly cloistered, as we found when we went to order some of their dainties, for instead of a wicket with gratings we were confronted by what seemed to be a barrel mounted upright on pivots. A bell rope hung beside it. On pulling it vigorously we heard steps approaching, and at a tiny hole in the circumference of the barrel we saw a pale-blue eye appear. Then a muffled, toothless voice asked our business. The effect was most uncanny. In reply to our inquiries the barrel revolved, and a set of shelves were disclosed, on which were laid the cakes we sought. Their price was mumbled from behind, the eye watching us unceasingly as we made our selection and deposited the necessary coin; then a turn was given to the barrel and its outside again presented to us. We prolonged our stay for two days beyond our intended limit, as we heard that on the 15th, 16th and 17th of April (deferred this year for some unknown cause) the *Festa of St. Benedict* was to be celebrated, and we hoped to see some characteristic costumes among the *contadini*, who, we were assured, flocked down by hundreds from the neighboring *paesi*. In this, however, we were disappointed. There was that strange mixture of religion and diversion belonging to the worship of

Southern nations—diversion being represented by a fair of cattle and goods; by races, in which the horses were ridden barebacked by trained jockeys; by a "tombola," public lottery; by bands, fireworks and illuminations in the evening: religion, by priests and confraternities carrying a statuette of St. Benedict in procession from the Sacro Speco to the church of Subiaco, where it rested twenty-four hours. High mass was performed with great pomp by a cardinal summoned from Rome expressly for the purpose. Beggars came in troops from far and near, lining the roadsides. Church bells rang incessantly, and crowds of contadini made pilgrimage to the shrine, mounting the Scala Santa on bended knee. Many of these poor people, who had walked seven hours from their distant homes, afterward lay round the church in a state of exhaustion painful to witness.

Throughout our stay we had perfect weather, but one afternoon, preceded by a hot, sunny morning, a dark cloud suddenly came down through the valley and resolved itself into a whirling snowstorm. Thick and fast the great flakes fell for half an hour, blotting out the entire landscape; but oh, the beauty when it cleared, with the range of hills clothed in stainless white! The hornbeams sparkled like frosted silver, and the olives rivaled the wild-cherry trees which stood "in the white array of angels, lovely beyond words," against a soft blue sky, unlike the usual deep-toned indigo vault of the Italian heavens.

From our windows we watched more than one gorgeous pageant of sunset and wondrous cloud effect, and when we left the "Valle Santa," as the district is commonly called, we carried away with us many a tender memory.

KOSCIUSKO'S WELL.

BY MINNA IRVING.

THE dews had spread a silver net
On winding walk and parapet,
The mellow, magic moonlight lent
New whiteness to each snowy tent.

The drum was still, the bugle slept,
His patient watch the sentry kept,
When past the summer camp I crept
To Kosciusko's well.

On mossy boulders far below
The Hudson flung its wreaths of snow.
The pebbly path a turning made
And led me into blackest shade.

The ivy by the stony stair
Reached out and caught my flowing hair,
'Twas chilly in the midnight air
By Kosciusko's well.

Where ancient branches interlock,
Between the river and the rock,
Within an alabaster cup
Its thousand diamonds bubble up.

A star upon its bosom gleamed,
The moon across the marble streamed,
The while I waited and I dreamed
By Kosciusko's well.

A crackling twig, a stone displaced,
Foretold a foot in eager haste,
And down the granite steps he came,
In his dark eyes a lover's flame—

A youth of Poland's princely race,
With all its pride and all its grace,
He clasped me in a close embrace
By Kosciusko's well.

Our mated souls, for bane or bliss,
Were wedded in a fiery kiss.
He lifted from the basin's brim
A goblet with a broken rim;

With falling jewels all a-drip
He held it to my happy lip,
And bade me of the crystal sip
From Kosciusko's well.

Not by the hedge's tangled screen,
Nor 'mid the guns of Lovers' Green,
Nor yet Flirtation's classic boughs.
But there, we vowed over deathless vows.

For doubly strong are true-love ties,
A deep enchantment in them lies,
When welded under starry skies
By Kosciusko's well.



THE DIVINE PRESCIENCE.

By G. A. DAVIS.

On Mary's lap, as the Christ-Child slept,
Glad visions lightened the watch she kept.
She crowned with her kisses His brow and head:
"They will crown Thee king in Judea," she said.

"And to Thee, O Child! from the bounds of the sea
Shall the gathering of the peoples be."
But she recked not then of the thorns pressed down,
Or the blood drops gemming that bitter crown.

She kissed His palms with her kisses long:
"To Thee, O Child! shall the world belong.
The sceptre of Judah Thy hands shall hold—
These tender fingers that mine enfold."

Nor ever she saw them stretched in pain
And the nail heads piercing their crimson stain.
She held His feet, and kissing them, smiled—
"Kings shall kneel at Thy throne, O Child!

"They shall come from the isles at the gates of dawn
To the brightness of Thy rising drawn.
They shall cleave unto Thee, as the prophets tell—
Thou, the Shiloh and Emmanuel!"

She clasped His feet, nor wist of the morn
When, high on the wood of the Cross upborne,
The blood should run from each naked wound,
And the arms of Magdalene wreath them round.

But ever she crooned this cradle song—
"To thee, my Babe, shall the world belong!"—
And while she sang, by her love beguiled,
The Christ-Child dreamed of His Cross, and smiled.

JUST WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED.

BY M. LEIGH.

I.



IN a drawing room filled with the scent of many flowers and suffused with the soft glow of candles, shining through pale rose-tinted shades, sat two women. Neither was beautiful; both were that far better thing, charming. Dressed in the extreme mode, which, however, their dressmakers had contrived to make seem the most becoming of all possible fashions, and showing that exquisite care of the body which for want of a better name we call "well groomed," each was a perfect example of the modern woman of the world, as evidenced by a certain rich, up-to-date, supremely luxurious type belonging usually to the smart set of society rather than to the more cultured or exclusive sets.

Extremely intimate, each was too wise to either give her unreserved confidence or imagine she received her friend's.

The little Dresden china clock on the mantel chimes out the hour—quarter of six. The afternoon is cold, the wood fire pleasant, and five-o'clock tea, from the daintiest (and most expensive) of tea equipages, a crowning attraction; the hostess being no less a personage than Mrs. Marie Frothingham, childless widow of the late John B. Frothingham, the three-times millionaire, whilst her guest is Miss Hildegardo Beauchamp, sister of Herbert Beauchamp, whose engagement to Mrs. Frothingham has just been announced.

"She's the best we can do, Marie. Herbert says she sings well; indeed, he seemed quite enthusiastic: quite glared when I asked him if she was—well—presentable."

Here the speaker threw a rapid glance in her friend's direction, and smiled. Herbert is undoubtedly fast, and the widow, mindful of her fortune and his debts, is inclined to be exacting.

"Of course we'll say she's perfection, but here I've asked a lot of people—this visiting duke, who dotes on music, among them—to hear Mme. Diva sing, and she, wretched creature, falls ill about twenty-four hours before the evening. This girl's absolutely unknown. Suppose she's a failure, then what? I'll feel like a fool, that's what. Every mortal soul anybody's ever heard of's engaged, at this time of year, days ahead." She pauses an instant, but Hildegardo's quick ear catches the subtle change in her voice. "How does Herbert come to know her so well?"

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"Why, my dear, you know he holds some stock in the company controlling the International Theatre—he's director, or something—consequently he sometimes comes in contact with the various members of the opera company there. Her father's been first violin in the orchestra ever since the theatre's been in existence; now she's beginning her career. See?"

"Oh!" said the widow, vaguely. "Yes, of course."

"Yes, and now I must be going, dear; it's quite six, and I've a dinner on to-night."

"Will you tell Herbert I want to see him this evening early? I'm not going out at all. I want to save myself for to-morrow. I've a lot to attend to. Then I can decide about this young woman—oh, what's her name?"

"Lazar, I believe—Antoinette Lazar. I'll tell Herbert. Good-by. I hope for your sake it will be all right."

II.

"DARLING, I advise you by all means to accept."

"Herbert, I'm afraid. Among all those rich, fashionable people who will go, expecting to hear Mme. Diva sing, I shall fail ignominiously. Then you will feel ashamed of me."

Behind the scenes of the International, screened from observation by elaborate stage settings, these two people are to all intents and purposes entirely alone. The man is in many respects just the usual sleek, well-dressed, *blasé* man about town. An expression of extreme reserve and a certain air of *savoir-faire* make him to women an "interesting man." The young woman is the embodiment of tender, trusting womanhood. Below medium height, her figure is of an adorable roundness, without a hint of unwelcome plumpness. Her complexion has that rare beauty which is the result of perfect health of body and mind. Her chestnut-brown tresses wave enchantingly over her dainty head; her eyes are blue as the skies of summer should be, whilst the gracious curve of the lips, the firm round chin, show the womanly strength of her nature. Though through with her part for the evening, she is still attired in all her comic-opera magnificence.

The man answers quickly:

"You will not fail. I could never be ashamed of you. I want you to have this opportunity to see some of my friends."

"Herbert, do you know this Mrs. Frothing-

ham very well? You seem to go there a good deal."

At this question the man's eyes fell.

"Mrs. Frothingham's a great friend of my sister's, Antoinette," he replies, evasively. "I wanted you to sing there. You'll meet my sister—you know you've always wanted such an opportunity. Still, if you don't want to"—this reluctantly—"of course I can't insist."

Here Beauchamp makes an elaborate attempt to suppress a sigh.

A short silence ensues. Antoinette gazes into space, then, with a little shake, cries, gayly:

"I'll sing, dear. I can't resist that poor little strangled sigh." Then, more seriously: "I'll sing, Herbert, and I'll make you proud of me. Dearest, I appreciate the difference in our positions. You belong to a sphere in life where the men are brave and honorable—where the women seem as angels to the men who love them. I am a singer in comic operas. My only ancestor, who is also my father," she laughs, softly, "is first violin in an orchestra. But I love you, and I'll be worthy of you. Oh, I pray I may be worthy of you!"

Had not her own emotion blinded her she must have noticed the look of shame on his face as he drew her to him, holding her as if against the opposition of the world. There was complete silence for a moment, then he said, huskily:

"Antoinette, dear heart, I'm not good, but I love you—always remember that I love you; and tell me, Antoinette, if—if you should ever find I had—I had deceived you—No, no, that's nonsense, of course."

He stopped as if horrified.

Slowly she raises her head. Her face is ghastly.

"Herbert," she cries, breathlessly, "I could not live; I—Oh, Herbert, why did you ever say so hideous a thing?"

She draws away from him, and leaning against the wall, sobs in a frightened, hopeless fashion indescribably pitiful.

Beauchamp seems beside himself, crying out, desperately:

"Antoinette, darling, stop—oh, do stop! I'm an infernal fool! I only wanted to see how much you love me! But for God's sake don't cry like that! There, my girl, that's better. Forget all about it, won't you? Love me much as ever!"

He kisses her again and again, as if to stifle any word of reproach she might utter. But he need not have feared; at almost his first word her sobs ceased, and her faith became, for the moment at least, absolute as before.

"You frightened me," she said. "Don't ever do it again—will you?" She smiled bravely, but

she had been too profoundly shocked to at once recover her usual air of almost childlike gaiety.

"Some things are too terrible to even imagine, and that's one of them. See, you naughty boy, the opera's nearly over; father will soon be waiting, and we've not made any arrangements for to-morrow night."

"Yes, yes!" he cried, feverishly anxious to get away from his unhappy slip, to wipe out whatever impression his irrepressible outburst had made. "Sig. Campani was to have played Mme. Diva's accompaniments. He will yours—there's no one better."

"What, Campani! my dear old teacher, father's old friend! Oh, I'm so glad! He'll give me courage; he's known me all my life, since I was so high; and, sir, he adores me!" She mimicked the extravagant Italian manner. "He would die for me!"

"Well, at present we'll only ask him to play for you. Mrs. Frothingham has set eleven to-morrow morning for a little rehearsal at her house. She can't be there herself, but her companion, Mrs. Donaldson, the dearest creature, will receive you instead. Then, about nine-thirty, the carriage will call for you here. I'm sorry"—again his eyes cannot meet hers—"I'd like to come for you, but I promised my sister I'd take her over. You understand, don't you, dear?"—this last entreatingly.

"Certainly, Herbert, dear; I prefer to go alone—I am anxious to do what will be most discreet. Good night, dear. I must hurry. That's the finishing chorus."

Again he embraced her passionately; then they parted, she slipping away to her dressing room; while he, as he went away with his heart full of bitterness and raging against fate, muttered to himself:

"I'm a fool—an infernal fool—to risk it, but I want to see her for once holding her own, as she will, like a little queen. But, God, if anything should be discovered! If that jealous devil should take it into her head to suspect—Oh, Toinette, shall I ever be able to give you up, to live without you?"

III.

ELEVEN o'clock the next evening, and Mrs. Frothingham's splendid *musical* is a magnificent success. The unknown singer has come, has been seen, and has conquered. Her dress of soft clinging black lace, with here and there a bit of fine jet, throws into brilliant relief the beauty of her coloring. She carries an immense bouquet of violets—Beauchamp's gift.

After her last encore, as she stood for a moment gathering up her music, Mrs. Frothingham ap-

proached, saying, in her smooth, high-bred voice, which somehow to Antoinette's ears sounded cold and hostile, in spite of the cordial words and manner:

"Miss Lazar, accept many, many thanks for the pleasure you have given us. You have a most delicious voice; it should insure you a brilliant future. Ah, Mr. Carroll, you, too, are anxious to congratulate this young lady? Miss Lazar—Mr. Carroll, a musical enthusiast. But don't forget supper, young people. You must be hungry, Miss Lazar."

She turned away just in time to intercept Herbert and prevent his joining Antoinette, who, poor child, felt so keen a pang of disappointment when she saw them leave the room together that for a moment she almost forgot the music-mad young swell standing patiently by her side. Then pride, that blessed gift to women, came to her aid, and she said, with a smile:

"Forgive me. I am tired. I believe I should like an ice, of all things; my throat is parched, the room is warm, and then I was so frightened at first."

In the supper room were tables arranged for four. At one of these sat Mrs. Frothingham and Herbert, with Hildegard and Hildegard's most important admirer. As Antoinette and Carroll passed the two ladies exchanged glances of scornful amusement.

The only vacant table was just at Herbert's back. Antoinette was thus unable to see that he ate nothing and was moody and extremely irritable. She could merely observe Mrs. Frothingham's exquisite costume, note the charm of her manner, and think jealously it was not strange Herbert should seek her society.

At last she could endure it no longer, and rose from the table, saying to young Carroll:

"I am completely tired out, and Sig. Campani seems to have forgotten all about me. I think I'll go to that dear little nook just back of the drawing room—you know which it is?—and wait there till he comes to fetch me."

She really wanted to give Herbert the chance to follow her; then they could have a moment's quiet chat, and he could tell her how proud her success had made him. So she sent her companion away and established herself comfortably on a divan placed under some spreading palms and hidden from view by a large screen.

The cooler air, the quiet and the pleasantly softened lights were just beginning to soothe her into a less intense and unhappy mood, when the *portière* was thrust aside, two people entered, and the drapery pulled in place again. Antoinette, rising hastily to leave her retreat, is startled out of

all consciousness of eavesdropping by the sound of Herbert's voice—harsh, violent, yet in a sullen sort of fashion intensely conciliatory.

"Marie, how many protestations must I make? What have I done? Suppose I did look at her; so did everybody else, so did you," says this "man of honor" and "of high ideals."

"No, my dear Herbert; that's your mistake. I didn't look at her—I looked at you," sneers Mrs. Frothingham. "Your face was as an open book. You'd forgotten your rôle for a moment, or else thought yourself unobserved. It all lies in a nutshell. You aroused my suspicions last night when you asked me to treat her as a friend and guest rather than as a professional singer, and by other things besides. I granted that request to have the better opportunity to discover your little game. All this evening before her arrival you are absorbed and moody; nothing interests you. She comes; you become radiantly good-humored. You think yourself, as I said before, unobserved. Your eyes follow her everywhere. Once"—here the widow's breath comes pantingly—"your eyes met hers; then I was not suspicious, I was sure. It is quite insult enough that you brought her here at all; even the most careless man rarely brings his—mistress to the home of the woman he wishes to some day marry; but you shall not show her one single courtesy while she is in my house. That is all, excepting this—to-morrow you take your choice, make your decision. I go shares with no one. And I shall want good proof that you have really broken with her."

She stopped speaking.

On the other side of the screen Antoinette, crouched down as one upon whose head a heavy blow has fallen, experienced a sensation of intensest relief when that cruel, gently modulated voice ceased. Now Herbert would acknowledge her; he would never allow that horrible aspersion to go unchallenged. Had he not often called her "wife"?—sworn a thousand times to legalize their union as soon as he had even in a measure retrieved his unfortunate financial position?

Poor betrayed one, your perfect faith had for its foundation shifting sand!

"Oh, come, Marie! You put it a little too strong. Don't call such beastly names. Hurry up the wedding. Let's get away from the whole lot. That's square enough, isn't it?"

A perfect rage of hatred and disgust lay underneath the words, which threatened every moment to break forth into such plain speech as the fair Marie had seldom listened to. Then, before he can utter another sound, a gasping moan is heard, and Antoinette gropes blindly from behind the screen over to where Herbert stands. At sight of her

Beauchamp blanches, and even Mrs. Frothingham starts uneasily.

"Oh, Herbert, Herbert, for God's sake don't desert me!" She falls at his feet. "Kill me, but don't desert me! I couldn't bear it. I——"

Again the *portière* is thrown aside, and Sig. Campani, truest of friends, enters. Antoinette's despair seems for a moment to confound him; then, like a tender father, he raises her, and turning to the others, says:

"What does this mean? Is my poor child ill, or——" He pauses expressively.

At Mrs. Frothingham's request to Herbert she starts forward, and with eyes full of agonized entreaty awaits the outcome.

Beauchamp has been, from the moment Antoinette pushed aside the screen, in a maze of conflicting emotions. One moment determined to do what honor and his passionate love for Antoinette demand, and then a vision of Mrs. Frothingham's fortune and those awful debts shut out every unselfish or honorable intention. Finally he decides upon a compromise. Mrs. Frothingham must imagine she is to have her own way.



"SHE FALLS AT HIS FEET."

Herbert, looking like a beaten dog, his face crimson, starts to reply, but is silenced by a gesture from Mrs. Frothingham, who speaks, the tremble in her usually clear voice betraying the emotion she is trying to conceal.

"Sig. Campani, Mlle. Lazar is ill. The evening has been a trying one. To-morrow, after a good night's rest, she will find herself quite recovered; at least I hope so. Herbert, will you take me to my guests?"

Antoinette has for the last few moments lain motionless in Sig. Campani's protecting arms.

On the morrow he will go to Antoinette and gain in some way—any way—her forgiveness, never doubting but that her great love would plead successfully in his behalf. So, when called upon by the widow to escort her from the room, he starts at once to comply.

As the door is reached, however, he exclaims, hurriedly:

"I must speak to her, Marie—it's for the last time, you know!" And before she can object he has rushed back to the woman whose broken heart has closed forever against him. "To-morrow,

Antoinette—to-morrow, my darling—this is all a most horrible mistake—to-morrow I'll explain!"

She raised her eyes. How large, haggard, hopeless they looked, and how deathly white she was! Even her lips were colorless.

"No, don't come to-morrow, Herbert—don't ever come again. You've made your choice, chosen what you wanted most. For me"—just for an instant the low voice broke, then went steadily on again—"I shall try not to feel this, or think about it any more than I can help; but you've killed all happiness for me forever. Peace and tranquillity are all the years can bring me. Do me the one kindness now in your power—don't ever try to see me. Good-by."

"Antoinette, you cannot!" Beauchamp exclaims, hotly. But with a sign to Campani she passed him, and was gone—out of his life forever.

And then? Well, Mrs. Frothingham was for days a most unpleasant person to be with, and Herbert's life was almost unendurable. How bitterly he cursed himself and her, his fate and all things else! Too grossly selfish a man to be either

humbled or purified by such an experience, he merely became more bitter and cynical than ever, and chronically peevish.

Antoinette took up the burden laid upon her, went away to a quiet place by the sea and there fought out her battle. Times were when victory seemed impossible and but of little moment. These, however, passed, as must all times, both good and ill. When she finally returned to the haunts of men she threw herself heart and soul into her profession, and as the years rolled on found in her art something to fill her life.

Mrs. Frothingham, as Mrs. Herbert Beauchamp, became a "society leader." She is perfectly satisfied, very rich, very successful, and very watchful over Herbert. Should anyone ever tell her that upon one occasion she behaved in a disgustingly selfish and an unwomanly fashion, she would no doubt be genuinely astonished. As for a certain unfortunate occurrence which marred one of her most successful *musicales*, it was, as she frequently tells Herbert, "just what he might have expected."

THE OLD AND THE NEW IN JAPAN.

BY ERNEST W. CLEMENT.



THE TOKUGAWA CREST.

THIS is pre-eminently a transition period in Japan. It may be true that in Yokohama, Tokyo, Kobe and a few other places the new things are so fashionable that an old resident may be allowed to speak, as Prof. Chamberlain, of the Imperial University, Tokyo, speaks, in his "Things Japanese," of having "lived *through* the transition stage of Modern Japan." In the capital and the open ports it may be true "old things pass away between a night and a morning"; but in the interior the change has been much less rapid, and is yet far from completed.

There are undoubtedly many places where "old Japan is dead"; but there are also spots, and not a few, where old Japan still survives, not merely in mind and heart, but in bodily form, side by side with the new Japan. Such a place is the city of Mito, situated about seventy miles northeast from Tokyo, in the old geographical province called Hitachi, and the new political

division named Ibaraki *Ken*. Here, in very truth, "the old and the new will be found cheek by jowl"; here, in the gradual development of civilization, the change is still going on from the ancient Oriental *existence* to the modern Occidental life.

There are in Japan perhaps few localities richer in historical associations than Mito. In Japanese annals it holds no insignificant place, and for 250 years wielded great influence in literary and political affairs. Its name means "water door," and was given probably to perpetuate a geological fact, that the Naka River, now emptying into the Pacific Ocean seven miles farther eastward, once found its "door" of entrance into the sea at Mito. The place first began to come into notice in the early part of the fifteenth century, and was brought into great prominence by the princes of the Tokugawa family, into whose hands it fell in 1602. Soon after the famous Iyeyasu had obtained for himself the authority of Shogun, or Taikun ("Tycoon"), he made one of his sons Prince of Mito, and established that family as one of the *go-sanke*, or "three honorable houses" (Kii, Owari, Mito), from which alone, if the direct line should fail, could successors to the

Shogunate be chosen. And it is an interesting fact to notice in passing that but once did a Mito man attain to that position, and he (Keika) was the one who, by the Revolution of 1868, was compelled to resign his power to the Emperor.

Of the Tokugawa Princes of Mito two especially attained to much more than a merely local fame, and have been called "the bright flowers of Japanese feudalism." The second prince, Mitsukuni (1628-1700), a grandson of the great Iyeyasu, occupies a very honorable place in Japanese history. Being a man given to a quiet life and to literary pursuits, he accepted with unfeigned reluctance the government of his clan, and was quite willing, ten years before his death, to abdicate in favor of his nephew and heir, and to live in retirement in his mountain summer resort. He was not only a scholar himself, but also a great patron of literature, and has been styled "the Japanese Mæcenas." It was under his supervision that a large and valuable library was collected, and that many scholars engaged in writing *Dai-Nihon-Shi* ("Great Japanese History"), which remains to this day the standard authority in national history. The ninth prince, Nariaki (1800-1860), was an intelligent, able and ambitious man, who has figured chiefly in Japanese history as the leader of the *yōi*, or anti-foreign party. But it seems very likely that he, like the Princes of Satsuma, Choshin, Tosa, Hiizen, Echizen, etc., took that side, not so much because they were opposed to foreign intercourse, as because it afforded them a convenient and



SHO-JO DANCING.—DRAWN BY A JAPANESE ARTIST.



THE SEAL OF THE CHINESE WARRIOR, KANGU.

popular rallying cry against the Shogun, and was a policy more likely to gain the success which was realized in the Revolution of 1868.

Such a famous and historic spot is, perhaps, worth a visit, and may be reached from Tokyo by two leading routes. The straight road is the old highway traversed so often by the princes and their cavalcades when going to and from Yedo. If you like to travel by *jin-riki-sha*, the Japanese "pull-man car," and are willing to spend the best parts of two days *en route*, you might find it interesting to take that famous old road. But if you have no leisure to use in that manner you will deem it quite convenient to go by the "iron road," as the Japanese appropriately call the railroad, and changing cars only once, to reach Mito within five hours from the metropolis.

If, just before the train stops at the station, you look out on your left, you will see a flight of steps leading up a hill. On the summit is an old Shinto temple, dedicated to Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguns, and the ancestor of the family that ruled Mito for more than 250 years. This temple, once replendent with gold and red lacquer, is decorated here and there with the three asarum leaves which form the trefoil crest of the Tokugawa family.

When you have alighted from the train and passed through the gate at the station you will surely wonder where the city of Mito is to be



MITO RAILWAY STATION.

found. Around you there are only a few buildings, chiefly freight or express offices and tea-houses or hotels, and directly in front of you is a hill. But if you go out to the broad street at the foot of the hill and turn to the right, you will soon come to *shimo-ichi*, or "the lower town," where you can see much more of the "old" than of the "new." If, however, you are to accept my guidance, I shall ask you to turn to the left, and, by a smooth and gradual ascent, to climb the hill to *kami-ichi*, or "the upper town."

As Mito is such an historic spot, let us visit first the old castle grounds, which, located on the eastern edge of the plateau, are, as Caesar would say, "admirably fortified by the nature of the place." These grounds are divided by moats into three "circles"—the eastern circle (*higashi-maru*), the true circle (*hōmaru*) and the western circle (*nishi-maru*). The eastern circle was the location of the most ancient castle, of which not a single vestige now remains. When we went to Mito in 1887 parts of the barracks and of some of the gates were still standing; but they have since been destroyed, either by fire, or by the icono-

clastic hand of "modern improvements." I was fortunately able to obtain a number of photographs showing the position of some of those old buildings. The gate which stood at the south side of the moat between the eastern circle and the true circle has been repaired, and now poses as the front gate of Governor Yasuda's new mansion. The moat has been partially filled up, so that we can pass across on a cul-

vert, through which the railroad track has been extended to the Naka River, and freight trains pass daily in the prosecution of their prosaic business. That moat, once almost impassable to the bravest *samurai*, is "opened for traffic," and has become the highway of the fish vender and the



THE OLD WATCHTOWER.

merchant, once scorned by those proud knights.

In the *how-maru* was located the castle of the Tokugawa dynasty. It was built in the early part of the seventeenth century, and having been once destroyed by fire and rebuilt, was finally destroyed, perhaps by an incendiary, in 1873. This castle was one of those strongholds with which Iyeyasu, when he became Shogun, engirdled his capital city of Yedo by assigning the neighboring fiefs to his own family and friends. The only building now remaining is the old watchtower; and even that has been repaired and converted into a storehouse and library. On that historic

ground now stand the modern, foreign-style, brick buildings of the Ibaraki Normal School and an educational museum, all of which point, not



THE TOMB OF SHINYETSU.

to the past, but to the present and the future. In architecture, in accommodations, in teaching, it is suggested that Oriental stagnation has given way to Occidental development. Pupils, most of them clad in European garb, are instructed by teachers similarly dressed, and are trained in a course of study arranged chiefly along Western lines.

In fact, except as the Chinese language, literature and history are taught in the school, there is nothing especially likely to suggest memories of a Chinaman. It is, nevertheless, true that a Chinese refugee, named Shinyetsu, was given a home within those castle grounds, and became

priest of the Gion (Buddhist) temple in another part of the city. When he died he was buried within the precincts of that temple under a very



NARIAKI (REKKO) PRINCE OF MITO.

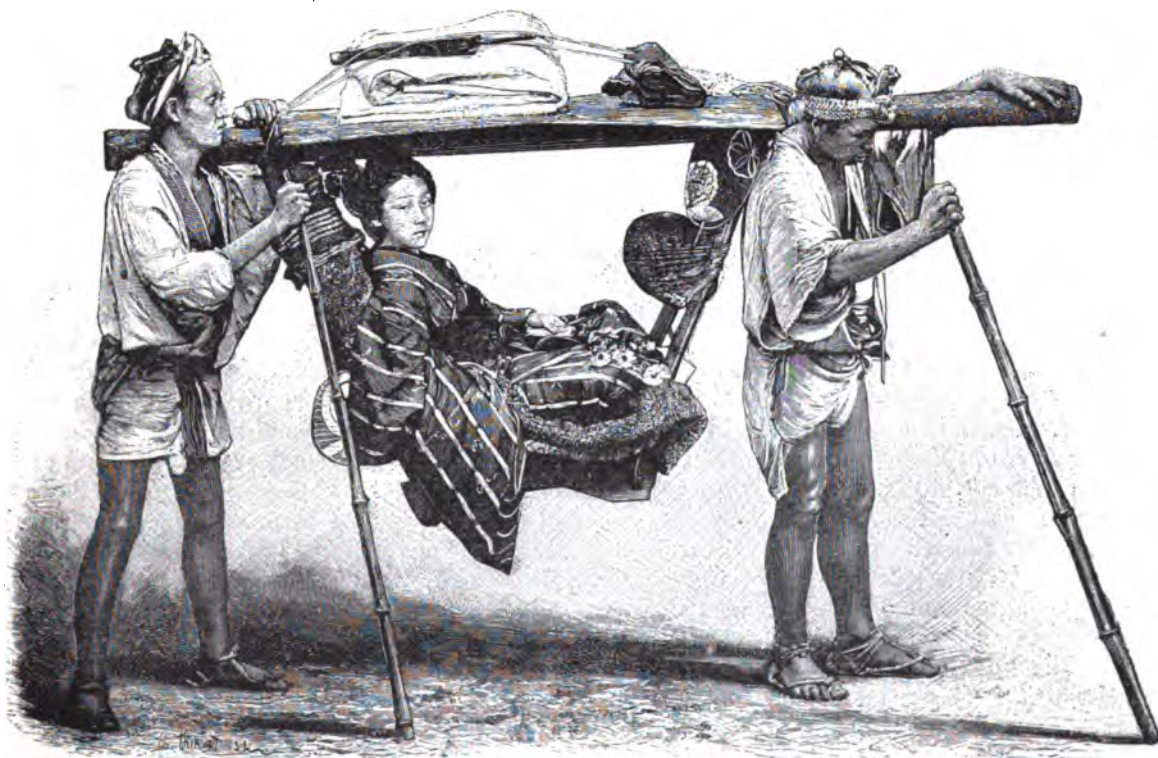


GOVERNOR YASUDA.

THE OLD AND THE NEW MAGISTRATE.



A RAINY DAY.



THE KAGO, OR TRAVELING LITTER.



HISTORIC BRIDGE AND GATE.

plain granite slab (see page 680), containing the simple inscription: "The tomb of the great priest Shin, (posthumously called) Jusho, the opener of the mountain temple." In the temple that old Chinese priest left some very ancient relics, such as strings of beads, a wand, incense box, bronze mirror, three *kakemono*, and the gold seal, about 1,000 (?) years old, of Kangu, a famous Chinese warrior. The accompanying illustration (see page 678) represents an impression made by the original seal, within a drawing of the pagoda-like box in which the seal is kept.

As we pass out of the *how-maru* of the castle we cross the bridge and enter the gate shown on this page. This gate brings up sad memories of the civil war which rent the Mito clan in twain and drained the lifeblood of its young and strong men. Right here was fought the last battle, an episode also in the Revolutionary War. The Imperialists were stationed within the castle grounds; their enemies were opposite, and attacked fiercely, but were repulsed. The timbers of the gate of the Kodokwan contain bullet holes made in that battle of almost a quarter of a century ago.

The cherry tree which we see at the right just after we enter the gate is a shoot from a tree planted by Mitsukuni about 200 years ago. The parent tree stands near the entrance of the cemetery of the Mito family at Zuiryu, about fifteen miles north of Mito, and is called "the flag-cherry."

The building in the front of this inclosure (which is now a public park) is the only one re-

maining of a school established by the famous Prince Nariaki, who was the most powerful *daimyo* of his times. This school, called Kodokwan ("School for Propagating Truth"), was opened to give instruction to the Mito *samurai*, in military science, Chinese classics, Confucianism and Shintoism. Now the building is used for teachers' conventions, evening parties and such purposes, but especially for a kindergarten, modeled as far as possible after the approved Western methods. Thus the place formerly sacred to the education of the two-sworded *samurai*, before whom all had to bend, is now the schoolroom of little boys and girls of all classes,

from the son of our cook up to the heir of the chief secretary of the province.

A small temple in this same park reminds us that the Mito princes were earnest disciples of Confucianism; and still another temple forcibly suggests the power of Shinto, that national cult, whose origin is buried out of sight in the incredible tales of Japanese history. This is a branch of the great and ancient temple of Kashima, situated about thirty-five miles south of Mito, and famous for the *Kaname-ishi*, or "pivot stone," which figures extensively in Japanese mythology. There is one tradition, that the god of Kashima made a pillar of this stone, which rose from the centre of the earth, and to this pillar bound Japan with the roots of the wistaria; and hence in poetry Japan is often called "the country of the wistaria roots." The pivot stone above ground is but four inches high and about a foot in diameter, yet is so immense under ground that Mitsukuni with men digging seven days and seven nights was unable to dig around it. Another tradition states that this stone holds down the head of the enormous catfish "whose contortions are the cause of earthquakes." For, just as the giant Enceladus was supposed to be buried underneath Mount Etna, and, "as often as he changes his weary side, to make all Trinacria tremble," so a huge catfish is fabled to be lying under the islands of Japan, and, as often as it moves, to make all Japan tremble.

Just beyond the Confucian and Shinto temples mentioned above, but still within "the western circle," are the Kencho (Prefectural Office) and

the Saibanaho (Courthouse). The affairs of Ibaraki Prefecture are managed, according to foreignized methods, under a local self-government system borrowed from Germany. The present Governor of Ibaraki is Mr. Sadanori Yasuda,* of the famous Satsuma clan. He has traveled in Europe and America, and is a progressive official. He has a phaeton and barouche, the only ones in the city, and two fine horses, one of which is an offspring of the steed which General Grant presented to the Emperor of Japan. When General Grant visited Japan, Governor Yasuda, then an official in the Hokkaido (Yezo), had the honor of entertaining him in Sapporo. He still points out with pride the chair in which our famous warrior sat, and relates with great gusto how much the ex-President enjoyed eating American corn from the cob!

That town bell which tells the hours by day and by night is not so uninteresting as it appears. It serves to remind us of another Chinaman who found a home in the Mito clan. He was a *sav-ant* who, when the native Ming dynasty was overthrown by the present Manchurian dynasty, fled for refuge to Japan. He became the teacher and adviser of Mitsukuni; and, though he never

lived in the city of Mito, he was, however, honored with a burial at Zuiryn. He it was who, when Mitsukuni hung up that bell, wrote for it an inscription, which, now scarcely legible, is extremely simple and quaint in its conceptions.

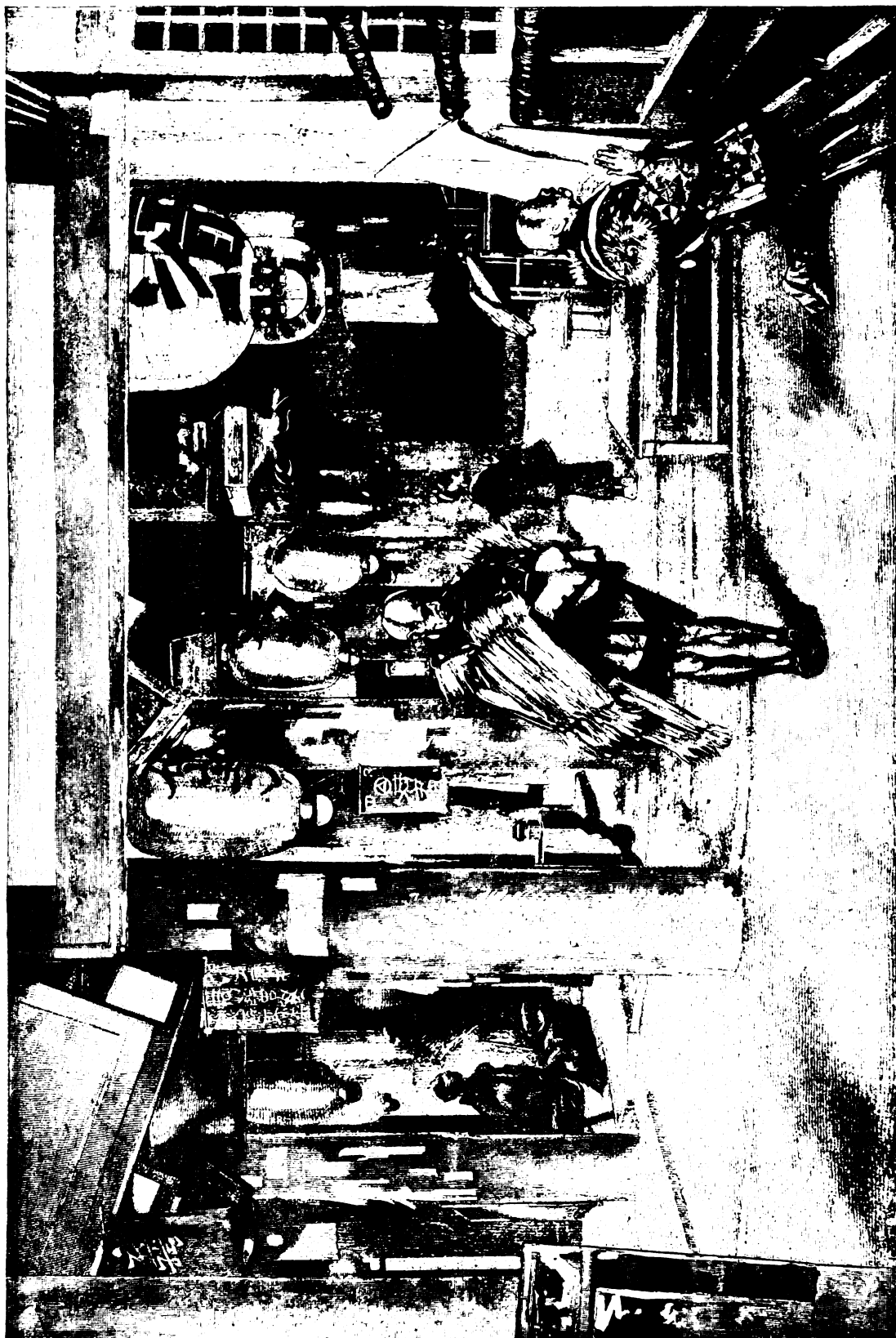
If we now pass along the streets, especially the wide, clean main business street, we cannot fail to notice here and there evidences of the odd mixture of ancient and modern, of Japanese and foreign, in mercantile affairs. Japanese foods and foreign bread and meats; Japanese *sake* and foreign beer, ale and wine; Japanese pipes and foreign cigars and cigarettes; Japanese *shoji* and foreign glass windows; Japanese *hibachi* and foreign stoves; Japanese *tatami* and carpeted floors with chairs; Japanese *kasa* and foreign umbrellas; Japanese *tabi* and foreign stockings; Japanese *geta* and foreign gaiters; Japanese *kimono*, *haori*, *hakama* and foreign suits; foreign shirts, collars, cuffs, neckties and kid gloves; bare heads or foreign hats and caps; bare legs or trousered legs. These are not all, but samples only, of the "mixed" views which greet us on this Japanese street in a provincial city.

And if we pause to look more closely into some of the stores we may find other striking instances of the juxtaposition of the old and the new. Here is an old Japanese who in the former days knew not the value of time, and took account of

* He has since resigned, has been a member of the House of Peers, and is now deceased.



VIEW IN "EVERGREEN PARK."



PILGRIMS PRAYING IN A TEMPLE.

nothing less than an hour, sitting in Japanese fashion on his matted floor among his stock of clocks and watches, which, ticking the minutes and seconds, teach him the modern idea that "time is money" and moments are valuable. Or we may step into "Hanawa's Branch Store," and seat ourselves on the stools in front of the matted floor, where clerks, dressed, sitting, smoking, serving tea, in native fashion around the *hibachi*, will show us foreign dry goods, hats, caps, umbrellas, canes, furnishing goods, etc.; take an order for a dress suit to be made

up in Parisian style; and then figure out the amount of the bill by means of the *soroban* (abacus). This store is built of brick, with Jap-



JEWELRY STORE, WITH AMERICAN CLOCKS.

anese tile roof; has glass windows with Japanese sliding doors; and bears a sign with a double (Chinese and English) inscription. On another



JAPANESE ARMY MANŒUVRES IN PRESENCE OF THE MIKADO AND FOREIGN DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVES.



JAPANESE LADY IN COURT DRESS.

street Mr. Hanawa has a purely Japanese dry-goods store with residence attached; and in the same compound is a small two-story brick house, with only a reception room below and a bedroom above, all furnished in the finest foreign style, but kept principally for ornament.

While we are resting at "Hanawa's Branch Store" a group of young men pass along, just in time to furnish a concrete illustration of the above abstract description of the mixture of the old and the new, the Japanese and the European, styles of costumes. Such sights are reminders of what Mr. Percival Lowell saw on his way to "Noto, an Unexplored Corner of Japan." He writes:

"These fellow passengers fully made up for the room they took by their value as scientific specimens. I would willingly have chloroformed them all, and presented them on pins to some sartorial museum, for each typified a stage in a certain unique process of evolution, at present the Japanese craze. They were just so many samples of unnatural development in dress, from the native Japanese to the imitated European. The costume usually began with a pot hat and ended in extreme cases with congress boots. But each man exhibited a various phase of it according to his self-emancipation from former etiquette. Sometimes a most disreputable derby, painfully reminis-

cent of better bygone days, found itself in company with a refined *kimono* and a spotless cloven sock. Sometimes the metamorphosis embraced the body, and even extended down the legs, but had not yet attacked the feet, in its creeping paralysis of imitation. In another corner a collarless, cravatless, semi-flannel shirt had taken the place of the under tunic, to the worse than loss of looks of its wearer. Opposite this type sat the supreme variety which evidently prided itself upon its height of fashion. In him the change had gone so far as to recall the East End rough all over, an illusion dispelled only by the innocence of his face."

If we happen to turn off to a side street and call at one of the *yashiki* where used to dwell the retainers of the Mito princes we may find an old *samurai*, who was once proud of his *kami-shimo* dress and two swords, and scorned those who had to work, engaged in the plebeian occupation of raising fancy breeds of imported poultry, such as Leghorns, Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, etc. Or if perchance, tired with pedestrian excursion, we now have recourse to riding, and call *jin-riki-sha*, the stalwart coolies who pull us about may have been in feudal days haughty *samurai*. And when later, having finished our sight-seeing, we repair to the home of the foreigner (*ijin*), one of the *samurai* class, formerly so hostile to "barbarians," and so eager to drink foreign blood with their swords, will cook for us our dinner of foreign food, and have never a thought of poison.

But whatever may have been the previous condition of our *kurumaya*, with fleet steps they wheel us to the western edge of town and of the plateau, where lies the "Evergreen Park" of Mito. This was laid out in 1839 by Prince Nariaki, and became his resort after he was compelled by the Shogun to abdicate in favor of his son. This spot has not been much altered by the ravages of time and the new civilization. Except that at the foot of the hill runs the Mito Railway; except that the shrill whistle of a locomotive so often pierces the air; except that foreign feet have defiled the sacredness of the once private mansion of the most powerful lord of his day, with but few exceptions everything about the park still suggests the old Japan.

Here are the *torii* (arch) and the stone lantern in front of the Shinto temple, in which both Mitsu-kuni and Nariaki (or Giko and Rekko, as they are posthumously called,) are enshrined for worship. Here is one of the cannon which Nariaki, in anticipation of the arrival of Commodore

Perry, had molded from the bells of Buddhist temples for the purpose of resisting the "invasion" of foreigners. Here are still left many of the thousand plum trees which the same prince ordered planted in this "garden." Here is standing yet the stone on which he had carved his own inscription giving the reasons why he established this park, and on the reverse of which are inscribed the "restrictions," or "rules and regulations." The inscription is quaint and interesting, but abounds in unintelligible allusions; the "restrictions," however, are worth transcribing: "It is forbidden to enter the park before six o'clock in the morning or after ten o'clock in the evening. The two sexes are forbidden to take recreation together. Intoxication, disorderly conduct and vulgar music are prohibited. It is forbidden to pick the flowers and fruits of the plum trees in the park. It is forbidden to anyone except a sick person to ride in a *kago* in the park. The regulations concerning fishing and hunting must not be violated."

In this park are two little stone tables, about ten inches high and fifteen inches square, and marked with lines—one as a board for *shogi* (chess), and the other as a board for *go* (a very intricate

game slightly resembling checkers). On stone seats at the sides of these boards the old prince and his companions would sit and spend many an hour in those recreations. Just below the spot, and part way down the hill, is set up a stone to indicate that it is the best point of view from which may be seen "The Evening Snow of Lake Semba," one of the "Eight Views of Mito." In imitation, probably, of a Chinese custom, eight views are selected in the vicinity of many a prominent locality as, according to some unknown standard, the most worthy. These *hakkei* are always the same, and include such a strange variety of sights and sounds as "The Autumn Moon," "The Evening Sunset," "The Homeward-bound Sails," "The Calm Breeze and Clear Sky," "The Descent of the Wild Geese," "The Evening Bell" (of a temple), "The Night Rain" and "The Evening Snow." Of all these views, three (the fifth, sixth and seventh) are denominated "sad" by the Japanese; almost all of them are evening or night views, and the exceptions are to be witnessed late in the afternoon.

But while we are dreaming of the past, of feudalism and imperialism in old Japan, the shriek of a locomotive and the rattle of the afternoon



SAMIEN PLAYER..



SHINTO PRIEST.



AMMA (ATTENDANT AT HOT BATHS).

train from Tokyo rudely awaken us, and remind us to turn homeward. Through narrow lanes hardly touched by modern improvements, and through business streets with the mixture of the old and the new; through the quarters of the *geisha*, the pretty and graceful dancing girls, whose reputation is not immaculate; past the

tion. Or, if we pick up a Japanese newspaper, or even book, we see that the same tendency has invaded language and literature; for Roman letters, Arabic numerals and foreign-style cuts, cartoons and illustrations will be found in the columns of a daily, or on the pages of a novel. And if we are at all familiar with the language and literature of

to-day we must know that both vocabulary and style have been greatly affected by Western influences. We have, moreover, already seen that the educational system is largely modeled on foreign methods; but we must also bear in mind that the old Chinese methods have not been entirely discarded. We should likewise take notice that in religious matters the old Shintoism, Buddhism and Confucianism are contending side by side with the new Christianity.

We may observe, then, in conclusion, that, not merely in the provincial city of Mito, but in general throughout Japan, there is now a transition period, in which the old and the new, the Oriental and the Occidental, are "cheek by jowl" in many lines and aspects. This is noticeable in modes of traveling, in trade and commerce, in architecture, in food and drink, in manners and



YOUNG AND OLD JAPAN.

theatre, where the life of old Japan can best be studied in these iconoclastic days, we hasten to the foreigners' home. In the evening some native friends call, and by a mixture of Japanese bowing and foreign hand shaking, and a confusion of various social forms, native and European, indicate to us that even the manners and customs of Japan are, to some extent, undergoing transforma-

customs, in language and literature, in education, in arms and military tactics, in religion. The historic spots are being marred by the destructive demands of modern improvements; and the old associations are being rudely dispelled. It is always so in the progress of civilization. Aptly has it been said: "Old Japan was like an oyster—to open it was to kill it."



HIGH TIDES.*

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).



TEACHER in Miss Bowdoin's school!" Paulette said, sadly; "a drudging, ill-paid teacher! And you ought to be a queen! But I respect your resolution, Laurel. Jasper Hading has treated you badly. Your pride suffers when you think of him. Four

years since you left Texas, and he has never once tried to see you!"

Laurel drew a long breath.

"When my visit to Dole Haven is over," she answered, "I mean to go straight to Deepford—the place is not far from Boston—and interview Jasper Hading, willing or unwilling. He has chosen to surround himself with mystery. I shall penetrate it, and demand my accounts, and when they are settled I will cry quits with my father's unnatural brother."

"I used to think that he was playing a rather interesting rôle," said Paulette, "but now I am weary of it, and I pronounce the man detestable. All the money that he has spent upon you cannot excuse his rudeness, his neglect, the manner in which you have been repulsed. Don't seek a personal interview, Laurel—don't trust yourself for a moment under his roof. Transact all business with him through his favorite medium, the lawyers, dear."

"The lawyers," sighed Laurel, "refuse to speak

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of Jasper Hading. Miss Bowdoin assures me that it is useless to question them. She has tried to do so, and failed utterly. They are very silent men, who know how to keep secrets and repel curiosity. That, I suppose, is part of their profession. I am burdened with a heavy debt, Paulette, and I must work till I have canceled it."

Paulette beamed unspeakable sympathy on her friend. She respected the pride that forbade Laurel to accept as a free gift Jasper Hading's bounty, and she could not wonder that the high-spirited girl chafed under the obligations that rested upon her.

"But," she groaned, "Miss Bowdoin pays such meagre salaries to her under teachers, dear! and four years' expenses at the school must foot up a pretty sum! Why, you will be half a lifetime paying the debt. Oh, I do hope that some unforeseen event may make the matter easier for you! Perhaps when you talk with your uncle you may find that you have a clear right to his help and need not pay him at all."

"Perhaps," replied Laurel, incredulously.

Such a thing was in nowise probable.

All the morning the girls dawdled about the veranda and garden, talking of various things. They dined early with Mrs. Minto. Afternoon came. Captain Davy had not returned. Paulette grew restless; but Laurel Hading, soothed by the slumberous airs of the Cape, sank in a deep chair under the vines of the veranda and drifted away to dreamland.

"She looks like the Sleeping Beauty, awaiting

* Begun in the November number.

the Prince," thought Paulette, as she gazed down upon her friend's pearl-white face and the black semicircles of her fallen lashes. "Now that Mrs. Minto is busy with the servants, how am I to employ myself?"

The arch enemy of mankind, who is said to find mischief always for idle hands, must have whispered something in Paulette's ear. She immediately tiptoed up the staircase, donned a round hat and coquettish little jacket, drew on a pair of long gloves, and made her way softly to the stable. Zeke was there, polishing a harness.

"I really cannot breathe indoors this afternoon, Zeke," she began, in a coaxing tone. "I am going for a ride—a very short ride—on the most frequented roads. Put my pony in the carriage at once."

Zeke frowned.

"I misdoubt, miss, if the captain would like to have ye venture out to-day, with that dauged Portuguese loose in the woods——"

"Woods? Nonsense! I am not going to the woods. I shall keep strictly to the highroad, Zeke. Hurry, please! I am absolutely fainting for my daily airing. All the Portuguese on the Cape shall not keep me indoors a moment longer."

Her imperious manner overawed Zeke. He knew right well that his master's daughter ruled Dole Haven. He flung the harness on the pony, and Paulette, jubilant, seated herself in the pretty carriage, gathered up the reins and drove smartly out of the stable yard, and away from Dole Haven.

CHAPTER IV.

THE pony was fresh. He clattered off at a good pace along the sandy road.

From head to foot Paulette was consumed with curiosity to see the cranberry bog, where the Portuguese had knifed his comrade. She knew the region fairly well. In ten minutes she was reining her pony at the bog—a trim, rectangular clearing, in the heart of a swamp, level as a floor, and matted with vines. She looked around and saw the usual trenches, the dike, and the brook with gates, by which the land could be "flowed," as a protection from insects and frosts, but nothing more was visible. If Paulette had thought to find on the ground any token of the late stabbing affair she was disappointed. The cranberry pickers had vanished. Deep silence reigned in the viny clearing and the adjacent swamp. The only living thing in sight was a marsh quail—the only sound to be heard, the whirl of the wind in the thicket.

"Go on, Nixie," said Paulette to the pony. And Nixie, nothing loath, went on.

For a space the road ran along beside old fields, inclosed in mossy stone walls, and given over to daisies and golden-rod. A man, with a stout stick in his hand, vaulted suddenly over one of these barriers and motioned Paulette to stop.

"Beg pardon, miss," he said. "Perhaps you won't care to go further on this road when I tell you we've tracked the Portuguese to the wood yonder. The officers of the law are watching about here. I recognized Captain Dole's pony carriage and thought I'd make bold to warn you."

"Thank you," said Paulette.

The man seemed to be acting as a patrol. He went back to the field. The road was very narrow—Paulette could not turn the carriage there. She must certainly go on for a space. To tell the truth, she was burning to go on.

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns,"

Paulette never accepted advice when she could avoid it. Her own sweet will seemed ever the best. Nixie trotted forward till he reached a path that plunged straight into a dense woods.

"I dare say this unofficial cart track will lead us to Dole Haven, Nixie," said Paulette. And she turned the pony fearlessly into it. "Oh, how delightful!" she murmured, as the green boughs brushed her softly on either side, and met above her head in one emerald arch. "It is like riding into a vast bower. There was never anything so lonely and wild as a Cape Cod forest! Oh, here is a Maryland yellowthroat!" as strange wings flashed across her way. "One meets rare birds among these pines. Papa says the Cape is a resting place for many Southern species that wander North in summer."

She had a dryad's fondness for the woods. The gummy odors, the cool dim vistas, the green twilight, the murmur of hushed winds in the leaves, charmed her. Deeper and deeper grew the silence and the shadows. In the open fields the sun was still shining brightly, but in that solitude night seemed already gathering. Mile succeeded mile. There was no change in the road. The swart boughs continued to brush the carriage closely, and the arch overhead darkened and thickened. Every person familiar with a Cape forest knows in what serried ranks its trees grow. Little light can penetrate them at any hour, and the silence is deep and oppressive. Presently a vague uneasiness began to creep over Paulette.

"There is really no end to these pines, Nixie," she said to the pony. "Pray make haste out of them."

But Nixie, instead of making haste, evinced a desire to stop altogether, and crop the fern and

berry bushes in the undergrowth. Paulette grew nervous. She had lost her bearings. That cart track would never lead to Dole Haven. It was impossible to turn about, and exceedingly rash to go on. Odd sounds assailed her ears. She had heard Captain Davy say that wild creatures still roamed in the unfenced Cape wood—deer, mink, raccoon, fox—she wondered if these things were snapping the dry twigs, or was the dreadful Portuguese near? Even as that fear beset her Paulette heard a sudden rustle—a hoarse, panting breath. A thicket crashed under flying feet. Some dark object burst into the narrow road, close to Nixie's head. The pony's nerves could not stand the shock. He swerved so violently that the carriage, flung out of the deep rut, went crashing up against a pine trunk. Paulette, hurled over the wheel, fell headlong into the tangled undergrowth. There she lay for several moments, without breath or motion.

When she opened her eyes again Captain Davy's daughter found herself still stretched on the earth, but not among the fern and blueberry bushes. She had been conveyed to an open space, where a brush fire was burning, and placed on a bed of dry pine needles. Somebody bent over her. The rim of a silver flask touched her lips and left upon them a fiery liquid.

"Do you feel better?" asked a voice.

Paulette stared at the speaker—a young man, dressed in immaculate gray, wearing in his buttonhole a rose, and grasping in one hand—great Heaven!—a long, glittering knife! The Portuguese!

"For a cranberry picker and a murderer, how good-looking!" thought Paulette, illogically.

"I asked if you were more comfortable?" persisted the young man. "You see, I took the liberty to right your carriage and bring you to this fire."

Paulette had read somewhere that nerve and courage were the first requisites in successfully dealing with bad people. She raised herself to a sitting posture. A terrible pain stabbed through her right arm, but she did not mind that. She fixed a stern and steadfast eye on her captor.

"Put down that knife, sir!" she commanded. He obeyed promptly. "Have you any more weapons about you?" she asked.

"None, I assure you."

"Do you carry pistols, sir?"

"Not as a rule—"

But the girl, with her curly hair rising in terror, and the frightened voice which she tried to make bold, put on an inexorable air.

"Turn your pockets inside out, sir—of course, I cannot believe you." He turned out his pockets

obediently. They appeared to hold only a purse and a handkerchief. Pauline pointed like an accusing angel to the purse. "Did you steal that from your comrades down in the bog? Of course you did! I have only one thing more to say—take to your heels, and lose no time about it—half the town is after you——"

"Indeed!"

"I know I ought not to warn you, but I cannot help it. My sympathy is always with the under dog, papa says—I would even tell you, if I could, how to get out of these woods, but I am lost myself. By the way, you speak absurdly good English—is that language much used in Portugal?"

"Portugal!" with a peal of laughter that could no longer be restrained. "Why, I thought we were standing on the sandy soil of Cape Cod!"

Paulette sprang to her feet. She looked at the brush fire, the knife on the ground, the young man in gray, and an enormous doubt chilled her.

"Are you not Manuel the Portuguese, that stabbed somebody or something in the cranberry bog yesterday?" she demanded.

He bowed politely.

"I am not. My name is Coxheath, and I am looking for an old friend—a certain Captain David Dole, who is living in this vicinity."

Paulette seemed turning to stone.

"Oh," she stammered, "how *could* I make such a blunder? Pray pardon me, Mr. Coxheath. I am Captain Dole's daughter, and I *knew* that papa was expecting you at Dole Haven to-day."

"It's all right," said Coxheath; and then both burst into a merry laugh.

"At the station where I alighted," explained the young man, "I could find no conveyance—no person who would consent to drive me to Captain Dole's house. So I started on foot to find it. A native directed me to take a cross cut through the woods. A few moments ago I blundered upon this fire, and upon a man who, at sight of me, dropped a knife with which he was whittling sticks and ran into the thicket. Then I heard you cry out, and your carriage crash against a tree. I found you senseless on the ground, and brought you to this spot. I had picked up the knife to examine it, when you revived. The sight of a stranger, with such a weapon in hand, naturally led you to wrong conclusions."

"It was the Portuguese that crashed through the thicket and frightened Nixie," said Paulette, in a mortified tone. "How stupid of me to mistake you for him! But I thought I saw murder in your eye."

Then both laughed again, and all barriers between them seemed at once to fall.

"The fellow has made off into the woods,"

said Coxheath, when she had told him Manuel's story. "He will not be captured to-night. I will never mention," gayly, "that you were quite willing to aid his escape."

Then he saw that she had grown pale, and that her lips were pressed tightly together.

"You are hurt, Miss Dole!" he said, in alarm. "You are suffering!"

"There is something wrong with my arm," she stammered; "it seems full of hot needles."

"Let me examine it—I know a little surgery."

She drew up her pink, beribboned sleeve from an elbow as round and white as a baby's.

"It is a sprain," announced Coxheath. "I will improvise a sling."

He drew a silk handkerchief from his pocket, knotted it about her neck, and placed the injured member in the support.

"In payment for this service," said Paulette, sweetly, "I will permit you to ride with me to Dole Haven. To be sure, I do not know the way, but by combined efforts we can, perhaps, find it."

The pony carriage had sustained no injury. Coxheath lifted Paulette to a seat in the vehicle, then picked up a gray overcoat, and a walking stick from a tree trunk near by, and followed her.

"You will have to drive Nixie," she sighed. "It is rather mortifying to go back to the house in this dilapidated condition. But I suppose I ought to be thankful that I was not cut in bits by the Portuguese."

"It was exceedingly rash of you," he answered, gravely, "to venture into the woods, knowing that such a person was at large in it."

"Don't scold," said Paulette, wrinkling her ivory brows at him. "When I reach home I shall have quite enough of that from Laurel, Mrs. Minto and papa."

They were driving smartly away on the narrow cart track. It was very dark among the pines—daylight had well-nigh gone; but Paulette no longer felt fear.

"Who is Laurel?" asked Chester Coxheath, as though the name impressed him.

"A school friend of mine, who is staying at Dole Haven, and quite the loveliest girl in the world—*La Reine Blanche*, I delight to call her."

"You speak with enthusiasm. There are many lovely women in the world," answered Coxheath, with an audacious look straight into Paulette's own limpid dark eyes.

"None like Laurel, I am sure," she replied, with a positiveness that made him smile.

Nixie carried the pair safely out of the woods. On its border they met a number of the Portuguese's pursuers, and Coxheath gave information of the brush fire, and the glimpse which he had

obtained of the man, and in return received proper directions for reaching Dole Haven. Through the gathering twilight the two rolled homeward. As they neared the house Paulette espied Captain Davy and Laurel on the deep veranda. The captain had a glass in hand and seemed searching the landscape in every direction. Paulette waved her sound arm cheerfully.

"I am safe—quite safe!" she cried, as the pair came hurrying down the garden walk to meet her. "And I have brought Mr. Coxheath with me. Don't mind my arm—it is sprained, nothing more—all the work of the Portuguese."

Greetings and exclamations followed. Captain Davy gripped Coxheath's hand in hearty sailor fashion.

"Welcome to Dole Haven, lad!" he cried, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "I am always glad to meet an old shipmate. How has the world treated you since the *Saucy Sally* sailed into port with a jury rig?"

"Indifferently well," Coxheath answered. "You see that I could not forget you, even at the end of ten years. I had a little difficulty in hunting you up; but some shipowners, friends of my late father, put me on the right track."

Then he looked, and saw Laurel Hading moving toward him down the garden walk. All in white from head to foot, with only her golden crown glistening in the sunset light, the fairness of the young Texan girl was almost unearthly. It seemed to strike Coxheath dumb. When Captain Davy presented him he bowed profoundly, but uttered not a word.

"Ah! what did I tell you?" whispered the mocking voice of Paulette by his side.

* * * * *

Captain Davy's daughter failed to appear at table that night. She had discreetly retired, with her sprained arm, to her own room.

"See how that gypsy obeys my commands!" said the captain, in feigned wrath. "She is a born mutineer, and now she must suffer for it."

At table the grizzled sea dog and Coxheath talked, and Laurel and Mrs. Minto listened. The Texan girl was critically observing Captain Davy's latest guest. He appeared to be a vital, magnetic person, as thoroughly groomed as an Englishman, and with irreproachable manners. His thick, closely cropped hair, his oval cheek and beard, seemed to all blend together in one sunny brown color. As for his eyes, they were uncompromising gray, hard as steel one moment, and the next merry as a schoolboy's. His nose was straight; his chin, perfectly molded. Mr. Coxheath would have passed anywhere as an uncommonly good-looking man.

"After the wreck of the *Saucy Sally*," Captain Davy was saying, "I took command of a transatlantic steamer, and saw no more of your father; but I well remember his sterling worth as a man, and his joy in finding you, his only son, cured of your infatuation for the sea."

"My father met with reverses in his last days," answered Coxheath, in a low voice, "and died

fortunes crushed the life out of him, and he died."

Captain Davy looked shocked.

"And you, with your inheritance gone—what are you doing now, lad?"

A hard, proud gleam shot into Coxheath's eyes.

"Earning my bread as a clerk in an office where my father was once sovereign."



"‘YOU ARE ABROAD EARLY, MISS DOLE,’ SAID COXHEATH.”

poor. I fear I was no more comfort to him on land than I should have been on sea."

"Died poor?" echoed the captain. "Good Heaven! when I commanded the *Saucy Sally* he was a millionaire thrice over."

"Yes. But he speculated largely and—lost. I tried to save him—I flung myself, body and soul, into the breach, but—I failed. The wreck of his

The captain's face expressed his honest indignation.

"Your father had scores of friends. Was no hand extended to help his son in the time of misfortune?"

Coxheath drew his brows together unpleasantly.

"Yes," he answered, in a cold, reluctant tone, and with a sneer upon his lip. "A hand *was*

extended, and I took it—much to my own detriment and subsequent regret. It is often better for a man to meet misfortune without help.”

Captain Davy perceived that he had touched a disagreeable subject, and made haste to change the conversation. The party arose from table and went back to the well-lighted parlor. A salt wind was sighing in from sea. Owls hooted in the pines. On the beach below the garden small waves murmured. Laurel went over to the piano to adjust a shade on the tall lamp beside it, and Coxheath followed her.

“You sing, I know,” he said.

“How do you know?” she answered, smiling.

“Because your whole personality breathes music. Here is a ballad that I have not heard for years.” He took a sheet from the music rack. “I used to like it in my boyhood.”

She lifted her handsome brows as she glanced at the piece.

“‘Auld Robin Gray’ went out of fashion ages ago.”

“Yes, but you will sing it for me, will you not?” in a deeply persuasive tone.

Laurel seated herself at the piano, and in a voice thoroughly cultured and divinely sweet she sang the ancient song. Paulette Dole, curled up on a couch in a chamber overhead, heard, and tossed about with uneasy jerks.

“Laurel is singing to him!” she said to herself, half indignantly. “Her voice is much nicer than mine. Of course, he is leaning over her,

“‘Drawn with the power of a heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress.’

I know he admires blondes. Well, why shouldn’t he? It is no concern of mine—I am an envious little beast. Laurel is worthy of any man’s admiration. I am sure I love her next to papa. Now the music has ceased. Perhaps she has gone out with him on the veranda. I wonder if Laurel can flirt? Of course, all women know the art by instinct. Oh, my poor arm! I wish I had not gone out riding—I wish Mr. Coxheath would move farther away, where I could not hear his voice. I am actually growing jealous of dear Laurel. Oh! oh! suppose we should both fall to flirting with that one man—suppose we should both learn to like him a little—a very little!”

For some time longer the murmur of voices below stairs went on. The windows were open, and the breeze that stirred their muslin draperies bore to Paulette’s ear laughter and snatches of conversation—Mrs. Minto’s thin treble, Captain Davy’s deep bass.

“You see, the doctors recommended Cape Cod as a proper place for me, Coxheath,” she heard

her father say. “I came down here, stumbled on this house, bought it, and christened it Dole Haven. It is only a summer place—with the winter I shall look about for new quarters. My daughter is now seventeen—she must have her glimpse of life, her taste of pleasure, like other girls.”

“Have you, then, left the sea forever, sir?”

“How can I tell?” answered the captain, sadly. “Like Dean Swift, I am decaying at the top, lad. If I could find the lotus and the poppy for my sleepless nights I might hope to cruise about the world again. But God alone knows how that will be.”

Presently the door of Paulette’s room opened, and Laurel entered. Her eyes were shining like stars, and her cheeks showed a faint flush.

“Are you asleep, Paulette?” she inquired, softly.

For answer Captain Davy’s daughter put up her sound arm and drew her friend down to the sofa. A suspicious moisture glistened on her lashes.

“Oh,” said Laurel, conscience-smitten, “it was cruel of me to leave you so long alone! How forlorn you look, dear! Is your poor arm aching?”

“Horribly!” answered Paulette, with a sniff.

“Have you had a pleasant evening, Laurel?”

“How could it be really pleasant without you, dear?” cooed the elder maid.

“You find Mr. Coxheath an agreeable person? You think him handsome, do you not, Laurel?”

“I am no judge of masculine beauty,” replied Laurel, evasively.

Paulette arose on her sound elbow.

“He is handsome!” she declared, stubbornly.

“His eyes are superb—you cannot deny that.”

“I have never observed Mr. Coxheath’s eyes.”

“Oh, Laurel, that is very dull of you! When he looks at me I seem turning to fire and then to ice.”

“How very uncomfortable, dear!”

“Don’t laugh. I am giving you my own impressions. He may not affect you in the same manner,” said Paulette, meekly.

“Forbid it, Heaven!” Then a sudden gravity appeared on Laurel Hading’s face. “Dearest Paulette,” she said, in an altered tone, “it will require nerve, will it not, to flirt with the owner of such eyes?”

CHAPTER V.

A WEEK of golden weather followed the arrival of Chester Coxheath at Dole Haven.

Cloudless sunshine steeped the pine bluffs and the bay. All nature was propitious. That large-hearted, free-handed sailor, Captain Davy, could not do enough for the comfort and pleasure

of his guest. The days were filled with rowing, sailing and fishing on the bay, long rides over the wild Cape roads, long hours of ease on the deep veranda, excellent dinners, song, laughter and delight. Laurel Hading, with her blond face and high-bred repose, was always near, and Paulette, bright, restless, beautiful, her arm freed from the sling, a creature of moods, changeable as the sea, and possessed of a very demon of coquetry, smiled and frowned by turns on her father's guest—allured and repelled him, as the whim seized her.

Lounging with these girls on the veranda of Dole Haven, or strolling with them through the pines and the well-kept garden, Coxheath forgot many things that he ought to have remembered. Laura's voice was fit to sing the heart out of a man. Paulette's odalisque eyes brimmed with sorceries. With the selfish indulgence of youth, Coxheath seized on the pleasure of the passing hour—plunged like a bee into the sweets that he had found, or, to use his own language, "let himself go."

One morning Paulette, standing at the window of the breakfast room, saw whitecaps dancing wildly in the bay.

"Let us ride to the lighthouse, papa," she said. "Perhaps Laurel and Mr. Coxheath would like to see the ocean from that point."

Captain Davy, haggard from his nightly struggle with insomnia, answered:

"Very well. Laurel learned to ride in Texas. Coxheath, too, is at home in the saddle. Let them go together, and you and I will follow in the carriage."

Paulette's face fell, but she said nothing. Arrangements were quickly made. Captain Davy and his daughter, in a strong carriage, constructed for the sandy Cape roads, set forth behind a pair of blacks, and Coxheath and Laurel, well mounted and in exuberant spirits, cantered after.

The wind was blowing clean across the Cape. Conversation and laughter enlivened the outset of the journey, but as the way grew bleak and strange, silence fell. They were moving through a barren land. Dwarfed pines arose from the white sand. A few crows cawed over the lonely stubble fields. The trees were twisted into grotesque shapes by the steady blowing gales. Here and there patches of corn, pale and scanty, struggled for life in a soil hopelessly poor. Through gaps betwixt the sand hills the tearing, squally sea thrust itself continually upon their vision.

"This coast," said Captain Davy, "is famous in the history of marine tragedy. Many a good ship has been pounded to pieces on its sands. Stories of disaster haunt every beach."

"It is the abomination of desolation," muttered Coxheath, with a sudden shadow on his face. "It oppresses one like nightmare."

"None should come here but happy people," said Paulette. "A melancholy mind, caught in these wastes, with the clouds, the gales, the flying spume, would go mad at once."

"I believe you!" murmured Coxheath.

Captain Davy pointed with his whip.

"On that beach yonder, a hundred years ago, a pirate ship was wrecked in a tempest. Scores of bodies drifted ashore—Spaniards, blacks, all sorts of fellows—with puncheons of rum, small arms, gold and silver lace, bales of broadcloth and pieces of brocade—the spoils of a Dutch merchantman which the pirate had plundered a few days before."

They came out on an undulating waste, where patches of moss and mock cranberry grew. Clouds trailed low in the sky, the huge tower of the lighthouse loomed white against the gloom. At the weather-beaten telegraph station Laurel Hading was glad to slip out of her saddle.

"I feel as though I was all in pieces," she said, laughing. "How the wind blows here! I could hardly keep the saddle—I, who learned to ride on a Texas ranch."

These two had outstripped the captain's carriage, and were now alone in the riot and hubbub of the elements. The Atlantic roared in their ears; the gale seemed striving to hurl them bodily over the cliffs. Miss Hading's blue cloth habit was all awry, and the wind had torn her hair from under her cap and flung it loose on her shoulders. She sat down on a bench by the telegraph station and tried to arrange it.

"Let me take your gloves and whip," said Coxheath.

She gave them quietly into his keeping. The soft gauntlets were faintly perfumed with violet and warm from the pressure of her hands. A small boy that Coxheath had discovered near the station held the two horses.

Coxheath stood and watched Laurel, as by a deft turn of her white wrist she twisted up her yellow mass of tresses. In the teeth of the wind the task was not easy, but she did not fidget, or grow embarrassed, as another woman might have done.

"Since you were born in Texas," said Coxheath, "this ocean savagery must be new to you, Miss Hading."

"I was not born in Texas," she corrected, "but I lived there many years. Yes," gazing thoughtfully off on the black leagues of tossing brine, "it is all new and strange, and I think," with a slight shudder, "that I like the prairie better."

Round a corner of the station the captain's carriage appeared.

"Oh, we seem to have reached the end of the world——" Paulette began to shout, and then stopped short at the sight before her.

Laurel there on that bench by the wall, pinning up her coils, and Coxheath standing by her side, watching with undisguised admiration the white hands struggling with the wealth of hair. A great pang stabbed through Paulette's heart.

"How like a lover he looks!" she thought.

Coxheath advanced to the vehicle, and assisted Miss Dole to alight.

"You are as pale as a ghost," he said, with a quick glance into her piquant face.

"The breath is quite blown out of me," she answered, in a frigid tone. "What a picture Laurel is making of herself!—quite like a mermaid on the rocks, charming wrecked seamen."

She ran to the edge of the cliff. Coxheath followed.

"Look at that ship!" she cried, indicating with her pretty belaced sunshade a passing vessel. "How near she is sailing to the shore! One could throw a stone on her deck."

"Ocean distances are very deceitful," answered Coxheath, dryly. "That ship is, at the very least, five miles away. Pray move back a few steps from this verge, Miss Dole—you might slip over."

He touched her arm authoritatively. She turned with a flash in her big eyes.

"I can take care of myself very well," she said, with freezing hauteur. "Go back, Mr. Coxheath, and hold Miss Hading's gloves!"

She plunged down a zigzag path—a mere thread on the cliff's side—and there vanished. Coxheath sprang after her.

The path proved to be both difficult and dangerous. Coarse clay and sand rolled from under his feet and soiled his fashionable trousers. The steepness would have startled a chamois. There was not even a twig to cling to. More than once he slipped, and barely saved himself from crashing headlong downward.

"Confound that girl!" he muttered, angrily. "She is a delusion and a snare!"

Far below on the beach Paulette was waving her hand in derision to her exasperated pursuer. Panting and gloomy, he reached her side at last.

"You have led me a pretty chase!" he said, sulkily.

"Why, then, did you follow?" she mocked.

"Because I could not help it."

"Dear me! how cross you look! I cannot endure ill-natured people."

She turned from him and leaned on some ribs

of wreck protruding from the sand. He shook the dirt from his garments, and immediately seated himself on an old boat, turned bottom up, at a little distance from her.

The tremendous sea rolled wave over wave, league over league, before the pair. Above their heads the shriek of the wind on the cliffs sounded like muffled thunder. A few sails staggered by. Not a word was spoken, not a look exchanged. Man and maid seemed absorbed in thoughts that had no reference to the other. Coxheath's face kept its sulky expression. Paulette's, partly concealed by her pretty hat, told no tales.

Suddenly the girl straightened her litho figure.

"This Quaker meeting is ended!" she said, laughing. "For monotony, Mr. Coxheath, you cannot be excelled! I am sure that Laurel and papa are wondering at our sudden disappearance. Shall we go back to the lighthouse?"

He arose and moved toward her. Her eyes were shining softly; a smile curled her lips.

"Take my hand," she coaxed, "and I will guide you. I am like a goat—I can climb any steep!"

Eagerly he grasped the small, soft hand which she extended. They began the ascent together. He slipped again and again, but she held him faithfully.

"What a dreadful scramble you make of it!" she said, sweetly. "I never saw a person quite as clumsy; but, since I led you astray, of course, I must somehow get you back to safe ground again."

"I can never go astray in following you," he answered, recklessly, "let the way lead where it may."

When they reached the cliff top she released her hold of him.

"Now I wash my hands of you," she said, and hastened to the telegraph station, where Laurel was looking at a distant ship through the captain's glass.

"Papa," said Paulette, in a bored tone, "we have now seen everything—let us go home. Mr. Coxheath has spoiled his trousers, and I have been obliged to drag him up the cliff by main force. If we stay here longer we shall be blown like kites to the other verge of the Cape."

But Captain Davy was already on his way to the lighthouse, with Laurel in his wake.

"You had better go with them, Mr. Coxheath," said Paulette, as she sank, with an air of real or assumed fatigue, on the bench by the station. "You will probably find the tower stair quite as easy as the path up the cliff."

Her laughing eyes said "Stay!" though her lips bade him go.

For a moment he stood as though struggling with himself; then he turned on his heel and strode off after Laurel and the captain. Paulette was left on the bench alone.

She sat quite still, the tears gathering under her lashes. Cliffs, raging waters, brown telegraph station, all danced confusedly before the vision.

"What an idiot I am!" she muttered, as she dashed the telltale drops away. "He thinks

off Prince Charming and leaves her brunette rival desolate and despairing.

The moments dragged heavily. The wild grandeur of the scene chilled Paulette to the heart. She arose and tramped up and down. She tried to sing a little aria, but her voice was blown off her lips. Presently she heard them coming back. Coxheath and Laurel were walking side by side. Paulette ran to her father.

"What an interminable while you have been,



A MODERN MADONNA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY E. KLINSCH.

only of Laurel. And why should he not? She is lovelier than I—a queen lily and rose in one! Who would look at me when she was near?—who would wish to stay by me when it was possible to follow her?"

She took a novel from the Boston bag which she had brought with her, and tried to read; but the letters mingled in a hopeless blur. He would assist Laurel up the tower stair. Perhaps her hair would fall again, in a long, writhing, yellow mass. In romance the blond girl always carries

papa! The horses are very restive. I really hope there is nothing more to see here!"

"We will be off at once," said the captain.

She would not look when Coxheath helped Miss Hading into the saddle, nor when the two rode away. Captain Davy gazed after them, however, and expressed his mind.

"That's a striking pair, Paulette."

"Yes, papa."

"A matchmaker would say that Coxheath and your friend were born for each other."

"Exactly, papa," replied the brave little voice at his side; "and I think—I feel sure—that they are approaching the same conclusion themselves."

"Ha! I suspected as much. Well, few objections can be raised to such a match."

"Quite true, papa."

Captain Davy tightened the reins over the backs of his horses.

"I am fond of Coxheath, but there is something about him that I do not understand. I fancy he is in money difficulties—maybe his father left debts that he is trying to pay. At any rate, he is full of anxiety. He tries to disguise it, but I know men and their moods."

Paulette's heart thrilled. Coxheath anxious, troubled? More than once she had surprised a look on his face that filled her with the same suspicion.

"He always changes countenance, papa, when the mail is brought in," she said, in a low voice, "and he has many letters. Last night, as he opened the newspaper, I saw his hand shake. He seemed searching for some particular piece of news, and I do not think he found it. Yes, it must be that the affairs of his late father harass him."

Paulette had a vague impression that the masculine mind could be seriously affected only by money matters. Perhaps Coxheath also felt the disturbing influence of a great, dawning passion. Laurel was not the girl to make easy the lot of a wooer—she did not wear her heart on her sleeve.

That evening a cold mist swept in from sea, and a log fire was lighted in the hall at Dole Haven. Round it the family and the guests of the house gathered. All were fatigued. Conversation flagged. Laurel alone retained her buoyancy, and sang two or three songs with good effect.

As Paulette started to climb the stair, bearing her bedroom candle, Coxheath, who had been left alone by the fire, arose quickly from his chair.

"Stay a moment!" he pleaded, his gray eyes all luminous. "Are you angry with me, Miss Dole?"

She paused, with her taper held lightly, and her rich lovelocks tumbled about her beautiful, sleepy face.

"No," she answered, smiling down on him in a sad, sweet way. "Why should I be angry?"

"I do not know," he said, in an anxious voice; "but you have not looked at me twice this evening."

"Have I not? How very odd!"

"That is my own opinion. Shake hands, will you not, in token of your amicable feelings?"

She leaned, and over the railing of the staircase

extended her hand to him. He held it one moment in a warm, firm clasp, then laid his bearded lips upon it. With her heart throbbing in her throat, Paulette tore herself free and fled up the stair.

She did not sleep well that night. Dawn had barely reddened the east when she arose, dressed and stole out of the silent house, and down through the dew-wet garden. As she reached the gate she found it already open.

"Some one is abroad before me," she thought; "papa, most likely. He never sleeps, like other people, poor dear!"

She stepped out on the beach. An unspeakable beauty and loneliness reigned there. The bay lay, like a mirror of shifting lights, under a sky all dappled with fluffy little clouds, like rose-colored feathers. The pines on the bluff stood up sombre and stiff in the opaline dawn. No living thing moved anywhere, save a few sandpipers running about in search of breakfast.

The receding tide had left bare a wide stretch of beach, full of salt pools and weedy rocks. The freedom and solitude tempted Paulette. Moved by a hoydenish impulse, she cast off her Oxford shoes and silk stockings, and began to dance on the wet sands in the wake of the sandpipers. At heart she was still a child, and loved childish things. It was good fun, she thought, to race about the beach with the birds, while Laurel and Coxheath and the rest of the household slept. She felt like a naiad. A little memory, curling round her heart, made it warm. He had kissed her hand there on the stair last night! Of course it was a foolish thing and meant nothing, yet her cheeks burned as she thought of it. Would Laurel care if she knew? And just then Paulette turned her charming head, and saw—horror!—Coxheath himself advancing around a bend in the shore.

There was no time to draw on the discarded shoes and stockings. The only refuge at hand was a rock, left bare by the tide—a horrid little slippery ledge, all wet with messy seaweed. Down Paulette sank upon it, drawing her skirts hurriedly about her. Oh, would that she could bury her white naked feet as deep as Captain Kidd's treasure! Did the approaching figure observe her movements? No; his eyes were on the ground; his whole air betokened a man deep in meditation. He had almost reached the rock before he discovered the *petite* figure sitting thereon as quiet as a mouse, her face turned to the sea.

"You are abroad early, Miss Dole," said Coxheath.

She gave him an ungracious nod. To her dismay, he came eagerly forward, and paused by the

rock. She wondered if he could see the Oxford shoes that she had carefully tucked under her skirts. Her color came and went nervously.

"Had I known you were on the beach," continued Coxheath, with boyish brightness, "I would not have wasted my opportunities up there on the bluffs."

No answer.

The sun was rising—the bay had turned to molten gold before their eyes.

"Look!" said Coxheath; "is not this a morning to fix in one's memory? I shall see it again when I am far from Dole Haven."

"We are profuse with our promises of remembrance," scoffed Paulette, "but we usually forget, do we not? We love, and," with a mocking smile, "we ride away."

He shook his head, and quoted, softly:

"I shall remember—
I shall not quaff
The waters of the immemorial well
That darkly laugh.
Throwing oblivious spell.
The cup of memory I shall bear—shall drain
Again—again—again."

Have you been sitting here long, Miss Dole? This rock is very wet—let us walk down the shore, and improve the golden moments."

"Impossible! I cannot. That is," stiffly, "I prefer to remain as I am."

He looked disappointed.

"If you do not care to walk, the captain's boat is moored near by, and the oars are in it. Let me row you across the bay. All last night I dreamed that you and I were wandering, shipwrecked, on a shore like this."

Tears of vexation filled her eyes.

"I cannot! I do not care for rowing."

His face fell. What had come over her?

"You mean that you do not care to row with me," he said, in a mortified tone.

She was dumb. A great sunbeam darted across the water, and fell lovingly on her rumpled curly head and dejected little figure.

"It is seldom that I can find you alone," he pleaded. "Mrs. Minto is always with you or your friend, Miss Hading. And that boat is just large enough for two persons. Why, only yesterday I heard you say that a row across the bay was delightful—"

"I do not like to be reminded of yesterday's sayings," she interrupted, crossly. "One's tastes change, or are controlled by—by—circumstances."

He grew absolutely pale.

"I fear that you find me a bore."

"Not a bore but—but—*de trop*."

"You are frank, at all events."

She saw that he was angry. Her heart swelled.

"Mr. Coxheath," she faltered, in a miserable tone, and then—

Bang!

The report of a gun rent the air in close proximity to the two. Unperceived by either, Zeke had come down to the beach to shoot birds in the early morning. Panic-stricken, thrown off her guard, Paulette leaped up from the rock and stood with her bare, dazzling feet revealed in the sunshine.

Then Chester Coxheath understood why she had clung like a limpet to that abominable ledge, and a gleam of unholy mirth shot into his gray eyes. Paulette did not wait to see it, but turned and fled with unshod feet to Dole Haven.

Whistling softly, Coxheath picked up the small shoes and silk stockings which the fugitive had left by the weedy rock, and followed her buoyantly to the big yellow house.

CHAPTER VI.

"I MUST leave the Cape to-morrow, sir," said Chester Coxheath.

The family were seated at the breakfast table, and the announcement fell in their midst like a bomb. Paulette changed color; Laurel Hading stared blankly at the cloth. Mrs. Minto, watching the two girls, was dismayed to see that both seemed equally affected.

"My dear boy," remonstrated the captain, "you have been with us hardly a fortnight!"

Coxheath made his excuses glibly. He must go back to his desk at the office; his leave of absence had expired. He belonged to the workaday world. Captain Davy sighed. He felt that his young guest had wearied of the place and must be allowed to take his departure.

The remainder of the day was dull enough. A cloud seemed to fall on Dole Haven. Coxheath held stubbornly aloof from the ladies and attached himself to Captain Davy. Not a word did Laurel and Paulette exchange on the subject so near to both hearts. For once in the history of their intimacy the two girls avoided, rather than sought, each other.

That evening in the parlor Coxheath took formal leave of the ladies. The first morning train would carry him from the Cape. His manner was friendly and courteous—nothing more.

"He has been thrown for a fortnight with two born beauties," thought Mrs. Minto, in astonishment, "and yet he goes from us heart-whole!"

Paulette wished him a pleasant journey and vanished out of the room. Laurel Hading sang

his favorite songs for the last time, sustained her part in the general conversation, and betrayed neither by word nor look that her heart was aching miserably.

"Good-by, Miss Hading," he said, politely, as they parted at the foot of the staircase.

"Good-by," she answered, in a tone that matched his own, and she barely touched with her cool finger tips the hand that he stretched out.

Silence fell on the house. The lights vanished in the upper rooms—all save Captain Davy's, which usually burned straight on till dawn. A Dutch clock in the hall was striking twelve when the main door swung noiselessly on its hinges, and Chester Coxheath stepped forth into the night.

Like Macbeth, he had murdered sleep, and he wanted to be out under the sky, where he could breathe freely and give rein to the restlessness that possessed him.

The night was very still, and full of stars; even the waves had forgotten to murmur. He was going. Before darkness gathered again he would be far from Dole Haven.

"I came here," he muttered, looking up at the sky gemmed with constellations, "to seek diversion while my fate was trembling in the balance. It was a bad move altogether. I should have remained where I belonged—in the thick of the fight. I had no business to step aside, even for a moment. Now, please God, I will go back to my place and face the final issue like a man."

The hoot of an owl sounded on the bluff. It was like a voice deriding him. Ah, well! all danger was virtually over. Of late he had more than once found himself on the verge of saying things that were better left unsaid; but now he felt that he was master of himself and the situation. His honor was saved. He would not outrage the ethics of friendship by remaining longer under the roof of that brave and generous sailor, Captain Davy. He must make a complete renunciation of the selfish hopes, the unuttered desires that were driving him mad. Thus meditating, Coxheath approached the gate at the end of the garden. Something was leaning upon it, white and motionless. A late moon, climbing the east, showed him the slight figure of a girl, with a white wool wrap huddled about her shoulders, and her head uncovered to the chill night dews.

"Plainly the captain's insomnia is infectious," thought Coxheath. And then he stopped aghast, for at sound of his step the figure started and turned, and he saw the face of Paulette Dole, wan as the moon that was shining upon it, and drenched with tears.

One stride forward, and he was at her side.

"Paulette! Great God! what is this?" he said, in a suffocating voice. "Are you ill?"

"No," she stammered, recoiling as he advanced. "I am not ill—I am quite well. Is the hour late?"

"Twelve o'clock has just struck," answered Coxheath.

"Possible? One forgets time when one is alone. I suppose papa sent you to bring me in?"

"No one sent me. I felt some mysterious power drawing me out of doors—heard a voice calling—was it *yours*, Paulette?"

She tried to pull herself together.

"You are the very last person that I cared to see," she replied, coldly. "Perhaps you have mistaken me for Laurel."

The girlish jealousy in her tone kindled a sudden fire in Coxheath's sombre face.

"I could not mistake you for any woman in the universe," he answered, "for there is none like you, Paulette—none!"

She lifted a pair of great sad eyes, still wet with foolish tears.

"I wish you would not jest," she began, petulantly, and made as if to turn away; but his hands closed promptly upon hers, and held her fast.

"Jest!" he echoed, with a bitter despair in his voice. "Unfortunately, I am in dead earnest. Wait, Paulette—listen to me—I love you—I love you!"

She trembled in his grasp.

"You love me—*me*—not Laurel?" faintly.

The pressure that he had lately put upon himself gave way suddenly, like a dam before a flood. He snatched her to him—strained her with fiery greed to his plunging heart.

"I have never given a thought to Laurel. Oh, my darling! my darling! Let him who can take you from me now!"

"Yet you planned to go away in the morning without a word!" she sobbed.

For a moment he seemed confused.

"As a suitor for your hand, Paulette, I have little to recommend me to Captain Davy," he stammered. "My inheritance is gone—I am as poor as a church mouse, and should I live to the age of Methuselah I am not likely to make a stir of any sort in the world."

Her soft arm crept about his neck.

"For what do you take papa?"

"For a hero and a gentleman."

"But he cares nothing about money—sailors never do. He only wants me to be happy."

"Will he trust your happiness to *me*?"

"Why not? You two are very old friends. Did not papa cure you of your first love?"

He gave a start.

"My first love!"

"I mean the sea, of course," said Paulette, with a happy little laugh. "You did not suppose that I was thinking of a—a *woman*?"

His brows contracted gloomily.

"On the contrary, it is very likely. I must know the ground beneath my feet. Can I depend on your fidelity, darling? In case you are commanded to give me up will you refuse to do so?"

"Chester!"

He moved uneasily.

"You think that I am prompting you to some undutiful course of action? Quite true! Being



SUNDAY MORNING.—FROM THE PAINTING BY O. SCHULZ.

"As God hears me, you are the first and only woman to whom I ever talked of love, Paulette! I will interview Captain Davy in the morning. And now look me in the face. Perhaps your father will forbid our marriage."

Her big eyes met his, brimming with astonishment.

"Oh, impossible!"

a very selfish fellow, I can accept no second place in your thoughts—I must be first, or nothing. How much do you love me, Paulette?"

"With my whole heart," she answered, her soft breath fanning the hollow of his throat as he bent above her.

"Then swear to marry me, even though the whole world should try to thrust us apart."

Paulette trembled and was silent.

"Ah," said Coxheath, "you do not love me enough to take the oath!"

The young girl raised her spirited head from his shoulder.

"I do—I do!" she protested. "I swear to marry you, though all the world should oppose me; but at the same time I must say that you are very, very absurd to require such a promise. I know papa," loftily. "He is not the man to snub an old friend just because he has lost a fortune."

He leaned and kissed her again. As her lissom body pulpitated in his encircling arms Coxheath was filled with a fury and fear, an ecstasy and desperation, such as he had never known before.

"Remember," he said, with assumed playfulness, "your oath is registered, Paulette. When the crisis comes I shall hold you to it. Now let us walk on a little—you will take cold standing here, with only this thin wrap around you. The whole world is asleep. We can fancy ourselves another Eve and Adam, and this garden our Eden."

"Without the serpent?"

"There's a serpent, seen or unseen, in every garden, but we will not look for him here, darling."

They went off down a neighboring path. Half an hour passed. Captain Davy's hall clock struck one. Then Paulette parted with her lover in the dim veranda, and crept into the house, and up the stair, trembling deliciously at the lateness of the hour and the secret which she carried. As she reached the landing she espied a ray of light shining from under Laurel Hading's door. Paulette approached and knocked. Her heart beat so madly that she wondered the very walls did not hear it.

"Come in," called the calm voice of the Texan girl.

Paulette pushed back the door, and found her friend seated at a little table, writing letters. She was dressed in a spotless *peignoir*, and her wonderful hair fell in ropes down her shoulders and lay like heaped-up gold on her white lap. Paulette knelt at her side.

"Laurel," she whispered, softly—"oh, Laurel, he loves me!"

Her face was hidden in Laurel's abundant tresses; therefore she did not see the sudden pallor that overspread the cheek of the elder girl. Laurel's pen fell upon the table.

"He loves you, Paulette, and he has told you of it?"

"Yes. He will not leave Dole Haven in the morning, and oh, I am happy—happy beyond

words to express! And all the time, Laurel, I fancied it was *you* whom he cared for."

Miss Hading never lost composure, like other women. She smiled, and said, sweetly:

"Foolish child! How did such a fancy enter your head? I wish you joy—great joy, Paulette. Does the captain know?"

Paulette lifted her pretty, blushing face.

"Not yet. And Chester has doubts about papa's approval. He is sure that we shall be torn asunder. He even insisted that I should pledge my word to marry him, in spite of the paternal opposition. To calm his perturbed spirit," with a gay little laugh, "I took the oath. Don't look so grave. Of course it was *absurdité*. Tell me, Laurel, do you think that papa *can* object to my union with Chester Coxheath?"

For years Paulette had been in the habit of pouring all her affairs into her friend's ear. Laurel was an ideal confidant—sympathetic, silent and true. Now, however, she seemed a trifle disturbed.

"Object? Certainly not. Captain Davy has a paternal affection for his hero of the iceberg. I cannot imagine why Mr. Coxheath should take that view of the case, unless——"

She stopped short, biting her lip.

"Go on," urged Paulette, her eager eyes searching the other's face. "Speak your mind freely, Laurel."

"I was about to say, unless Mr. Coxheath had something in his past life to conceal," concluded Laurel, nervously. "But, of course, that cannot be. He is the soul of honor. The loss of the family wealth has probably made him oversensitive."

"Yes," said Paulette, thoughtfully. "He laid particular emphasis on the fact that he was poor. As though *I* cared for riches!" with the fine scorn of youth and ignorance. "I love *him*—not his possessions—and I always, always thought that love in a cottage must be the very height of earthly bliss. Laurel," she rubbed her soft cheek against the other girl's arm, "you really believe I will be happy, do you not?"

"Yes—indeed, yes! And mark my words, Paulette, your lover will find Captain Davy ready and willing to bestow his blessing on your union. Go to sleep in peace, dear, and dream only of pleasant things."

Paulette looked wistfully at her friend.

"To whom are you writing at this unearthly hour, Laurel?"

"To Miss Bowdoin—would you like to read my letter?"

"No, thank you." She rose up, flushed, beautiful, blissful. "I am so full of my own af-

fairs to-night that I fear I cannot fix my attention on poor tiresome Miss Bowdoin. Do you mind if I ask you to wish me joy again, Laurel?"

The two girls fell into each other's arms.

"Many, many times over I wish you joy, Paulette!" said Laurel Hading, fervently. "Since the night of my arrival at Miss Bowdoin's school—a forlorn, lonely creature from the wilds of Texas—you have been the dearest thing in the world to me. The man who makes you happy I will bless with my whole heart; the man who brings you sorrow——"

"Oh, Chester Coxheath will *never* bring me sorrow!" interrupted Paulette, quickly. "He loves me too well for that. There, kiss me once more, dearest Laurel, and good night."

The door closed. Laurel was again alone. She finished the letter to Miss Bowdoin, and rising

from the table, went to a window opening seaward and looked out on the night.

She was very pale. A sudden great anguish filled her tearless eyes.

"He will never know," she murmured. "Paulette will never know! The secret is with God and my own heart."

She leaned her blond head against the window, and with the moonlight falling in a silver baptism on throat and brow and pallid cheek she fell to musing in this wise:

"Why is he afraid that his suit will not prosper with Captain Davy? Why did he bind Paulette by an oath to marry him against all opposition? Ah, there is surely a secret in Mr. Chester Coxheath's past life—he is hiding something very unpleasant from the girl that he pretends to adore!"

(To be continued.)



CHRISTMAS GREETING.

(With Flowers.)

BY LILIAN WHITING.

Into the blessed Christmas time
(With a lily for love and a rose for rhyme)
I send you, sweetest, the fairest things
That ever the Christmas greeting brings—
Love and belief and faith in the right
I give to you, darling, this Christmas night.

Into the gladness of Christmas days
(With a lily for love and a rose for praise)
I send to you visions that flash from afar:
Of the Child, of the glory, the magical star!
And a voice rings out on the air again
That message of peace and good will toward men.

Into the music of Christmas bells
(With a lily for love and a rose that tells)
Its wonderful legends that Paradise lies
All round about him whose spirit-touched eyes
Can discern that the life wrought in beauty and love
Makes on earth the same heaven we dream of above.

Into this glory of Christmas dawn
(With a lily for love and a rose for song)
I send you greeting and gladness and flowers;
I commend you to all of the heavenly powers
That still nearer may draw in this Christmas time
With a lily for love and a rose for rhyme.



CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN.—SINGING HYMNS AT SALAMANCA.—DRAWN BY VIERGE.



"THE FACES OF MY COMPANIONS WERE TRANSFORMED."

HACHISCH.

WE were five comrades, seated on a circular divan around a richly served table. A pile of cushions was at the disposal of each, a circumstance which, joined to the unusual width of the divan, tended to favor at need a complete horizontal position.

The windows of the apartment, which was situated in the second story of the Boulevard, were framed by the delicate verdure of acacias, while the whole front of the opposite house seemed lighted up by the reflection of the sun, which fell full on to these panes of glass. The blue of the heavens, washed by a hasty shower which had fallen in the night, was almost as pure as that of an Italian sky. In short, one has rarely seen so beautiful a morning.

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In each corner of the room where we were seated blossomed, in Japanese vases, enormous clusters of flowers; one was composed entirely of lilacs, a second of wallflowers, a third of hyacinths and a fourth of hawthorn—that essential basis of the odor which accompanies the suave renewal of the vitality of the year.

Thanks to the emanations from these perfumes of Jouvence, the spring seemed to filter and permeate through all our pores. One felt proud and happy to be of this world; one appreciated the bounty of the God who created us, with all our accessories; and, with one's heart teeming with gratitude, one felt a sort of confused need to give a penny to a beggar, and even a vague desire to become virtuous.

The breakfast, which had been the means of bringing us together, was not, as our readers have foreseen, an ordinary breakfast. Scarcely were we seated when two lackeys entered the room, one carrying a quaintly chased silver coffer, which he placed on the table before our host and his master, the celebrated Dr. M—; the other bore a tray on which were placed tiny cups of Turkish coffee, in their outer cups of filigree silver.

The doctor drew the coffer toward him and gravely opened it. He took therefrom several small boxes of rock crystal, one of which was half full of a greenish sort of compound.

"Here," said he, "we have the substance in question in all its possible forms—in powder for the Narghily smoker, in an oily extract, in a spirituous one, and even cleverly disguised in sweets and conserves. It is under the latter cloak that I recommend it to you as being more pleasant to swallow: its taste is sufficiently agreeable when prepared with pistachio nuts, like that which I prepared yesterday. Here," he said, producing a second box, "is some which came from Alexandria twelve years ago; it has lost nothing of its strength, but has become somewhat rancid. As to the pure extract," said he, opening another box which held a blackish-green substance, "a pill of the usual size would be a sufficient dose."

Coffee—which it is usual to drink at the same time—tends to ameliorate and develop the effects of the drug, which effects would be uncertain, and might be null, if the hachisch were not taken on an empty stomach.

"And is it long before one is under its influence?" inquired a guest.

"Ordinarily in about three-quarters of an hour, but I have seen some rare instances where it has only acted on the following day, and then it burst forth with extreme violence."

"Is the effect always agreeable, doctor?"

"On the contrary, it is often most disagreeable, but is always excessively curious. At other times," continued the doctor, "it produces exquisite enjoyment—it is either paradise or the infernal regions. In short, it is with hachisch as with play—one gains often, but one may lose."

"But how do you account for these opposite effects from the same drug?"

"Oh, as to that, it may depend on divers circumstances which it is difficult to determine—the dose, the temperament of the individual, the electricity of the atmosphere, the phase of the moon. For instance, when the moon is at her apogee I feel certain that the effect produces a greater shock."

"You believe, then, in the influence of this planet?"

"Most assuredly. Do you wish for one proof of its action? If you plant garlic when the moon is in the full the root will be round, like an onion, instead of its being composed, as it usually is, of several *cloves*. Any gardener will tell you this. As to the action of the moon on individuals, that is undeniable."

"Does one run no risk or danger, by using this drug?"

"By some learned men it is asserted to be quite innoxious, but it would be difficult for me to share their conviction, for I think that a too frequent use of it would induce cerebral congestion, and certainly the pitiable condition of those individuals who are given up to this passion seems to me sufficiently instructive. But I believe that one may occasionally use it without any marked ill effect. I, who am speaking to you, have taken it close on two hundred times, and I am none the worse for it. Even if disagreeable experiences do follow they are, I repeat, so very curious that he who has not exposed himself to them, once at least, can scarcely say that he has lived. And now, gentlemen, if you please, let me offer a dose of hachisch to each of you."

So saying, he gave to us a small teaspoonful of the conserve.

"Doctor," said I, "as I wish to be completely under the influence of the drug, will you please to increase the dose for me?"

"If you wish it I will do so. There, you can take that quantity with impunity; I often give double such a dose to my patients."

"To your patients?"

"Without doubt, hachisch is often given with marked success in cases of mental alienation; it is useful in nervous affections, and is a sovereign remedy for epilepsy."

Here the servants brought in the different dishes, and as our host has the reputation of being a *gourmet*, it is needless to say that the breakfast was exquisite. We were also surrounded with agreeable objects to look upon, so that our impressions might be influenced by pleasant pictures.

Each and all did honor to the repast, and during quite a good half-hour I felt nothing in any way abnormal, but when the meal was drawing to its close, a subtle warmth, which came as it were in gusts to my head and chest, seemed to permeate my body with a singular emotion. Later on the conversation around me reached my understanding charged with droll significance. The noise of a fork tapped against a glass struck my ear as a most harmonious vibration. The faces of my companions were transformed. The particular animal type—which, according to Lavater,

is the basis of every human countenance—appeared to me strikingly clear. My right-hand neighbor became an eagle; he on my left grew into an owl, with full projecting eyes; immediately in front of me the man was a lion; while the doctor himself was metamorphosed into a fox.

But the most extraordinary circumstance was that I read, or seemed to read, their thoughts, and penetrate the depth of their intelligence, as easily as one deciphers a page printed in large type. Like an experienced phrenologist, I could indicate accurately the force and quality of their endowments, and the nature of their sentiments; in this analysis I discovered affinities and contrasts which would have escaped one in a normal state.

Objects around me seemed, little by little, to clothe themselves in fantastic garb, the arabesques on the walls revealed themselves to me in rich rhymes of attractive poesy—sometimes melancholy, but more generally rising to an exaggerated lyricism, or to transcendent buffoonery.

The porcelain vases, the bottles, the glasses sparkling on the table, all took the most ludicrous forms. At the same time I felt creeping all around the region of my heart a tickling pressure, to squeeze out, as it were, with gentle force, a laugh which burst forth with noisy violence.

My neighbors, too, seemed subjected to an identical influence, for I saw their faces unfold like peonies—victims of boisterous hilarity, holding their sides and rolling about from right to left, their countenances swollen like Titans!

My voice seemed to have gained considerable strength, for when I spoke it was as if it were a discharge of cannon, and long after I had uttered a sentence I heard in my brain the reverberation, as it were, of distant thunder.

Thoughts seized on me with fury, and unchained and disentangled themselves by torrents in my brain, and developed a rapid succession of geometrical combinations which appeared to be the simplest, as well as the most exact, expression of those ideas which one is obliged to render in an approximate manner by prolix words of gross molding. I should have liked to fix on paper these fugitive figures of my *visible* thoughts, but the rapidity of their succession absolutely excluded me from this complicated operation. My head became as it were the burning source of fireworks, throwing up bouquets of stars, in dazzling forms, but of perfect design, of a light so intense and of colors so brilliant that nothing in nature had ever equaled them.

My brain was doubtless the theatre of this prodigious spectacle, but in virtue of the particular

excitement under which I labored, this *internal* vision showed itself *exteriorly* with all the clearness of a diorama.

I felt, in short, what those who are afflicted with sensorial maladies feel, with this difference, that *my* hallucinations, instead of persisting like theirs, must naturally cease after the full digestion of the drug which had produced them. My brain bubbled like a locomotive in which there is too much fire, and carried me rapidly through infinite space, where I perceived at each moment a new perspective.

Besides all this, I lost completely the idea of *time*, and should have been incapable of deciding whether my hallucination was of a minute's or of a century's duration.

The same uncertainty held good with regard to size, so that I could hardly establish the difference betwixt an eggshell and the cupola of the Pantheon. However, as the action of hachisch is intermittent, I gradually came back to my own identity, and believing that the effect of the drug was exhausted, I thought it time to withdraw myself, and leave to their respective dreams my companions, who were too much absorbed to trouble themselves at my departure. But scarcely had I set foot on the pavement outside the house than the effect of the drug, which had in a measure subsided, seized upon me again with redoubled force.

Here words utterly fail me to express the incomprehensible agony which ran through all my being! Sometimes I felt that my feet took root in the earth, and that I was sinking up to my neck in the soil, and that I could only draw my feet out with the greatest difficulty, each step seeming to have hundreds of pound weights attached to them.

Then I appeared to be gifted with the lightness of a sponge, and I remember that I held firmly on to a tree, fearing that I should suddenly disappear in the air with the velocity of a balloon.

Vibrations, like shocks of electricity, ran through my body, and I was a victim to the most horrible sensations. An iron hand seemed to have got hold of my brain and was crushing it; I was seized with dizziness, and I shudder even now when I think how intense was my suffering.

The horror of a man being flung from a precipice, of a martyr chained to the stake, and knowing that he would be consumed to cinders, may perhaps approach the terror which I experienced at this cruel period, and which seemed to be the length of eternity. I was in despair! I longed to fly from my proper self, and from this persecuting influence under which I was wholly powerless.

Shortly after this I began to feel myself growing tall, so immensely tall that I towered above the horizon, and my skull was even touching the blue roof of heaven!

It seemed as if the walls of the universe spread out around me, and that there issued therefrom strains of delicious music. This circumstance filled me with pleasure, and seemed to extinguish the anguish and terror with which I had been previously tortured.

I persuaded myself that I was divested of a material body, and became rapidly a divinity. He must have felt somewhat as I felt—this pagan, Cæsar—when he cried from his deathbed, "My friends, I feel that I am becoming a god!"

I now began to experience a voluptuous happiness, to which no human enjoyment could be compared; I floated in a sea of pleasure, at once physical, moral and intellectual. I had an immensity of love in my heart which enveloped all nature and filled me with unlimited hope.

Under such impressions—which seemed to endure for ages—I began to feel a sense of corporeal lassitude creeping over me, and as I approached

a cab stand I threw myself into a carriage and requested to be driven along the Champs-Élysées.

Then began for me other and new visions—a series less grandiose, but much more amusing. It seemed to me that I had entered now in full possession of an existence *anterior* to that of my actual life—existence which consequently had nothing fresh for me, notwithstanding its strangeness. I entered into the embodiment of my personality, as one does after the repose of sleep.

Some hours later these visions began to dissolve, and I felt an urgent necessity for food; entering a restaurant, I attacked with a voracious appetite all which was set before me, but I must not forget to add that what I ate and drank was of exquisite and unknown flavor—in comparison with which ambrosia and nectar would be but ordinary bread and sour wine.

On reaching my chambers, I fell into a profound and peaceful sleep, and on the morrow nothing remained of the effects of the hachisch save a pallid countenance, an agreeable languor, and a bitter sentiment of *regret* at the aspect of the *reality* to which I had awakened.

LIVING PICTURES ON BROADWAY.

BY VALERIEN GRIBAYÉDOFF.

It seems appropriate that the famous highway of our great metropolis should lie at the very gate of the Western Hemisphere, where the wanderer from over seas receives his first impressions of a new land. So soon as he sets foot on Broadway he realizes that the Atlantic voyage has ended in a scene of dry-land life and color which, used as he has been to the monotony of the ocean, produces a quick revulsion. Broadway is a series of surprises, even from where it begins, two hundred yards from the water's edge, to several miles distant at Forty-second Street, where it changes into a rather prosaic thoroughfare. Yet within that compass the journey is one of intense interest, every inch of the way.

To entire foreigners, no less than to native citizens familiar with European centres, the comparatively irregular features of Broadway's architecture present a striking contrast to the most famous avenues abroad. London's Regent Street, the Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris, the beautiful Unter den Linden of the German capital, are each distinctively suggestive of a well-defined plan of construction. Their perfect uniformity is evidence of their having been surveyed and laid out according to a single architectural and artistic

scheme. However, while this pleases the eye, there remains the objection of monotony, for which very reason Broadway, perhaps, can claim a superior attractiveness. The great thoroughfare was at first the creation of an early settlement of colonizers, who built as best they knew, and were naturally obliged to make elegance subservient to convenience. The lapse of more than one century, and the constant changes incidental to the march of improvement and invention, characteristic of all great American cities, have here produced architecture agreeable in its variety. The buildings of Broadway, though often extraordinarily magnificent, are so in varying degrees, and are representative of different periods. Not that there is much suggestive of the extreme past, as ancient landmarks are now practically extinguished. For Broadway, I repeat, is and has been essentially the creature of change.

To traverse Broadway northward from Bowling Green is a liberal education in the study of human nature as it shows itself in the chief avenues of a great city. The Y-shaped form in which it surrounds the Green creates two streets, inclosing a glimpse of grass and trees, whose restful precincts are free to those weary of the pavement.

This is the region of cheap steamship ticket agents and petty foreign money exchanges, and was until recently infested with dishonest tenth-rate hotel runners and other sharps, who loitered in search of the unwary immigrant. The removal of the Government Bureau of Emigration from the adjacent Battery deprived these gentry of their occupation, and had the happy effect of largely ridding Broadway of their presence. However,

the prevalence of knots of well-dressed men standing here and there about the sidewalks does not indicate, even though they may seem to be doing nothing, that they are idle. They are as full of business as the most energetic-looking person who rushes past as though his life depended on his speed. It is simply a custom they have of demurely holding council on the sidewalk. You do not see very many

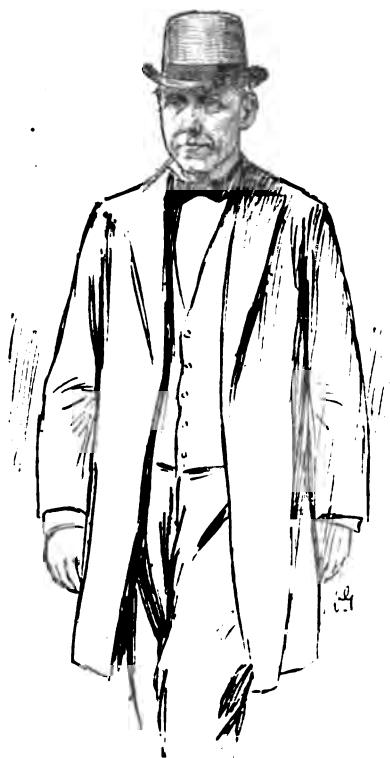


BROADWAY OPPOSITE CITY HALL PARK.

it is still common here to encounter groups of German or Italian peasants, in Teutonic sobriety or Latin gayety of costume, laden with bundles and chattering in unfamiliar tongues of their present environment and future fate in the New World. Soon they merge in the throng which grows momentarily denser as we ascend Broadway.

This being the region of finance is marked by more genuine business bustle than any other sec-

regular shops along here, for brokers' offices occupy most of the store fronts, and through the upper windows of many of the houses men can be observed anxiously fingering the "tape" as it flows out from the stock "ticker" bearing the quotations which show where the market is rising and where it is falling—figures which may mean fortune or ruin to the watcher. The broker is a strong feature in the crowd, and he is easily distinguishable to those familiar with the place



RUSSELL SAGE.

He is always well dressed, and in many instances might be considered foppish by the hypercritical. Usually, he has about him an air of prosperity, and impresses you as one who takes life in a bluff, offhand way, looks upon time as money, has plenty of the latter, and believes in getting as much pleasure as he possibly can after business hours. If young, he often inclines considerably to athleticism, although you find a certain percentage of languid swells among his fellows. The older members of his craft, if, like him, they began as well-dressed, well-to-do, easy-going men, usually continue in the same groove after they have passed middle life, and, should they have been athletic, retain their capacity for delivering telling "left-handers" long beyond their fiftieth year. The hard-featured, close-fisted, money-grubbing broker is quite another type. He exists in numbers, and has a typical representative in Mr. Russell Sage, of whom all America has heard, and who is pictured in our illustrations. He is gray-haired, if not gray-bearded, and takes gray views of humanity. Sometimes his environments are gray, as in the case of Mr. Sage, whose offices in this part of Broadway look out upon the gravestones of past generations sleeping in Old Trinity Churchyard. Even dynamite, which was exploded in Mr. Sage's office not long since by a fanatic

who disbelieved in millionaires, has failed to disturb the gray equanimity of this veteran broker's stolid countenance.

Turning from Mr. Sage to a no less sombre subject—the churchyard, just mentioned, of Old Trinity—we find something well worthy a few words. The imposing front of the cathedrallike church faces the seething mouth of Wall Street. A long line of railings here, for nearly half a block, skirts the west side of Broadway, and preserves to the dead a little domain among the abodes of the busiest of the living. It is one corner sacred to memory in a scene of sordid forgetfulness, where sentiment is not understood and only the practical present recognized. The presence of Trinity Churchyard seems to wield no influence upon its uncongenial surroundings. The crowd elbows and pushes quite as selfishly here as elsewhere. The strife of the near-by exchanges is none the less fierce and noisy. Human greed diminishes not a jot, and even Mr. Sage, the millionaire, is none the more inclined to share his wealth with others simply because the view from his windows reminds him of the inevitable end toward which he, like all of us, is hastening day by day. Trinity Churchyard is for dreamers or poets. It has no significance for the callous crowds and busy toilers of Broadway. Nor does the tall figure and distinguished bearing of the rector of Old Trinity Church, the Rev. Morgan Dix, as he walks the street to and from the scene of his clerical labors, abstracted and pre-occupied of mien, long and swinging in his stride.



BISHOP POTTER.



MAYOR GILROY.

and serenely gazing above and beyond the din, attract a whit more attention than church or churchyard. There is no sermon in stones, nor in the pastor, for the throng.

Broadway, in the neighborhood of Trinity Church and Wall Street, is a great quarter for messenger boys. These uniformed Mercurys probably move faster here than they do in

the maze of traffic, rescue and pilot the shipwrecked wayfarer, and arrest the mad, unbridled career of the most intractable of drivers and of steeds.

It is said that between the Post Office and Wall Street one meets "everybody" upon Broadway, and this probably is true during the busy hours of the day. Men and women of business, people from the country, distinguished foreign visitors,



"JOE" HOWARD.

other parts of the city—a necessity, maybe, of the nature of their errands, as they flit from one broker's office to another, or from exchange to exchange. The pert and neatly dressed office boy, who does not wear a uniform, is also much in evidence. Of course he belongs not only to the realms of finance, but also to the dusty purlieus of the law. He may come from the attorney's offices, or from those occupied by persons of all sorts of callings in the great "sky-scraping" buildings which tower along Broadway. As we go further up in the direction of the Post Office he will still be met in numbers, and is recognizable by his amazing fondness for bending with his hands on his knees to gaze into the enticing windows of the stores which now, to a great extent, begin to supplant the bankers', brokers', express and steamship offices of the lower region. He loves, too, to patronize the itinerant venders of fruits, or cheap "notion" fakirs, who furtively anchor their push carts at convenient corners, or any other points of vantage, where the watchful policeman, who has not been "fixed" in the orthodox fashion by a weekly payment, has so far neglected to pursue them with his eagle eye and the terrors of his brief authority. When the office boy has purchased his banana and duly distributed the skin along the pavement he rejoices, and goeth whistling with hideous shrillness upon his way. Of what consequence, indeed, to him are fractured skulls or the distracted ears of the public?

The stalwart members of the New York police force who form the "Broadway squad" perform other duties besides the energetic chasing and suppression of "fakirs." Carefully picked from the "finest police force in the world," they thread

strangers who are here because they have been extinguished in their own countries, well-dressed drones of both sexes, people who never had to work, others who don't want to work, and yet others whose shabbiness and weariness suggest inability to obtain work, all mix in the common vortex upon this section of Broadway. At the Post Office there is a confluence of two living streams, where that from the densely crowded pavement of Park Row, the region of newspapers, flows into the greater channel. This is, doubtless, the cause of the extraordinary pressure of



CHARLES A. DANA.



CROSSING CLEANER.

traffic, both on carriageway and sidewalk, which just below this point, at Fulton Street, makes Broadway a pandemonium of struggling vehicles, vituperative drivers and closely jammed pedestrians. At evening especially, when trucks and business wagons are homeward bound and the toilers are massed into a solid army on the retreat, there is a great concentration of traffic, just here, *en route* to Brooklyn Bridge. The experienced policeman in charge of this crossing has an arduous task in keeping it clear for the foot passengers who line either curbstone, standing in nervous hesitation before they plunge into the maelstrom. Messengers are hurrying to the Post Office with the mails from innumerable business offices; newsboys are scurrying in and out under horses' feet with startling "extras"; timorous young women, jaded clerks and belated business men join in the universal rush. Clear-cut, above the babel of miscellaneous sounds and general confusion, is heard the clang of the gongs on the approaching cable cars.

Before we go our way we are likely to notice, as we pass by City Hall Park, some metropolitan celebrities. The surprisingly agile figure of Editor Charles A. Dana of the *Sun* approaches Broadway from where, above the trees of the park, rises his modest building, now somewhat

dwarfed by the palaces other newspapers have reared beside it. Mr. Dana is but a unit among passing thousands, yet he might claim attention from strangers even in a Broadway throng. The strongly knit frame, the striking countenance, so full of character and force, the bright, quick glance, the light, springy step, complete the *ensemble* of one whose appearance belies his years.

Another figure approaches from the direction of the law courts—a tall, lank figure, with a face one is likely to look at twice, clean-shaven, large-featured, and displaying the virility of the Indian. It is the brilliant advocate and judge, Roger A. Pryor, who graces the bench of the Court of Common Pleas. Usually he wears an expression of profound thought, as though inwardly debating some knotty question, and it is probably the frequent influence of such mental processes which has caused him to contract the habit of protruding his under lip in a most peculiar fashion as he paces Broadway on his way home from court.



DOG FANCIER.



THE HEART OF NEW YORK—CROSSING OF BROADWAY AND FIFTH AVENUE AT MADISON SQUARE.

One must expect to encounter lawyers and journalists hereabouts, because of the vicinity of the law courts. There now looms up a portly form, a massive head set upon square shoulders, a broad, florid countenance, combining pugnacity, good nature and acumen. A brilliant flash of diamonds, a glimpse of scarlet neckwear, and the face is gone. Who could it have been but William H. Howe, the convincing pleader, who, in conjunction with his keen and active partner, "Abe" Hummel, has so often saved a client from the hangman's noose?

In the sea of strange faces we soon discover one more that is familiar. Beneath a broad sombrero keen eyes flash above a white mustache and goatee. It is the face of a man of action, of quick perceptions and decisive methods, whose rapid walk and swinging movements indicate that he is accustomed to have something to do, and somewhere to go, and to cover both work and distance within a given



"YOUR FORTUNE TOLD."



JUDGE M'ADAM.

period of time. That is Joseph Howard, Jr., the veteran and *flâneur* paragraphist of the metropolitan press, a man who has gone through many stirring experiences, but still walks Broadway none the worse for wear.

Above the Post Office the business complexion of Broadway changes, and wholesale commerce asserts itself. The names over the stores also change, and suggest certain reflections. You wonder how it has been possible for the Hebrew race to have so completely monopolized this section of the leading thoroughfare of the American metropolis. It is a tribute to their genius for absorption. In truth, to such an extent has the Anglo-Saxon name given place upon the signboards to those of Hebrew origin that one might imagine himself in the Jew quarter of Frankfort-on-the-Main. They who claim to have been injured by Hebrew competition assert that it is a striking fact that the latter race, wherever they establish themselves, invariably seek the most prominent location, and, moreover, flock together in colonies. They will always be found *en évidence*, and always united in their relentless war against the Aryan race.

From City Hall Park to Tenth Street Broadway is intersected by numerous crosstown street-car lines, and toward six o'clock in the evening the corners of the streets which thus gridiron it are crowded with passengers awaiting the cars. These crowds are mainly composed of women and girls, who dwell upon the great east and west sides of town. Bright and vivacious, they chat and laugh in groups. Some of them have passed the day serving in stores; a few have been clicking the keys of typewriters in offices; others are "cloak models" in wholesale mantle houses. The "cloak model" is a feminine toiler, who depends upon her figure for her living quite as much as does the artist's model. She is used for the "trying on" of ladies' cloaks, and must have an unusually fine and well-developed "shape." Only occasionally, however, does she mingle in the democratic crowd which waits nightly for the

street cars; her stately person, attired in excellent taste, is usually visible at the close of business hours, ascending or descending Broadway, *en route*, perhaps, to Brooklyn or somewhere uptown. For the most part the passenger traffic on this section of Broadway is made up of business people, although it always has a fair percentage of sightseers and others who cannot strictly be classed among the city's toilers.

The vista of Broadway, north and south, is strikingly full of color, no matter from what point you observe it. At no place, however, is this more marked than where Prince Street intersects. Away toward the Battery rises on either side a line of imposing buildings, palaces of stone and marble, varied in design and height, diversified as the rainbow in color. Soaring skyward, with tower and minaret, they bring to the mind the enterprise, ingenuity and wealth of this vast metropolis. Before these stately structures surge ceaselessly the rapids of city life, dashing over all obstacles, a stream of many colors, flashing in the sun as it thunders by, to lose itself in the hazy distance of the panorama and leave you wondering, confused. Look in the other direction and note the gradual alteration in the *ensemble* of the busy scene, where the white delicate spire of Grace Church pierces the atmosphere, an emblem of the spiritual in the very stronghold of the material. Yonder, northward, lies our course, where Broadway, though still commercial, casts off somewhat its sterner mood to become the gangway of fashion and of leisure.

At Tenth Street the fashionable shopper and the equine equipage which is her natural accompaniment begin to appear. Not so very long since this part of Broadway was considered far in the uptown district. Now it is the extreme "downtown" limit of "uptown." Turning into Union Square, you must pass the once-famed "Rialto" where still lounge and linger many members of the dramatic profession, who, alas! were never granted the opportunity of appearing on the boards in the rôles of Shakespeare's Venetian Jew to inform *Signor Antonio*, in tragic ac-



LAWYER HOWE.



REV. MORGAN DIX.

cents, that he had rated him many and many a time upon another "Rialto." However, in no calling can we all reach the top. Here we find ourselves on what is now called the "Lower" Rialto; of its "Upper" counterpart we shall speak ere long. All are actors here, strutting an unofficial stage, where "make-up," foot-lights and the other illusory theatrical accessories are dispensed with, where the drama is that of real life, and the plot but too often closely resembles tragedy. Some of these histrions are well dressed; others are seedy of aspect; many have engagements, still more have none. They chat and gossip in groups of two and three, congratulating, commiserating, full of high hope, overwhelmed with blank despair. What a variety of faces! Cannot we distinguish the low comedian in that round, beaming countenance, with the merry twinkle in the eye? and again, the blighted tragedian in those aquiline, rather cadaverous features, ever wearing a heroic scowl? There are men who have "starred," "supports uninnumerable, small beginners who have risen to reasonable eminence, and dreamers who at first had *Hamlet* in their souls, yet, at the present moment, so bad are the times, would not despise the offer of a job to carry a pike in a pantomime. The proximity of numerous theatrical agencies is one reason for the presence of so many gentlemen of the sock and buskin; the other is custom and old attachment to a particular locality.

Where Broadway, crossing Fourteenth Street, forms the western side of Union Square, the fashionable shopping district fairly begins. Stylish stores, which seem to have the field to themselves, are the objective points for these fair promenaders who, like gay butterflies, flit to and fro. If this promenading means work, as the majority of them consider it, one would imagine their pleasures to be frivolous indeed. And so, doubtless, they are, for the Miss McFlimseys of the metropolis are well represented among the butterflies of Upper Broadway. Yet it cannot be denied that, for the grace, beauty and tasteful costuming which they contribute to the pano-

rama, the artist and lover of the picturesque must feel indebted. They are thoroughly in touch with the altered aspect of the thoroughfare, and seem to harmonize with the still life around them; for the houses, the store windows, the flowers and greenery of the uptown public squares have each and all a certain element of holiday. Truly, Broadway continues a business thoroughfare, but business is conducted upon quite another idea, apparently, from that which controls its operations downtown. Everyone is more polite, more calm, is taking the world easier, and is influenced by the brighter side of things, always uppermost here. A fashionable candy and soda-water store, through the doors of which a charming assemblage of ladies is always to be seen, indulging a reprehensible taste, would have no excuse for existing in the lower parts of this street. In its present location it is apparently a necessary institution. London *Truth*, in a recent issue, remarked that the English capital was, at the time of writing, considerably beautified by the presence of many fair Americans, who, every day during the fashionable hours, were popularizing the use of ice-cream soda water, by their own example, to quite an alarming extent. The writer in *Truth*, were he to visit New York, would hardly be surprised that a custom so firmly entrenched here should be imported into England when the American woman goes there. He might even be justified in wondering why the candy maker



J. J. ASTOR.



JUDGE ROGER A. PRYOR.



A. M. PALMER.



W. D. HOWELLS.

himself had not been brought along as a necessary adjunct to the suite of the fair invaders of Albion.

Feminine fatigue, however, incidental to a parade of Upper Broadway, needs something more substantial than candy to adequately support it. Soon after noon, therefore, a flitting of tailor-made forms, of Parisian gowns, of wonderful

bonnets, takes place in the direction of a favorite restaurant. Without this meeting place, where the arduous toils of the morning are forgotten, the general situation reviewed, and plans for the afternoon arranged, life would, indeed, be a cheerless thing for the fair sex who brighten Broadway. Here the effects of candy are neu-



GENERAL PORTER.



EDWARD HARRIGAN.



EVENING ON THE "RIALTO."

tralized. The scene within is animated; the murmur of conversation, the noiseless ministrations of expert waiters, the soft rustle of millinery, the constant influx and efflux of guests, go on incessantly until almost sundown.

The Italian fortune teller, often to be found in this neighborhood, with her stand of bullfinches and paroquets, is one of those "fakirs" who specially interest the fair sex. At the magic dropping of a coin into the woman's hand the birds descend from their perch, where they are stationed in the full enjoyment of freedom, to sagaciously pick out a card from the heap that lies beneath them, and which unerringly predicts the destiny of the curious. The dog dealer, with his pugs, fox terriers and "skyes," his poodles and belligerent-looking "bulls," frequents these curbstones to charm the hearts and elicit the verbal adulation of the enthusiastic ladies who "delight in dogs." Veterinary surgeons will tell you that you should never buy from one of these "fakirs," unless he presents you with a certified pedigree as well as a canine in return for your dollars. But, bless you, the ladies could not find it in their hearts to mistrust the genuineness of those "cunning little animals," and so the fakir's task is a light one. He is one of those transgressors whose way is not hard.

Changes of scenery are frequent upon Broadway, and one of the most notable appears after Fourteenth Street has been left behind. The roadway traffic is still considerable, but of a different order. The heavier vehicles are fewer, and trucks have all but disappeared. Private carriages, hansom and hacks now mingle in the stream, and are standing before the doors of the select retail drygoods, jewelry, furniture and art stores. This part of Broadway, lying between Union and Madison Squares, ending either way in a glimpse of foliage and open space, conveys the impression of having been once a quiet residential avenue, an impression supported by the old-fashioned, dull-brown-colored house at Nineteenth Street, which stands in an open lot with grassy plats surrounded by railings. It is such a house you might expect to see in the suburbs, but it looks as odd where it is as a blooming rose-bush would between the rails of the cable cars. Its high steps, old-fashioned hall door, tall windows and Quakerlike air of prim simplicity are utterly out of sympathy with the modernized street on which it stands. Its site could be sold at almost any price for business purposes, but still the old house remains.

Broadway from this point widens, and debouches upon Madison Square, where it is met by a cross fire of traffic from the great shopping ar-

tery of Twenty-third Street and the select precincts of Fifth Avenue. This is an area of pleasure grounds and of beautiful mansions, fast being deserted by citizens whose privacy has suffered from the relentless advance of trade. It is well-nigh startling to contemplate the changes a few years have wrought in beautiful Madison Square. Even on the north side, the last to hold out against utilitarianism, bills announcing the desire of the owners to sell their houses are beginning to appear in the windows. The star of fashion sets northward, and the prestige of the broad, deep brownstone mansions is doomed. The park in front of them, its sward, trees, fountain, pond, water lilies and brilliant flowers, will remain for the masses, just as Broadway will, long after Madison Square is surrendered wholly to commerce.

One of the most famous street crossings in New York is at Twenty-third Street, where Broadway and the latter highway intersect each other at sharp angles. It is the heart of the city, the centre where all sorts and conditions momentarily commingle. The time to view it with most pleasure and profit is when, in springtime, the peculiar light green of the first foliage of the year beautifies Madison Square, contrasting with the pure white of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the red-brown walls of the Brunswick. The color of the moving masses which occupy the pavements, of the yellow street cars and the dashing equipages is kaleidoscopic. There are the usual loiterers at the hotel portico; the proud dames of Gotham, who toil not nor spin, arrayed in all their glory, descend from Upper Fifth Avenue; the gilded, faultlessly attired youth of the Four Hundred, the *blasé* clubmen, are all together in the general crowd that never diminishes in numbers nor disappears for an instant. But the throng is not wholly of a worldly character. What English Protestant prelate ever looked more gravely well bred and distinguished than does the Bishop of New York, the man of graceful periods, of distinguished presence and charming address? Dr. Potter's is a personality one cannot pass in the largest crowd without observation. General Horace Porter, the apostle of postprandial eloquence, is pretty sure to pass as we watch the crowd. When he goes over to the majority the public dinner tables of the metropolis will be set with mourning covers for a period. Who does not know the name, if not the appearance, of genial Judge David McAdam, who dispenses justice with an even hand from the bench of the Superior Court, and has exorcised the demon of superstition at the gathering of the famous Thirteen Club? And as for after-dinner speeches, how often has he not set the table in a roar?

Quiet, thoughtful, unobtrusive, self-possessed, dreaming of future heroes and heroines yet unevolved from his busy brain, comes William Dean Howells, the most prominent novelist of America. A Westerner by birth, a Bostonian by instinct and a New Yorker by selection, his presence lends a touch of romance to this scene, so virile with reality. There is something, after all, for every observer here. Those who dearly love a millionaire will be gladdened by the occasional advent of John Jacob Astor, the present resident representative of the great family whose fame is universal, who have "grown up" with New York, and are doubtless the largest holders of urban real estate in America. Unlike his distinguished cousin, he prefers this metropolis to London.

A little further and we are in the so-called Tenderloin Precinct, and also on the "Upper" Rialto. Again our friends the actors, off duty or out of a job, remind us of their presence, but the assemblage here is more select, perhaps, than on the "Lower" Rialto. The owners of the shops hereabout have more than once sought to interfere with the innocent pastimes of the members of the "profession" who love to while away an idle hour. The storekeepers maintain handsome establishments and complain that the beauties of their windows are obscured by so many persons standing around in groups. To the casual observer the injury may not appear very evident, but the merchants insist that it exists. For ourselves, we are rather interested in observing the actors, and fall into much the same train of thought which occupied us on the Lower Rialto. Never before, we learn, were so many actors out of engagements as during the present year, although, as a rule, all those we see are well dressed and prosperous-looking. For the matter of that, some are absolute swells, for upon the Upper Rialto may often be met the genuine aristocracy of the dramatic craft. Calm, dignified, and yet, withal, instinct with human kindness and sympathy, we see the rather rectorlike features of A. M. Palmer. You would much sooner take him for the eminent pastor of a fashionable church than for what he actually is—a theatrical impresario and manager. That is the king of American farce comedy—clever, humorous Edward Harrigan, who created one of the most original types ever seen upon the

American stage and has convulsed countless audiences with his quaint conceits. At the corner of a cross street stands a hotel of the plainer type, which always has loungers around its doors. They have something of a "horsy" look, are much addicted to keeping their hands in their pockets and wearing their hats on the side of their heads. These gentlemen have long been accustomed to rendezvous here, and while mostly engaged in speculations on the race track, they are not supposed to wholly eschew gambling of other kinds. Like the actors, they are a distinctive feature of Broadway above Madison Square.

Hotels and theatres, theatres and hotels, crowd upon each other as Broadway stretches away to Forty-second Street. At the junction of Sixth Avenue, close by the uptown station of the Elevated Railroad, the newsboys purchase their supplies of the evening papers at a kind of impromptu distributing agency, where business is transacted on the sidewalk. Here these typical specimens of the Gotham *gamin* indulge in jokes and horseplay ere they start out upon their quest for customers, rousing the echoes with their sharp cries.

Of Broadway by lamplight there is little to be told, excepting of that section known as the Tenderloin, while much that might be told of the Tenderloin cannot find a place here. After dark Broadway is brilliant in this famous section. Electric lights from street and windows show a pleasure-seeking crowd in gala dress; reputable citizens pass *en route* to or coming from the theatres, according to the hour; diamonds flash from the throats and fingers of those who live by vice of one kind or another; the curious, the *blasé*,

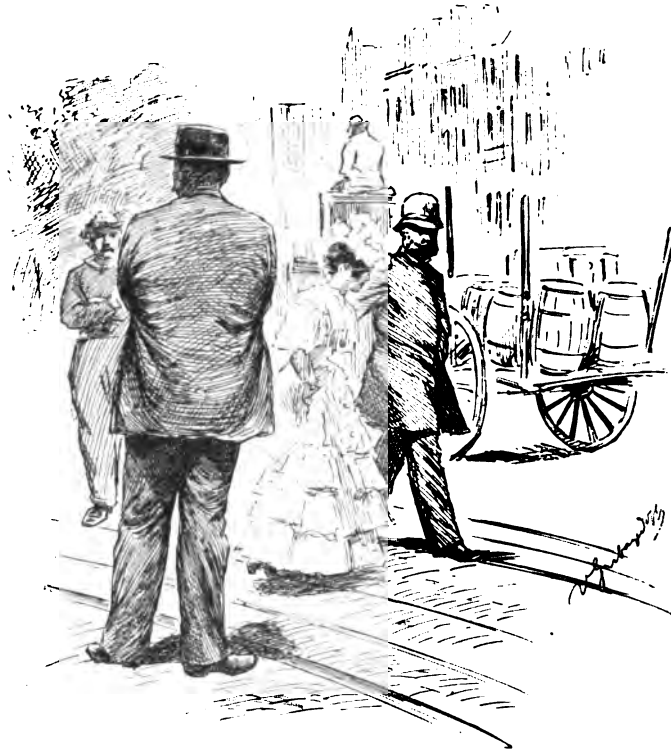


"OWL" LUNCH WAGON.

the ignorant and the overwise mingle in a heterogeneous mass; the cable sings beneath the roadway, urging forward the eternal clanging cars. Delmonico's is crowded with fashion; we can see the feasters through the windows; from the hotel corridors to the street, and from the street to the hotel corridors, comes and goes a constant stream of callers; the playhouses are in full swing, so are the concert halls, and down cross streets to the westward there may be gambling hells in operation. Outside the Venetian palace of the *New York Herald*, at Thirty-fifth Street, stands a gayly decorated restaurant on wheels, an all-night refuge for the hungry in search of a cheap meal. This van, of which an illustration is given, is known as the "Owl" and receives as liberal a patronage from one class as the costly restau-

rants and hotel dining rooms of the district do from another. Broadway in the Tenderloin at night is true to its character, and remains a street of vivid contrasts.

After all this garish light, these sounds and scenes of revelry, we somehow fancy that the park of Madison Square looks strangely sombre in the background, with its dark trees and silent shadows. So much for Upper Broadway. Downtown you could count the pedestrians, and almost the only street traffic is that of the cars. The house fronts are black and silent, and save for the public lamps you would walk in gloom. The panorama is a dreary desert, its receding vista faintly shown by a string of twinkling lights like distant stars. A little bit of Broadway is resting for a short time.



CABLE RAILROAD CROSSING.



"BEHOLD, O MAIDEN, AND LISTEN TO MY VOICE."

THE MUMMY.

BY VIRGINIA BALEN.

"SIR HUGH, see if you cannot detect a likeness between the mummy and Isabel."

A group of young people were gathered around the stiff brown form in its case. One young girl knelt at the side, to get a better view of the dry but well-preserved side face. Glancing teasingly the while at Isabel, she called to Sir Hugh, talking ardently to another man, near the young people, who, half in fun, half in earnest, had noticed a likeness between the profile of the

mummy and the somewhat Jewish features of Isabel Vancouver.

Sir Hugh Chesterfield, brilliant scholar and antiquarian, turned his massive, slightly deformed shoulders and grand head impatiently from his companion toward the others.

"I have often noticed that the features are more Jewish than Egyptian, and now you speak of it, there is a resemblance between the sunken dry face and Miss Isabel's beauty."

The remark was made indifferently as he turned back to his companion.

Isabel had been taken, a baby, from an orphanage by Mrs. Vancouver, a childless widow. Her parentage was unknown. The girl had a patrician face, and as she grew into womanhood she showed, by gesture, manner, tone, the evidence of good blood. Proud, beautiful, affectionate, intelligent, she was loved as a dear daughter by Mrs. Vancouver.

They were visiting now, with many others, at the quaint old mansion of Sir Hugh, who was the son of a friend of Mrs. Vancouver's youth. Returning from a sojourn of many years spent in travel and research, he had written asking her to assume the hostess for him in the opening of his great house.

Sir Hugh proved to be, to a girl of Isabel's temperament, strongly attractive. She listened with keen delight to his brilliant conversation as he unfolded in a manner without pedantry his immense fund of knowledge to his interested guests.

Sometimes the eyes of the two met. If any electric flash passed between them the effect of it was carefully dispelled by both, in an assumed frivolous manner of the girl and an indifferent remark of the man.

This byplay was only perceived by the sharp, amused eyes of Mrs. Vancouver, who saw nothing incongruous in the wedding of these two. She said once to Isabel:

"Why do you treat Sir Hugh in such a strange manner? Why do you not talk to him as you can talk, interestingly, intelligently? You act to him as if you were the veriest booby," patting the girl's flushed cheek.

"It is not probable," answered Isabel, "that he is interested in understanding women's characters. All his interest is centred in the remains of humanity of a thousand years ago."

"There you wrong Sir Hugh, Isabel. Few men would remember me gratefully, as he has done, for a paltry service I did his mother; and what landowner does more for his tenants? You should not speak so of Hugh," indignantly.

And she was more indignant when, some days after, broaching the subject to Hugh of his indifference to Isabel, he answered:

"My dear friend, there can be nothing in common between a beautiful society woman and an old humpbacked bookworm like myself."

Although Sir Hugh called the girl a society woman, he knew there was much under her surface manner, having listened to her conversation, noticed the books she read, and once having seen an article of hers, handed to him by Mrs. Van-

couver, on his dear subject of "The Pyramids," which showed a perception of the mystery of Egyptian history which surprised him.

However, as, aside from her beauty and womanliness, she showed traits even more charming to him, and the danger of her presence became more apparent, his manner grew colder. His somewhat deformed figure was morbidly exaggerated in his mind. He saw himself disgusting, repulsive to her. And she as morbidly and miserably thought that she appeared to him childish, foolish, a waif, a lowborn creature, having no interest to a man possessed with a grand mind and the blue blood of generations.

Sometimes Mrs. Vancouver's amusement over them developed into a hearty laugh, but as the weeks went by and she saw no prospect of the hoped-for climax, and Isabel's cheeks began to show the "worm in the bud," she became anxious.

"If men have the making or marring of their happiness, and the woman's, why are they born the bigger idiot of the two?" she thought.

But the force of circumstances at last brought them together. In a visit to one of the tenants Isabel exposed herself, unknown to her friends, to scarlet fever. The third night after she was awakened from a heavy, troubled sleep by a dream, or vision, which her disturbed state of mind and fever-threatened brain produced. With beating heart she listened to a languorous, rich voice by her bed. The outline of a graceful, misty form, glowing eyes, from a white headdress, appeared in the moonlight.

"Behold, O maiden, and listen to my voice. I also have grieved and been afflicted because of the burden of love. In the days of Pharaoh I was one of the children of Israel, but the more my life was made bitter because of my great love for a youth who worshiped the graven images of Egypt. When Moses led the children forth from the land of Egypt, and my kinsmen sought me to go with them, I denied my God in the market place because I sought to stay with my beloved. Therefore Moses brought down upon me the wrath of God. My beloved beseeched me to sojourn in the land of Egypt, and I dared the evil which was brought upon me, and did sojourn in the land of Egypt, denying my God, worshiping with the idolaters for the sake of my beloved. Therefore was this evil brought upon me. When my beauty faded and I waxed aged and died I was interred in the tombs of the pyramids, according to the rites and ceremonies of the people of Egypt, who believe the soul is lost with the flesh, therefore preserving the body until Osiris shall call the chosen, trusting not the true God to res-

urrect the dust from which He formed us. Therefore, O maiden, has this evil come upon me, that I must wander in anguish of spirit until the flesh which holds me in bondage is destroyed utterly. Go, therefore, and consume by fire the preserved flesh. And also thy lover will be brought to thee. Harken, therefore, unto the words of my mouth, O maiden who art descended from the children of Israel. Do that which I command thee, that my long tribulation may be ended."

The misty form faded; the sad, rich voice died away.

When the morning came the vision of the night seemed still real to Isabel. She thought of nothing, in her feverish state, but of burning the mummy, which, in connection with other relics, she had often been jealous of. Pleading a headache, she remained in her room all day, admitting no one. When the great house was still she crept up the long stairs to the museum. It would be easy to burn the mummy in the large fireplace and go back undiscovered. But the sharp ears of old John, the valued but uncomfortably superstitious servant of Sir Hugh, heard her. He listened, shaking, to the creeping footsteps on the stairs, and a few minutes afterward his own feet were stealing bravely the same way. He opened the door of the museum, whence a slight noise came, and fearfully protruded his head through as small an opening as was possible. The sight that met his eyes compelled him to keep it there some moments in sheer horror.

Isabel had pushed the stiff, unbending figure into the fireplace, upright, and set fire to the lower part of the standing form. And now, as the flames burned the lower limbs, the torso slipped down to the knees. The heat relaxing its rigidity, the scrawny arms of the mummy writhed over the grating, and the head turned slowly as it burned, making the sunken eyes seemingly glance from side to side. Isabel, in white, stood gazing with distended, fascinated eyes, the flames playing weirdly over her. The horror-stricken head of old John added to this picturesque grotesqueness. With quaking legs he ambled down to his master's room, where Chesterfield was burning the midnight oil, and without knocking went up to him. At first the trembling whisper of the old servant did not rouse him from his deep study of the volume before him. At last he looked up impatiently. "Indeed, master, 'tis no optical illusion"—his tongue was slightly twisted with excitement—"tis no optical illusion this time. May I be struck dead if there isn't a spirit in the big room, calling up a devil from the fire!"

Had John told him of the spirit being in any

other quarter of the house he would have been greeted, as he was customarily when he came to his master with his periodical tales of ghosts, with, "Go to the d—l, with your optical delusions!" But the presence of anyone save himself among his cherished antiquities roused his ire. Hastily taking his night lamp, he hurried up to the museum.

Isabel still stood before the fireplace, with clasped hands and raised head, listening to the nearing footsteps. Sir Hugh opened the door. The empty case lay open on the floor; some shreds of the wrapping had blown across the grate.

With face aflame with wrath he strode up to Isabel. The girl put out her hands as if she expected him to strike her. The fear in her unnaturally brilliant eyes touched him strangely. He felt a desire to crush her in his arms, half in anger, half in love.

"Are you out of your senses, Isabel? Why have you done this? Is it not enough that I must be tortured with your presence, but you must destroy in a freak of diabolical malice that which you know I treasure so much? Go away from this house—go, before you drive me mad!"

Bewildered, she turned to escape, but as she ran she reeled and fainted.

Hugh carried her down the long stairs. As he went the color burned back in her cheeks; she began to murmur feverishly, with closed eyes, something about a dream.

"Hugh," her lips framed, faintly, "I loved you, and the mummy told me—told me—to burn it. Now you will care for me, perhaps."

He laid her down on her bed, and, with blood scarcely beating slower than her feverish pulse, bent and kissed her.

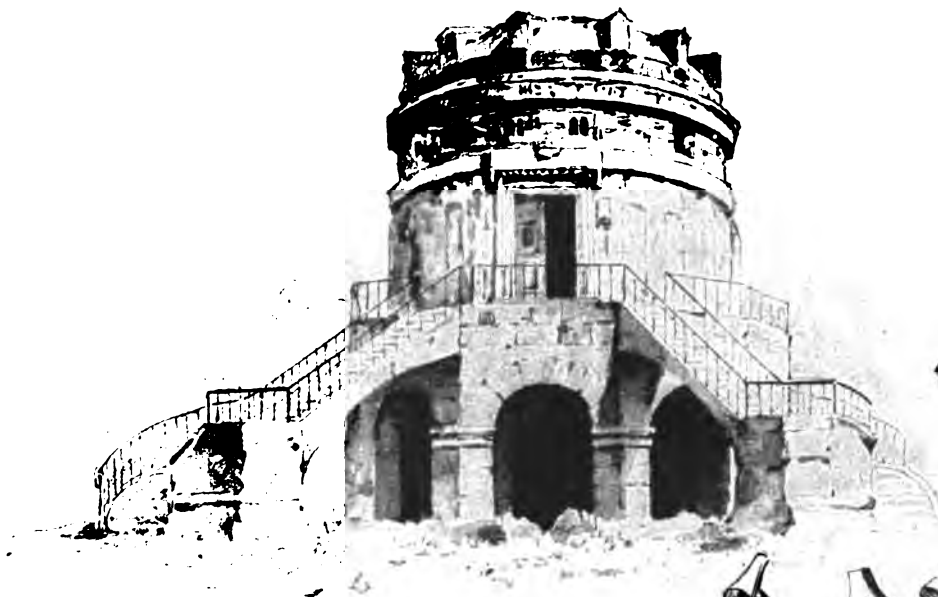
In the following weeks the existence of one life and the happiness of another lay in danger.

Isabel shrieked, in her delirium:

"He will never forgive me! He told me to go away—go away!" And then she took his hand as he sat by her bedside and begged: "I did not know what I was doing. Will you ask him to forgive me?"

After many days of suspense she was at last convalescent, and the girl understood that in some way their attitude toward each other was changed. Hugh no longer avoided her eyes, and she was able to talk to him quietly and happily. She could not help seeing his love for her in his eyes, and in some way she no longer felt constrained to conceal hers.

One day she asked him, "But can you forgive me for burning your old mummy?" and he answered, "Yes; sweetheart, if—"



MAUSOLEUM OF THEODORIC.

GHOSTS OF RAVENNA.

By VERNON LEE.

My oldest impression of Ravenna, before it became in my eyes the abode of living friends as well as of outlandish ghosts, is of a melancholy spring sunset at Classe.

Classe, which Dante and Boccaccio call in less Latin fashion Chiassi, is the place where of old



TOMB OF DANTE.

the fleet (*classis*) of the Romans and Ostrogoths rode at anchor in the Adriatic. It is represented in the mosaic of Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, dating from the reign of Theodoric, by a fine city wall of gold *tesseræ* (facing the representation of Theodoric's town palace with the looped-up embroidered curtains) and a strip of ultramarine sea, with two rowing boats and one white blown-out sail upon it. Ravenna, which is now an inland town, was at that time built in a lagoon; and we must picture Classe in much the same relation to it that Malamocco or the port of Lido is to Venice; the open sea harbor, where big ships and flotillas were stationed, while smaller craft wound through the channels and sand banks up to the city. But now the lagoon has dried up, the Adriatic has receded, and there remains of Classe not a stone, save, in the midst of stagnant canals, rice marsh and brown bog land, a gaunt and desolate church, with a ruinous, mildewed house and a crevassed round tower by its side. It seemed to

me that first time, and has ever since seemed, no Christian church, but the temple of the great Roman goddess Fever. The gates stood open, as they do all day lest inner damp consume the building, and a beam from the low sun slanted across the oozy brown nave, and struck, a round spot of glittering green, on the mosaic of the apse. There, in the half-dome, stood rows and rows of lambs, each with its little tree and lilies, shining out white from the brilliant green grass of paradise, great streams of gold and blue circling around them, and widening overhead into lakes of peacock splendor. The slanting sun beam which burnished that spot of mosaic fell also across the altar steps, brown and green in their wet mildew like the ceiling above. The floor of the church, sunk below the level of the

road, was as a piece of boggy ground, leaving the feet damp, and breathing a clammy horror on the air. Outside, the sun was setting behind a bank of solid gray clouds, faintly reddening their rifts and sending a few rose-colored streaks into the pure yellow evening sky. Against that sky stood out the long russet line, the delicate cupolaed silhouette of the sear pine wood recently blasted by frost. On the other side the marsh stretched out beyond sight, confused in the distance with gray clouds, its lines of bare spectral poplars picked out upon its green and the gray-

ness of the sky. All round the church lay brown grass, livid pools, green rice fields covered with clear water reflecting the red sunset streaks; and overhead, driven by storm from the sea, circled the white gulls; ghosts, you might think, of the white-sailed galleys of Theodoric still haunting the harbor of Classis.

Since then, as I hinted, Ravenna has become the home of dear friends, to which I periodically return, in autumn or winter or blazing summer, without taking thought for any of the ghosts. And the impressions of Ravenna are mainly those

of life; the voices of children, the plans of farmers, the squabbles of local politics. I am waked in the morning by the noises of the market, and opening my shutters, look down upon green umbrellas, and awnings spread over baskets of fruit and vegetables, and heaps of ironware, and stalls of colored stuffs and gaudy kerchiefs. The streets are by no means empty. A steam tram car puffs slowly along the widest of them; and in the narrower you have perpetually to



CLOISTER OF SAN VITALE.



SAN APOLLINARE IN CLASSE.

squeeze against a house to make room for a clattering pony cart, a jingling cariole, or one of those splendid bullock wagons, shaped like an old-fashioned cannon cart with spokeless wheels and metal studdings.

There are no mediæval churches in Ravenna and few mediæval houses. The older palaces, though practically fortified, have a vague look of Roman villas; and the whole town is painted a delicate rose and apricot color, which, especially if you have come from the sad-colored cities of Tuscany, gives it a Venetian and (if I may say so) chintz-petticoat, flowered-kerchief cheerfulness. And the life of the people, when you come in contact with it, also leaves an impression of provincial, rustic bustle. The Romagnas are full of crude socialism. The change from rice to wheat growing has produced agricultural discontent; and conspiracy has been in the blood of these people ever since Dante answered the Romagnolo Guido that his country would never have peace in its heart. The ghosts of Byzantine emperors and exarchs, of Gothic kings and mediæval tyrants, must be laid, one would think, by socialist meetings and electioneering squabbles; and, perhaps, by another movement, as modern and as revolutionary, which also centres in this big historical village, the reclaiming of marsh land, which may bring about changes in mode of living and thinking such as socialism can never succeed in; nay, for all one knows, changes in climate, in sea and wind and clouds. "*Bonification*," reclaiming, that is the great word in Ravenna; and I had scarcely arrived last autumn before I found myself whirled off, among dogcarts and *chairs à bancs*, to view reclaimed land in the cloudless, pale-blue, ice-cold weather. Onward we trotted, with a great consulting of maps and discussing of expenses and production, through the flat green fields and meadows marked with haystacks; jolting along a deep sandy track, all that remains of the Roméa, the pilgrims' way from Venice to Rome, where marsh and pool begin to interrupt the well-kept pastures, and the line of pine woods to come nearer and nearer. Over the fields, the frequent canals and hidden ponds circled gulls and wild fowl; and at every farm there was a little crowd of pony carts and of gaitered sportsmen returning from the marshes. A sense of reality, of the present, of useful, bread-giving, fever-curing activity, came by sympathy, as I listened to friends' chatter and saw field after field, farm after farm, pointed out where, but awhile ago, only swamp grass and bushes grew, and cranes and wild duck nested. In ten, twenty, fifty years, they went on calculating, Ravenna will be able to diminish by so much the town rates; the Romagnas

will be able to support so many more thousands of inhabitants merely by employing the rivers to deposit arable soil torn from the mountain valleys; the rivers—Po and his followers, as Dante called them—which have so long turned this country into marsh; the rivers which in a thousand years cut off Ravenna from her sea.

We returned home, greedy for tea, and mightily in conceit with progress. But before us, at a turn of the road, appeared Ravenna, its towers and cupolas against a bank of clouds, a piled-up heap of sunset fire; its canal, barred with flame, leading into its black vagueness, a spectre city. And there, to the left, among the bare trees, loomed the great round tomb of Theodoric. We jingled on, silent and overcome by the deathly December chill.

That is the odd thing about Ravenna. It is more than any of the Tuscan towns, more than most of the Lombard ones, modern, full of rough, dull modern life; and the Past which haunts it comes from so far off, from a world with which we have no contact. Those pillared basilicas, which look like modern village churches from the street, with their almost Moorish arches, their enameled splendor of many-colored mosaics, their lily fields and peacocks' tails in mosquelike domes, affect one as great stranded hulks come floating across Eastern seas and drifted ashore among the marsh and rice fields. The grapes and ivy berries, the pouting pigeons, the palm trees and pecking peacocks, all this early symbolism with its association of Bacchic, Eleusinian mysteries, seems, quite as much as the actual fragments of Grecian capitals, the disks and gratings of porphyry and alabaster, so much flotsam and jetsam cast up from the shipwreck of an older antiquity than Rome's; remnants of early Hellas, of Ionia, perhaps of Tyre.

I used to feel this particularly in Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, or, as it is usually called, Classe Dentro, the long basilica built by Theodoric, out-rivaled later by Justinian's octagon Church of St. Vitalis. There is something extremely Hellenic in feeling (however un-Grecian in form) in the pearly fairness of the delicate silvery-white columns and capitals; in the gleam of white on golden ground, and, reticulated with jewels and embroideries, of the long band of mosaic virgins and martyrs running above them. The virgins, with their Byzantine names—Sancta Anastasia, Sancta Anatolia, Sancta Eulalia, Sancta Euphemia—have big kohled eyes and embroidered garments, fantastically suggesting some Eastern hieratic dancing girl; but they follow each other in single file (each with her lily or rosebush sprouting from the green mosaic), with erect, slightly balanced

gait, like the maidens of the Panathenaic procession, carrying, one would say, votive offerings to the altar, rather than crowns of martyrdom; all stately, sedate, as if drilled by some priestly ballet master; all with the same wide eyes and set smile as of early Greek sculpture. There is no attempt to distinguish one from the other. There are no gaping wounds, tragic attitudes, wheels, swords, pinchers, or other attributes of martyrdom. And the male saints on the wall opposite are equally unlike mediæval Sebastians and Lawrences, going, one behind the other, in shining white togas, to present their crowns to Christ on His throne. Christ also, in this Byzantine art, is never the Saviour. He sits, an angel on each side, on His golden seat, clad in purple and sandaled with gold, serene, beardless, wide-eyed, like some distant descendant of the Olympic Jove.

This Church of St. Apollinaris contains a little chapel specially dedicated to the saint, which sums up that curious impression of Hellenic, pre-Christian cheerfulness. It is incrustated with porphyry and *giallo antico*, framed with delicate carved ivy wreaths along the sides, and railed in with an exquisite piece of alabaster openwork of vines and grapes, as on an antique altar. And in a corner of this little temple, which seems to be waiting for some painter enamored of Greece and marble, stands the episcopal seat of the patron saint of the church, the saint who took his name from Apollo; an alabaster seat, wide-curved and delicate, in whose back you expect to find, so striking is the resemblance, the relief of dancing satyrs of the chair of the Priest of Dionysus.

As I was sitting one morning, as was my wont, in Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, which (like all Ravenna churches) is always empty, a woman came in, with a woolen shawl over her head, who, after hunting anxiously about, asked me where she would find the parish priest. "It is," she said, "for the Madonna's milk. My husband is a laborer out of work; he has been ill, and the worry of it all has made me unable to nurse my little baby. I want the priest, to ask him to get the Madonna to give me back my milk." I thought, as I listened to the poor creature, that there was but little hope of motherly sympathy from that Byzantine Madonna in her purple and gold magnificence, seated ceremoniously on her throne like an antique Cybele.

Little by little one returns to one's first impression, and recognizes that this thriving little provincial town, with its socialism and its *bonification*, is after all a nest of ghosts, and little better than the churchyard of centuries.

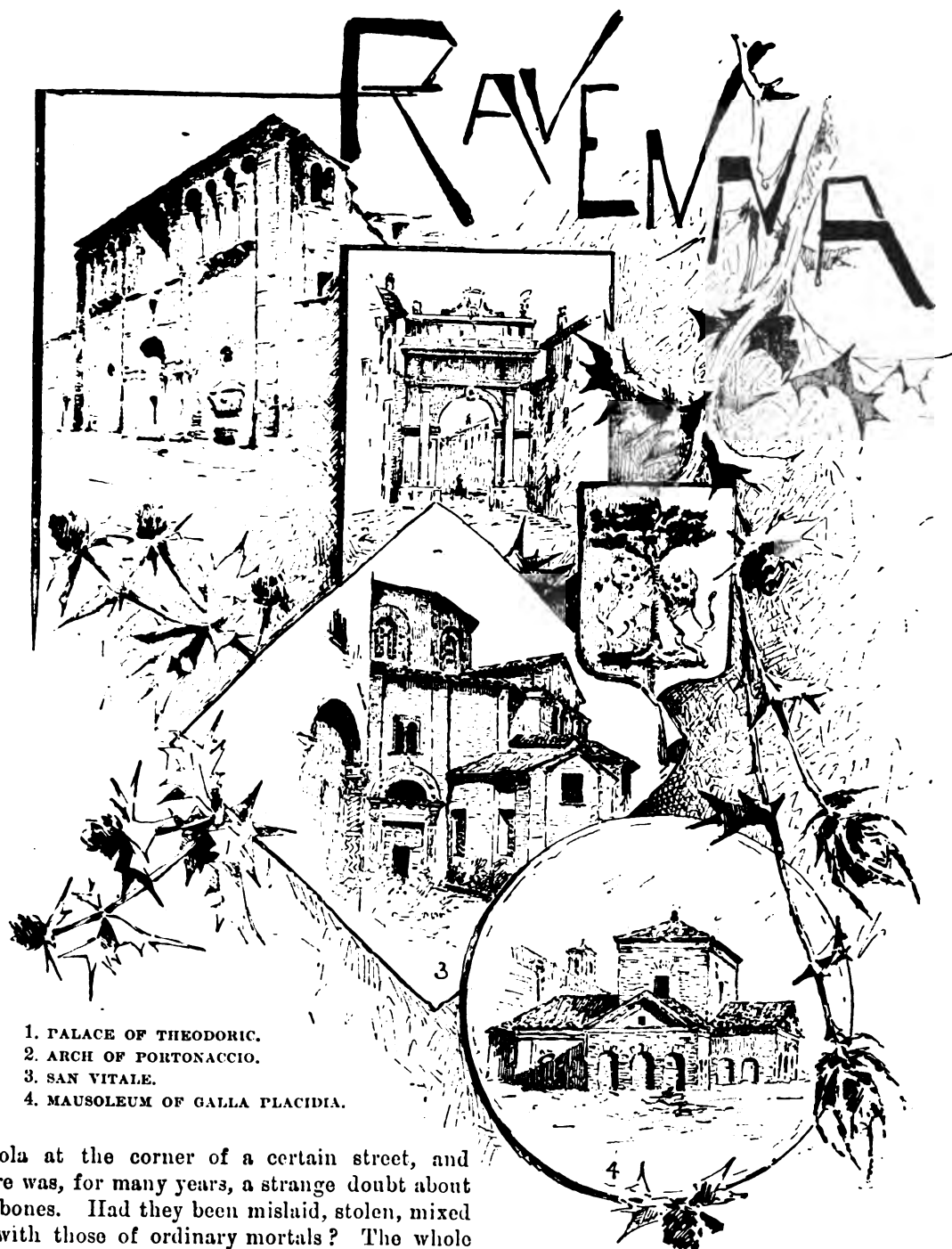
Never, surely, did a town contain so many coffins, or at least thrust coffins more upon one's

notice. The coffins are stone, immense oblong boxes, with massive sloping lids horned at each corner, or troughlike things with delicate sea-wave patterning, figures of gowned saints and devices of palm trees, peacocks and doves, the carving made clearer by a picking out of bright-green damp. They stand about in all the churches, not walled in, but quite free in the aisles, the chapels, and even close to the door. Most of them are doubtless of the fifth or sixth century; others, perhaps, barbarous or mediæval imitations; but they all equally belong to the ages in general, including our own, not curiosities or heirlooms, but serviceable furniture, into which generations have been put, and out of which generations have been turned to make room for later comers. It strikes one as curious at first to see, for instance, the date 1826 on a sarcophagus probably made under Theodoric or the exarchs, but that merely means that a particular gentleman of Ravenna began that year his lease of entombment. They have passed from hand to hand (or, more properly speaking, from corpse to corpse), not merely by being occasionally discovered in digging foundations, but by inheritance, and frequently by sale. My friends possess a stone coffin, and the receipt from its previous owner. The transaction took place some fifty years ago; a name (they are cut very lightly) changed, a slab or coat of arms placed with the sarcophagus in a different church or chapel. a deed before the notary—that was all. And what became of the previous tenant? Once at least he surprised posterity very much; perhaps it was in the case of that very purchase for which my friends still keep the bill. I know not; but the stone mason of the house used to relate that, some forty years ago, he was called in to open a stone coffin; when, the immense horned lid having been rolled off, there was seen, lying in the sarcophagus, a man in complete armor, his sword by his side and visor up, who, as they cried out in astonishment, instantly fell to dust. Was he an Ostrogothic knight, some Gunther or Volker turned Roman senator, or, perhaps, a companion of Guido da Polenta, a messmate of Dante, a playfellow of Francesca?

Coffins being thus plentiful, their occupants (like this unknown warrior) have played considerable part in the gossip of Ravenna. It is well known, for instance, that Galla Placidia, daughter of Theodosius, sister of Arcadius and Honorius, and wife to a Visigothic king, sat for centuries enthroned (after a few years of the strangest adventures) erect, inside the alabaster coffin, formerly plated with gold, in the wonderful little blue mosaic chapel which bears her name. You

could see her through a hole quite plainly; until, three centuries ago, some inquisitive boys thrust in a candle and burned Theodosias's daughter to ashes. Dante also is buried under a little

ing so much as the corner of Dis where Dante himself found Farinata and Cavalcante. In it are crowded stone coffins; and passing there in the twilight, one might expect to see flames up-



1. PALACE OF THEODORIC.
2. ARCH OF PORTONACCIO.
3. SAN VITALE.
4. MAUSOLEUM OF GALLA PLACIDIA.

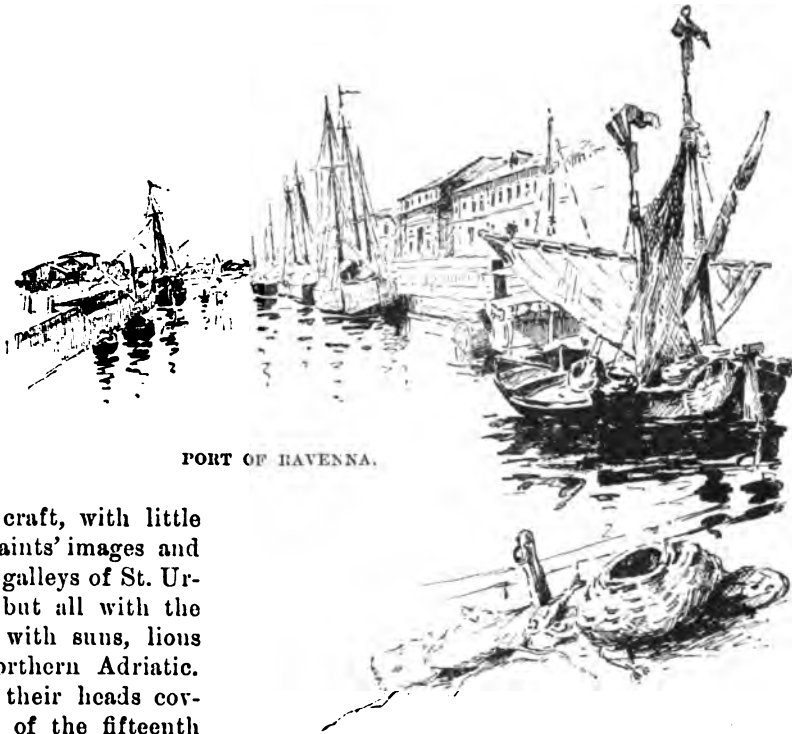
cupola at the corner of a certain street, and there was, for many years, a strange doubt about his bones. Had they been mislaid, stolen, mixed up with those of ordinary mortals? The whole thing was shrouded in mystery. That street corner where Dante lies, a remote corner under the wing of a church, resembled, until it was modernized and surrounded by gratings, and filled with garlands and inscriptions to Mazzini, noth-

heaving their lids, and the elbows and shoulders of imprisoned followers of Epicurus.

Enough of coffins! There are live things at Ravenna and near Ravenna; amongst others

though few people realize its presence, there is the sea.

It was on the day of the fish auction that I first went there. In the tiny port by the pier (for Ravenna has now no harbor) they were making an incredible din over the emptyings of the nets; pretty, mottled, metallic fish, and slimy octopuses, and sepias, and flounders looking like pieces of sea mud. The fishing boats, mostly from the Venetian lagoon, were moored along the pier, wide-bowed things, with eyes in the prow like the ships of Ulysses; and bigger craft, with little castles and weather vanes and saints' images and pennons on the masts like the galleys of St. Ursula as painted by Carpaccio; but all with the splendid orange sail, patched with suns, lions and colored stripes, of the Northern Adriatic. The fishermen from Chioggia, their heads covered with the high scarlet cap of the fifteenth century, were yelling at the fishmongers from



PORT OF RAVENNA.

and unshaven, who had been the priest for many years, with an annual salary of twelve pounds, of S. Maria in Porto Fuori, a little Gothic church in the marsh, where he had discovered and rubbed slowly into existence (it took him two months, and Heaven only knows how many pennyworths of bread!) some valuable Giottesque frescoes. He was now chaplain of the harbor, and had turned his mind to maritime inventions, designing lighthouses and shooting dolphins to make oil of their blubber. A kind old man, but with the odd brightness of a creature who has lived for years amid solitude and fever; a fit companion for the haggard saints whom he brought,

one by one, in robes of glory and golden haloes, to life again in his forlorn little church.

While we were looking out at the sea where a flotilla of yellow and cinnamon sails sat on the blue sky line like parrots on a rail, the sun had begun to set, a crimson ball, over the fringe of pine woods. We turned to go. Over the town, the



town; and all round lounged artillerymen in their white undress and yellow straps, who are encamped for practice on the sands, and whose carts and guns we had met rattling along the sandy road through the marsh.

On the pier we were met by an old man, very shabby



IN THE PIAZZA MAGGIORE.

place whence presently will emerge the slanting towers of Ravenna, the sky had become a brilliant, melancholy slate blue; and apparently out of its depths, in the early twilight, flowed the wide canal between its dim banks fringed with tamarisk. No tree, no rock or house was reflected in the jade-colored water, only the uniform shadow of the bank made a dark, narrow band alongside its glassiness. It flows on toward the invisible sea, whose yellow sails overtop the gray marsh land. In thick, smooth strands of curdled water it flows, lilac, pale pink, opalescent, according to the sky above, and reflecting nothing besides, save at long intervals the spectral spars and spiderlike tissue of some triangular fishing net; a wan and delicate Lethe, issuing, you would say, out of a far-gone past into the sands and the almost tideless sea. Other places become solemn, sad, or merely beautiful at sunset. But Ravenna, it seems to me, grows actually ghostly; the Past takes it back at that moment, and the ghosts return to the surface.

For it is, after all, a nest of ghosts. They hang about all those silent, damp churches, invisible, or at most tantalizing one with a sudden gleam which may, after all, be only that of the mosaics, an uncertain outline which, when you near it, is after all only a pale-gray column. But one feels their breathing all round. They are legion, but I do not know who they are. I only know that they are white, luminous, with gold embroideries to their robes, and wide painted eyes, and that they are silent. The good citizens of Ravenna, in the comfortable eighteenth century, filled the churches with wooden pews, convenient, genteel in line and color, with their names and coats of arms in full on the backs. But the ghosts took no notice of this measure; and there they are, even among these pews themselves.

Bishops and exarchs and jeweled empresses, and half-Oriental autocrats, saints and bedizened court ladies, and barbarian guards and wicked chamberlains; I know not what they are. Only one of the ghosts takes a shape I can distinguish, and a name I am certain of. It is not Justinian or Theodora, who stare goggle-eyed from their mosaic in St. Vitalis, mere wretched historic realities; *they* cannot haunt. The spectre I speak of is Theodoric. His tomb is still standing outside the town in an orchard; a great round tower, with a circular roof made (Heaven knows how) of one huge slab of Istrian stone, horned at the sides like the sarcophagi, or vaguely like a Viking's cap. The ashes of the great king have long been dispersed, for he was an Arian heretic. But the tomb remains intact, a thing which neither time nor earthquake can dismantle.

In the town they show a piece of masonry, the remains of a doorway and a delicate-pillared window, built on to a modern house, which is identified (but wrongly, I am told,) as Theodoric's palace, by its resemblance to the golden palace with the looped-up curtains on the mosaic of the neighboring church. Into the wall of this building is built a great Roman porphyry bath, with rings carved on it, to which time has adjusted a lid of brilliant green lichen. There is no more. But Theodoric still haunts Ravenna. I have always, ever since I have known the town, been anxious to know more about Theodoric, but the accounts are jejune, prosaic, not at all answering to what that great king, who took his place with Attila and Sigurd in the great Northern epic, must have been. Historians represent him generally as a sort of superior barbarian, trying to assimilate and save the civilization he was bound to destroy; an Ostrogothic king trying to be a Roman emperor; a military organizer and bureaucrat, exchanging his birthright of Valhalla for Heaven knows what Anlic red-tape miseries. But that is unsatisfactory. The real man, the Berserker trying to tame himself into the Cæsar of a fallen Rome, seems to come out in the legends of his remorse and visions, pursued by the ghosts of Boethius and Symmachus, the wise men he had slain in his madness.

He haunts Ravenna, striding along the aisles of her basilicas, riding under the high moon along the dikes of her marshes, surrounded by white-stoled Romans, and Roman ensigns with eagles and crosses; but clad, as the Gothic brass-worker of Innsbruck has shown him, in no Roman lappets and breastplate, but in full mail, with beaked steel shoes and steel gorget, his big sword drawn, his visor down, mysterious, the Dietrich of the Nibelungenlied, Theodoric King of the Goths.

These are the ghosts that haunt Ravenna, the true ghosts haunting only for such as can know their presence. Ravenna, almost alone among Italian cities, possesses moreover a complete ghost story of the most perfect type and highest antiquity, which has gone round the world and become known to all people. Boccaccio wrote it in prose; Dryden rewrote it in verse; Botticelli illustrated it; and Byron summed up its quality in one of his most sympathetic passages. After this, to retell it were useless, had I not chanced to obtain, in a manner I am not at liberty to divulge, another version, arisen in Ravenna itself, and written, most evidently, in fullest knowledge of the case. Its language is the marvelous Romagnol dialect of the early fifteenth century, and it lacks all the Tuscan graces of the

"Decameron." But it possesses a certain air of truthfulness, suggesting that it was written by some one who had heard the facts from those who believed in them, and who believed in them himself; and I am therefore decided to give it, turned into English.

* * * * *

About that time (when Messer Guido da Polenta was Lord of Ravenna) men spoke not a little of what happened to Messer Nastasio de Honestis, son of Messer Brunoro, in the forest of Classis. Now the forest of Classis is exceeding vast, extending along the seashore between Ravenna and Cervia for the space of some fifteen miles, and has its beginning near the Church of St. Apollinaris which is in the marsh; and you reach it directly from the gate of the same name, but also, crossing the River Ronco where it is easier to ford, by the gate called Sisa beyond the houses of the Rasponis. And this forest aforesaid is made of many kinds of noble and useful trees, to wit, oaks, both free standing and in bushes, iloxes, elms, poplars, bays, and many plants of smaller growth but great dignity and pleasantness, as hawthorns, barberries, blackthorn, blackberry, brier rose, and the thorn called marrucca, which bears pods resembling small hats or cymbals, and is excellent for hedging. But principally does this noble forest consist of pine trees, exceeding lofty and perpetually green; whence indeed the arms of this ancient city, formerly the seat of the Emperors of Rome, are none other than a green pine tree.

And the forest aforesaid is well stocked with animals, both such as run and creep, and many birds. The animals are foxes, badgers, hares, rabbits, ferrets, squirrels and wild boars, the which issue forth and eat the young crops and grub the fields with incredible damage to all concerned. Of the birds it would be too long to speak, both of those which are snared, shot with crossbows or hunted with the falcon; and they feed off fish in the ponds and streams of the forest, and grasses and berries, and the pods of the white vine (clematis) which covers the grass on all sides. And the manner of Messer Nastasio being in the forest was thus, he being at the time a youth of twenty years or thereabouts, of illustrious birth, and comely person and learning and prowess, and modest and discreet bearing. For it so happened that, being enamored of the daughter of Messer Pavolo de Traversariis, the damsel, who was lovely, but exceeding coy and shrewish, would not consent to marry him, despite the desire of her parents, who in everything, as happens with only daughters of old men (for Messer Hostasio was well stricken in

years), sought only to please her. Whereupon Messer Nastasio, fearing lest the damsel might despise his fortunes, wasted his substance in presents and feastings and joustings, but all to no avail.

When it happened that having spent nearly all he possessed, and ashamed to show his poverty and his unlucky love before the eyes of his townsmen, he took him to the forest of Classis, it being autumn, on the pretext of snaring birds, but intending to take privily the road to Rimini and thence to Rome, and there seek his fortunes. And Nastasio took with him fowling nets, and birdlime, and tame owls, and two horses (one of which was ridden by his servant), and food for some days; and they alighted in the midst of the forest, and slept in one of the fowling huts of cut branches set up by the citizens of Ravenna for their pleasure.

And it happened that on the afternoon of the second day (and it chanced to be a Friday) of his stay in the forest, Messer Nastasio, being exceedingly sad in his heart, went forth toward the sea to muse upon the unkindness of his beloved and the hardness of his fortune. Now you should know that near the sea, where you can clearly hear its roaring even on windless days, there is in that forest a clear place, made as by the hand of man, set round with tall pines even like a garden, but in the shape of a horse course, free from bushes and pools, and covered with the finest greensward. Here, as Nastasio sate him on the trunk of a pine—the hour was sunset, the weather being uncommon clear—he heard a rushing sound in the distance, as of the sea; and there blew a death-cold wind, and then sounds of crashing branches, and neighing of horses, and yelping of hounds, and halloes and horns. And Nastasio wondered greatly, for that was not the hour for hunting; and he hid behind a great pine trunk, fearing to be recognized. And the sounds came nearer, even of horns and of hounds, and the shouts of huntsmen; and the bushes rustled and crashed, and the hunt rushed into the clearing, horsemen and foot, with many hounds. And behold, what they pursued was not a wild boar, but something white that ran erect, and it seemed to Messer Nastasio as if it greatly resembled a naked woman; and it screamed piteously.

Now when the hunt had swept past, Messer Nastasio rubbed his eyes and wondered greatly. But even as he wondered and stood in the middle of the clearing, behold, part of the hunt swept back, and the thing which they pursued ran in a circle on the greensward, shrieking piteously. And behold, it was a young damsel, naked, her hair loose and full of brambles, with only a tat-



BAPTISTERY OF THE GOTHs.

tered cloth round her middle. And as she came near to where Messer Nastasio was standing (but no one of the hunt seemed to heed him) the hounds were upon her, barking furiously, and a hunter on a black horse, black even as night. And a cold wind blew and caused Nastasio's hair to stand on end; and he tried to cry out, and to rush forward, but his voice died in his throat, and his limbs were heavy and covered with sweat, and refused to move.

Then the hounds fastening on the damsel threw her down, and he on the black horse turned swiftly, and transfixed her, shrieking dismally, with a boar spear. And those of the hunt galloped up, and wound their horns; and he of the black horse, which was a stately youth habited in a coat of black and gold, and black boots, and black feathers on his hat, threw his reins to a groom, and alighted and approached the damsel where she lay, while the huntsmen were holding back the hounds and winding their horns. Then he drew a knife, such as are used by huntsmen, and driving its blade into the damsel's side, cut out her heart, and threw it, all smoking, into the midst of the hounds. And a cold wind rustled through the bushes, and all had disappeared—horses, huntsmen and hounds. And the grass was untrodden as if no man's foot or horse's hoof had passed there for months.

And Messer Nastasio shuddered,

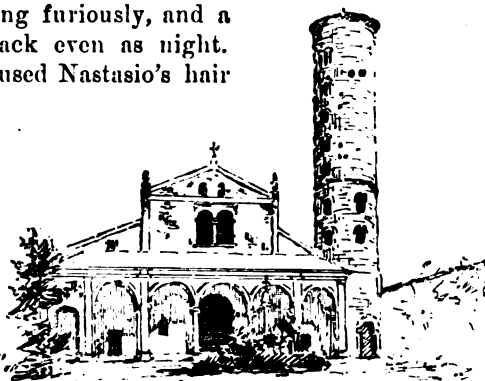
and his limbs loosened, and he knew that the hunter on the black horse was Messer Guido degli Anastagi, and the damsel Monna Filomena, the daughter of the Lord of Gambellara. Messer Guido had loved the damsel greatly, and been flouted by her, and leaving his home in despair had been killed on the way by robbers, and Madonna Filomena had died shortly after. The tale was still fresh in men's memory, for it had happened in the city of Ravenna barely five years before. And those whom Nastasio had seen, both the hunter and the lady, and the huntsmen and horses and hounds, were the spirits of the dead.

When he had recovered his courage Messer Nastasio sighed and said unto himself: "How like is my fate to that of Messer Guido! Yet would I never, even when a spectre without weight or substance, made of wind and delusion and arisen from hell, act with such cruelty toward her

I love." And then he thought: "Would that the daughter of Messer Pavolo de Traversariis might hear of this! For surely it would cause her to relent!" But he knew that his words would be vain, and that none of the citizens of Ravenna, and least of all the damsel of the Traversari, would believe them, but rather esteem him a madman.

Now it came about that when Friday came round once more Nastasio, by

some chance, was again walking in the forest clearing by the great pines, and he had forgotten; when the sea began to roar, and a cold wind blew, and there came through the forest the sound of horses and hounds, causing Messer Nastasio's hair to stand up and his limbs to grow weak as water. And he on



SAN APOLLINARE NUOVO.



ROMAN LIGHTHOUSE.

the black horse again pursued the naked damsel, and struck her with his boar spear, and cut out her heart and threw it to the hounds. And in this fashion did it happen for three Fridays following, the sea beginning to moan, the cold wind to blow, and the spirits to hunt the deceased damsel at twilight in the clearing among the pine trees.

Now when Messer Nastasio noticed this he thanked Cupid, which is the lord of all lovers, and devised in his mind a cunning plan. And he mounted his horse and returned to Ravenna, and gave out to his friends that he had found a treas-

wife and daughter. And he bid them for a Friday, which was also the eve of the Feast of the Dead.

Meanwhile he took to the pine forest carpenters and masons, and such as paint and gild cunningly, and wagons of timber, and cut stone for foundations, and furniture of all kinds; and the wagons were drawn by four and twenty yoke of oxen, gray oxen of the Romagnol breed. And he caused the artisans to work day and night, making great fires of dry myrtle and pine branches, which lit up the forest all around. And he caused them to make foundations, and build a pavilion of timber



INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF SAN APOLLINARE NUOVO.

ure in Rome; and that he was minded to forget the damsel of the Traversari and seek another wife. But in reality he went to certain money lenders, and gave himself into bondage, even to be sold as a slave to the Dalmatian pirates if he could not repay his loan. And he published that he desired to take to him a wife, and for that reason would feast all his friends and the chief citizens of Ravenna, and regale them with a pageant in the pine forest, where certain foreign slaves of his should show wonderful feats for their delight. And he sent forth invitations, and among them to Messer Pavolo de Traversariis and his

in the clearing which is the shape of a horse course, surrounded by pines. The pavilion was oblong, raised by ten steps above the grass, open all round and reposing on arches and pillars; and there were projecting *abachi* under the arches over the capitals, after the Roman fashion; and the pillars were painted red, and the capitals red also, picked out with gold and blue, and a shield with the arms of the Honestis on each. The roof was raftered, each rafter painted with white lilies on a red ground, and heads of youths and damsels; and the roof outside was made of wooden tiles, shaped like shells and gilded. And on the

top of the roof was a weather vane; and the vane was a figure of Cupid, god of Love, cunningly carved of wood and painted like life, as he flies, poised in air, and shoots his darts on mortals. He was winged and blindfolded, to show that love is inconstant and no respecter of persons; and when the wind blew he turned about, and the end of his scarf, which was beaten metal, swung in the wind. Now, when the pavilion was ready, within six days of its beginning, carpets were spread on the floor, and seats placed, and garlands of bay and myrtle slung from pillar to pillar between the arches. And tables were set, and sideboards covered with gold and silver dishes and trenchers; and a raised place, covered with arras, was made for the players of fifes and drums and lutes; and tents were set behind for the servants, and fires prepared for cooking meat. Whole oxen and sheep were brought from Ravenna in wains, and casks of wine, and fruit and white bread, and many cooks, and serving men, and musicians, all habited gallantly in the colors of the Honestis, which are vermillion and white, parti-colored, with black stripes; and they wore doublets laced with gold, and on their breasts the arms of the house of Honestis, which are a dove holding a leaf.

Now on Friday, the eve of the Feast of the Dead, all was ready, and the chief citizens of Ravenna set out for the forest of Classis, with their wives and children and servants, some on horseback, and others in wains drawn by oxen, for the tracks in that forest are deep. And when they arrived Messer Nastasio welcomed them and thanked them all, and conducted them to their places in the pavilion. Then all wondered greatly at its beauty and magnificence, and chiefly Messer Pavolo de Traversariis; and he sighed, and thought within himself, "Would that my daughter were less shrewish, that I might have so noble a son-in-law to prop up my old age!" They were seated at the tables, each according to their dignity, and they ate and drank, and praised the excellence of the cheer; and flowers were scattered

on the tables, and young maidens sang songs in praise of love, most sweetly. Now when they had eaten their fill, and the tables been removed, and the sun was setting between the pine trees, Messer Nastasio caused them all to be seated facing the clearing, and a herald came forward, in the livery of the Honestis, sounding his trumpet and declaring in a loud voice that they should now witness a pageant the which was called the Mystery of Love and Death. Then the musicians struck up, and began a concert of fifes and lutes, exceeding sweet and mournful. And at that moment the sea began to moan, and a cold wind to blow: a sound of horsemen and hounds and horns and crashing branches came through the wood; and the damsel, the daughter of the Lord of Gambellara, rushed naked, her hair streaming and her veil torn, across the grass, pursued by the hounds, and by the ghost of Messer Guido on the black horse, the nostrils of which were filled with fire. Now when the ghost of Messer Guido struck that damsel with the boar spear, and cut out her heart, and threw it, while the others wound their horns, to the hounds, and all vanished, Messer Nastasio de Honestis, seizing the herald's trumpet, blew in it, and cried in a loud voice: "The Pageant of Death and Love! The Pageant of Death and Love! Such is the fate of cruel damsels!" and the gilt Cupid on the roof swung round creaking dreadfully, and the daughter of Messer Pavolo uttered a great shriek and fell on the ground in a swoon.

* * * * *

Here the Romagnol manuscript comes to a sudden end, the outer sheet being torn through the middle. But we know from the "Decameron" that the damsel of the Traversari was so impressed by the spectre hunt she had witnessed that she forthwith relented toward Nastagio degli Onesti, and married him, and that they lived happily ever after. But whether or not that part of the pine forest of Classis still witnesses this ghostly hunt we do not know.

AN OSTROGOTHIC ADVENTURE.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

It cost me a considerable effort of memory to satisfy myself as to my whereabouts, upon first awakening, that languid June morning. When one has been traveling for a time in that easy, happy-go-lucky fashion which falls in so naturally with the local disposition in some parts of Italy, and sleeping in a strange place every night,

a certain confusion, if not indifference, to distinctions of time and place inevitably ensues. However, it was with a sufficiently well-defined object in view that I had made my pilgrimage to Ravenna; and now, as I gazed upon the frescoed walls and vaulted ceiling of my chamber, it dawned upon me that I must have arrived the

evening previous in that "place of old renown," and was in consequence duly installed at the Hotel Byron therein.

Although tolerably familiar, by this time, with the sound of the Italian language, even in its various provincial modifications, my practice in speaking it had not progressed beyond the earlier Ollendorffian stages. I had found bad French to be the most available medium of conversation, all around, since Italians were fazed at my pronunciation of their tongue, and I never could make head or tail of their "Ingliss." On this particular occasion, as I descended the broad stone staircase (the hotel being an old palace, slightly remodeled), to take the matutinal chocolate *al fresco* beneath the shady loggia, a sense of loneliness came over me. I missed the companionship of the genial, quiet-mannered, elderly Parisian whom I had met at the Pellegrini in Bologna the day before, and who was also bound for Ravenna, but had decided to stop over at Imola to explore the ancient imperial Via Emilia.

Suddenly the cheery sound of a salutation in French broke upon my reverie, and in a moment I was exchanging cordial greetings with Sig. Morodei, the painter, director of the provincial Academia delle Belle Arti. The friends who had provided me with letters of introduction for Ravenna had taken it for granted that I would meet Morodei there, sooner or later; but I had not expected that he would do me the honor of looking me up.

"And how is Sig. Fagnocchi?" I asked, mentioning the name of the gentleman to whom my credentials were really addressed.

"Fagnocchi? Ah, yes! He had, in fact, counted upon meeting you, also—and doubtless will. But to-day he is engaged. I believe he is to have, like myself, the pleasure of making some visitors acquainted with what there may be of attraction in our poor old town. We shall be rival ciceroni, Fagnocchi and I. As to that, however, if you will trust me, *mon cher jeune maître*, I dare promise you quite as good guidance in your particular line of research as his friends will have in theirs."

I wondered what my particular line of research might be, but discreetly held my tongue.

"Not even Rome," he continued, regarding me, as I fancied, in rather a quizzical way—"not even Rome could show you the equivalent of the Byzantine and early Christian 'documents' which you will find here in Ravenna. But—if you will allow the observation, monsieur, you look a very young man, considering the position and reputation you have attained."

"Oh, I am from a rapid country, you know!"

I answered, complacently; for I attributed his astounding compliments to the well-meant but unblushing flatteries with which, doubtless—according to the regular custom in obituaries and letters of introduction—the aforementioned irresponsible friends had seen fit to precede my advent in Ravenna.

"Well, I know you are impatient to see the monuments. The morning is fine, so I have come with a carriage, and we need lose no time. Will you visit the library first, or later?" he asked, as we stepped into the victoria waiting at the door.

"Oh, later, if you don't mind," I answered. "As much later as possible," I thought, "while this divine weather lasts." It was indeed no season for moping about museums and sepulchres, and I had not fled from Rome to Ravenna with any intention of the sort.

It seemed odd that Morodei, man of actuality that he appeared to be, and the very personification of tactful courtesy, should have devised such a lugubrious plan of entertainment. Doubtless a lifelong association with those venerable Roman and Ostrogothic relics, and the superstitious reverence paid to them by all visitors, had debauched his imagination, so that he had grown to regard them with unaffected awe, and antiquarian research as the only dissipation. Such being the case, I could not do less than accept his erudite attentions in the same cordial spirit in which they were offered, and assume a virtuosity though I had it not.

We clattered along narrow, winding, stony streets, without sidewalks; and the first object pointed out by my Mentor was the palace of the Polentas (every house in Ravenna is a palace within, but looks outwardly like a county jail), which was the birthplace of that unhappy maiden immortalized by Dante as Francesca da Rimini, and within the walls of which the exiled poet wrote the familiar passage of the "Inferno," embalming her love tragedy. Then we paused before the mausoleum of Dante, with its fine contemporary medallion portrait, in an angle of the Capella Bracciaforte and Church of San Francesco, where his coffin was hidden for two or three centuries, lest the jealous Florentines should steal back his bones.

The sight of such relics made five hundred years seem as but a day; so that it was with a half-apologetic air that the conscientious Morodei showed me the house of Lord Byron, just around the corner—as if so modern and trivial an association could not possibly interest a sober student like myself. This house has a café in its rear *pian' terreno*, giving upon a little square; and

amidst the group of gentlemen sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes at the tables outside, I fancied I caught sight of a familiar face. Of course it could be only imagination—brought on, probably, by the passing inclination I felt to lounge away the morning in just such a manner.

But I was booked for the Duomo, with its paintings by Guido, its mosaic-lined Baptistry, and its cylindrical Campanile resembling the round towers of Ireland. And this was only the prelude to six solid hours of ecclesiastical inspection, mostly Byzantine and primitive Christian, with blue and green and gold mosaics, age-mellowed marbles, columns, altars and urns, and floors that it seemed a sacrilege to step on—all crammed in pellmell upon the perception, forming such a wild fantastic jumble as might have paralyzed a Cook tourist. By following up, in a subsequent lucid interval, the clews of that weird extravaganza, I find that among the things

“done” in the aforementioned brief space of time were: the Basilica of San Vitale, that octagonal jewel box of architecture, glowing like the inside of a seashell with its wondrous marbles, and showing on its choir walls the sixth-century mosaic portraits of the Oriental Emperor Justinian and the Empress Theodora; the mausoleum and sarcophagus in which the august Galla Placidia, slave, queen and empress, the daughter, sister, wife and mother of kings and emperors, was seated, embalmed and clad in her robes of state, more than thirteen centuries ago; the ruins of Theodoric’s palace, which Charlemagne despoiled; the Church of San Apollinare Nuovo, with its columns of cippolino marble, and marvelous sculptured capitals, brought from Constantinople; and, finally, that strange desolate fane, the old Basilica of San Apollinare in Classe. The latter is more like a temple of Neptune, standing as it does solitary, far beyond the city walls, in the midst of salt marshes, its altars mildewed and its tessellated floors frequently inundated by the rising tides of the Adriatic, or the freshet-swollen waters of the Ronco and Montone.

My guide was relentless—I should say, indefatigable, in his determination to satisfy my supposed abnormal craving for Greek and Roman inscriptions, grave and glittering wall decorations, mystic religious symbolism, and mosaicked saints and virgins and archbishops staring their stony stare of bitter irony at the tombs of mere men who die and molder away, generation after generation. I spurred myself on, that my appreciation might keep pace with the zeal of Morodei, and even went so far as to make hypocritical pretense of taking notes. But my efforts flagged, from sheer physical exhaustion.

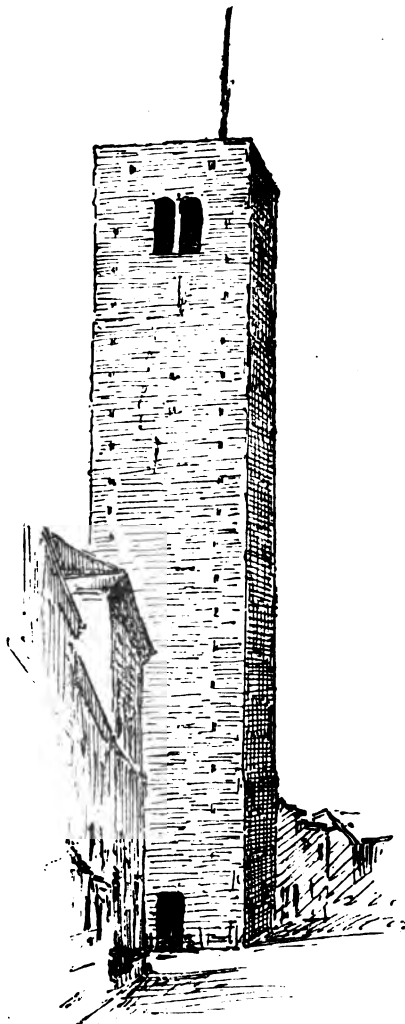
After we had emerged from the dank walls of the ghostly shrine of Classis, I turned my face eastward, in the opposite direction from the city; and, with a sigh of relief at finding no more churches in sight, pointed to the forest that rose duskily grand in the distance, and asked:

“What is there?”

“There? Oh, that is the Pineta, or the Bosco, as we call it—the celebrated Pine Forest, you know, on the shore of the Adriatic! It is older than Ravenna herself.”

“What’s the matter with our driving down that way?” I asked, desperately. “‘The groves were God’s first temples,’ as the poet says.”

Morodei assented with an eager alacrity that pleased and surprised me. So, instead of turning about Ravenna-ward, we went spinning on down the Rimini road, with the flowery marsh wastes and melancholy rice fields on either hand.



TORRE PUBBLICO (LEANING.)

Our spirits rose amazingly as we drew near to the antique wood. Once within its charmed precincts, we seemed to inhale laughing gas, instead of common air. We strolled gleefully among the vast columns of its solemn pines, overshadowed with their orb-roofs of verdure. We gathered armfuls of thorn blossoms, wild honeysuckle and thyme. We stirred up the huge water snakes among the lilies in the canal, and pelted them with pine cones. In a field near the edge of the forest we stood with uncovered heads before a little thatch-roofed cabin, and read the inscriptions to Garibaldi's glory. He sought refuge here with his dying wife Anita, in the dark days of 1849, after the siege of Rome, when the Austrians were chasing the Liberator and his last faithful followers back from their attempted descent upon Venice.

It was clear enough that my excellent friend had more joy in these things than in the stones of his native city. But now the red rays of the sunset pierced with level shafts of flame the verdurous dusk, and we reluctantly departed. Driving back to Ravenna in the tender twilight, we passed the canal basin, or "Port," filled with Adriatic fishing boats, and entered the city by the Porta Serrata, not far from where the nightingales were singing passionately in the acacias around that cyclopean rotunda which once was the tomb of the great Gothic king, Theodoric.

Alighting at the grand café in the Piazza Maggiore for an antepandial vermouth, my attention was attracted to a group of revelers. The central figure was an elderly gentleman, dignified but convivial, who was pointing up at the neighboring Torre del Pubblico, and commenting upon its apparent alarming deviation from the perpendicular. He spoke French. His friends were earnestly assuring him that his vision was quite

normal—the tower *did* lean, like nearly all tall structures on that alluvial soil.

"Ah!" exclaimed Morodei, "there is Fagnocchi and his party. That American, pointing up at the Torre, is the visitor of whom I told you."

"American? Why, he is the most Parisian of Frenchmen," I said, hastening to grasp the hand of my Bologna acquaintance.

"Tiens! c'est vous, mon cher?" he cried, clutching me as a drowning man might a straw. "Oh, what joy to be able to explain myself at last! These Italian gentlemen are most charming, but—though I wouldn't tell them so for all the world—they have wholly mistaken my character. You know I came to Ravenna in my professional capacity, solely to visit the museum and the churches; whereas, they have made my day one continuous round of festivity, not to say frivolity."

"You should have been in my place," I answered. And I related my own experience.

"Alas, Fagnocchi!" exclaimed the painter, in Italian, "we have got them mixed up!"

Light burst upon us all simultaneously, as the Parisian bethought himself to hand out his card, bearing the legend:

RAOUL BACHELLIER,
OF THE
ACADEMY OF INSCRIPTIONS,
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, PARIS.

"Well, reparation can be made by your exchanging places to-morrow," Morodei suggested to us.

"No, no!" demurred Fagnocchi. "We will compact a friendly alliance, and do the town systematically, combining pleasure with instruction, in judicious proportions. In the meantime, let us take our inaugural dinner together. Andiamo!"

THE HISTORIC HUDSON.

By FREDERIQUE SEGER.

IN the early fall, when thousands of people are traveling downward from the Adirondack and Catskill Mountains, from Lake George, Saratoga, and the many summer and fall resorts on and near the Hudson, by way of the palatial Hudson River boats, the deck of one of these steamers affords great opportunities of studying cosmopolitan life, for here are assembled the poor and the rich of the Eastern and Middle States, as well as many foreigners doing our country.

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To many of these people the scenes along the river are as familiar as the alphabet, and others study the shores guidebook in hand, or scan the banks through the medium of a field glass:

"Ye dwellers in the stately towns,
What come ye out to see?
This common earth, this common sky,
This water flowing free?"

The Hudson is well worth seeing and studying.

The beauty of its scenery is world-famous, its picturesque and varied character making it superior to the Rhine.

Above Troy it is not navigable (excepting for sloops as far as Waterford). It is not a long river, compared to the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, the Rhine, or the Danube, nor has it the romantic castles of which the Rhine can boast; but during the Revolution it was the scene of many important events, landmarks of which still remain in the shape of forts, old homes, monuments, etc. The poet and the novelist have made the Hudson the scene of poem and novel, and the brush of the artist has depicted its beauties on canvas for galleries in foreign lands.

The river takes its rise on the slopes of Mount Marcy, in the Adirondacks, 300 miles from its mouth and 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is fed by many highland lakes and streams of the Empire State, being little more than a wide, rocky, turbulent, winding brook until it receives the outlet of Schroon Lake, a beautiful sheet of water nine miles long, situated eight miles west of Lake George. Schroon Lake is fifteen miles above Saratoga.

At Palmer's Falls, near Jessup's Landing (on the way to the Adirondacks), the entire outflow of the Upper Hudson pours down in a wild delirium over high masses of picturesque rocks. This scenery is well worth seeing. At Glens Falls the river rushes through a rude ravine in a mad descent of 50 feet, over a rocky precipice 900 feet in length. This spot becomes of peculiar interest when we remember that one of the most thrilling incidents in Cooper's romance "The Last of the Mohicans" was enacted here.

After leaving Glens Falls the Hudson flows over many cascades and describes many curves until Troy is reached, a distance of forty miles. From Troy the river flows downward through New York State in almost a straight line until New York harbor is reached.

It is said that more than a million tourists are borne over the Hudson annually, and that a thousand villas are perched along the Highlands between Manhattanville (New York) and Newburg. Many families have charming country residences near New York, to which the gentlemen return daily when business in the city is over. Among these are: Mr. Morosini (partner of the late Jay



THE OLD LANSING MANSION AT ALBANY.



CANTILEVER BRIDGE OVER THE HUDSON AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

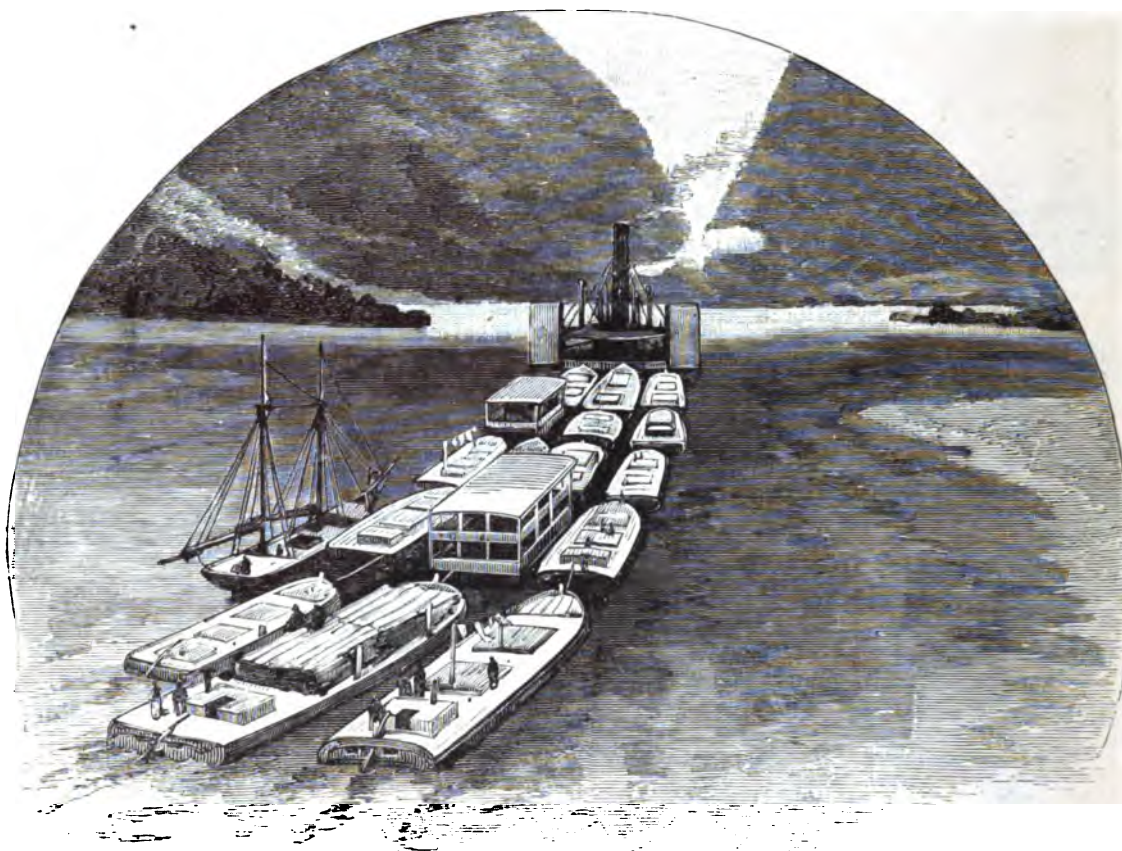
Gould), who makes his home at Yonkers the year round; the Rockefellers, the Goulds, and members of the Field family, who reside at beautiful and historic Tarrytown, twenty-nine miles north of New York.

Within forty miles of Albany are many beautiful villas which are homes the year round for those doing business at the capital of the State of New York.

Albany, which is one hundred and forty-four miles from New York, was at one time known as Beverwyke, Williamstadt and New Orange. One hundred years after it was incorporated it could boast of a population of only 10,000. Its growth was slow until after Fulton succeeded in his experiments and the Erie Canal was completed, when, through increase of traffic, a greater number of people were attracted. Two hundred years ago it was surrounded by a high wall with loopholes for musketry, and six gates, the ruins of which were in existence in 1812. Albany is built upon the slope of a hill which rises to a height of 200 feet. The Capitol, which is visible from

the river, should be seen by tourists, for it is an extremely fine building, both in its façade and its interior decorations. It is, next to the Capitol at Washington, one of the finest public buildings in the United States. Here are also to be seen the State Library, the Dudley Observatory, the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, and two of the most interesting manors in the country, namely, the old Schuyler Mansion (the home of the first mayor, and the Van Rensselaer Manor, the home of the first Patroon. The Albany of today has a population of 100,000 people. It has fine streets and active business centres. During the Revolution it was the centre of many important events.

At the dock where the Albany day boat lies all is bustle and confusion at eight o'clock in the morning, for passengers from Troy, Lake George, Saratoga and Schroon are scurrying to get on board and secure seats which will enable them to get the downward view of the river (the best aspect); banana peddlers are crying the price of their wares; baggagemen are tumbling the



AT THE GATE OF THE HIGHLANDS.



PROFILE OF STORM KING.

trunks and are swearing over the weight of the Saratogas ; carriage after carriage drives up ; people come and come, and "the cry is still, 'They come'"; but at last comparative quiet reigns as the deck hands shout "All aboard !" and the steamer sails majestically down the river.

Below Albany the scenery is flat and monotonous, and the only objects of interest are the ice houses, where are stored tons upon tons of ice gathered in the winter for use in the cities in summer.

On Beacon Island, which is not far below Albany, four counties meet. In ye olden times it was crowned by Castle Rensselaerstein, where resided the Patroon, whose official demanded a tribute of passing vessels. Back of the shores at this point are to be found descendants of Dutch settlers who still speak the old Dutch

language. In the village of Hudson are the residences of the Muhlers, the Ostranders, the Van Rensselaers, and in a quaint old yellow brick house with dormer windows are the lares and penates of General James Watson Webb and other distinguished Webbs. The Claverack College, an institution for both sexes, is also here, near "Fairview," the residence of Dr. Flack, its founder.

When we have passed Hudson we are nearing the Catskills, and here some of the finest mountain scenery in the country is to be seen. The experienced tourist has taken up his station on the upper deck of the steamer, where he can wander about at will and observe the scenery on all sides. From this point of observation he obtains a view of this beautiful range of mountains, which form the termination of a ridge of the Appalachian range. This enters the State from Pennsylvania.

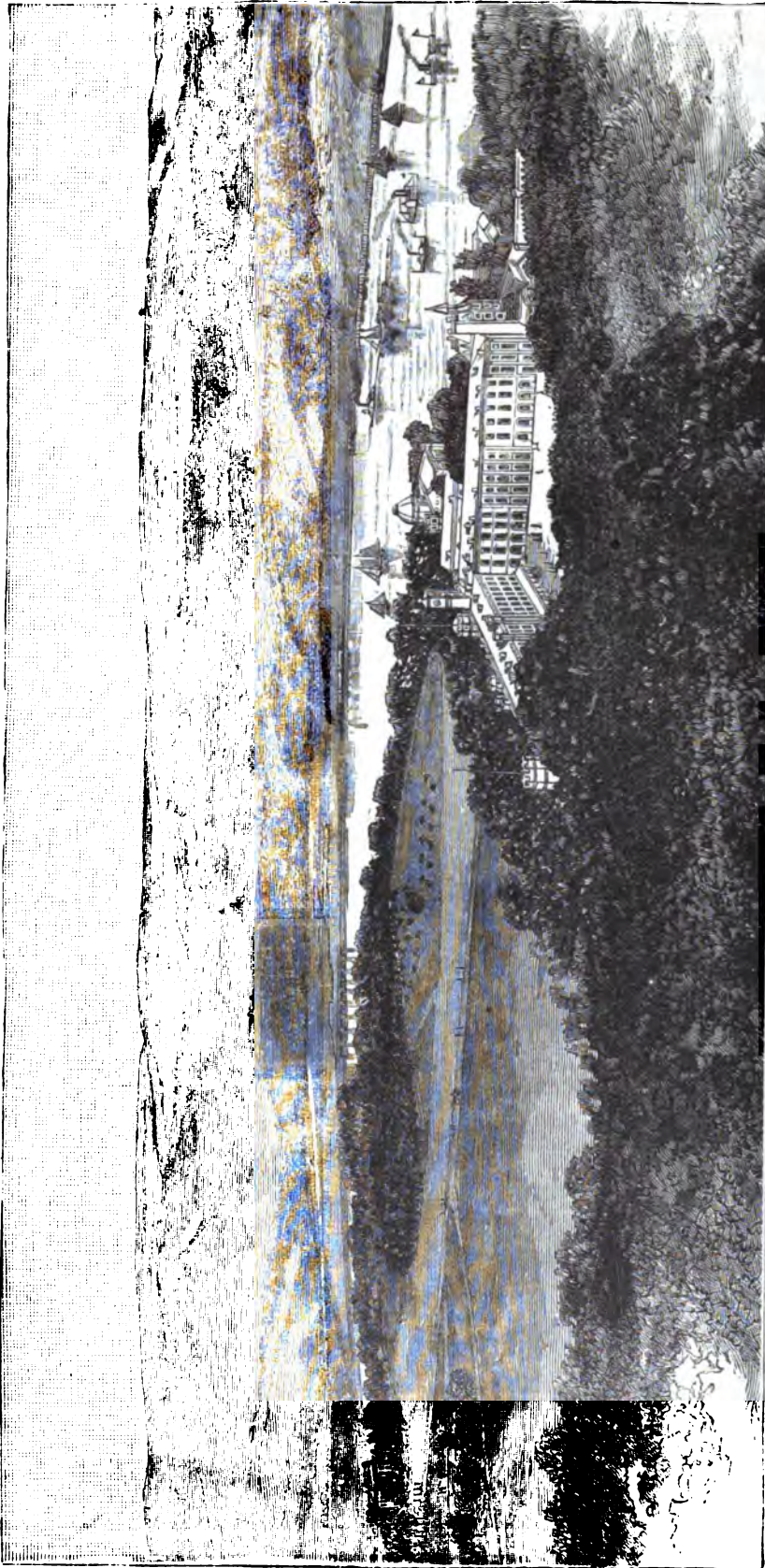
Among these mountain spurs, some of which are 4,000 feet high, Rip Van Winkle is supposed to have slept his twenty years' sleep. Here Cole the artist and Bierstadt found inspiration for the "Voyage of Life," "The Cross of the World," and other famous pictures; and at the mouth of the Catskill River Henry Hudson anchored the *Half Moon* on the 20th of September, 1609, when the Indians visited this vessel. Indian tradition has also made of the Catskills "faery ground," and this, with the exception of the Highlands, is about the only ground American literature

has ventured to appropriate. High Peak (highest of the Catskills) is a series of spurs 4,000 feet high. A magnificent view is here obtained of the Hudson Valley and surrounding country, and the laborious ascent is well repaid. Bears, wild cats and snakes abound in these primitive forests, although the summit of every high mountain is capped by a magnificent hotel and smaller houses. These in the winter are frequently chained to the rocks on account of the high winds which sweep over the lofty heights.

Pine Orchard Mountain is 2,500 feet high, and almost on the verge of a precipice stands a hotel which can be seen from the Hudson (twelve miles over the plains) on a clear day. From the hotel



NIGHT BOAT AT THE FOOT OF DUNDERBERG.



HERBERT VIEW OF WEST POINT, FROM FORT PUTNAM.

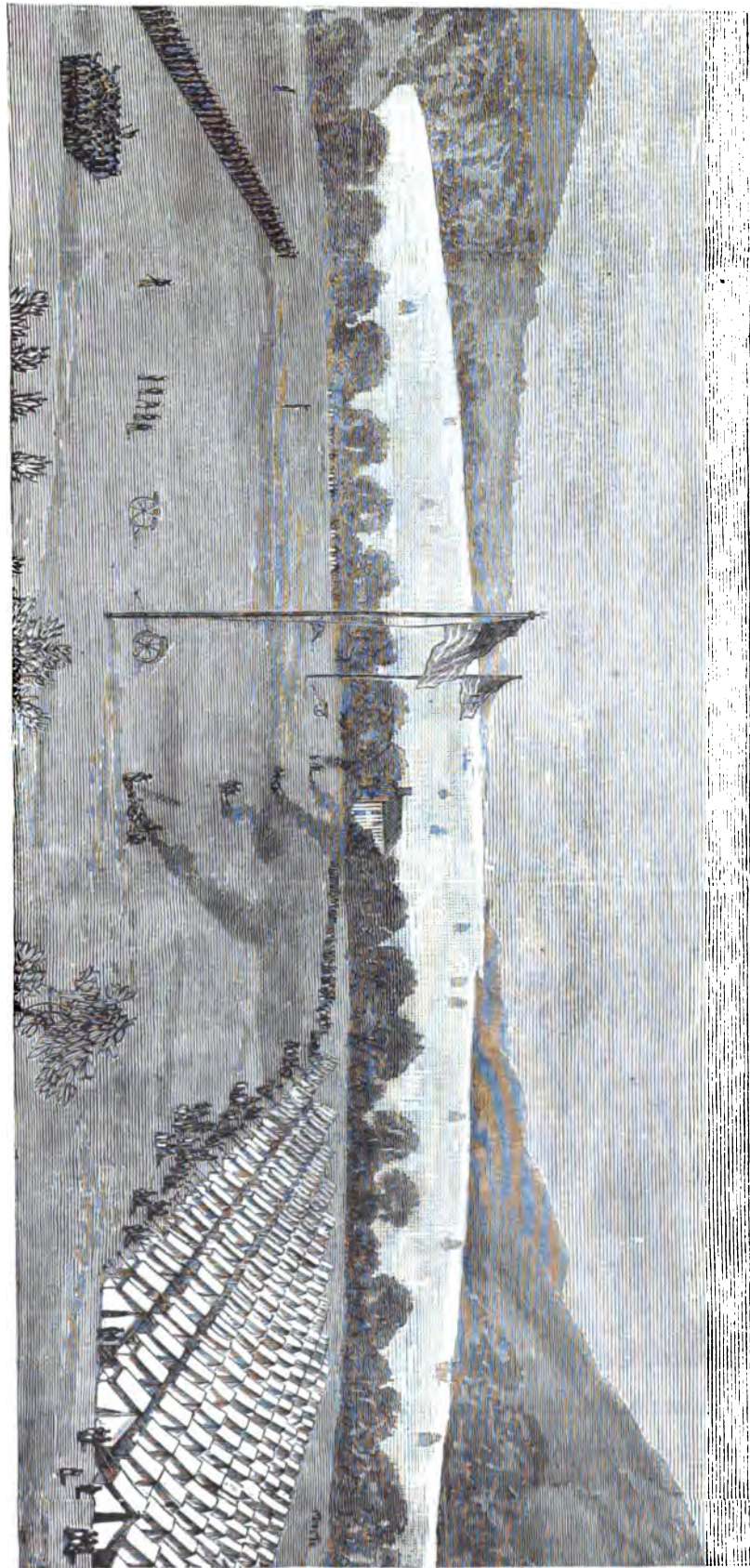
Albany, the Green Mountains, the Hudson Highlands and the Berkshire Hills may be seen on a bright day. The thunderstorms and sunrises are grand and beautiful here, and occasionally appears on a foggy day, it is said, an apparition like the "Spectre of Brockton." Near Sunset Rock, which is reached by a narrow path along the side of one of the mountains (thousands of feet above a deep ravine), the view is superb. Near this place is the largest and finest mountain hotel in the world. There are many beautiful falls, and romantic moss-lined brooks abound in the Catskills. Stony Clove, a narrow pass between two mountains 3,000 feet high, was a few years ago as wild and beautiful a spot as one could wish to see. Anglers in this vicinity would place their fish in crevices in the rocks where ice could be found the year round. The comfort-loving American has spoiled the scenery by a railroad which has done away with all its former romantic beauty.

A promiscuous crowd awaits the boat at the Catskill Landing, although the female school teacher, young and old, is here "by a large majority." Board in the Catskills may be ob-

tained as low as five dollars per week, so the impecunious trainer of the young idea economizes while she recuperates. As the people pass aboard the steamer *en route* for New York one is amused by the difference in their appearance, for the line of march includes the village dame, in her "Sunday go to meeting," off on a visit to a city cousin; the aristocratic occupant of a villa going back to town; the country doctor in a threadbare suit; the country yokels with clodhopper shoes that made the board floors ring in the money musk away back in the mountains; the farmer off to make a deal on hay grown between the Hudson and the Catskills (a plain twelve miles wide), and the city girl who has been "rusticating" and now goes back to town brown as a berry and with her arms full of ferns, golden-rod, decorated horns and the invariable alpenstock.

The village of Catskill is quite a place. There are many pretty villas, and here reside the year round some charming people. Among the summer residents are Mrs. General Badeau and her sister. The line of demarcation in the society at Catskill is very strong, and the social element may be said to be divided into

MILITARY ENCAMPMENT GROUND AT PEESKILL.





IN THE CATSKILLS—VIEW FROM SUNSET ROCK, KAATERSKILL PARK.

uppertendom, the upper middle, the middle middle and the lower middle.

Ancram Creek, near Catskill, is the place where stood the original Livingston Manor. Claremont, which now occupies this site, is one of the

citizen of Poughkeepsie. The college building, modeled after the Tuileries, covers 50,000 square feet, the main building being 500 feet long. It accommodates 350 young ladies, who are obliged to pass a severe course before graduating.

finest country seats on the river. The Livingston family are one of the oldest families in the State. The original Livingston Manor was built before the Revolution.

At Barrytown, a little further down the river, is the country seat of the wife of General Montgomery, who fell in the assault on Quebec. The Astor family also have a country seat here, named Rokeby.

Kingston and Rondout are old towns, the former having been settled by the Dutch over two hundred years ago. Here a spy was surprised with the dispatch (inclosed in a silver bullet) from Clinton to Burgoyne. Had he not been caught the nation might not have won the victory they did in the battle of Saratoga. I saw at Rondout several years ago houses one hundred years old which were thickly covered with the moss of time.

At Hyde Park, just below, are many old country seats, notably that of James K. Paulding, one of the pioneers of American literature.

Further down, seventy-five miles from New York, is the largest city between it and Albany. This is Poughkeepsie. It dates from the seventeenth century and has eight educational institutions, among them the celebrated Vassar College, the leading female institution of the world. This seminary was founded by Matthew Vassar, a

The first stone building at Poughkeepsie was built by Baltus Van Kleet, a Dutch settler, and it remained standing one hundred and thirty years, when it was torn down to make room for improvements. The bridge across the Hudson at Poughkeepsie is one of the finest in the world. An important event which took place at Poughkeepsie was the meeting of the State Convention for the ratification of the Federal Constitution, in which Governor Clinton, John Jay and Alexander Ham-

ilton took part. Below Poughkeepsie is Milton Ferry, only known as the place where the chain was forged which was stretched across the Hudson during Revolutionary times at Fort Montgomery, lower down the river.

Newburg, now a thriving town (300 feet above the Hudson), was the scene during the Revolution of many stirring events. Washington's Headquarters at this place (an old gray stone mansion) is the property of the State. The house was built



MORTAR PRACTICE AT WEST POINT.



IDLEWILD, THE HOME OF N. P. WILLIS, NEAR CORNWALL.

in 1750, and is noted as the place where the army finally disbanded at the close of the war, June 23d, 1783. It is well worth a visit, for within its walls is the room with the seven doors where Washington and his generals held their conferences, with many interesting war relics—such as antique chairs; a fine large fireplace with brass andirons (where doubtless Washington frequently warmed his feet); small, old-fashioned, tinkling pianos, on which the wives of officers whiled away many anxious hours; old Hessian boots fit for a giant, etc. On the common are old cannons and many war trophies. Henry Hudson said of the scenery at this point, "It is as beautiful a land as one can tread on; a place to build a town on." At Newburg the Highlands end.

Fishkill, on the opposite bank, connects by ferry with Newburg. The Verplanck House, two miles north of the landing, is interesting as having been the headquarters of Baron Steuben, of Revolutionary fame.

Just below Newburg, and between it and Cornwall, is "Idlewild," the home of the late N. P. Willis, the poet. It is a picturesque park. Along

the side of a deep ravine is a winding road from which I caught occasional glimpses of the Hudson. Moodna Creek, not far below, was, during Revolutionary times, the scene of an Indian massacre, although it is hard to believe, when looking upon its calm surface, strewn with pond lilies, that the spot could have been so desecrated. Its present name was given it by N. P. Willis. The former name was Murderer's Creek.

Cornwall is a summer and fall resort of note. It was the home of the late E. P. Roe, the novelist, who took much pleasure in the care of his fine nurseries, in which he cultivated small fruits. The Storm King (1,500 feet high) is just below Cornwall. The Dutch called it Butterberg. Near by is Cro'nest, the scene of Drake's "Culprit Fay."

At Cold Spring, on the opposite bank, is "Undercliff," the home of the late George P. Morris, so well known as the author of "Woodman, Spare that Tree." He was the intimate friend and associate of N. P. Willis.

Next on the list, and in the very bosom of the Highlands, is West Point; and what a recollection of happy days gone by it brings! Small wonder

girls like to go to West Point. Everything about the place is romantic, sentimental, and therefore it appeals to the young. The scenery is charming; the military atmosphere, fascination; Flirtation Walk, delightful; the regular hops are pleasant, and all here is merry as a marriage bell. The prosaic name for "Flirtation Walk" is Chain Battery, noted in Revolutionary times as the place where the chain was stretched across the Hudson to prevent the English from passing up the river. "Fort Put" (Fort Putnam), on Mount Independence, looks down upon the parade ground, where cadets have guard mounting in the morning and dress parade in the afternoon.

The site of West Point commands one of the finest river passes in the country. The fort and chain stretched across the river were captured by the British in 1777 (two years after it was decided that at West Point should be established a military post), but were abandoned after Burgoyne's surrender. Stronger works were then erected by Continental forces, and these Arnold bargained to betray. His scheme, however, was foiled by the capture of André. West Point (situated on a bluff 180 feet above the river) is a bulwark of the nation in more senses than one. Near by are the ruins of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, on opposite sides of Popoloken Creek. They were constructed at the beginning of the Revolution (in 1775), and played an important part, under Generals George and James Clinton, in 1777.

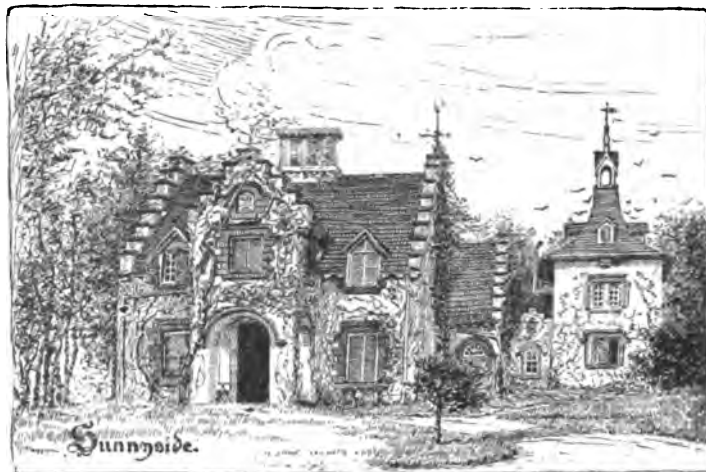
The cadet barrack is built in the style of the ancient Tudors. It contains 176 rooms, 136 of which are occupied by cadets. The quarters are no more elegant than their summer tents, but all is neat as wax, although the cadets are obliged to be their own chambermaids. They are supposed to be sleeping the sleep of the just by ten o'clock, but if what I have been told (by the boys themselves—pretty good authority, you will say) is true, they indulge in many a midnight revel, or what they call a "midnight hash." The observatory, the library, the chapel and mess hall are fine buildings. In the last named the commencement ball and the "28th" ball take place, and here also the cadets do away with "salt horse" and "slummer gretchen," as they call stews and corned beef. The chapel contains trophies of the Revolution, and tablets bearing in gilt letters the names of generals who took part in the Revolution. Benedict Arnold's has only the words, "Major General ———,

Born 1740," with furrows in the stone as if the inscription had been cut out.

On the sward near the parade ground are sections of the chain which was stretched across the river during the Revolution. They surround the brass mortars taken from General Burgoyne at Saratoga. The old furnace which was used to cast cannon during the Revolution is still shown. A winding road leads to the cemetery, where several monuments are to be seen—among them the Cadets' Monument, upon which a number of names are inscribed. The remains of General Winfield Scott rest in a massive sarcophagus, not far from the graves of Brigadier General Bowers and General Robert Anderson. Near "Officers' Row" is a bronze statue erected to Major General John Sedgwick, and by it is an obelisk to the memory of Lieutenant Colonel E. W. Wood, who fell at Fort Erie, Canada, 1814.

Just below West Point are Buttermilk Falls, and back of these at Highland Falls are many fine residences—among them the summer home of the Hon. John Bigelow, ex-Minister to France and the author of a work on Benjamin Franklin. Here his charming daughters entertain delightfully at their cozy but unpretentious cottage.

Peekskill, where the State Camp meets, is a town of 7,000 inhabitants. It was settled in 1764 by John Peek, a Dutch navigator. Here General Putnam made his headquarters in 1777, and here it was he caused the spy Palmer to be hung. Near Peekskill is the Van Courtlandt Manor House, two miles north of the town; here still stands the house in which General Washington had his headquarters. Just beyond is old St. Peter's Church (erected in 1767), where he worshiped. Many heroes are buried in the cemetery surrounding the church. Here, also, a monument is erected to



HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING, NEAR TARRYTOWN.

John Paulding, one of the captors of Major André.

Opposite Peekskill (reached by ferry), at the foot of the Dunderberg Mountain, is Caldwell's Landing, memorable for the costly but futile search after the treasures which the famous Captain Kidd was supposed to have secreted at the bottom of the river. Remains of apparatus used for the purpose of raising the gold, etc., are still

visible. We hope that the stock company who sunk their money in trying to raise something (they scarcely knew what) gained that valuable commodity common sense, if they found nothing else in the enterprise.

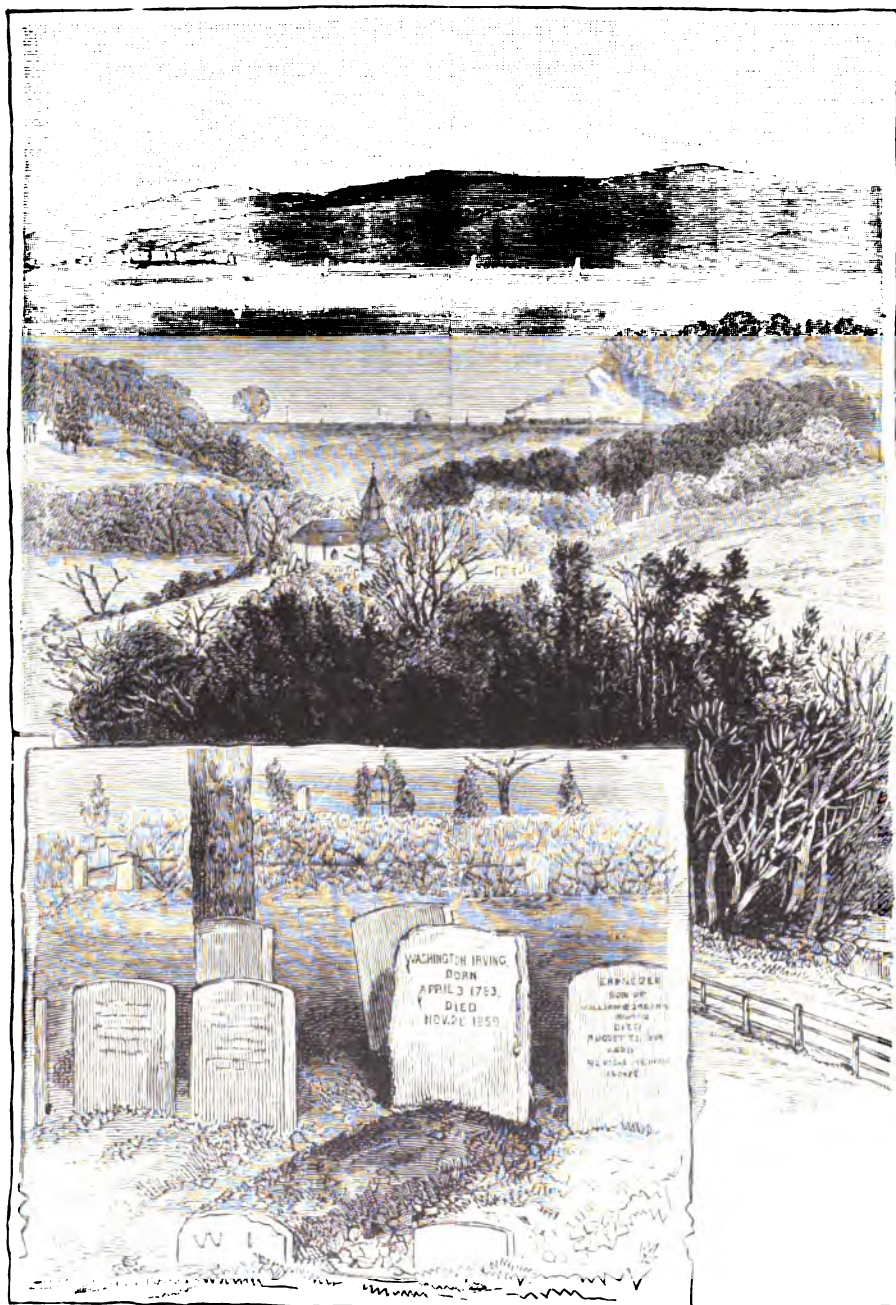
On the east side (and tunneled for 200 feet of its length by the Hudson River Road) is Anthony's Nose (1,128 feet high), so called by Peter Stuyvesant because of a funny incident which is sup-

posed to have happened to the nose of his pet trumpeter at this place. Near by the river makes one of its beautiful curves. This bend is called "The Race."

Lying in the river is Iona Island, 300 acres in extent. It is situated upon the dividing line of temperature. The effects of the climate on the vegetation are plainly visible.

Not far below is Beverly Dock, near the Beverly House, both identified with our history. It was at Beverly House that Arnold was breakfasting with Colonel Beverly Robinson when news came of the arrest of André, and it was from the wharf near by that he made his escape to the British vessel (the *Vulture*), anchored in the stream below.

Stony Point was in Revolutionary times capped by a fort. The site is now occupied by a light-house. The fort was retaken from the British by Mad Anthony in half an hour, but relinquished for want of



IRVING'S GRAVE AND THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH, AT SLEEPY HOLLOW, WITH VIEW ACROSS TAPPAN ZEE.



MARY PHILIPSE.

Sing Sing is below Croton Point. Its name is derived from the Indian *Ossining*, meaning "stone upon stone." Charming residences crown its heights and look down upon the river, which at this point reaches its greatest breadth. Three-quarters of a mile above the village is the State's Prison, which has become world-famous. It was founded in 1826. The buildings, which are immense structures, have been built by convicts, material used being taken from quarries near at hand. The main building is 484 feet long and contains 1,200 cells. The Women's Prison stands to the east. It is built of marble and has 108 cells. Prisoners are employed in the manufacture of shoes, whips, saddles and clothing.

Tarrytown, on the east shore, below Sing Sing,



PHILIPSE MANOR, YONKERS.

a force sufficiently large to keep it. Henry Hudson is said to have anchored the *Half Moon* here once upon a time.

Near Haverstraw on the west shore (on Treason Hill) stands the house of Joshua Hett Smith, where Andre and Benedict Arnold met to arrange the terms of surrender of West Point. The Croton River enters the Hudson near this place on the east shore. Six miles up the stream is the famous Croton Lake which supplies New York city with water. The water is formed by a dam 250 feet long, 40 feet high and 70 in thickness at the bottom. The water is conducted from the lake by an aqueduct 40 miles long, by 16-tunnels and over 24 bridges. There are ventilators at every mile, and stone towers 15 feet high. Over 90,000,000 gallons of water pour into the aqueduct for the collecting reservoirs every day.



MEDALLION ON DINING-ROOM CEILING.



OLD TAVERN SIGNBOARD AT TAPPAN.

is historic and beautiful. The homes of some of our wealthiest and most distinguished people are in or near the town. The Gould family have the old Paulding place by the river. It had, several years ago (when I drove through it), many fine greenhouses. In its grounds were beautiful statues of the "human form divine," images of the fleet deer and other animals. The house is fine, but not as pretentious as one would suppose. I recently heard some people talking about Jay Gould on a Hudson River steamer, and I was amused at a wise man in the crowd who pointed out "The Castle" as the home of the well-known millionaire. "The Castle" is a "white elephant," which frequently changes owners. It is situated on the hill, while Jay Gould's place is nearer the river. All hands were satisfied, however, with the information they got, so no harm was done.

The Field family own a superb place on "The Heights." The Rockefeller family, within a few years, bought the Aspinwall place, formerly owned by General Aspinwall.

Just above Tarrytown, upon a promontory, is Paulding Manor, one of the finest specimens of pointed Tudor style of architecture in the country.

On the Sleepy Hollow Road is the oldest

religious edifice in the State. It is an old Dutch church, and its erection dates back to the year 1699. Close by it is the cemetery where Washington Irving is buried. The famous "Sunnyside," the home of this celebrated author, is a stone structure with many gables, embowered in ivy, the earlier slips of which were presented to Irving by Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. The original house was built by Wolfert Acker, a privy councilor of Peter Stuyvesant, and bears over the door the inscription, "Lust in Rust" (pleasure in quiet). Irving made this house the subject of one of his most

charming sketches in his work entitled "Wolfert's Roost."

The old bridge famous through Ichabod Crane is not far from the old Dutch church. Tarry-



FIREPLACE AT WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, NEWBURG.

town, like all this region, is historically identified with the story of Arnold and André. The spot upon which André was arrested is now within the town, and near Tarrytown is a monument which commemorates the event.

Three miles south of Piermont, opposite Tarrytown, is Tappan, interesting as Washington's headquarters at one time during the Revolution, and as the spot where André was imprisoned and executed.

At Dobbs Ferry the British gathered after the battle of White Plains; and here, in 1777, a division of the American Army, under General Lincoln, was encamped. The Philipse estate was formerly situated here, but was afterward owned by the Livingston family.

Hastings, where Washington had his headquarters in 1783, is noted as the place from which Cornwallis and his army (after the fall of Fort Washington) crossed the river to attack Fort Lee on the opposite shore—on the Palisades.

Yonkers, on the east bank of the Hudson, seventeen miles from New York, is famous as the home of the Philipse family, of which was Mary Philipse, the first love of Washington. The Manor House, a spacious stone building, was built in 1682. It is still to be seen, being now a business place. East of the Manor House is Locust Hill, where the American troops were encamped in 1781. The Manor of Colondonck, comprising 2,400 acres, and in colonial days the property of Patroon Van der Donck, was the original site of this town. Its present population is 30,000, although it was originally only a small Dutch settlement with an Indian settlement hard by. Forty years ago the Hudson Road was built, and then the town expanded and became what may be called an annex of New York. Among the residents here are the Morosini family and some members of the Gouverneur Morris family. Greystone, which belonged to Governor Tilden, is a fine place—situated near the river, where the Gov-

ernor used to anchor his yacht; but two years ago, when I drove through it, the grounds showed signs of great neglect. "Fonthill," once the home of Edwin Forrest, is now the property of the Sisters of Charity, who have charge of Mount St. Vincent, a convent at Yonkers.

Below Yonkers is Riverdale, where a number of wealthy people reside. Near it is Spuyten Duyvil Creek, which is the northern boundary of Manhattan. In Revolutionary times stirring events took place here. Fort Washington is located at One Hundred and Eighty-first Street, New York. Some fine residences are to be seen here, and during the Revolution it was the scene of many engagements between the Americans and the British.

Ten miles up the river, crowning the lofty brow of the Palisades, is Fort Lee, occupying the site of the Revolutionary fortification which was the scene of heavy disaster to American arms.



OLD CLOCK AT WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, NEWBURG.



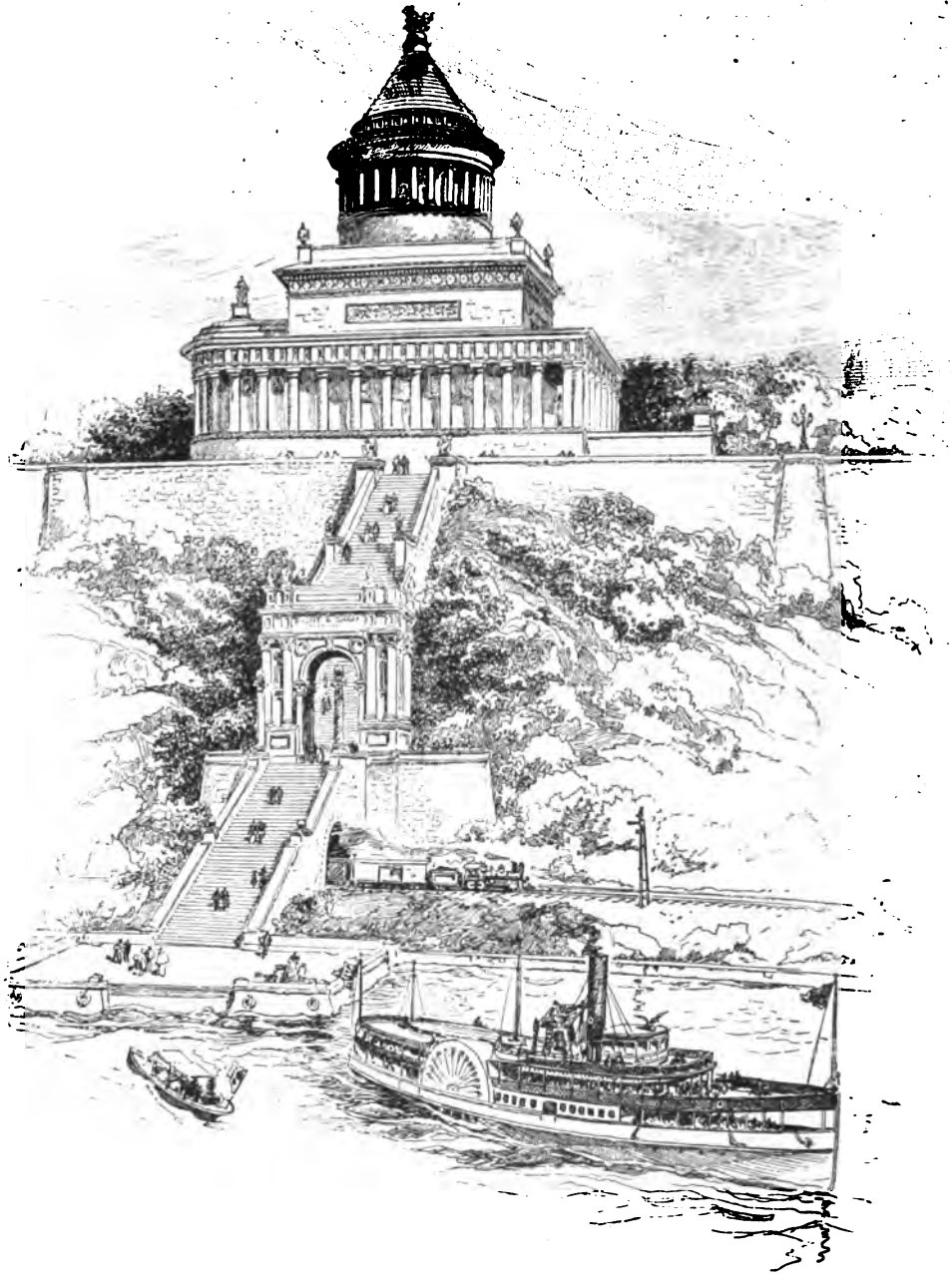
HOUSE WHERE ANDRÉ WAS TRIED.

The Palisades series of grand precipices loom 800 feet high and stretch an unbroken line along the river bank for more than twenty miles.

On the east side, at One Hundred and Twenty-second Street, is Riverside Park and General

but famous iron-plated battery with which he hoped to create a revolution in naval warfare. Not far above Stevens Point Hamilton and Burr met in a fatal encounter in 1804.

Many people to whom time is not money drive



TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT, RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

Grant's Tomb. Lower down the river on the Jersey side, opposite Twenty-third Street, New York, is the residence of the late R. L. Stevens, once principal owner of all the land in this vicinity, and distinguished for several inventions in steam navigation, among which is the unfinished

from New York to Albany by way of Broadway on the east shore of the river. This avenue extends along the bank of the Hudson in almost a straight line, and is beautiful as to scenery and full of historic interest. Such a drive is in every way delightful.



"IN THE SHADOW OF THE TREES—SHE WAS WAITING FOR US."

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

A GIRL stood at the door, with a red rag of a shawl pinned across her bosom, and in a shrill voice sang :

" Carol, brothers, carol : carol joyfully.
Carol the good tidings : carol merrily,
And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good Christian men.
Carol, brothers, carol,
Christmas comes again."

Vol. XXXVIII., No. 6—48.

"In Heaven's name, who is that creature?" said Cedric.

His easy chair, pushed into the bow window, commanded a view of the garden walk and the singer. His crutch leaned against the wall beside him ; his blond head rested languidly upon a crimson silk cushion.

"I haven't an idea," I answered, as I put the

last touches to the Christmas pine above the high carved mantel. "A tramp, evidently. Do you like the effect of Christmas roses in silver bowls, Cedric? It's rather frigid, is it not? And to-day we want everything bright and cheerful here."

"Arrange your roses in silver bowls, or in iron-bound buckets, just as you like, Beth," answered Cedric, peevishly. "I hate weddings—they are even worse than burials. Cannot you see that you are all riding, roughshod, over my heart?"

"Hearing angel music,
Discord sure must cease.
Who dare hate his brother
On this day of peace?"

shouted the unkempt singer at the door.

The shrill notes stabbed like pins through my ears.

"I never heard anything so unpleasant," I said. "I will go out and send her away."

"Better take her to the kitchen and give her food and drink, like a Christian," replied Cedric. "Her voice has a hungry ring—she is probably famished."

He raised himself on the arm of his chair, and looked out at the figure before the door.

The bleak December wind was blowing through the girl's thin gown. Her face, which bore traces of what the French call "the beauty of the devil," was livid now with cold, and perhaps illness. She turned a pair of big, hollow black eyes to the bow window, and stared back at Cedric, in a sort of dumb entreaty. He grew suddenly interested.

"She is the image of despair!" he cried. "I feel a fellowship with her! Go, Beth, bring her in—give her meat and drink, and whatever else you may have at your cursed marriage feast. Go, I say. Though a cripple, am I not the master of the house?"

Cedric was the most unreasonable of human beings. I was always afraid of him when he was in his dark moods. I dropped my red poinsettia blossoms and Catherine Mermet roses, and ran out of the room.

But a third person had heard the singer, and as I reached the hall, lo! there was Jacquita, gliding down the shining, shallow stair—Jacquita, with her dusky hair and creamy skin and great Southern eyes—she whose bridal had filled our old Plymouth house with bustle and expectation. When one looked at Jacquita one thought of nightingales and magnolia blossoms—of balconies smothered in tropic vines, and purple skies slumberous with stars.

For years we had been classmates in a young

ladies' school. She was of the hot South, I of the cold North. Yet we loved each other devotedly. Proud was I when, at the end of our school days, Jacquita came, an honored guest, to the old house overlooking the gray waste of Plymouth Bay—proud was I when all hearts went down before her there, and that gallant sailor, Captain Dacre Holme, hastened to lay himself and his future at her lovely feet; and alas! sad was I when I found that she had also made wild havoc of my poor crippled Cedric's peace.

"That girl looks sick and heartbroken," said Jacquita, as she stepped lightly down into the hall. "From the room overhead I watched her as she came up the street—she was staggering from weakness. I want to give her a piece of money."

And she opened her hand, and showed a little gleam of gold on the pink palm.

"Very well," I answered. "She will not be likely to refuse it."

Jacquita flung back the hall door. The world is full of queer contrasts. Sharp indeed was that betwixt the pinched, shivering wayfarer at the threshold and the bride expectant standing there in her rose-colored tea gown, all delicate lace and airy ribbons—breathing out beauty, high breeding, happiness, as a flower exhales perfume. The eyes of the vagrant fell on her with an expression that I shall never forget. An unspeakable hatred and despair blended in the look—something more than the natural antipathy of the inferior to the superior, of poverty to wealth, of wretchedness to joy.

"Here is a Christmas gift for you, poor girl," said Jacquita; and she held out the glittering gold piece.

A wicked look flashed into the wayfarer's face. She took the money, spat on it, flung it on the ground. Then, seeing my rising wrath, she snatched it again and slipped it into her pocket.

"For luck!" she mumbled, in apology for her strange action, and then added, curtly, reluctantly: "Thank you, miss."

"Have you traveled far?" asked Jacquita.

"A good bit," replied the girl.

"And where are you going now?"

"To find my man," sullenly.

"Dear me! is your man lost?" I said, over Jacquita's shoulder.

She scowled darkly.

"Yes, he's lost, miss. He promised to marry me, but he went away—he didn't keep his word—I'm looking for him."

Jacquita gave me a warning glance, and drew back a little from the girl. Being young and thoughtless, I was about to say, "No faithless

lover would dare seek shelter in this old Puritan town," but something in the pale, pinched face checked me; I simply bent and whispered to Jacquita:

"Cedric says she must be brought in and fed, and Cedric's whims are law."

With that I led the girl to the kitchen and directed the servants to provide for her needs. Then I went back to the parlor and Cedric.

Jacquita was there before me, standing in the bow window beside his easy chair.

As I entered I heard Cedric say:

"You ought to be married among myrtles and orange blossoms, Jacquita—not in this frozen land of the Pilgrims. Could anything be more dreary than that bay yonder, with the sky shutting down on it like the lid of a leaden coffin, and Bug Light making a black blot on its gloom?"

Jacquita smiled tremulously as she answered:

"Ah! I am like a migrating bird, that has found the land of the stranger so dear, he no longer cares to return to his own!"

Cedric's thin face grew white.

"The land of the stranger' means the land of Dacre Holme," he sneered. "You love New England for his sake."

"For your sake also, and for Beth's," she insisted; "and now, as I go away, I want you to forgive me for the pain I have made you suffer, Cedric." Tears glistened in her large eyes. "Say that you do not blame me, because—because—"

"Because you could not love a cripple, Jacquita? Do not hesitate to speak the words!"

"How hard and bitter you are! There is one thing more: Say that you will forget me soon—very soon, Cedric."

He winced, as though she had touched an open wound.

"Forgive you?" he said. "Freely, Jacquita. The kick of a horse placed me helpless in this chair. Had I been like other men I should have won you—yes, I am not Dacre! As for forgetting—well, I would be glad to gratify any wish of yours, but the thing is impossible—as well ask the sea out there to forget the shore."

Her soft eyes dwelt sadly, wistfully on his pale, boyish face. She was about to speak again when I espied a man advancing up the asphalt walk—a brown viking, of strong and supple mold, and a bold, *insouciant* beauty that all women admired.

"Dacre is coming!" I cried. "He is at the door! Make haste, Jacquita, or you will be late at your own bridal!"

Forgetful of Cedric, she slipped straightway into the hall. We heard lips meeting lips; then a soft murmur:

"How very early you are!"

And Dacre's deep, rich voice made ready answer:

"Would you have me a laggard in love, darling?"

Cedric turned to me furiously.

"Shut the door upon them, Beth," he commanded. "Don't let me listen to their billing and cooing, or I shall rise and brain Dacre with my crutch!"

I went away soon after to dress Jacquita for her bridal. Guests came trooping in and filled the house. Candles burned in the sconces, and the massive silver candelabra, which our Pilgrim ancestors had brought from the Old World two centuries before. Under an arch of Christmas pine, with the mellow wax lights shining lovingly upon her, Jacquita, in tulle and lace and satin, stood by the side of her bronzed young viking, and took the vows which made her his, and his only, till life should end.

Throughout the ceremony Cedric kept his chair and made no sign. Now and then I stole an anxious glance toward him, but his thin blond face was in shadow and betrayed nothing. She was married—she was Dacre's wife!

Then followed a hubbub of congratulations and farewells—a confusion of friendly tongues; and presently Jacquita, in a Paris traveling gown, with soft bands of fur about her milky throat, and eyes brimming with happiness, came and knelt by Cedric's chair.

"Good-by," she said, lifting her beautiful face to his reluctant gaze. "You may kiss me, Cedric, if you like."

But he turned his haggard young eyes away.

"You belong to Dacre," he answered, bitterly. "I do not want to kiss you. Good-by!"

Then Dacre advanced, with the air of a conqueror, and held out a careless hand.

"Good-by, old man," he said, cheerfully (it is easy to be cheerful over the misfortunes of others). "You must try and forgive me for taking her away. I will do my best to make her happy, and by and by you may be able to cast aside your crutch, and sail with us around the world. You and I are old friends, you know, and Jacquita will always look upon you as a brother."

Cedric set his teeth, but answered nothing.

We saw them enter the carriage together—both young and beautiful and wildly happy. We flung the rice and the shoes after them; the horses pranced down the drive; the guests departed, and Cedric and I were left alone.

Darkness had fallen. The wind tore wildly up and down the curving Plymouth shore; the bay was white with foam. I turned with a shiver to the leaping wood fire.

"What a dreadful night for a wedding journey!" I said.

In the red glow of the logs Cedric's face looked like gray stone.

"I like storms," he said, savagely. "That pair are too happy to know whether the sun is shining, or a norther raging! For God's sake, Beth, sweep these flowers out of the room—their odor stifles me!"

I understood his mood. The sight of Jacquita's wedding roses was more than he could bear. I rang for a maidservant to carry them out. As she appeared a sudden memory seemed to strike Cedric.

"Where," he asked, quickly, "is the girl that sang the Christmas carol at the door? Was she warmed and fed as I directed?"

"Yes, sir," answered the maid. "Cook set her a good dinner, and when we were rushing about, too busy to notice, she just slipped off, without a word of thanks to anybody. Under her plate, left on the table, cook found a gold piece."

"Why, that must have been the money which Jacquita gave her!" I cried. "How very odd!"

"Evidently the girl had a soul above gold pieces," said Cedric.

"Or a very bad memory," I suggested. "In either case, I hope cook was wise enough to count the spoons after her departure."

As soon as the obnoxious flowers vanished I drew a stool to Cedric's side, and sat down there in the light of the blazing brands. An oppressive hush had fallen on the house. The riot of wind and sea alone disturbed us. Cedric's eyes were fixed on the red core of the fire—his heart, as I well knew, was following after the bridal carriage and its freight of happiness and hope.

"She will go with him around the world, Beth!" he groaned. "More than once I have heard her say that she was a bad sailor—that she cared nothing for the sea; but her love for Dacre has changed all that. And but for an accident, Beth—a blow from an iron hoof—a mere trifle—I would have won her, in spite of a hundred Dacres—yes, but for that I might have been in his place this cursed night!"

It was his one bitter, constantly recurring thought. I stroked the white fevered hand which he had laid on my shoulder.

"I hope Dacre will make her happy," I sighed.

"Ho will *not*!" answered Cedric, fiercely. "I know him. He is a gallant sailor, but shallow, selfish, pleasure-loving—a dashing, fickle rover, with a sweetheart in every port."

"Cedric! Cedric!" I protested. His jealous despair made him unjust.

"I tell you it is so, Beth. His passion for Jac-

quita is a noisy little brook—mine, a deep, full river. Hark!" with a nervous start. "What is that noise outside? Wheels—carriage wheels!"

"No—the wind, Cedric—only the wind."

"By this time they have reached the station, Beth—perhaps they are on the train, whirling farther and farther from us—Listen! There is some one coming up the walk, I say—I hear footsteps."

It chanced that no one had thought to lock the main door of the house after the departure of our guests. Now we heard it open violently. There was a rush through the hall. A hand flung aside the curtain at the parlor threshold—Cedric uttered a sharp cry, and made as if to rise from his chair, for there, before our astonished eyes, stood Jacquita, the bride of an hour, her traveling dress all stained and disordered, and powdered with the snow that was beginning to fall, her face like the face of one who had looked on some ghastly thing, and frozen with the horror of it.

"In God's name, what has happened, Jacquita?" cried Cedric, wildly.

She held out her hands; they were red with blood. Her white lips moved; we heard her say:

"Down there at the base of the hill, near the station—in the shadow of the trees—she was waiting for us—the girl who sang the Christmas carol at the door. I saw her by the light of the carriage lamps. Something bright was shining in her hand. She wrenched open the carriage door—she glared in on us. She hurled a terrible accusation at him—at Dacre—my husband. Then she fired, and he fell back against my breast. Look at my hands. This blood is his. They are bringing him after me—bringing him here—her lover, my husband—*dead*!"

With the last word Jacquita reeled and fell, face downward on the floor. Then love for a moment conquered the infirmity of the flesh, for, regardless of the crutch which had been his constant support for months and years, Cedric leaped up from his chair, and with a terrible cry rushed to the widowed bride, and kneeling beside her, lifted her beautiful stricken head from the dust and laid it upon his own breast.

* * * * *

Two years later, in a terrific winter storm, an English bark was wrecked on a neighboring beach. Several bodies drifted ashore, and among them was a sailor, slender, young, beardless. When found by the patrol a little life still lingered in him. He was carried to the station among the rocks, and every means which surfmen know employed for his resuscitation. Only once, however, did the wild eyes of the boy open, and then

they chanced to fall upon Cedric, who had hurried to the scene of the disaster, and was standing with the life savers in the warm, brightly lighted station. What memories did the face of my brother conjure up before this stranger lad? He tried to clutch at Cedric's storm coat. My brother bent down and looked at him.

"Great God!" he cried. "This is no boy, but the woman who killed Dacre Holme!"

At this accusation the young sailor heaved himself up on the supporting arm of a surferman, and in one shuddering scream his soul passed into the night.

I stood in the bow window of the parlor, peering out into the darkness, when Cedric returned from the station. The lantern in his hand shone brightly; his erect figure advanced sturdily through the tempest of wind and snow. He had grown hardy and strong in the last year. His crutch, thank Heaven! was now a thing of the past—of the old injury only a slight limp remained.

As his familiar halting step reached the door Jacquita sprang up from the hearth, where she had been feeding the fire with dry pine cones, and flew to meet Cedric. For three months she had been his happy wife.

"Oh," she cried, in alarm, "how grave and strange you look, Cedric! Something has happened."

He dashed down the lantern and swept her up to his heart—held her there with passionate tenderness.

"Tell me," he said, huskily, "do you love me, Jacquita?—does the past seem to you like a nightmare dream?"

"Yes," she faltered; "oh, yes, yes!"

"Then you shall know the truth. That girl is lying dead at the station. She came ashore from a wreck, disguised as a sailor. Don't tremble, darling—you must forget that portion of your life altogether. You are mine now—mine! and I mean to love and cherish you till the end of my days."

A GREEN CHRISTMAS.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

Ah! the delight of it. The wind sits in the south. All yesterday there was rain—all to-morrow there may be snow. To-day the sun shines from a sky of tenderest blue—faintly mottled with clouds, as fleecy white as those that dance over springing April meadows. The face of the earth rejoices in the sunshine. Upland, it lies upon the hillsides, a mellow, vital radiance. Lowland, the long slant splendor of it floods the pastures, covering all the broad reaches of them with "patines of bright gold."

Come out and away to them. Their round is full of life. Though the trees upon the sheltering hillside stand leafless all, there is promise of many summers in their flexile tossing—their lightness of sway in the arms of this tricky wind. Here or there, too, a young cedar's green cone breaks up the serried array of trunks, great and small. Lines of cross-vine climb some of those same trunks—the slender straight stem hugging the rough bark, into which it thrusts, from each joint, its threadlike climbing roots. The big, dark, drooping leaves come out in pairs, likewise from the joint. They are thick and leathery, with a waxen surface, of the richest dark green, mottled with brown and red. Nearly evergreen, too. Only in the hardest winters do they crisp and fall. Jack Frost brings to pass few fairer sights than when he powders with light snow a

tree bole full-clothed in their dark greenery. To-day they wear still the freshness of the rain. All day it poured and pelted. The world and his wife, intent on Christmas shopping, had much ado to go and come along the sodden roads.

The creek brawls rarely, flushed to twice its usual strength. Even the spring branch, sinuously winding along the pasture land's length, babbles in bolder strain its liquid song. The grass! ah, the grass! Has May, month of verdure, aught tenderer of hue, more velvet-soft, than these springing spires? No wonder either. The river runs, wide and swift, a bare mile away. Indeed, the creek makes into it, a very little way below the pasture land's limit. And besides the softened atmosphere that such neighborhood insures, do but look at the soil—alluvion black and rich—unctuous, even, in its fatness. Feeding roots go down, down, through it, finding everywhere rich and richer sustenance. It is six feet at the least to hard pan. That is a strong clay—with still lower beds of silted loam. Well may grass on such seat spread and burgeon itself rarely. The trees it displaced were giants indeed.

Still a remnant of them marks the course of the winding water—a thin line, with roots out-thrust into the slipping tide.

Minnows dart and play in the sunlit crannies at foot. Lordlier fish there are none, for beasts

of the field roil the stream past their enduring. This winter pasture lies two miles along stream. It fills the valley between two wooded spurs, that farther inland run into a parent hill. There the spring branch ends—begins, if you will. The water of it gathers miles and miles away, in gravelly white oak lands, where as yet no plow runs.

Cattle feed in them by fifties—by hundreds, even. All sorts and conditions—smooth-fat steers, milch kine, scrubby young things, red, white, black, many-spotted, with horns, without, ring-streaked, striped, splotted, as were Jacob's flocks of old. See them at graze now in the lower shift. They were turned upon it fresh, late yesterday. The salt trough is in the field they left. As their black herder comes in sight they note the basket upon his arm, and break at once to furious running. Listen the low joyous bellowing that greets him! Mark how they crowd behind him, pushing, scrambling, shouldering each the other away from the white small mounds he leaves in his wake. He must be, you think, doubly diligent thus to remember his charges upon this high holiday. Beyond question he is a faithful fellow; but the slackest of his kind will not to-day neglect the beasts which perish—so leavened through are they with the belief that the dumb creatures also know and worship the Christ-Child. To leave them hungered, athirst or in need of salt Christmas Day is to invite bad luck, not only through Christmas week, but through all time.

In the next field see yearling mules come at the full gallop to meet the salt bearer. What elfish creatures they are, these wiry, unkempt "towheads"! There is waggery in the droop of their long, hairy ears, a world of tricky wisdom in the nips and tossings of the quaint mealy muzzles. Ah! but they are full of play this summer-soft morning. Wherefore the wisest man knows not, but such weather always brings out the wildest, most wanton spirit that may lurk in four-footed things. The herder will be in luck if, before nightfall, he is not called upon to bring his charges out of the wheat field, or away from some neighbor's corn pen. They are not sleek—each wears a winter coat of rough long hair—but soncie and well-fed looking, with tiny twinkling feet that seem as though they might spurn the wind. Assuredly they have no reasonable cause of grievance. Besides sweet grass, fair water, the wide freedom of this untrammelled space, they have had their fill of corn in honor of the day. Yet, even as the laggards of them stand licking the spots whereon the salt lay, the leader, a black fellow, full two hands taller than his mates, begins racing in wide circles the pasture's whole

round, or here or there plunging strongly at the fence, as though to test the strength of its weakest point.

He has found it—a broken rider in the upper dividing line. Now he leaps over it as lightly as a bird. The rest troop at his heels. Watch them racing, running, some with heads low, and lashing out with the heel at whatever comes in reach; for the most part, though, going full tilt, hard as their hairy legs can carry them, about the close greensward. They have broken into the sheep pasture, where the ewes with forward lambs are at grass. Oh, the black, long-eared villain! See him race and chase the pretty frightened things, so peacefully at play. Hear the piteous bleating the small creatures set up. The twenty odd of them were running frolic races up and down a narrow gully, the channel of storm water, making in from the hills. A loose stump lay in the lower end of it, and each of the fleecy darlings, as he came to it, made the daintiest leap over, then ran out upon the grass and paced delicately back to the head of it. Now and again a milky mother, lying in the sun, lifted her head, with a little low bleat—reproof or warning, maybe, to her sportive child. Watch the flock now, flying before the braying vandals who have broken in to spoil this idyl of winter grass.

After all, though, there is mainly mischief in the black fellow. He has stopped short, with fore feet almost upon the hindmost lamb. See him fling up his head sidewise, the nose higher than the ear, plant himself at right angles to the course of his fellows, kick both heels higher than his head, then, with a deep resounding bray, set off full run for his own proper quarters. Aha, sir!—a clear case of "knowledge comes but wisdom lingers"—you have heard Flirt the collie sound her note of discontent. You know, experimentally, that she has sharp teeth—and no scruple against using them on your heels—to say nothing of her master the herder, who might stable you for all the rest of this very fair weather. Decidedly you are a fourfooted Jesuit. Who knows but that comes with your forbears from old Spain?

Leave the culprits to the stings of conscience for such misuse of a holiday. Come, follow the slipping water up and up to the welling source. Here where it runs unvexed of root, or shrubby enlacement, it lies in the sunshine, limpid as the soul of a little child. Otherwheres, alders droop to see their dusk, gold-powdered tassels glassed in some dark, smooth reach of it, or trails of feathery clematis make fairy bridges across its span. Up in the tree tops there are great clumps

of mistletoe. Sometimes as many as a dozen blotch and splotch the spread of a single bole. The grace of legend is all that clings to the stiff unyielding twigs of it, the leathery dead-green leaves—yet the berries, gleaming so thick upon it, are pearls fit even for a Queen of Faery's wearing. Nothing matches them but the diamonds, that, a little later—to-morrow, it may be—the north wind shall fashion, of sleet, for the fringing ferns that now the water laves.

The laughing, luring water! At last you have come to the well head. It is a cave spring. The stream, channeling under limestone rocks, has worn for itself an oval hollow wherein to lie at ease. The pool is perhaps twenty feet long, half as many across, and deep enough to cover a tall man's head. A springing arch, worn from the living rock, roofs the whole spread of it. The mouth is low; but creep within—you may stand more than upright on the narrow ledge that runs beside the water. Low sounds, half-song, half-sighing, fill all the space. A curtain of vine and brier drops over the mouth. Here the most venturesome sunray never pierces. Instead, a fine clare-obscure sifts through to lie on the water's face and be reflected fantastically up to the vaulted rock. It is a chapel of ease consecrated to Nature, our mother, and full of her vital force. In the breath of it the most world-hardened must feel that Love is truly worship and labor, prayer.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

It is as early as October 20th that these pages go to press, in order to meet the advanced publication date of the Christmas number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY; yet already the holiday books are out in splendid array. Many of the most important of these will have to be reserved for notice in our next (January) number. The list now at hand, however, includes some elaborate and highly attractive publications, to which we must immediately pay the tribute at least of a passing glance. Of those whose artistic qualities vie with their literary charm a conspicuous example is Messrs Porter & Coates's beautiful edition of Edmondo de Amicis's "Holland," in two volumes, translated from the Italian by Helen Zimmern, and profusely illustrated with photogravures of scenery, architecture and people, these pictures being printed on separate pages, mostly in a rich sepia tone, in the most exquisite manner conceivable. De Amicis is one of the most prominent and most popular of the modern Italian men of letters, and is well known to American readers through his vivid books of travel and description. In "Holland" he appears at his best, and the reader has not turned a dozen pages before he is on good terms with his genial companion and guide, and one finds his comments equally entertaining, whether they be called forth by the Mausoleum of William the Silent or by the pink cheeks of the Delft housemaids. Another sumptuous combination of literature and art—in this instance an old-established classic—is the J. B. Lippincott Co.'s new two-volume edition of Washington

Irving's Sketch Book, handsomely bound in buff and gold. The illustrations, liberally strewn through these cheery pages of "Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.," are the original ones by Darley, Parsons, Hart, Bellows, Hoppin, and other early American illustrators, whose quaint, old-fashioned grace so perfectly harmonizes with the text. The Lippincotts have also issued, for the special delectation of the young folks, a new edition of Hans Christian Andersen's immortal Fairy Tales, specially illustrated with some very sympathetic drawings by E. A. Lemann, and bound in an illuminated cloth cover with a captivating stork design. Other brand-new illustrated juveniles from this house are: "Two Girls," by Amy E. Blanchard, and "Olivia," by Mrs. Molesworth, both for young girls; and "The Double Emperor: a Story of a Vagabond Cunarder," by William Laird Clowes—a most remarkable story of adventure, calculated to interest grown-up boys as well as those still growing. Speaking of stories of adventure for boys, the Merriam Company, of New York, holds out an irresistible lure in this direction, in a list which includes: Jules Verne's latest, "The Castle of the Carpathians," with thirty-eight very Doré-esque illustrations; "The Captain's Boat," by the always interesting William O. Stoddard; "The Lost Army," a story of the War of the Rebellion, by the never-failing Thomas W. Knox; "The Last Cruise of the *Spitfire*" (No. 1 of the "Ship and Shore Series"), and "Richard Dare's Venture" (No. 1 of the "Bound to Succeed Series"), both by Edward Stratemeyer; and three stirring tales by the veteran Edward S. Ellis, entitled respectively: "Brave Tom," "Honest Ned," and "Righting the Wrong" (Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of the "Brave and Honest Series"). From Messrs. Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, we have "Sailor Jack, the Trader," the latest of the "Castlemon War Series," by Harry Castlemon; "The Great Cattle Trail" (No. 1 of the "Forest and Prairie Series"), by Edward S. Ellis; and "A Family Dilemma," a delightful story for girls, by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, the well-known author of the "Honest Endeavor Library," etc.

From the press of the Bowen-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, comes "Armazindy," James Whitcomb Riley's latest volume of "Hoosier harvest airs, feigned forms and child rhymes." It is a perfectly delightful book in every way, and contains many pieces which will go into immediate popular circulation. We should like to be among the first to quote some of these, but space forbids it—except the following characteristic quatrain addressed

"TO A POET CRITIC.

"Yes—the bee sings—I confess it—
Sweet as honey—Heaven bless it!—
Yit he'd be a *noeter* singer
Ef he didn't have no stinger."

Madison Cawein, the lyrical "Southern singer," to whom Mr. Riley paid a fine poetic tribute some three or four years back, and whom the reading public is just now beginning to appreciate, also has out a new volume, entitled "Intimations of the Beautiful," published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., apropos of the recent Bryant celebration, has added to its list of standard poets the Complete Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant, prefaced with a Memoir by R. H. Stoddard, and illustrated with dainty aquarells by Harry C. Edwards. The Stokes publications are generally noted for the novelty and beauty of their bindings, in which respect the present edition of Bryant is an example. "Songs from Vagabondia," by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, bearing the imprint of Messrs. Copeland & Dav., of Boston, is fastidiously well-printed, and has a cover whose unique artistic

effect is not to be described in a mere commonplace book notice, but must be seen and appreciated by the bibliophiles who doubtless already have bought up the 750 copies to which the edition of this book is limited. From the same publishers, who are the agents in America for the famous *Yellow Book*, we have received Volume II. of that bizarre quarterly, filled with *fin de siècle* art by Aubrey Beardsley, Walter Crane and other distinguished moderns, together with some weird verse and more or less perverse prose.

"JOHN BROWN AND HIS MEN," by Richard J. Hinton, inaugurates the "American Reformers Series," edited by Carlos Martyn, and published by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls. Colonel Hinton was himself one of John Brown's men in Kansas, and is thus able to give in detailed and authentic fashion "some account of the roads they traveled to reach Harper's Ferry" in 1859. As he justly remarks,

"The world's heroes are few,
And they're costly, too."

John Brown's heroism at Harper's Ferry cost not only his own life, but the lives of something like a score of other brave men at the same time. Portraits and biographical sketches of each of these men are given in Colonel Hinton's volume, together with a mass of rare and curious documents, correspondence, etc., and an interesting portrait of "Ossawatimie" Brown himself, from a daguerreotype taken in Kansas in 1855. Altogether, the book constitutes a permanent and invaluable contribution to history. In striking contrast to the above as a piece of bookmaking, yet akin to it in subject and historical interest, is the beautiful little volume of "The Table Talk of Abraham Lincoln," edited by William O. Stoddard for the Frederick A. Stokes Co.'s unique "Table Talk Series." Mr. Stoddard was one of Lincoln's private secretaries during the war, and is therefore peculiarly qualified to furnish, as he does here, a highly interesting fund of personal anecdote concerning the martyred President, illustrating his patriotic and religious views, as well as his quaint wisdom and humor.

Among the bright Holiday publications of Messrs. Laird & Lee, of Chicago, special notice is merited by two books. The first is "Tan Pile Jim; or, A Yankee Waif among the Bluenoses," written by B. Freeman Ashley—a story for young people, richly illustrated, full of humor, incident, adventure and character portrayal, and withal redolent of the Northern woods, streams and lakes. The second is Helen Follett's remarkable series of studies, "About Girls," dissecting the innumerable fads, fancies and frivolities of the modern young woman in a manner that instructs as well as entertains.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

From Porter & Coates, Philadelphia:

HOLLAND. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by Helen Zimmern. In two volumes, 275 pp. each. Illustrated. Cloth, \$5.

A FAMILY DILEMMA. By Lucy C. Lillie. 314 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25.

THE GREAT CATTLE TRAIL. By Edward S. Ellis. 313 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25.

SAILOR JACK, THE TRADER. By Harry Castlemon. 467 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:

AN ALTAR OF EARTH. By Thymol Monk. 233 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.

A HUSBAND OF NO IMPORTANCE. By Rita. "Incognito Library," IV. 186 pp. Cloth, 50c.

MISS HURD: AN ENIGMA. By Anna Katharine Green. 357 pp. Paper, 50c.

INTIMATIONS OF THE BEAUTIFUL. Poems. By Madison Cawein. 208 pp. Cloth, \$1.50.

From the Merriam Co., New York:

THE CASTLE OF THE CARPATHIANS. By Jules Verne. 211 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE "SPITFIRE." By Edward Stratemeyer. 245 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25.

RICHARD DARE'S VENTURE. By Edward Stratemeyer. 248 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25.

RIGHTING THE WRONG. By Edward S. Ellis. 217 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25.

BRAVE TOM. By Edward S. Ellis. 231 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25.

HONEST NED. By Edward S. Ellis. 236 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25.

THE LOST ARMY. By Thomas W. Knox. 300 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE CAPTAIN'S BOAT. By William O. Stoddard. 272 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

From J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:

THE DOUBLE EMPEROR. A Story of a Vagabond Cunarder. By W. Laird Clowes. Illustrated. 238 pp. Cloth, \$1.25.

OLIVIA. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated. 311 pp. Cloth, \$1.25.

TWO GIRLS. By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated by Ida Waugh. 256 pp. Cloth, \$1.25.

FAIRY TALES. By Hans Christian Andersen. Illustrated by E. A. Lemann. 219 pp. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE SKETCH BOOK. By Washington Irving. With the Original Illustrations by Darley and others. In two volumes, 270 pp. each. Cloth, gilt, \$4.

From Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. With Biographical Preface by R. H. Stoddard. Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards. 362 pp. Half-levant cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

TABLE TALK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Edited by William O. Stoddard. Illustrated. 154 pp. Illuminated cloth, 75c.

THE COMIC MILITARY ALPHABET. Army, Navy, National Guard. By De Witt C. Falls. Illustrated in colors. Illuminated cloth, \$1.25.

Miscellaneous:

ARMAZINDY. By James Whitcomb Riley. 170 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

JOHN BROWN AND HIS MEN. By Richard J. Hinton. "American Reformers Series." Illustrated. 752 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

LITTLE MISS FAITH. By Grace Le Baron. Illustrated. 174 pp. Cloth, 75c. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE BOY CAPTAIN. By Captain Nautilus. 268 pp. Paper, 25c. C. Eldridge, Chicago.

A STORY FROM PULLMANTOWN. By Nico Bech-Meyer. Illustrated. 110 pp. Paper, 25c. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

TEMPERANCE TEACHING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Mrs. Howard M. Ingham. 87 pp. Paper, 25c. Non-partisan National W. C. T. Union, Cleveland, O.

CURB, SNAFFLE AND SPUR. By Edward L. Anderson, Author of "Modern Horsemanship." Illustrated. 132 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE YELLOW BOOK. An Illustrated Quarterly. Volume II. 360 pp. Boards, \$1.50. Copeland & Day, Boston.

SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA. By Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. With Designs by Tom B. Meteyard. 55 pp. Boards, \$1. Copeland & Day, Boston.

THE MAN FROM THE WEST. By a Wall Street Man. 246 pp. Paper, 50c. J. S. Ogilvie, New York.

THE BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL.

THE Broadway Central Hotel (American and European plans), at 665 to 675 Broadway, opposite Bond Street, is probably the largest public house in New York, and has accommodated as many as 1,200 guests at one time. On this memorable site La Farge, a sagacious French investor, built the La Farge House, which was opened in 1856. Back of the hotel stood the Tripler Hall, the scene of Jenny Lind's triumphs. The hall was remodeled into Burton's New London Theatre, then the largest in New York; and subsequently into the Winter Garden, where Edwin Booth played "Hamlet" for 100 consecutive nights. In 1869, after La Farge's death, and the burning of the Winter Garden, the entire property was acquired by the late E. S. Higgins, the carpet manufacturer, who erected here the most palatial hotel in New York, at first known as the Southern Hotel, and afterward as the Grand Central Hotel. The grand dining hall occupies the locality made famous by Jenny Lind and Edwin Booth, where Adelina Patti made her first public appearance, and where Rachel met her first American audience.

After making fortunes for several proprietors, the house in 1892 passed into the proprietorship of the Hon. Tilly Haynes, a well-known and public-spirited Massachusetts man, who has made a notable success of the United States Hotel at Boston. The original cost of the Broadway Central was two millions of dollars, and nearly a quarter of a million more was spent by Mr. Haynes in thoroughly renovating, refitting, refurnishing and modernizing it up to the times in every regard. It is a solid and spacious structure, with seven stories above the main floor, and very spacious and comfortable public rooms. It is admirably protected against fires. Its cuisine is noted for its excellence. It is in a singularly interesting part of the city, close to Bleeker Street, the Latin Quarter of New York; Washington Square, the site of the triumphal arch; Lafayette and Astor Places, with their libraries, and the centre of the publishers' quarter; the Bowery, with its picturesque humanity, and the Cooper Institute. Only a few blocks north is the group of buildings pertaining to Grace Church, one of the handsomest sights in the metropolis. In front of the hotel flow the vast and impressive human tides of Broadway. From this central locality one may ride up or down town by elevated railway or by the cable cars on Broadway, reaching from the Battery to Central Park. Guests can get rooms here, on the European plan, for from \$1 a day upward; or full board, on the American plan, for from \$2.50 a day upward.—*From King's Handbook of New York City.*

PEANUT OIL AND MEAL.

THOMAS JEFFERSON once said, "The greatest service which can be rendered to any country is to add a useful plant to its culture, especially a bread grain; next in value to bread is oil." A beautiful exemplification of these wise words has been seen in the discovery of cotton-seed oil, and a still wider illustration would be realized in the general manufacture of peanut oil.

Peanuts do not occupy a very dignified place in industry or literature. On the farm they are relegated to an insignificant patch. In the city they do not rise higher than to be sold at some corner stand. We work up a small quantity into a toothsome candy, but usually they are eaten roasted, munched around the fireside on the farm during the quiet evenings, or the long, dull Sunday afternoons, and in turn at the circus or theatre or on a stroll, when we want to kill time to the sympathetic motion of our jaws. The newspapers have given an unsavory odor to this innocent plant by making it do duty in the phrase, "peanut politics," to stigmatize the petty motive and action of so much

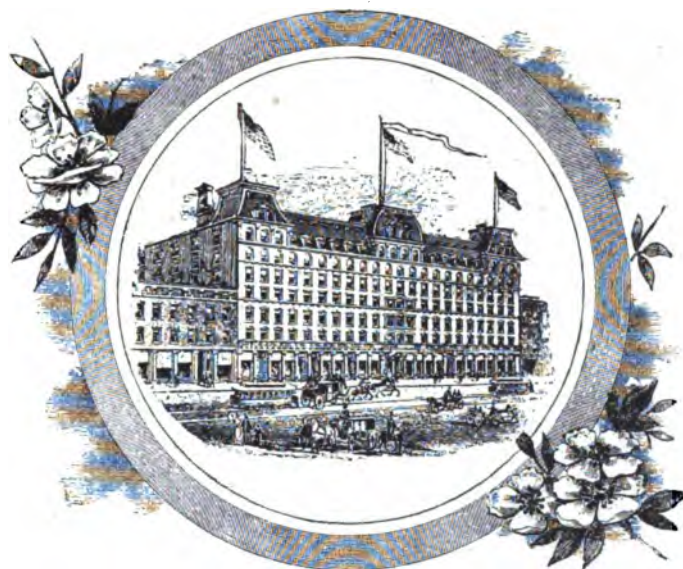
political conduct. But if we study the use made of this vegetable abroad, and if we are to trust the analyses of chemists, then there seems a broad field of activity and usefulness just opening before this plant.

In France the extraction of vegetable oils adds a neat sum yearly to the national wealth. Marseilles, in the language of our late consul there, "from the remotest antiquity has been the emporium, not only of the oils of the province, but also of those produced by Italy, Spain, the African coast, Greece and Turkey." This industry

gives employment in that city to 3,000 hands, and stands first on the list of her enterprises. The thrifty Frenchman is widely credited with making soup from boot heels, and the same spirit of economy levies tribute for him from all kinds of oleaginous seeds—from olives, cocoanuts, palm-nuts, sesames, cotton seed, rape, linseed, poppies, beans and other seeds; peanuts stand in the front rank in value.

In Germany, according to the report of Consul General Mason, at Frankfort, just published by the State Department, there are some twenty-seven peanut-oil factories "located in various parts of Germany, some of the principal ones being at Hamburg, Mannheim and in Würtemberg." Last year there were imported over 20,000 tons of peanuts for these mills, an increase of more than 5,000 tons in two years. Both France and Germany get their peanuts from the east and west coast of Africa, from India, and a slight portion from us in America.

As yet this new business has done hardly more than get



THE BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL.

a start here. Two years ago the State Department called for a report on the oil industry in Marseilles, France, from our consul there, for the benefit of some inquirers in St. Louis. So far as known two mills have been established—the Oil Seed Pressing Company, of Broadway, New York, and the St. Louis Edible Nut Company, Commercial Street, St. Louis.

It is probable that the commercial value of peanut oil was first discovered in France through the efforts to find a cheap substitute for olive oil. At any rate, the finer grades are largely used in cooking and as a salad for the table. Other grades go into the manufacture of soap, and serve also, to some extent, for illuminating and lubricating purposes. In Germany it is mixed with oleomargarine and sold as butter, and it is very likely mixed with the lard in Europe in the same way that we mix cotton-seed oil with lard.

In a letter Mr. C. B. Trail, our former consul at Marseilles, says the French use the peanut oil for the same purposes that they do cotton-seed oil, and consider it just as valuable. The oil is pronounced by chemists, almost unanimously, as of very fine, pure quality.

The kernel of the peanut is nearly one-half oil in weight. The St. Louis mill finds that 26 to 28 per cent. will be realized, according to the method of pressure adopted, whether steam or hydraulic. The French and German factories get about 50 per cent.

The process of manufacturing is rather simple. A London authority, W. T. Brannt, states the common practice is to press three times. The first pressure is a cold pressure, and yields 16 to 18 per cent. of very fine table oil. The residue is moistened and again cold-pressed, and yields 7 to 8 per cent. of less valuable oil. The residue from this is heated and pressed, and turns out 7 to 8 per cent. more.

But the French have lately perfected a new method and invented a new press, and two pressings will produce as much oil as three under the old plan. The machine is elaborately described, with the aid of drawings and plates, in Consular Report 142, July, 1892. The price of the press is given at 6,000 francs, or a little under \$1,200. It can work about one-third faster than the old-style press.

The St. Louis company in a recent letter writes: "Oil is excellent as salad oil or for use in manufacturing, where non-drying oil is wanted. We sell oil for 50 cents a gallon, but no established trade as yet exists, and until it does its value is determined by better grades of cotton-seed oil."

This is a better price than cotton-seed oil brings, as the manager of the American Cotton Oil Company, at Memphis, Tenn., says his oil is now selling for 23 cents a gallon at the mill. It is quoted in the daily market reports of Baltimore papers at 30 cents a gallon for medium grades.

The consular report from Germany states that the peanut oil there ranges in price from 40 cents to \$1, according to the peanuts it is made from, East Indian variety producing oil of the lowest grade, and African of the highest.

The most important by-product from the extraction of the oil is the meal. A thorough study of this substance has been carried on by investigators in Europe and by the chemists on the different State experiment stations that receive oil from the United States Government. Exhaustive analyses have been made by the New York, Georgia and Tennessee stations, and perhaps by others. They have been compared with each other and checked with results from Germany. In consequence of this care and duplication, we can feel safe in accepting the conclusions reached. The labors of all are concisely summed up in a bulletin on the Tennessee Station of some time ago, in plain language to the effect that "the peanut is one of the richest vegetable foods known. Peanut meal is fully equal to cotton-seed

meal as a food stuff." In fact, this authority states that the variations between peanut and cotton-seed meal are often no greater than between two samples of cotton-seed meal.

In Germany the wholesale price is about \$30 a ton. The French use the meal as they do cotton-seed meal, and consider it equally as valuable.

At first it was believed that the chief use of the meal was as animal food or manure, but within a year the German Government has begun the most interesting investigations to test its availability as human food. The chemists discovered that it was remarkably high in nitrogenous elements. As measured in sustaining power, it has about three times the nutritive value of beef, and is ahead of all of our common vegetables and meats. The Ministry of War have made extensive trials with it to learn how it would serve as rations on the field.

It combined, above all other food stuffs, great richness in small bulk, and chemically seemed equal to the famous "Soja" bean of China and Japan of bearing up men under severe fatigue. At the start the results were entirely satisfactory, and it appeared likely that the meal would be added to the campaign outfit of German soldiers; but within a few weeks the whole scheme has been abandoned, as the men rebelled against such food.

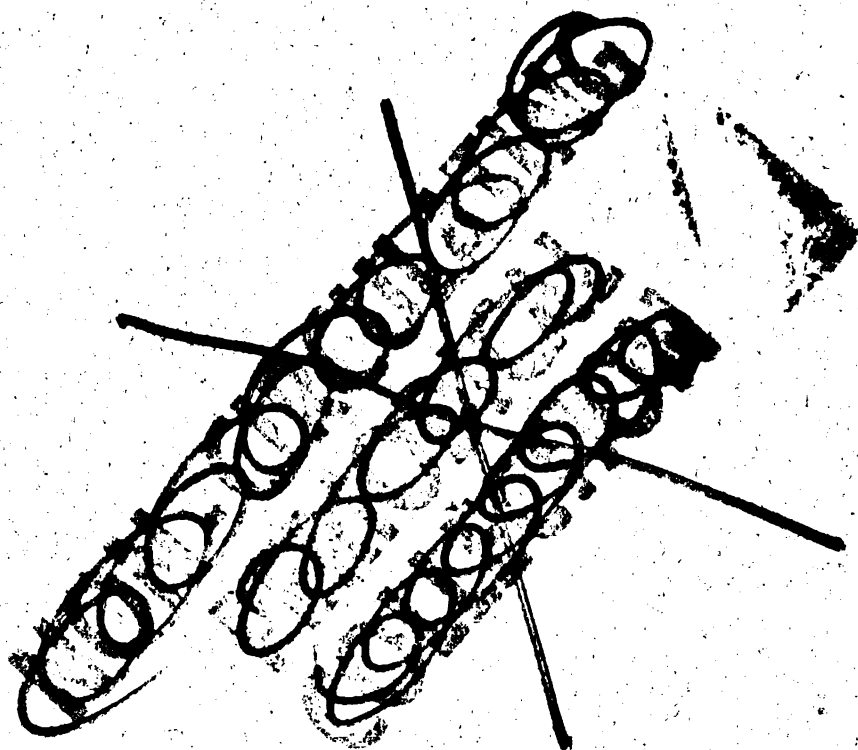
But there would be little hope of introducing this meal as food for men in this country so long as corn and wheat are so cheap. The future for it in the South is for fattening cattle. It has been proved that cotton-seed meal is about as good as corn for producing high-class beef. In many places down South there is no sale for the local cattle, because the people have gotten a taste of the juicy Western cuts, and refuse to eat any except stall-fed beef. In Augusta, Ga., it is said that the butchers, almost without exception, refuse to handle the cattle from the surrounding country, but send to Chicago for their supplies. The Southerners cannot feed corn, as that is too expensive. A general cultivation of peanuts would make it profitable to raise cattle again, and the farmers around the cities would be helped, the freight on beef from Chicago South would be saved, and all would generally be benefited by avoiding that long, useless haul.

The meal is also first-class for manure, by mixing with other substances, if we are to trust the opinion of the chemists at the Tennessee Experiment Station. We know how suitable cotton-seed meal is for this purpose, and peanut meal is just as good.

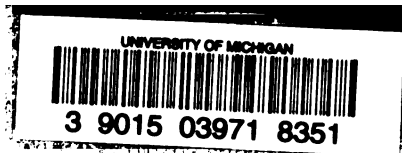
It is not necessary to do more than refer to the value of the peanut vines, because every farmer knows how greedily they are consumed by cows and horses. According to the chemists of the Tennessee Station, they are "superior to timothy and but slightly inferior to clover hay." Mr. Atkinson, the Boston economist and statistician, declared that for hay alone peanuts would be wealth for a Northern farmer, as they yield one to two tons per acre—a yield equal to the best clover sod.

Fortunately peanuts are not an exhaustive crop; not any more so than cotton. The chemists say that if the vines are returned to the land, and only the nuts sold off, there is no greater damage of the soil elements than cotton makes when the lint alone is sold off.

The farmers on the sloping lands must turn their attention to something else than cotton. For this can be confidently predicted, that, just as surely as the profitable cultivation of wheat has shifted from New England and the Middle States to the Far West, just as surely will cotton cultivation shift to the Mississippi Valley, Texas prairies and level bottoms on the Gulf coast.—*Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.*



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